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The Magazine Women Believe In

JULY, 1951 25 CENTS

JOURNAL

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THE SPELL
A Warm, Amusing One-Shot
By ELIZABETH CADELL

A HARRIED HOUSEWIFE
Algy Peterson, who has 3 children under 5, says
HELP WANTED in HOW AMERICA LIVES

SOMETHING SPEC... OR YOU
Fashion Pages in C...
By WILHELA CUSHMAN

WEITZER vs. STALIN Two men who epitomize the forces which will build or destroy our world By HAROLD E. STASSEN

VOL. LXVIII NO. 7

Journal Contents

July 1951

Journalities



Elizabeth Cadell, daughter and friend.

ELIZABETH CADELL *(The Spell,* page 34) was born and brought up in India—"I think the American term is 'raised,' but my parents couldn't have known it, as they raised me to a mere five feet"—and educated in Calcutta, London and Darjeeling. Recently she applied for a visa to visit the U. S., and was about to get it when the man noticed she was an author. A dark shade came over his face. Authors, he said, withdrawing the visa, were in a Delayed Category. They don't get visas Just Like That. They have to be Investigated. "So I'm now being that," Mrs. Cadell writes. "In the meantime I have learned an important fact about the United States: it isn't *Acheson to Pekoe*, as I've sung so often—it's Acheson *Topeka!*" • JEAN S. O'CONNELL has written a story about the easiest way to get into this country *(Into the Here,* page 40). A baby may have troubles, but pregnancy is one thing he doesn't have to put up with. Says the author: "If pregnant girls do behave like the girl in my story, one has a hard time getting them to admit it. But I believe the story is true, or I wouldn't have written it." • Artist TOM MILLER, who illustrated *Into the Here,* has appeared in the JOURNAL before, but is something of a newcomer. He's from Ontario, Canada, but now living in New York, where he and his wife are waiting for *their* first child to get "into the here." Tom couldn't think of much else to tell us about himself. He seemed a bit harassed. As Abe Burrows said, "A baby has troubles? *Huh!* It doesn't even know whether it's a boy or a girl!"



Jean S. O'Connell.



Tom Miller.

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Cover Photograph by Tana Hoban

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DRESS BY CEIL CHAPM

...ORY FLAKES

...adiant Action

...y clothes lovely far longer

...ning dresses
...ou needn't!
...enjoy them
...keep even
...esh as new,

...Flakes has
...y new kind
... washables.
...things gently
...they'll keep
...uty through

more wearings and washings than you ever thought was possible!

So never take chances! You *know* your fine washables are safe in Ivory Flakes! It's the soap millions of mothers use to keep baby's clothes safe and soft. It's the *only* flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too. Get a box today!

If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care





You needn't be newly-wed to enjoy *Trousseau Luxury*

Is your secret self starved for luxurious pastel sheets, for deep, color-drenched blankets, lush bedspreads and towels soft as sable?

Lady, you need a new trousseau . . . fresh from your favorite department store and flaunting the famous Fieldcrest label, a sign of lasting beauty that's kind to your budget.



rest

T S

ts • Bedspreads
an Rugs • Lace
osiery • Rayons

Choose these petal-soft sheets from seven blossom pastels: peach, green, pink, blue, yellow, lavender and chartreuse. All vat-dyed for countless washings.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC., 88 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK

Our Readers Write us

No Progress Without Women

Cairo, Egypt

Dear Editors: I wish to thank Dorothy Thompson for depicting in its true light the evolution (in sense of intellectual and social growth) of the Egyptian women.

In this century, the feminist movement in Egypt has advanced decisively: elimination of wearing the veil; elementary and secondary education for women, admission of young women to the universities; the assumption of positions of greater responsibility, and so on. As a result, the Egyptian woman plays an incontestably important role in her country. But while this condition exists, it is not legal. At this time it is our purpose to substitute for this position recognized legal status.

I hope these laws soon will be enacted. In my opinion, no real progress is possible for a country where the women do not take a part in making the laws.

DORIO SHAFIK
President of the National Council of the Women of Egypt

Twins—Four Months Apart

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Dear Editors: Each time I see the Make-Believe Twins I think of *our* make-believe twins. One of our twins is



Elaine and Irita pose a riddle: One twin's mother is sister to the other.

my own five-year-old; the other is my mother's five-year-old, who is only four months older. My mother loves to leave people gaping by her reply to their question, "Are they twins?" "No," she says, "but since they are *only four months apart* we like for people to think so!"

Yours sincerely,
MRS. GLENN MEDLIN

Childbirth—an Ecstatic Joy?

Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Editors: In Tell Me Doctor your author omits entirely the emotional effect of willing conscious delivery in childbirth and assures his patient she doesn't have to know a thing about it. I wish I could express the emotional difference between waking up and asking to see the baby and the ecstatic joy of conscious delivery. All the technical descriptions and the pictures are emptiness beside this miracle of love.

Women hesitate to try natural childbirth, not through fear of pain but through fear of failing. They don't dare refuse drugs and ether for fear they can't make the grade. And the doctors prefer drugs as they have preferred the bottle and formula for feeding babies. Drugs are for abnormal deliveries. I often wonder how much of the mental and emotional unhappiness of American women is due to their loss of the birth experience.

Most sincerely,
PRISCILLA BRIGHTY

For Discriminating People

New York City

Dear Editors: Having grown up in Georgia—white but lucky enough to get my values straight early—Charles Samuels' piece about Mr. and Mrs. James Peters makes me feel very humble. I hope everyone realizes the tremendous courage and integrity of these two wonderful people and their five children. No man has a choice of parents, or color of skin—though anyone with real discrimination would pick Mr. and Mrs. James Peters.

Sincerely yours,
MARY AGNES MOREL

"You Won't Publish This"

Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Editors: The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will never again be read by me because of your How America Lives concerning the Peters family. That is definitely not the way the Negro lives in Baltimore. The article is a lie and a sham, and it is the best way in the world to start a race riot. Of course you won't publish this, but I will buy next month's magazine to see for myself.

Yours very truly,
NORA HASTINGS BURDETTE

Problems of the Male

Bronx, New York

Dear Editors: There she was before me, the conscious concept of a dream—angelic, captivating, soul-depressing beauty. I looked at her. A feeling of sweet sorrow filled me, a yearning to see the solid, real-life image. The girl on the cover of your April JOURNAL. Who is she? How old is she? What is her telephone number? With excruciating delight, I am

C. VINCENT GRECO

P.S. If you wish to sell this letter to the highest bidder, be sure that the proceeds go to the S.S.A.M.C.A.W. (Society for the Suffering of American Manhood Caused by American Womanhood).

No bids. No sale. No phone number. Keep suffering. ED.

Neither Too Young nor Too Old

Corpus Christi, Texas

Dear Editors: I am a sixteen-year-old high-school senior, and I have had difficulty in finding a magazine that would suit my needs. Then one day I picked up a copy of the JOURNAL which my mother had been reading and thumbed through it. I came across many stories and articles which I really enjoyed. In addition, I noticed that the fashions, in many cases, were youthful styles, such as I like, and mother likes for me.

Now mother and I fight over who gets to read the JOURNAL first; many times we go over it together. Thanks for a magazine for both mother and me!

Sincerely,
MIRIAM HEIFETZ



DRESS BY CEIL CHAPM

New IVORY FLAKES
with Radiant Action
keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer

Do you keep your most becoming dresses tucked away for a party day? You needn't! You can wear them often . . . enjoy them more! New Ivory Flakes will keep even the most delicate washables fresh as new, washing after washing.

It's a promise! For new Ivory Flakes has "Radiant Action"—an entirely new kind of beauty protection for fine washables. And when you wash your nice things gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes, they'll keep their radiant, brand-new beauty through more wearings and washings than you ever thought was possible!

So never take chances! You *know* your fine washables are safe in Ivory Flakes! It's the soap millions of mothers use to keep baby's clothes safe and soft. It's the *only* flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too. Get a box today!

If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care





Too bad! This child's mother was "too smart" to believe the ads that told her...

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

"Just another exaggerated claim," the mother thought when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even call her dentist, who could have told her about Amm-i-dent. She just kept buying the tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

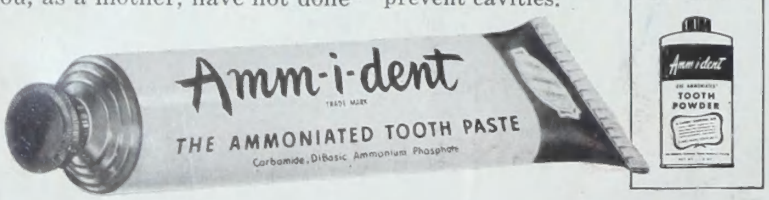
More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent

And now she's sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more cavities!* She wishes she had followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you, as a mother, have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities—beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. But Amm-i-dent supplies *for many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of people who suffer from tooth decay. And you don't have to change your brushing habits. Regular brushing at your regular time, with Amm-i-dent, helps prevent cavities.



What Good is Education?

Paris, Tennessee

Dear Editors: After reading the red lines under Never Correct Your Child's English, by Norman Lewis, in the April JOURNAL, I am reminded of the comely young maiden who, when asked about her education, replied, "Edecashun? No, I ain't got none, never had none, don't want none. Me? I ain't never made no mistake but onct in my life and knowed that just as soon as I'd did it."

Sincerely,
ANNIE MOSES BENNETT

Lit's Git it Right

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Dear Editors: I've always wondered why so many children, and older people, say *git* instead of get.

He wouldn't say *lit* for let,
He wouldn't say *pit* for pet,
Of course he wouldn't say,
"I'll *bit* you a dime,"
He'd say, "I'll betcha," every single time.
So why, oh why, does my child say *git*?
I'm sure it will be the death of me—*yit*.

Yours truly,
MRS. MANLY A. WATSON

Bunt

Las Villas, Cuba

Dear Editors: I'm sure if LADIES' HOME JOURNAL were given batting average, it would hit .400. Very truly yours,
CONCHA M. OLANO

Oh, come now! Baseball players can hit .400 or even less and lead the league, but editors can't. They have to be nearer a thousand. ED.

This is the Army

Augusta, Georgia

Dear Bruce: I sometimes wonder what idea a soldier's parents, and nonservice Americans in general, have of Army life. Everyone knows, or should know, an Army exists to fight, and must be disciplined and economically maintained—and that few soldiers are going to like it. But if civilians are going to understand their service sons, they'll have to give a thought to service reasons and methods. One of my college friends closed a letter to me with, "Well, be a good little soldier." My mother wrote me, a private, saying she had met a young lieutenant who was being transferred to this base, and had asked him to "look me up." The WCTU urges that the soldiers be forbidden beer.

Each of these instances indicates a civilian misconception of what the service is, who's in it, and what we're doing here. In each case, the service doesn't seem to be an especially serious business to the people outside it. I wanted to remind my buddy that for *not* being a good little soldier, I can be deprived of my citizenship, sent to a Federal penitentiary, or put before a firing squad, all without a trial by jury. Evidently my mother, though she must know something of the officer-enlisted-man relationship, believes that one can set silly formalities aside if one chooses to do so. I suppose she pictures her lieutenant inviting me to cocktails with the colonel.

I beg the ladies of the WCTU, many of whom must have sons or brothers in service, to have mercy. The soldiers are not a group of heedless youngsters on vacation. They are the same young men they were before they put on the uniform, and I believe they're capable of handling those few affairs the Government still leaves in their hands. The powers-that-be have already deprived them of most of their personal liberties—that we may have an effective fighting force.

Soldiers are not soldiering just for laughs, and if at first they think they are, they soon get over it. The military services are the least humorous organizations in the world and have the least amusing job; the soldier doesn't ask for pity, but for understanding. Yours,
WARREN BASSETT

Jungle Doctor

Lambarene, Gabon
French Equatorial Africa

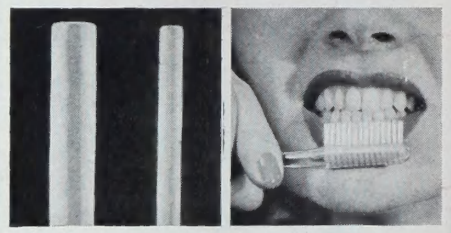
Dear Mrs. Bass: For the past two weeks we have been the guests of Dr. Albert Schweitzer at his native hospital on the

(Continued on Page 8)



new tooth brush *with soft* NYLON *bristles*

For that zestful, refreshed feeling that comes with clean teeth and healthy gums, try this tooth brush made with *soft* Du Pont nylon bristles. Like all nylon bristles, these are scientifically produced to meet specific brushing needs. Look at these features of soft nylon bristles:



Soft nylon bristles are thin (right), give true brushing action, aid thorough cleaning between teeth, yet are gentle and stimulating for gum massage. Over 2,000 bristles set in four rows provide greater brushing area.

Springy, resilient nylon bristles never go limp or break off... dry quickly, last longer. You can now get tooth brushes bristled with nylon... soft, medium, hard... to suit your preference and dentist's recommendation.

Whatever your tooth-brush preference, always choose a brush bristled with Du Pont nylon, because...

The best brushes have DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living... *through Chemistry*



Bird Dog

Only Englander brings you the New Sleep



Halfback



Butterfly



Cuddler



Just press down on Airfoam. Feel how it molds itself to your hand, responds with a buoyant "uplift." Millions of tiny air cells cradle you, allow the mattress to breathe.

No other foundation works like this. Joined only through the middle by flexible steel bands, each spring in the upper half is free to adjust individually to every move. Lower part acts as a unit, supports body in the firm, healthful manner doctors recommend.

-only from Englander can you get an Airfoam Mattress with the RED-LINE Foundation*

(floating comfort with healthful support)

It's the greatest luxury of all, the New Sleep. Here's why: Englander has joined *comfort*—the blissful, dreamy kind you've always wanted—with *support*—the firm, healthful support you need. Once you've experienced it, nothing less will ever be good enough again.

It's achieved this way: an Englander mattress of the most heavenly stuff on earth —Goodyear's Airfoam—that light, fluffy, springy, joyous material.

And an Englander Red-Line Foundation built solely to add support and years to your Airfoam mattress. So scientifically matched are the Airfoam Mattress and Red-Line Foundation that we guarantee both for 20 years against any defect in materials or workmanship when used together.



*TM The Englander Company, Inc. *TM The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company ©1951 The Englander Company, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



Blonde hair gleams with bright gold



Brunette hair dances with dark fire



Red hair takes on a burnished glory



Gray, White hair shines with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

WHAT A THRILL to see your hair shimmer with colorful beauty after a Shasta Cream Shampoo! New lanolin-enriched Shasta makes your *natural* hair color look brighter, richer. Makes it *sparkle.*

"SUPER" CLEANS HAIR: New Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair. It leaves each strand so radiantly clean the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA IS SAFE! Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe. Lathers *out* color-dulling grime. Leaves *in* precious natural oils needed to make your hair healthy and keep it soft and glamourous.

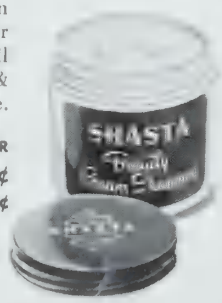
MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a lock of hair. Put this lock aside while you shampoo the rest of your hair with new Shasta.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is dry, compare the unwashed lock with your soft and radiant, Shasta-washed hair. If not convinced that new Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar and get your money back in full under Procter & Gamble's guarantee.

BIG ECONOMY JAR **89¢**

ALSO 57¢ AND 29¢



NEW COLOR-SPARKING *Shasta* ***"SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY***

DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

(Continued from Page 6)

edge of the primeval forests, one hundred and fifty miles inland from the Atlantic coast. The Gabon is about the most primitive, backward country of all Africa. The natives, who have copied all the bad habits of the white man, and none of the good, are slowly dying out because of the effects of sleeping sickness, venereal diseases and the white man's alcohol. This means that the European working in the Gabon lives under every possible handicap. Only the hardiest remain.

Doctor Schweitzer has been here now for thirty-five years. He is seventy-six years old, but still he works eighteen hours each day supervising the management of the hospital, caring for patients, overseeing his plantations and orchards, playing the organ and writing. The nurses and two doctors here are mostly young people from France, Switzerland and Holland, who also work eighteen hours a day—not for salary, but for the satisfaction of helping others. One lovely twenty-four-year-old girl from Zurich cares for two hundred lepers entirely by herself!

The hospital itself looks nothing at all like a hospital. It is just a large native village, with rows of bamboo and palm-reed houses (or wards) running east to west for protection from the intense tropical storms and the blazing sun. Each patient lives in one of these tiny huts along with his family and animals. Meals are cooked over open fires alongside the patient's reed mattress—the smoke of the fire keeps away the malaria-bearing mosquitoes so common to the Gabon. The alleyways between the rows of huts are always full of screaming black babies, goats, mangy dogs, skinny chickens and monkeys.

If there were a large modern building here, equipped with the latest medical apparatus, there would be no patients. The Gabonese native would be afraid to come, no matter how much he needed help. The hospital had to be constructed as much like a native village as possible—a little dirty, very noisy and full of animals.

Doctor Schweitzer's grinning, blue-faced monkey, Chi-Chi, is now my constant companion. And sitting on the poinsettia tree just outside the door are four red-and-gray parrots who talk to each other in French and shout *"Bon matin, mam'selle!"* when they see me. Stray animals from the forest somehow realize that at *le grand docteur's* they will be well taken care of. There are three pelicans (named Lohengrin, Parsifal and Tristram), a gazelle and a very amusing chimpanzee.

It is now quite late at night, and I am writing you with the aid of a flickering candle. Far off in the leper colony I can hear the steady beat of drums. From the immense forest surrounding the hospital comes the sound of owls and curious night-singing birds. Giant bullfrogs are sending echoes over the Ogowe River. There is a scent of frangipani and of the ground orchid in the sultry air.

My very best wishes to you and the JOURNAL staff.

JINX WITHERSPOON

Good News! Something's Cheaper

Columbus, New Jersey

Dear Editors: My husband brought me a stack of old JOURNALS the other day, dated 1903 to 1915. It was certainly interesting to see how much things had changed in forty-eight years. A large house could be built for $3000, and an automobile, the newest style, cost $650. In June, 1903, the JOURNAL cost 10 cents and contained 52 pages. Since a JOURNAL now costs 25 cents and frequently contains 258 pages, it is a lot cheaper than it used to be when a family lived on $10 or $15 a week. Sincerely,

MRS. NATHAN LANE

How to Name a Baby

Rome, Georgia

Dear Editors: Has the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ever received credit for naming a baby? Well, it is right now! I liked the name, Dana Miller (Year in the Life of a Baby). Beth, in one of your How America Lives, was a sweet-looking little girl. I thought Dana Beth a pretty name. The doctor said "it" would be a boy, but Dana Beth came. When folks say, "What an unusual name, where did you get it?" I reply, "From the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL"

Sincerely,

MRS. J. D. IVESTER

Amazing

NEW TYPE DEODORANT

- **NO MUSS**
- **NO FUSS**
- **NO DRIP**
- **NO WASTE**

Because it's in

STICK FORM



"A/S"

STICK DEODORANT

At last! A remarkable *new* deodorant that slicks on in a second, safeguards you hours longer! It's neither messy nor sticky, can't harm clothes . . . and it dries instantly! Pleasant to use . . . delicately fragrant. Both men and women find it the perfect answer. Try it today! 75¢, plus tax.

April Showers



April Showers

TALC

Here's your all-time choice for cooling, soothing refreshment. Made of finest imported talcum powder, and scented with enchanting April Showers perfume. 39¢, plus tax.

CHERAMY



Make it a good one!

IF YOU ARE FOND of someone who is fond of you—keep it that way! Don't let halitosis (unpleasant breath) take the bloom off that kiss . . . or turn ardor into indifference.

Unfortunately, you can offend this way without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis. But why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful and *extra-careful* precaution against off-color breath?

Long-lasting Effect

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis because it sweetens and freshens the breath . . . *not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.*

So, when you want to be at your best, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every night and morning . . . and between times before every date for that lasting protection.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

. . . Before any date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . it's breath-taking!

She hangs the cleanest wash in town

. . . she swears by TIDE!



She hangs the cleanest wash in town—
From work clothes right to "undies"!
It sparkles so, you simply know
She uses **Tide** on Mondays!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

NO SOAP—NO OTHER PRODUCT SOLD THROUGHOUT AMERICA WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS TIDE!

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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors



KITTENS ON SILK, CHINESE 1426-1435
COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART

Hate is a Two-Way Street

By G. M. WHITE

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! There are today only a few more than 116,000 Quakers—members of the Religious Society of Friends—in the United States, and less than 180,000 in the entire world. They are probably the world's most-respected minority group. Far more non-Quakers than Quakers work for and support the American Friends Service Committee. Even in their own schools, Quakers are a minority. Many friends of Friends see in them the practice of the essentials of first-century Christianity; others wonder why, if the Friends are a force for good, they are not hated more. Those who know Friends honor them.

There are many reasons for the Quakers' present plight of respectability, not the least being that it is difficult—if not impossible—to hate those who do not hate back. Quakers abhor violence—even of the mind. In time of war each Quaker must himself choose how he will serve his country and his conscience.

In 1652, when the Society was founded by George Fox, it was conceived not as a sect but a movement. Early followers called men *and* women everywhere to hear and obey their inward Teacher, confident that what was so real and precious in their own experience could not fail to awaken a response in *all*. This response to the best in oneself is not limited to the membership of the Society of Friends, which is relatively insignificant; it transcends mankind. In July, 1952, Quakers from all over the world will attend the Friends World Conference in Oxford, England, to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Society of Friends. But the spirit of the Friends is as old as man's aspiration to love God—and his neighbor as himself. It is no small group that looks to the future with faith that a way will be found to halt the speeding traffic of hate in our times.

War and Revolution

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

I doubt whether the political leaders of the West, and especially of the United States, are giving sufficient thought to the historic interrelationship between war and revolution.

We wish to halt the spread of communism, and picture it as extending itself by the armed forces of the Soviet Union and its satellites. To counter this, we are building up force to frighten the communist states into caution, and, if they attack, to defeat them.

But the question which ought to be more seriously explored is whether a revolution can ever be checked by armed force. Revolutions, to be sure, carry on wars; but wars create the revolutions. For war is, itself, a revolution, embodying the very spirit of violence in its most complete expression, infecting the human spirit, accustoming men to hideous cruelties, dislocating stable economies, and intensifying all the grievances and injustices which are present in every society, by adding to them the *supreme* injustice—injustice against the very order of nature. For in the order of nature, the sons of men bury their parents: but in the order of war, the parents bury their sons.

Both ancient and modern revolutions illustrate the truth of this interrelationship between war and revolution. The French Revolution, which for those who passed through it was anything but the expression of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, and was instead anarchy, mob rule, terror, "people's tribunals," tumbrels and the guillotine, followed three centuries of almost perpetual war. The great revolution did not break out all at once. Revolutions never do. Revolution was a gradually mounting thing, imperceptible at first to those who were destined to be its victims, finally exploding in the great torrent of 1793.

The financing of the American war (for the embarrassment of England, with whom France was at war) played a definite role in the French Revolution. It bankrupted France. External struggles greatly increased the power of seceding generals, led to violent

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monarchist reactions further inflaming an oppressed population, and created hordes of *émigrés* who played a disastrous role abroad, in bringing into being an anti-French war coalition.

The war against this coalition could only be conducted by radical leaders able to resummon the people in the name of revolution itself. It was the revolution which created Napoleon Bonaparte. He was eventually defeated, though it took all Europe to do so. And although the Allies restored a Bourbon to the French throne, the restoration was only temporary. For no "restoration" has ever long survived a revolution. France lost the war, but not the revolution.

The Russian revolution was even more patently the offspring of war—and a war which Czarist Russia invited, though she did not initiate it.

A handful of Bolshevist agitators could never have seized power in Russia but for the anarchy accompanying collapsing armies, and the cry of a war-weary people for peace. The Russian masses knew nothing of Marxist theory. The Bolshevists succeeded because—apart from their promise of land to the peasants—they were the only *peace* party. The revolution started with a naval mutiny, followed by large-scale desertions from all forces. The first Red Army was made up of these seceding officers and soldiers out to disarm others who, wanting to continue the war, were aided by the Western Allies who were still fighting Imperial Germany. The Western interventionists kept on supporting the "Whites," even after the war with Germany was over, and the civil war then took on the nature of a national struggle against foreign interventionists.

Thus, though the Germans had been the original enemy, and though they had extracted, at Brest Litovsk, a brutally hard peace, the national struggle entirely changed its nature, and became directed against the antirevolutionists allied with the Western powers. It was successful.

The Chinese revolution was also a direct result of over a decade of war. Poverty is endemic to China; landlordism, the depredations of war lords, overpopulation, government weakness plus corruption had been part of the China story for centuries. But war intensifies economic suffering. In China, as in Russia, an international war turned into a civil war. One can argue that the outcome was determined by Russia's arming the communists from the Japanese arsenals in Manchuria, while the Western Allies gave meager support to Chiang Kai-shek's forces. But no one can say with authority that if the West had supported Chiang more vigorously the outcome would have been different.

The historical record of successful armed foreign intervention against revolutionary forces is very poor indeed. For there is a characteristic of all revolutions of which history has a record. They succeed only when they have united the revolutionary creed and order with the national will.

THIS evolution occurred in Russia by grace and aid of the German attack. In anticipation and apprehension of it, following the rise of Hitler to power, Stalin purged the so-called "Old Bolsheviks." Why did he do so? That the original revolutionary leaders so ruthlessly exterminated were guilty as charged, no one who read even the Russian account of the trials can believe. But the original revolutionaries were men of European background and trained in internationalism. Stalin (like Robespierre) was a nationalist. He would not risk the counsels of men who for a generation and more had had ties abroad, even though those ties were with foreign communist parties! He knew that a successful war can be fought against a foreign invad only on the basis of patriotism.

There is another characteristic of re olutions. External interventions always a celerate their extremisms, as they purs and persecute every person even suspect of foreign sympathies or connections.

It looks, therefore, as though it were be for more conservative societies to let re olutions run their course, and to hold alo from them, not rush into them!

IN Asia, in particular, the contempora revolutions are a combination of soc revolt—accelerated by sufferings of t past war—and national revolt from ce turies of colonial imperialism and Weste interventionism.

If we do not understand the British a titude toward nonintervention in China, is because, I believe, we have not shar the British experience in Asia.

India and Pakistan have been kept, wi however tenuous ties, within the Briti Commonwealth and out of the Sov sphere of influence, only because Gre Britain voluntarily left India without firi a shot. Suppose she had insisted on h "rights" in India? Is it possible to belie that men like Mr. Nehru would have be in power today? On the contrary, t power would have passed to revolutiona leaders who would immediately have be supported by the Soviet Union! It wou be a supreme irony if the United States, repelling aggression in Asia—actually intervening in a civil and revolutiona war—should only su ceed in driving Ind and Pakistan out of t British Commonwealt

> **Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and I myself have founded empires: but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love; and to this very day millions would die for Him.** —NAPOLEON.

In Asia the Soviet U ion has acted with gre adeptness. Stalin is su porting Asian nationa isms, while the policy the UN bloc, led by t United States, has be to support internation intervention. I cann see how this can ha any other result than further to solidi the national spirit with the revolutiona order.

UN internationalism cannot, at this sta of history, exercise any pulling force up countries animated by a furious revolutio ary, nationalist and anti-Western spir The one thing that would certainly tight and prolong the Russian domination China would be a war in China between t West and the Red government. For th reason alone the war in Korea has be wholly in the Soviet interest.

As for Europe, the thought that it cou be saved for any order of liberty and law another war fought on its soil cannot entertained by anyone with a political min Another war would break down the la remnants of political, social and econom order, already undermined by the last wa and *regardless* of the machinations of t European communist parties.

Military minds can figure out how a w can be won—that is their training and bu ness. But they have never been able to e vision the social, economic and political co sequences of even a victorious war.

This country, during the whole Truma Administration, has been far too mu under the domination of military a strategical thinking, and terribly lacki in both historical sense and political i agination.

War never creates the conditions for serene and reasonable social and politi order. It is, for instance, possible that a other war would result in the overthrow the Stalinist regime. But it is hardly co ceivable that it would result in the kind social order we should like to see. The mo probable result would be ungovernable a archy.

This I write down in this year of decisi in a plea for a more cautious and prude foreign policy. Revolution is not stopped war. War is the culture in which it flourish



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He's a tough hombre and today he's ready to shoot it out with Apaches —or rustlers who just went thataway! But a few days ago, he was a mighty sick paleface, with no thought of hitting the trail. A vicious killer with the terrifying name of *Shigella dysenteriae*, a tiny foe so small you can see him only through a microscope, proved nearly as deadly as a six-gun bullet. But in the nick of time our hero's life was saved—by *sulfadiazine!* This drug—the most satisfactory and least toxic of the sulfas—stands unrivaled as a weapon against many bacterial dysenteries.

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Only in a nation where scientific freedom of expression and economic liberty of action exist for all could the men, money and equipment have been assembled to produce such a triumph of scientific ingenuity as sulfadiazine.

Through research, they live who would have died!

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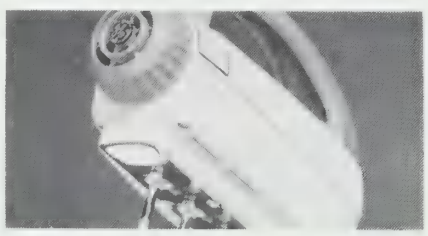
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WIDE WORLD PIX



Summer comes to Manhattan: sidewalk cafés are in full bloom again.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

ON July 4, 1826, the Fiftieth Jubilee of Independence, Thomas Jefferson died at noon, John Adams died at sunset, and Stephen Foster was born.

That Foster lived and died on the Bowery when it was flowery, and wrote some two hundred songs besides Old Black Joe, Oh Susanna and My Old Kentucky Home, we didn't know until we read ***Eleanor Early's*** NEW YORK HOLIDAY. Should you be coming to New York on your summer trip, this is a good book to bring along. It not only guides you but gives you a feeling of participation. With Miss Early you're "in the know."

•

***John Marquand*, with his wife and children and animals, has been spending his winters on a small island in the Bahamas. No one else lives on the island, and the Marquands' only means of communication with the mainland is a small boat for supplies and mail. They want the simple life, which they could quite easily find there if only the island were farther off the populous Nassau coast, or if they had no boat.**

•

Kathleen Winsor (FOREVER AMBER) *is a big girl now, but she has never been on a ship, except once, to see some friends off. We saw her at a party the other day looking even prettier than when Amber came out, and calm and relaxed as only a person can be who is pursuing a course she enjoys. Maybe writing a book, maybe being a wife. Kathleen is working on a new novel. It is an American historical novel of the Montana region or thereabouts, and she is still at the research stage.*

■

This month's favorite cookbook is our ***Gladys Taber's*** STILLMEADOW KITCHEN (enlarged), chiefly because it has a good many dishes that sound like what one remembers from way back. And old-fashioned food, like old-fashioned flowers, is still, to our taste, the best.

WHEN MENTAL ILLNESS STRIKES, by *Kathleen Doyle*, is a pamphlet published by the Public Affairs Committee (22 E. 38th St., New York 16) **It is an important contribution to one of the greatest problems of our national welfare, For mental illness America's No. 1 health problem. It strikes more people than polio, heart disease and cancer combined. And 50 per cent of the average practitioner's patients come to him primarily because of emotional difficulties rather than any physical disability.**

This pamphlet contains information about mental illnesses, and advice about what to do when mental illness strikes.

•

Scores of readers have written in asking where they can buy THE WRITER'S MARKET, mentioned here months ago. They wanted to sell their stuff. Now we have a fine little book to suggest which will tell them how to write it. HOW TO WRITE BETTER, by that first-rate analyst of written and spoken English, *Rudolf Flesch*, is a forty-eight-page pamphlet of the soundest sense, published by Science Research Associates, 228 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.

(Continued on Page 16)

AP NEWSFEATURES



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(Continued from Page 14)

On Cape Cod you're known as a "livia" if you live there the year round. The other folks are called "summer complaints." ***Frank*** and ***Edith Shay*** are livias, and they've just got out a book about the Cape called **SAND IN THEIR SHOES**, which will do your heart good if you know those parts. It is salty and historical, comic and romantic; the Mayflower and the Indians; Thanksgiving and Governor Bradford; whaling and Melville; Sandwich glass and the Provincetown Playhouse. Good exhilarating Americana.

•

One reader sends us her favorite mystery writers: *Dorothy Sayers* way out front, *Ngaio Marsh* and *John Dickson Carr* next. If she does not already know it, she'll be pleased to find that *Ngaio Marsh* has a good new mystery out this month, NIGHT AT THE VULCAN.

FROM "TWO LITTLE NUNS" EXTENSION, CHICAGO



Another new thriller, done by an expert, is **A TIME TO KILL**, by ***Geoffrey Household***, author of **MAN HUNT**, also known as **ROGUE MALE**. This one combines humor and excitement, English rabbit shooting and international underworld crime.

•

Romeo and Juliet have been in court. Mrs. *Juliet* Browden said that her divorced husband, *Romeo* San Remo, blacked both her eyes and beat her up so she had to spend ten days in a hospital. "I only hit her a couple of times," said Romeo. "I couldn't see very well after she broke my glasses."

•

And speaking of court, ***David Dressler***, a former parole officer, now tells all in a book of crime and criminals far more exciting than any detective story, **PAROLE CHIEF**. "There are only two absolutely distinct types of offenders, so far as I can see," he writes: "male and female. And I'd rather handle a hundred of the world's worst male thugs than one woman parolee."

There used to be a time when you could depend upon a woman criminal to be a lady. But crime has changed, he points out, and so have women. With World War I "the hand went off the cradle and the foot went onto the brass rail." Not only are women worse harridans than they were before, there are also more of them. In 1933, 22,948 females were arrested for major crimes. By 1949 the number was up to 78,585, and of those arrested nearly half had already been fingerprinted. He introduces many professionals, and tells their experiences in their own inimitable talk. If you liked MY SIX CONVICTS, you'll enjoy PAROLE CHIEF.

(Continued on Page 21)





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o easy, so welcome

There was a very special ending to

Miss Ames' Last Case

HARRIET AMES—tall and crisply white in her starched uniform—tucked the blankets snugly about the small girl lying in the hospital bed and said, "Go to sleep, now, Dorothy. The doctor says you'll be well enough to go home tomorrow."

The child looked up at her and said, "Will you be coming home with me, Miss Ames?"

Harriet Ames smiled and said, "No, Dorothy. Your mother will be here for you—and besides . . . "

"Besides what, Miss Ames?"

"Oh, nothing, Dorothy—except that starting tomorrow I'm not going to be a nurse any more."

"You're *not?*" Dorothy's eyes opened wide, as if trying to picture Miss Ames as anything *but* a nurse and not quite being able to do it. "Why?"

"Well, it's just that I've been a nurse for ever so long, Dorothy—and now I feel as if I need a nice, long rest." No need to tell the child she was over sixty now—no need to tell her it was time to slow down, time to start taking life easy . . .

"Are you going home, too, Miss Ames?"

"Home? Yes, I suppose you might call it that. I'm going back to the town where I lived when I was a little girl like you." Harriet Ames had had no actual home for many years. After her parents died, she had left the small mid-western town to follow her career in larger cities. But now she was ready to go back and settle down in the town she knew and remembered so well. She had a married sister who was still there, and there were old friends . . .

"That will be nice, won't it, Miss Ames?" Dorothy was silent for a moment and then said, "But if you aren't going to be a nurse any more, what *are* you going to be? Daddy says people have to work or else they won't have any money."

Harriet Ames laughed. "Don't you worry, Dorothy, I'll get along!" She thought, as she had many times before, of the insurance policies tucked away in the old manila envelope. She had developed a fondness for those pieces of paper over the years, because they represented all the things she had hoped for—independence, security, ease in her old age. She had paid for them out of her earnings year by year—and now they would start repaying her every month for as long as she lived.

Little Dorothy's eyes were closing now, heavy with sleep. Harriet turned out the bedside light. While she waited, she made a mental note to be sure to see John and Mary Bailey as soon as she got back home. It was John Bailey, the New York Life agent in her home town, who had first got her to do something about life insurance for her future security, and whose letters and recommendations about it had been so helpful during all the years since then. It would be fun to tell him how everything had worked out as he predicted it some day would.

Miss Ames smiled at the sleeping child, tiptoed to the door and started down the corridor toward her room. There was still some packing to be done before tomorrow.

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"Home? Yes, I suppose you might call it that."

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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(Continued from Page 16)

"Have you read that book about how to stop smoking?" asked a young man chain smoking through an interview. "I don't dare—I hear it's that good!"

HOW TO STOP SMOKING, by ***Herbert Brean,*** is certainly a beguiling little book. The author makes it all so

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I smoked two packs a day for twenty years. One day—just like that—I decided to quit . . . I didn't, though."

easy. Don't hurry into any decision, he advises. Just let the idea idle along in your consciousness for as long as you like. Then—all of a sudden!—tell yourself, "Today I'm through smoking! This is S-Day!"

Even then, he says, don't try to be brave and strong-minded. Baby yourself. Take an extra piece of cake that first day, have a shrimp cocktail and a filet mignon. It gets you over the rough spot. You're going to save a lot of money not buying cigarettes, so indulge yourself. Keep some mints in your pocket, or candy, or salted nuts. You may gain weight for a week or two, but you can get rid of the poundage much more easily than of the smoking habit. Or so Mr. Brean says. It is quite a book!

•

Two good recent English novels, quite different in treatment, deal with the same problem: the child of divorced parents.

NOBODY'S CHILD, by ***Phyllis Hambledon,*** is the story of an insecure little girl whose parents separate, for no particularly good cause, when she is ten years old. She tries her best to get along with both, and with the man her mother marries, and the new wife of her father. It is a moving story, simply told, which should find its way into the hands of tottering parents.

PITY FOR PAMELA, by ***Mary Fitt,*** is quite another dish—a neat, shiny thriller about a cynical young woman of the cocktail world, whose parents also broke up when she was about ten. (That seems to be the time.) This is gilt-edged suspense, excitement, melodrama, but the same lonely homelessness of the spirit underlies it.

•

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE, *by J. D. Salinger, is American—very American. It is the portrait of a boy of sixteen about to be fired from his fourth prep school, who runs away to New York and has a two-day binge. The story of his brash attack on the adult world, a world of "phonies" as he sees it, is told in his own tough, slangy, sometimes obscene vernacular. The temper of the piece is witty and sardonic, but underneath, as in the English novels, lies tenderness and pity. The very young who, not so long ago, were Romance have now become Tragedy.*

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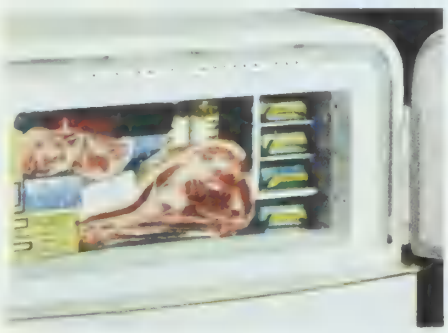
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THREE kinds of cold—each with its own refrigerating system!

1. Food-Freezer Cold in Locker-Top. Gives constant, safe protection weeks on end for up to 73 pounds of meats and other frozen foods. You're always prepared for mealtime emergencies! Have plenty of ice cubes, too!

2. Super-Safe Cold in Food Compartment! Foods retain their freshness and flavor days longer because of the Super-Safe Cold provided by Frigidaire's exclusive Refrig-o-plate. This separate refrigerating system also provides positive moisture control. The Refrig-o-plate collects excess moisture, as frost, and automatically *defrosts itself* without attention. And foods don't change temperature during defrosting.

3. Super-Moist Cold in bin-size Hydrators. Fruits stay fresh as dew—vegetables keep crackling crisp. Constant Super-Moist Cold is provided by Frigidaire's Cold-Wall system of chilling coils in cabinet walls.



The new 2-door Frigidaire Imperial Refrigerator comes in 10 cubic foot size. See the many Frigidaire Refrigerator models—*all* made for once-a-week shopping—at your Frigidaire Dealer's. Look for his name in Yellow Pages of phone book. Ask about other Frigidaire appliances. Or write Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside 12, Ontario.



One Meter-Miser does it all!

All three refrigerating systems are operated by a single Frigidaire Meter-Miser. It's the simplest cold-making mechanism ever built—only Frigidaire has it!



Protects your food with constant SAFE COLD

You'll love the way this handsome Frigidaire Imperial lets *you* decide how often to shop . . . lets you do your heavy shopping once-a-week—on days when stores aren't crowded.

This combination food-freezer and refrigerator gives you all the room you need for an abundant supply of food. And three different kinds of constant cold—accurately regulated—to keep *all* your food safe and appetizing until you're ready to serve it at the table.

There is no finer refrigerator made. You'll like its adjustable shelves, its ice-blue trim and Lifetime Porcelain interior, its new ice-blue and gold Quickube Trays that pop out ice cubes at a finger's touch—and its host of other exciting features. When you see it you'll want this great new Frigidaire Imperial for your very own!

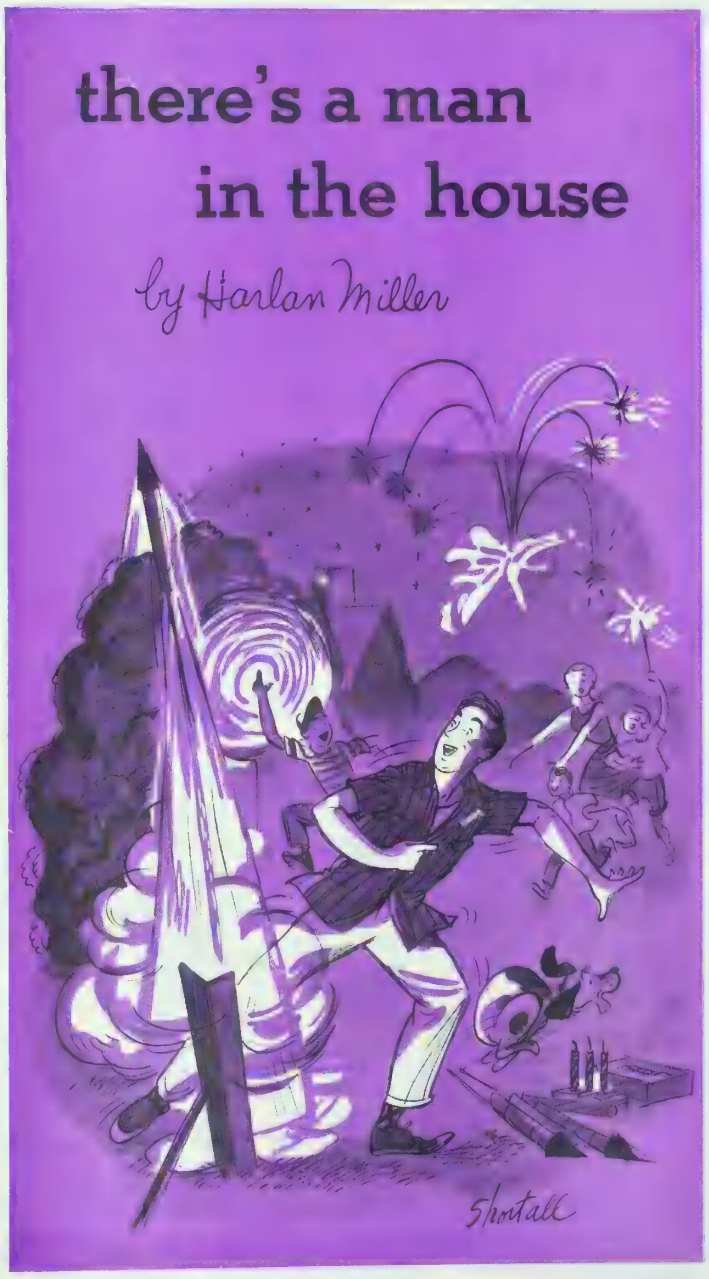
Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.

Frigidaire

America's No. 1 Refrigerator

there's a man in the house

by Harlan Miller



Our grocer has issued an ultimatum: a 25-cent delivery fee henceforth for every batch of chow ordered by phone. . . . Some of our town's housewives who've never met their grocer face to face will now be pressured by their husbands to get acquainted with him.

•

I've just read an article by a psychiatrist who more than hints that it's a weakness in a husband (or even a malady!) if he yearns for signs of affection from his wife. Maybe he was married by a justice of the peace and never heard the marriage vows.

•

In a rare heart-to-heart talk with his son, one of our town's more pompous fathers asked, "Son, how old are you?" "I'm thirteen, dad," the boy said. "Well, son," said dad, "when I was your age I was fifteen!" (But how did that one ever reach his club?)

•

Sign of our coed daughter's approach to maturity: she has returned my two favorite flannel shirts she's worn out in three years, and now shows a deeper interest in her mother's evening dresses.

•

At the barbershop the other day I noticed another hint of social change: the No. 1 barber was arguing with our town's No. 1 banker about investments. (Of course, he now gets $1.25 for a haircut!)

•

Maybe the best compliment my wife's paid me in months is that my worst fault is my shortage of small talk. In self-defense I tell her that nothing I have to say seems important enough to interrupt three other people. Anyhow, it doesn't hurt any bridge-table group to have one listener.

•

"Whenever I urge my wife to keep our grocery bill under $150 a month," protests Peter Comfort, chasing the kids off the roof of his garage, "you'd think I was scheming to cripple our children with beriberi and scurvy for lack of steaks and strawberries."

•

The man next door asked his young son to mow the lawn, and the boy asked if that wouldn't be a violation of the child-labor law. Probably he learned that in the seventh-grade course so many parents scoff at, under the name of "social sciences."

•

On a summer evening, as the children play hide-and-seek at dusk, or run sheep run or last-couple-out, and fireflies twinkle and a boy tries to hide behind my lawn chair as I read the paper by the fading light, our Russian jitters seem remote and unlikely and far-fetched indeed.

•

At the big round table at the club we virtually agree that it's a cad's trick for a husband to scold or needle his wife in the presence of others. But we're unanimous that a wife who needles her husband publicly commits an unforgivable sin.

Near the end of a party dominated as usual by feminine yakitty-yak, my taciturn neighbor reports, the men in the kitchen agreed that the woman who with great finesse used to make all men feel brilliant has been succeeded by the modern woman who makes all men feel like dopes.

•

"I'm resigned to the fact," says Betty Comfort, drying her hair in her back yard, "that there are at least a thousand ways to cook an egg so that our stubborn child won't eat it."

•

My Dream Girl was triumphant because she got my shell-rimmed glasses repaired (both lenses) for only $10.50 instead of the $20 the first shop asked. . . . It pays to shop around and I wish her idea of shopping for clothes didn't consist of stopping in at one store with a strong-minded saleswoman.

Our Fourth of July fireworks seem to enchant the 1951 youngster as much as they did us in our less sophisticated youth. . . . And the endless last dwindling thirty minutes of daylight seem just as long, before the first rocket goes off, for me as they do for our eleven-year-old.

Oddly, it's the children in our town whom we admire most whose parents worry most about them. . . . The only parents we know who're sure their children are brilliant and flawless are the parents of the worst brats we know.

•

My Dream Girl becomes so enamored of some of the flowers in her garden that I'd not be too surprised if she took some of 'em along in pots as pets on our summer vacation.

•

So far my wife's original criticism of my bridge, the only time I've ever bid and made a grand slam, is still her best: that if I'd played it right I wouldn't have made it.

•

Confidentially, we might as well confess that a man's mind is as aimless as a boy's: we start out to repair the back door of the garage and wind up putting a handle on the top drawer of Junior's dresser.

•

We have two big groups of cultured people in our town: those who travel and those who read good books and magazines. Of these two, the readers seem to know more things, and more positively.

•

Out on the back terrace the other evening we reviewed the divorces in our town, and agreed that most of the husbands and wives would have been better off to remain wed to each other. . . . When the going got rough they might have tried repeating the marriage vows daily for a month—with three kisses.

•

Here's the acid test of a modern woman, my shoe-repair man tells me: Does she think her time is too valuable to darn her husband's socks?

•

A new tradition is growing up in our town: that if a man admires your necktie you're obligated to swap it for his. . . . Unfortunately, most men who admire your best $5 necktie (from your only rich aunt) are usually wearing the best 75¢ tie that money can buy.

•

Another grocer recommended by our friends declines to deliver any order for less than $3. Gosh, is it still possible to order less than $3 worth of groceries?

•

If your wife still seems prettier and younger than all the women at a party who're just as pretty and five years younger . . . and Junior enthusiastically recommends to you a book you raved about twenty years ago . . . and your daughter sees that baffled look on your face and gives you an unexpected kiss . . . and your youngest says he never, never wants to live in any other house than your old homestead . . . then, sir, you're the happy victim of a successful marriage.

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COOLIE BLOUSE. Order in sizes 12, 14 or 16. Easy to make. 10c.



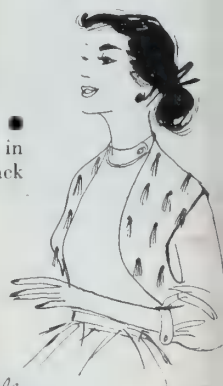
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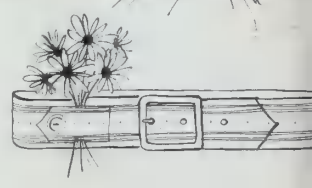


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BOLERO. Make it in piqué, add tiny black tassels. 15c.

2651 ●
BELT. Made from webbing and ribbon. Use fresh or artificial flowers. 15c.





● **2477**
CUFF GLOVE. Crisp in waffle piqué—select white or a color. 15c.

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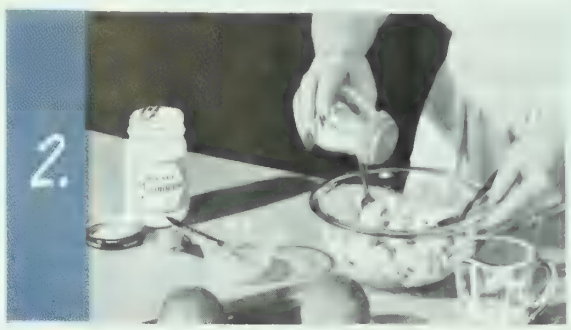
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How to make really delicious Tuna Salad



To serve 4, you will need one 6½-oz. can of chunk style tuna. Put the tuna in a colander or coarse strainer, and pour hot water over it. Drain well and chill. Then put it in a bowl with 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle and ⅓ cup of chopped celery.



Gradually add 1 tablespoon lemon juice to ¼ cup of Kraft *Mayonnaise. True mayonnaise at its finest, Kraft's is so rich, and so delightfully seasoned, it will make your salad really delicious. Toss lightly with tuna mixture; season with salt and pepper.*



For each portion, cut a peeled tomato into 3 crosswise slices. Starting with a slice placed on leaf lettuce, alternate the 3 slices with the tuna salad, with a tomato slice on top. Garnish with watercress and delicate-flavored, satin-smooth Kraft Mayonnaise.



True mayonnaise at its finest!

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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

You're older than the man you plan to marry.

You wonder, "Does it really matter?" It definitely does.

Manners in Marriage

DURING courtship, a man naturally wants to impress the girl of his choice with his worth in all ways. To heighten her appreciation of him, he pays attention to the small civilities of life: he seats her in a restaurant; he rises when she enters the room; and wishing to look as well as act his best, he is fastidious about his personal appearance.

A girl reacts in the same way. She takes special pains with dress and grooming; she thanks him for his courtesies, caters to his tastes, and tries in every way to please him.

But too often, after marriage, both husband and wife abandon the small pleasantries which enhanced courtship. Securely established in the new relationship, absorbed in the domestic routine, a wife may conscientiously devote herself to promoting her husband's welfare in important matters while ignoring his preferences and prejudices in small things.

Consideration in small matters will not in itself make a marriage succeed—but it adds a final touch of satisfaction to a happy one, and reduces friction in a mediocre one. On the other hand, repeated small discourtesies become a chronic irritation; molehills become real obstacles, if not mountains.

It is impossible to enumerate all the pet peeves of family life uncovered by our research, for their number is legion. But we have culled from them a list of things to do, and to avoid doing, if you'd like to be easy to live with. If the particular items don't apply to you, they may suggest some which do.

Don't

Use his tools, then neglect to put them away. (You would return them if they were a neighbor's.)

"Tidy up his desk" and rearrange his papers without express permission. (You wouldn't disturb a guest's belongings.)

Remind him of additional details, or correct his version when he is telling a story. (Children are reproved for such interruptions.)

Summon him to perform a chore just as he settles down with the papers.

Discuss any of your intimate family affairs with outsiders.

Scatter or mislay newspapers and mail before he's had a chance to see them.

Do

Consult him before involving him in social engagements.

Be punctilious about performing the small personal services and chores (getting his suit at the cleaner's, sewing buttons on his shirts, darning his socks, and so on) which he rightfully expects.

Observe his suggestions about the care and maintenance of household equipment. He has a good reason for asking you not to detach the toaster from the socket by merely pulling the cord.

Appear at breakfast neatly dressed.

Welcome him wholeheartedly when he returns from work, and try to please him with small attentions.

To be sure, most husbands' manners in marriage are far from perfect. Wives' nerves are frayed by their husbands' repeated trifling offenses, ranging from poor table manners to failure to observe such small amenities as opening the car door for them.

But manners, good or bad, are easily—and almost unconsciously—imitated. If you consistently show your husband real courtesy and consideration, in small things as well as great, chances are he will respond similarly. When good manners become a habit, family life takes on a new graciousness and a new ease.

Marrying a Younger Man

IT is not uncommon for a man to marry a woman six, eight or even ten years younger than he, and frequently such marriages prove successful. The wife, acknowledging her husband's greater experience and authority, defers to his judgment and adapts to his pattern of life; while he recognizes that he must accept special responsibility, particularly in the beginning. But what about the woman who marries a younger man? In at least one marriage in seven, the wife is older than the husband. We are frequently consulted by women who are contemplating such marriages, as to the effect of the age difference on their chances of happiness.

First of all, differences of four years or less are not in themselves a serious handicap. In fact, research indicates that husbands of slightly older wives have a somewhat better-than-average chance of happiness.

Further, the older the couple, the less important any age difference. If neither is younger than forty, an age gap of ten years, or even more, will not disrupt a marriage which would otherwise have succeeded.

But if the younger partner is in his twenties or early thirties, and the woman is more than six years his senior, there is reason to question the suitability of the match. For an age difference of this amount is likely to be accompanied by other important differences which impede the delicate personality readjustment essential to married unity.

Interests and personal tastes, for instance, are obviously modified by age; a man of twenty-eight may enjoy late parties, frequent entertaining and a varied social program, whereas a woman of thirty-five or more may have had enough of such pastimes. Disagreements concerning such matters, troublesome as they may be, are less of a barrier than differences in basic beliefs and objectives, and in degree of emotional maturity. And these factors, too, are inevitably influenced by age.

Though it may not be apparent, this type of marriage frequently is based on strong physical attraction. The woman has reached an age where her sexual impulses are urgent; her responsiveness flatters and appeals to the man. Overwhelmed by their emotions, the two contract a marriage in which sexual desire is the only real bond.

Such mismatches can only end in disappointment and disillusionment, but it does not follow that a woman should invariably discourage the attentions of a much younger man, simply because he is younger. The best safeguard is a long courtship, involving at least two years of regular dating. This period gives the couple an opportunity to discover whether the feeling between them can sustain an enduring relationship. And it can—regardless of age—if it is based on compatibility of temperament, personality and character.

Should We Go Steady?

Qualities that make a man a desirable date do not necessarily make him a good husband. Before becoming deeply involved with any man, evaluate his basic traits and attributes. Ask yourself if he:

1. **Has a good reputation?**
2. **Is industrious and likes his work?**
3. **Meets people easily and well?**
4. **Is healthy and physically sound?**
5. **Wants to settle down and have a home?**
6. **Is stable and dependable?**
7. **Has standards and ideals you admire?**
8. **Keeps his head in trying situations?**
9. **Respects your friends and family?**
10. **Is considerate and well mannered?**
11. **Manages his financial affairs intelligently?**
12. **Is pleasant, friendly, and well liked?**
13. **Acts poised and confident?**
14. **Is temperate and free from bad habits?**

With fewer than 10 positive answers, you would do well to look elsewhere. A score of 12 or more indicates that he is really worth considering as matrimonial material. . . . How would *you* score if he were to ask these same questions about you?

Do You Know?

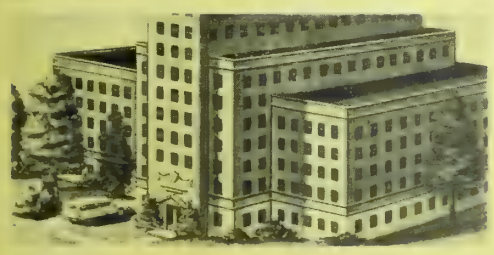
What proportion of women working outside the home have husbands?

More than one third of them have husbands, plus one seventh who are widowed or divorced.

Nothing is too good for Tommy

Since knighthood was in flower, the hero's return has been the tender occasion for fair hands to repair the damages of the fray. The foe has inflicted a scuffed cheek on Tommy, and Mother is following the first rule of first aid: "Get it clean and keep it clean." And because any small injury *could* become a big one, she uses the first-aid dressings most leading hospitals use—*Curity*. Nothing is too good for a hero. Her hero or yours.

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edited by JAN WEYL

Why are you shy?

by Joyce Behr, age 19



"If you aren't going with Henry any more, can I have him?"

Shyness is as shyness does.....

When people talk about Sally, they say, "Oh, she's so *shy* you can hardly talk to her!" And Sally herself admits, "Sometimes I feel like two different people. With my family or best friends, I relax and have fun. But with kids I don't know very well, I get so frightened inside that I can't seem to act like *me*."

Why can't Sally act like herself? Because she's *afraid* that if she does relax, she'll say—or do—the wrong thing. Instead of accepting the challenge of *finding out* how to get along with people, Sally has given up without a fight. She doesn't know yet what *you* know—that everybody is shy sometimes (even a dreamboat like Van Johnson, who used to be "terrified" of girls), and that many of the people who are the most poised and best talkers today *learned how* to be!

When you feel tense, remember *who you are*. Just say to yourself, "I'm Betty Burns, and I'm a good dancer, and I'm just as interesting as any girl here." If people still frighten you, picture them doing something that we all have to do—such as combing their hair or eating breakfast. If you think of them doing some everyday thing, they'll seem much more human.

Try to do everything *more slowly*—this goes for talking, laughing, and especially for walking across a room. And when you enter a room full of strangers, stand in the doorway a moment until you get a picture of the room—where the hostess is, if you have friends you could talk to *first*.

Find out who the *other guests* are when you're invited to a party, and what their interests are. If a baseball fan is coming, be ready with questions to start him talking: "What's happened to the Phillies?" or, "I saw the Bugs play last night, and couldn't understand one of the plays. What does it mean when a pitcher ——"

Keep busy. Look through a pile of records, take your own glass *and someone else's* out to the kitchen for a refill, or offer to help the hostess pass the refreshments. If there's a momentary lull, reach over for a potato chip and pass them along—"Once you start eating potato chips, it's hard to stop, don't you think?"

Listen intently when someone is speaking to you. Look right at the person, and nod occasionally. Don't worry about this seeming artificial, because if you listen *hard*, you'll be surprised how soon you forget yourself, and become *genuinely* interested in what he has to say. Before you know it, you'll be talking without *worrying* about what you're saying.

Pick out two things you're *afraid* to do—like spending the afternoon at the swimming pool where everybody goes, or inviting some friends over for a record party—and then make yourself do each one of them. This is a *challenge*. It may not be easy the first time, but it will be easier the second time—and a great deal easier the third time. Have faith in yourself and your personality. If you like yourself, other people will like you too!

How to make new friends.....



by Lorraine Canon, age 19

Be available. If you have a chance to spend a long, lazy afternoon at the crowd's favorite hangout, be sure to go along. If you're at a stag dance, sit where the boys can *find* you—with a best friend or two, perhaps, but *not* in the center of a big circle of girls. Don't refuse a party invitation because you're *afraid* to go. Here's a chance to *try out* tricks for overcoming shyness!

Create opportunities for people to get to know the *real* you. Sign up as junior lifeguard at the city swimming pool or when school starts get yourself a job reporting for the school paper. If you're away at a summer resort, take part in whatever's going on—the tennis tournament, amateur night, or even bridge on the terrace. Activities make you much more interesting to other people!

Act friendly. The way you walk, the way you talk, even the way your hair is combed (or *not* combed) gives a good impression of you. So keep a careful check on your grooming and, even more important, on your *manner*. Don't rush around with a big preoccupied "I'm too busy to bother with you" look. Walk slowly with a casual, friendly air, greet people warmly, and suggest seeing them again—"How about a game of tennis some day this week?" If you're off at a summer resort and see someone who seems alone and lonely, make the first gesture by going over and introducing yourself. Tell him what a swell place it is—and *why* you think so. Offer to show him the badminton court.

Let people like you by letting yourself like them. If you meet a new boy, stop thinking about the impression you're making on *him*, and concentrate on the impression he's making on *you*. Think about him—what he's talking about, what he's like, whether you like *him*. Ask him questions about what interests him most—himself!—and don't be afraid to *disagree* with him lightly if you *really* do. Differences of opinion make discussions much more fun—if they're honest.

Give it time. Yesterday you spent nearly an hour talking to a new boy at the golf course, and just because he didn't ask for a date right then, you're sure he doesn't care if he ever sees you again. But that just isn't so. Real, lasting friendships aren't built overnight. They take time—and care. He may have liked you lots—and not had enough money for a date. He may have liked you some—and thought to himself, "Nice gal. Hope I run into her again." If you like *him*, arrange to run into him again "casually" tomorrow, and again on Friday. Give your friendship a chance to develop slowly and easily—and all of a sudden he'll be *sure* he likes you a lot!

On a long summer's day . . .

. . . Sub-Debs used to pack a big bag and head for summer camp or a special family vacation trip. But today most girls write that they're getting *jobs*. "You can make some money and have fun, too, if you latch onto the right job!" Nancy Histed, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, is working as a chambermaid. . . . Mary Jane Lawry, of Philipsburg, Montana, is a ranch hand, while Rose Burdick, of Charlemont, Massachusetts, is working in nearby tobacco fields. . . . Out in Denver, Colorado, Barbara Symons checks truck drivers in for a local bakery, Pat Nelson works at corn tasseling, and Connie Johnson and Iris Stamey are taking part in a door-to-door survey of housewives' main problems. . . . Genevieve Coughlin, of Tidioute, Pennsylvania, is working in a rest home to gain experience for a career someday in nursing—and Cynthia DeHaven, of Little Rock, Arkansas, is doing clerical work for a local radio station, and hoping for a chance at announcing. . . . What are *you* doing for summer fun?

Dirty, tired—and happy

"*Dear Jan:* Here's a wonderful party. Forty of us drove to a nearby canyon which has a baseball diamond, a barbecue pit, tables, a stream for cooling watermelon, mountains for climbing, and a luscious summer moon. After a *long* game of baseball, everyone pitched in and helped fix the hot dogs. I think the most fun about this kind of party is sitting around a fire singing, eating and talking about things that don't get talked about much except around a fire. When it got too cold, we packed up and headed for the drive-in movie at the mouth of the canyon. Everybody went home smoky, dirty, tired and happy. ADRIENNE HARROW, *Salt Lake City, Utah*."

A good coat of tan will hide blushes . . . but all your sun bathing will be strictly solitary unless you find a cure for S.S. (sudden shyness). Send 5c to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for DON'T SHY AWAY, Sub-Deb booklet No. 2275.



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Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated . . . and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**



New... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap . . . prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle . . . contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.



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50 Years ago in the Journal

IN July, 1901, children by the hundreds rode the mule-pulled carrousel in Central Park to the music of a hand organ playing Sweet Rosie O'Grady and In the Good Old Summertime. Americans were reading Kipling's Kim and Frank Norris' The Octopus. George M. Cohan brightened vaudeville. A Chicago schoolboy completed a world tour in sixty days, beating Nellie Bly's record by twelve days.

And in the July, 1901, JOURNAL *Editor Bok complains about suspicious authors who load their manuscripts with bits of ribbon or strands of hair, or reverse the order of the pages, to make sure editors read them. Just like today.*

"It is false economy to wrap the ice in your refrigerator in woolen cloths," writes Maria Parloa. "This preserves the ice but does not cool the refrigerator."

"The cheaper baby carriages have bodies of shellacked wicker, lined with cretonne, and have parasols of sateen or satin. They cost $10 up."

Party idea: "It is a good idea for anyone giving a soap-bubble party to practice the soap-bubble tricks, so as to be in a position to amuse the invited guests."

"As for hats, I dare not write of them," reports Miss De Forest from Paris. "Only let me say that every one is flat and low, generally with two brims. Quills and currants and cherries make the trimmings."

In this issue, the JOURNAL offers specifications for A Small House with Lots of Room. It has a pine-paneled living room (21′ x 21′), dining room (16′ x 28′), five bedrooms, two baths, and costs $5835.

An article with the intriguing title, Some People I Have Married, turns out to be written by New York City's Reverend D. M. Steele.

The International Sunshine Club requests money for ice during the summer. "You will enjoy your own cold glass of water ten times more if you have furnished one just like it for some invalid."



Jour SPELL

Gossip about people you Editors you and what goes on in New Yor



By ELIZABETH CADELL

al to marry Chris

imself

OVER on Broadway the o evening, at one of Paramou projection rooms, we sat with *Geo Stevens* watching the film he has rected so magnificently from *Theodo Dreiser's* An American Tragedy. Du this fall as A Place in the Sun—an worth waiting years to see. We spok of the picture's close-ups—the closes ups we'd ever seen, of *Elizabeth Taylo* and *Montgomery Clift* (you can see tiny facial muscles twitch and a bead of perspiration form on Monty's fore-head)—and of how the JOURNAL, foremost among magazines, has for years now been developing the close-up illustrations; bringing people and objects right up to the reader. At any rate, don't miss the picture. It will leave you limp.

When ***George Rodger***, photographer, and ***Jinx Witherspoon***, ex-JOURNAL staffer, were in Africa getting the picture of ***Albert Schweitzer*** for ***Harold E. Stassen's*** article in this issue, Jinx wrote ***John Godfrey Morris*** here that

GEORGE RODGER



Jinx visits Doctor Schweitzer.

she was enjoying the only available room with a shower. "Just came back from a short safari," her next letter started. "Found Stassen arrived and installed in my room. Now native boy lets me know whenever Stassen goes out to talk with Schweitzer, and I dart over and take a bath."

The feeling you get from the fascinating boyhood part of the *Duke of Windsor's* memoirs—of a sort of Spartan frugality in the upbringing of royalty—reminds us of an episode left, for some reason, out of The Little Princesses. As a little girl, *Princess Elizabeth* asked to borrow *Crawfie's* handkerchief. When Crawfie asked why she didn't use her own fresh one, the little princess exclaimed, "I'm like my father. I hate to start a new handkerchief." . . . How many men do you know who like to lend you the neatly folded one from their breast pocket?



managed,

herself

By em-

ize of

strils

This had no effect. A stout Frenchman with a red, beaming face gave her a rapturous smile and threw open the door.

"But see!" exclaimed an excited woman, pushing him aside and giving the glaring **Belchamber** a friendly bow. "But see, **Belchamber**, there is plenty of room for everybody."

When we read in a long ... of breakfast habits that du... breakfast experiments, the men made more fuss than the women about being hungry, and that both men and women did more work after eating regular breakfasts, we checked around the Workshop. What we discovered makes no sense. Some of the editors, men and women, work their hardest on a breakfast of a single cup of black coffee; others on a normal morning meal. But what we did learn to our surprise was that the two biggest-breakfasters of all were women, with ***Alice Blinn*** having large helpings of two fruits, of kidneys or kippered herring or chicken livers, of popovers or muffins with lots of marmalade, and coffee; and ***Mary Lea Page***, fruit, bacon and eggs, English muffins, and coffee—"And long before lunchtime I'm starving!"

Our favorite story from Social Security registration day for household workers, on the first of May, was of ***Ruth Matthews'*** *part-time maid. It could only happen here. For when Ruth had drawn up Daisy's return, Ruth asked if all the other people who share Daisy's services in the neighborhood had filed returns for her too. "Yes, ma'am," Daisy replied, "all fifteen of 'em."*

Standing near *Ethel Merman* at a theater benefit recently, we heard another side to our colorful lady Minister to Luxemburg, *Perle Mesta*, who may or may not be the person Miss M. portrays in Call Me Madam. "You'd never know it," Ethel was saying, "but she's written more than seven hundred personal letters to mothers here of GI's in Europe."

EUROPEAN



U.S. Minister Mesta entertaining GI's in Luxemburg.

... more French-... Here ... day here ... in town on ... ering the home-furnishings market for new ideas. ***Wilhela Cushman*** and her fashion staff do a good hundred miles a week covering the dress market, not to mention their photographing on far-flung locations. "How many miles a month do you walk, getting stories?" we asked ***Hugh Kahler***. "More than you'd think," he said. "But why don't you ask how many miles of manuscripts a month I *read?*"

***Marlene Dietrich's* appearance in slacks in 1934 is credited with zooming the West Coast garment business 50 per cent in 10 years. . . . Though only 15 per cent of married women living with their husbands were working outside their homes in 1940, the number has risen to 23 per cent today. The average age of women workers has increased from twenty-six in 1900 to thirty-six in 1950. . . . Eighty per cent of all automobile accidents are caused by twenty per cent of all drivers. . . . Two hundred thousand paper-backed books were sold in 1937, but by 1950 the number had grown to two hundred million.**

Pick a Color fro



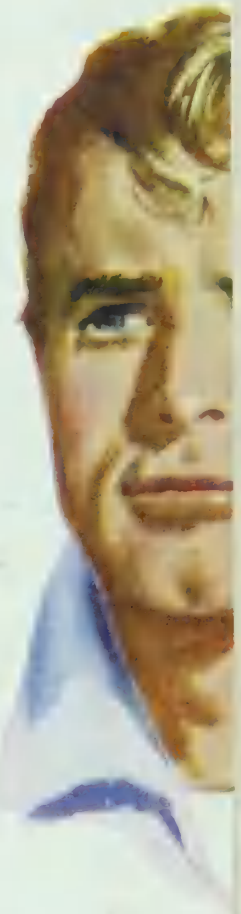
ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

THE SPELL



By ELIZABETH CADELL

Mrs. Belchamber felt that Cressida's refusal to marry Chris was one problem he should solve himself



Cressida . . .
Afraid to marry,
and with
good reason.



Christopher . . .
The man
Cressida loved
but would not marry.

MRS. BELCHAMBER had managed, without much effort, to keep herself to herself all the way from Paris. By employing her usual deterrents—a gaze of piercing dislike, a twitching of the nostrils as if scenting unpleasantness and, in extreme cases, drawing back her head and looking like a cobra about to strike—she had secured seclusion. And space. Her suitcases were on the rack, but her coat, traveling rug, books and papers were disposed upon the three vacant corner seats, while her crochet bag, her flask and traveling handbag occupied the middle ones. She was very comfortable. If the French had only known how to build trains that made less noise she would have gone as far as to say that she was enjoying her journey.

She looked at her watch, saw that it was five o'clock, and decided to pour herself a cup of tea at the next station. She put out a bony, beringed hand and took up her crochet bag, into which she had slipped some of her favorite biscuits.

The train slowed and then stopped. She hoped that the flask would have kept the tea reasonably hot. She was about to unscrew the top when she paused, noting with displeasure that a large group of people had gathered at the door of the carriage with the obvious intention of entering.

This, she felt, was gross impertinence. They could see that she was an elderly Englishwoman, traveling alone and just about to take her tea. To be invaded was intolerable. Mrs. Belchamber put the biscuits back in the crochet bag and prepared her first line of defense—the stony stare.

Copyright, 1951, by Elizabeth Cadell. This is a condensed version of the novel soon to be published by William Morrow & Co., Inc., under the title of Enter Mrs. Belchamber.

This had no effect. A stout Frenchman with a red, beaming face gave her a rapturous smile and threw open the door.

"But see!" exclaimed an excited woman, pushing him aside and giving the glaring Mrs. Belchamber a friendly bow. "But see, here is plenty of room for everybody."

"But see!" shouted two more Frenchmen, poking their heads inside. "Here they will be comfortable."

Mrs. Belchamber understood French imperfectly; in her forty years' residence on the Continent she had found that English did perfectly well; but she did not need to hear the dreadful truth: her eyes told her that some, if not all, of these strangers proposed to foist themselves upon her. She made a last protest by seizing the door of the carriage and banging it firmly, leaving the intruders outside, but two more stout men threw it open again and, with an excited burst of speech and charming smiles, ushered in two small boys in French sailor hats, a smaller girl in a modified version of the same headgear, three suitcases, a large toy boat, a cardboard box smelling strongly of cheese and apples, several overcoats and, finally, a larger suitcase.

Mrs. Belchamber sat in her corner, her bony frame rigid and withdrawn. She saw the last piece of luggage stowed neatly, and realized that the crowd outside was bestowing vociferous farewells on the three children. A wave of horror swept over her: the three sailor hats were traveling alone.

The train doors began to close. The farewells grew louder. The guard came up and raised a small horn to his lips to blow upon it the rude noise *(Continued on Page 75)*

Scotty . . .
A disgrace to
his upbringing,
said Mrs. Belchambe

Schweitzer

"Which concept will ultimately prevail in our world of conflicting ideologies—disdain for life or reverence for life?"

By HAROLD E. STASSEN
President, University of Pennsylvania

I HAVE met the kindest man in the world and I have met the most ruthless man in the world. One is, in my opinion, the greatest living philosopher. The other is the most powerful living ruler. They are Dr. Albert Schweitzer, of Africa, and Marshal Joseph Stalin, of Russia.

One is a living symbol of the ideals, the humanitarianism and the philosophy of our way of life. The other is the personal embodiment of the goals, the force and the ideology of the Communist way of life.

The circumstances and surroundings of my conferences with each of these two men are interesting and provide deeply significant contrasts.

I met Dr. Albert Schweitzer on a small, grass-covered jungle air strip in the heart of French Equatorial Africa in the course of my recent journey through Asia and Africa and around the world. From the regular airlines stop in Léopoldville, in the Belgian Congo, I flew in a Sabena DC-3 to Libreville, the capital of Gabon Province, a distance of six hundred miles. There I was met by the able French Governor of Gabon, Pierre Pelieu, and flew with him in an old trimotored German-made Junkers plane to Lambaréne, ninety miles up on the Ogowe River.

As I stepped off the plane, Doctor Schweitzer advanced, extended his hand, and said simply, "I am Albert Schweitzer." A white jungle helmet covered his gray, Einsteinlike hair and shaded his furrowed and expressive face. One of the nurses of his hospital, Miss Emma Haussknecht, stood by as interpreter, and forty or fifty African natives of all ages were gathered at the edge of the airstrip. After he had greeted the French governor and had been introduced to Robert Matteson, my assistant, who accompanied me around the world, and to others who joined us at Léopoldville, I climbed into a waiting jeep with Doctor Schweitzer, and off we went over a rough jungle road down to the river. A launch ride past natives in dugout canoes through beautiful stretches of heavy timber ended at his hospital.

I had met Marshal Stalin in April, 1947, during my journey through Europe and Russia. [Ed. note: Mr. Stassen reported this interview with Stalin fully in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for July, 1947.] I was taken to his office, in the center of the Kremlin, by Sergei Kondrashov, our Russian guide, for an appointment at eleven P.M. When I entered he stepped out from behind his desk, and through his interpreter, Pavlov, said, "How do you do?" It was a simple acknowledgment of my presence in a sparsely furnished room. But reaching that spot was not simple.



GEORGE RODGER

Schweitzer's office is a simple frame room adjacent to his bedroom, open on three sides to the green world of Nature that surrounds him. The accent is on human sympathy.

vs. Stalin

We approached Stalin at night through the guarded gates of the walled Kremlin, past electric eyes and alarm bells, through a screen of secret police, and down long, patrolled, zigzag corridors. We approached Schweitzer in the open day, in a setting of river and sky and virgin forest, with the towering mahogany, *okoume* and oil-palm trees as the only guards, and the weaver birds, the parrots and the monkeys as the only alarm bells.

Stalin's office is really his prison, deep in the heart of the Kremlin fortress, austere and unadorned except for pictures of the revolutionists Lenin, Marx and Engels, and the Czarist military heroes Kutuzov and Suvorov. There are no windows, but one is fully conscious of the Red Square and Lenin's tomb just a block away. The accent is on death and war and ruthless power.

Schweitzer's office is a simple frame room adjacent to his bedroom, open on three sides to the green world of Nature that surrounds him. It is shared by two small antelope, a cat, a kitten, a bird, a small organ, and books on philosophy and theology. The numerous buildings of the hospital and the broad river are in plain view. The accent is on life and friendliness and human sympathy.

Both men are in their seventies. Stalin was born on December 21, 1879, in the village of Gori, in Georgia in the south of the Soviet Union. Schweitzer was born on January 14, 1875, in Kaysersburg, Alsace, then a part of Germany, now of France.

Stalin is the son of a shoemaker who was the son of Georgian peasants. Stalin's mother, Ekaterina, was a girl of similar humble origin. She was a pious Greek Catholic, and she worked as a washerwoman to eke out the low income of her husband.

Determined that her son should have a better life than her husband, she sent him at the age of nine to the Ecclesiastical School at Gori, which he attended for six years, from 1888 to 1894. In October, 1894, he matriculated at the Theological Seminary in Tiflis. Because his mother, now a widow, had no money for his education at the seminary, the headmaster of the Gori school and a local priest obtained a scholarship for him.

In August of 1898, while at the seminary, Stalin joined his first secret socialist organization, and it was then that he first read a copy of Karl Marx's Das Kapital. Though studying for the priesthood, he was planning revolution, and on May 29, 1899, he was expelled from the seminary for what he himself later stated was the propagation of Marxism. In 1901, while he was employed as a clerk at the Tiflis Observatory and vigorously carrying on his socialist activities, his room was raided by the Czarist police, who sought to arrest him. He fled, and for the next fifteen years lived under false names and with spurious passports, an active underground worker for the revolution.

He met Lenin for the first time at the end of 1905 at Tammerfors, Finland. In April, 1906, he attended a Stockholm socialist conference, and in May, 1907, he took part in a similar London conference and there met Trotsky. He spent a total of seven years either in prison for socialist and underground activity, or on his way to or in Siberia. During this period his many revolutionary articles attracted the attention of Lenin, who placed him on the Central Committee of the

(Continued on Page 129)



U. S. ARMY

Stalin's office is really his prison, deep in the heart of the Kremlin fortress, austere and unadorned. There are no windows. The accent is on ruthless power.



Melville Goodwin USA

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

In October, 1949, General Melville A. Goodwin became man-of-the-hour because of news stories about an incident in Berlin which could have brought war. I, Sidney Skelton, a "well-known commentator," was asked by Army Public Relations to help with Mel's publicity because I'd known him briefly during my Army days. I was the one, in fact, back in 1945, who introduced him to Dottie Peale, a vital, ambitious woman, head of the Peale Publishing house, when she toured the battle areas in France with a group of writers. Now that the General was famous, I hoped no one would mention Dottie. Phil Bentley, shrewd and able magazine writer, was to do the definitive article on Mel. I invited Phil, his researcher, Miss Fineholt, the General and Mrs. Goodwin, and Colonel Flax all up to the new place which Helen and I had bought in Connecticut. There they could do the interviewing in comfort, and Gilbert Frary, my boss, hoped for good publicity for me. The General began to tell the story of his small-town background, the Decoration Day parade which first inspired him to be a soldier, his school days with Muriel (later to be Mrs. Goodwin), the Sunday-school picnic when he first kissed her on the cheek. Phil and I found all this like something out of Horatio Alger—almost too simple to believe, but oddly moving too. Mel Goodwin seemed to be a man dedicated to his career, honest and uncomplicated, in a complicated world. Yet when he asked about Dottie and the wartime acquaintanceship seemed about to be renewed, I worried. Next morning we gathered again for the General to continue his story.

III MISS FINEHOLT and Philip Bentley and Colonel Flax were waiting in the library, and when we appeared they all stood up. It was natural for the colonel to do so, but I was surprised to see Miss Fineholt and Phil Bentley snap into it, too, exactly as though they were troops.

"Please don't get up," the General said. "I'm sorry if I kept you waiting." He was not very sorry. He was only acknowledging a military courtesy, and he immediately sat down in his chair by the fireplace.

"Well, let's go," he said. "Where were we?"

"You were starting up to Nashua to see that congressman," Phil Bentley said.

"Oh, yes," the General said, "Congressman Francis J. Garrity. I didn't want to tell my folks what I was going to do. Father was talking college, now that I was finishing high school. I told him I couldn't work in the store that day because I had promised to take Muriel to Nashua to the movies, which was technically true. It's funny what a big town Nashua seemed like."

Melville was seventeen then. Although he had another inch to grow and his hands were too big for his wrists and his feet too big for his ankles, he wasn't so badly set up for his age. He had worn a blue suit again, but it was his own and not a hand-me-down. He had brushed his hair carefully, using some soap to keep it down. If his overcoat was not new—it was a brown overcoat of Harry's—at least his dark green felt hat was. When he saw Muriel crossing the square, he wished she had not wanted to go with him, because it meant that he would have to pretend that he was the hero of one of those West Point stories. At least he was familiar fictionally with the mechanics of getting into the Point.

"Oh, Melville," Muriel said, "you forgot your rubbers, and you'll get your feet sopping wet. But anyway, you look slick."

He was pleased that Muriel thought so. Muriel looked pretty slick herself. She was at least the next prettiest girl in high school. She had borrowed her mother's coat with the squirrel collar.

The two o'clock car still had the stuffy, overheated smell of the Nashua *(Continued on Page 52)*

Copyright, 1951, by John P. Marquand.

"What's so funny?" he asked. "Just you," she said,
"looking as though you weren't real.
Is it against the rules for you to kiss a girl?"

There are times when a girl's first duty is to feel motherly... but suppose she doesn't?

Into the Fire

SHE had not been married very long when the baby was due to arrive—ten months, to be exact—and she was still a little surprised to be married at all, and quite surprised by the fact of the baby. By now, of course, it showed just terribly, and people smiled indulgently at her whenever she walked down the street. Sometimes they would ask her what she and Peter were going to name it—Mary, after herself, if it was a girl, or Peter Junior? And Mary would look at them, appalled, because the thought of this jumping jack within her actually being human and needing a name seemed ridiculous.

She did not feel motherly toward it at all. Peter said it was because she was so young, whereas he, being older, felt very fatherly. Mary said he ought to—twenty-eight was middle-aged, after all. She herself was twenty, a good age to be a bride, but apparently a bad age to be a good potential mother. Only sometimes she had a feeling that being motherly had nothing to do with age, but she did not confess this feeling to Peter.

In the beginning it had been fun. She would tell people that she and Peter were expecting a baby, and the people would look at her trim figure and lovely face and say, "Not really! I can't believe it." But now she didn't have to tell anyone, and the compliments about her radiant beauty and wonderful carriage were only memories. Almost every day Peter told her she was beautiful, but that didn't count exactly because Peter was her husband, and it was part of his job to say nice things. Missing the spoken compliments wasn't so bad; it was missing the unspoken ones that hurt Mary. Until now, she could not remember ever being the kind of woman men looked at and then looked away from. It was a dreadful feeling and she began to have sympathy for wallflowers and ugly women, and a good deal of pity for herself.

"Maybe if it had more personality," Peter said one evening in a worried voice, "you wouldn't feel so unmotherly."

He picked up one of the baby presents that had arrived at the house that day. Unwrapping the tissue, he took out an infinitesimal sweater with felt letters sewed on it reading, "Michigan State, 1972." He held the little sweater against his chest and it looked like a misplaced pocket.

"Is that supposed to give the baby personality?" Mary asked sourly. "It just makes me think of it as a dwarf."

"Not *it*," Peter said. "Him, or her. Gives the child a little character." He turned and picked up the card that accompanied the sweater. "From your mother," he said. "Now there's a woman after my own heart. She thinks of the baby as a person."

"Naturally," Mary said. "After all, she's *always* been a mother." And she did not laugh with Peter.

Peter managed to erase the smile from his face. "Do you ever thank her," he asked, "for the presents?"

(Continued on Page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM MILLER

By Jean S. O'Connell

It's as if I didn't exist,
she thought for the thousandth time.
All any of them care about
is this jumping jack of a baby.



Tapering crepe faille pajamas, long sash. By Clare Potter.

SOMETHING SPECIALL

You owe it to yourself, now and then, to indulge in a dress that is sheer fun . . . one that is uniquely your own. You recognize it at sight, wear it for years for special occasions. Midsummer is the time for it. Color is its essence. The fashion of aprons, stoles and sashes gives it particular importance this year. ▪ By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Glamour separates—blue felt circular skirt with silk jersey top, trimmed with braid and tassels, a seasonless fashion. By Carrie Munn.



This pale green silk honan by Clare Potter becomes a personality dress because of its mulberry grosgrain-ribbon sash, boutonniere, big straw hat.

OR YOU



Afternoon apron in printed sheer cotton, worn over a ruffly white batiste dress and petticoat. By Carrie Munn.



Batik cotton, a dress in lovely colors, to make you feel and look different. To wear with gold jewelry, straw pumps, and a band of straw across the neckline. Dress by Carrie Munn.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Pale mauve linen by Clare Potter, with a boutonniere designed for it. Hat by Peggy Buchanan.



Tropical-fruit organdy with sequins—apron is separate. Cotton sateen petticoat is attached to blouse. By Iva Karstens.



Two-piece African cotton with sequins. By Polly Hornburg. Fringed wool stole.

He knew what happened to relatives of men in trouble with the police. Even Kathi must not know

a ticket for



By ROSE C. FELD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

HE drove along the familiar country road and there was a song in his heart. It started after he left the home of Mrs. Preston, where he had gone to pick up the chest of drawers to repair. Mrs. Preston said the chest had been in her family for two hundred years. In this very house.

"That is good," he declared, and she smiled at his words. She thought them foreign, he knew, just as he was. She did not know how true, how good it was. Carefully he hefted the chest into his truck. "Today is Monday. Thursday, I bring it."

He lifted his hat to her and drove off. The song started shortly after, not on his lips but inside himself, filling him with a deep joy. His mother had sung it to him when he was a child and her mother had sung it to her. A few months from now he would sing it to his child. To Thaddeus Kubaczik, Jr., if it was a boy, to Catherine Kubaczik, if it was a girl. Kathi said they must give the child an American name and she was right.

He drove carefully along the narrow winding road. Around the curve would be the Jessup place, where old Mr. Jessup sat on his porch, sunning himself, watching the cars go by.

He heard it almost before he saw it. A shout—a car coming toward him on the curve at full speed. Then it came, a crash and a tearing, and the sounds filled him with panic. His foot went down on the accelerator and he drove on for a mad moment before sanity returned and, with screeching brakes, he stopped the car. He climbed out of the truck and saw that its left headlight was smashed and the fender below it twisted. Two men were striding toward him and he went to meet them. They were young, expensively dressed, and they shouted things at him that he couldn't completely understand, but their anger and fury were clear. Wordlessly, he followed them to their car, a low-slung convertible. Its side was dented in, the windows smashed.

"Are you hurt?" he asked numbly.

"No, small thanks to you, you fool! Hit and run! You'll pay for this!"

Silently he put his hands into his pockets to hide their shaking.

"Did you hear what I said? You'll pay for this!"

"I hear what you say," Thaddeus answered. "I will pay."

"Are you insured?"

"No, I am sorry. But I will pay."

The man looked him over with something like contempt in his eyes. Thaddeus knew what he saw. A little man in shabby clothes, a foreign little man with hair almost white and brown eyes showing fear.

"You'll pay all right." The man turned to his friend. "I'm going into this house to call the state police."

"No. Please, no. Do not call the police," Thaddeus pleaded in a rush of frightened words. "I will pay, I tell you. I will pay. I will sell the truck. Do not call the police. Please." He put a trembling hand on the man's sleeve, but the man shook him off and strode toward old Mr. Jessup's house.

"May I use your telephone to call the state police?"

"No need," Mr. Jessup answered. "Just called 'em myself. They'll be here any minute."

"You call the police?" Thaddeus asked, his voice choked.

"Always do," replied the old man. "More accidents on this danged curve. They ought to pay me for reportin' 'em."

"He said he'd pay for the damage," the man declared angrily. "He won't get away with it."

"I say I pay," Thaddeus repeated dully.

(Continued on Page 101)



Thaddeus

"Tadi, Tadi, you are in America. You are safe.



When Company Comes

By ANN BATCHELDER

HERE we are, as you all know, practically in the middle of summer. I think, every year, that when we reach this point we're heading as fast as a trotting horse on a good dry track, toward fall and another bout with searching winds and the rustle of dying leaves. But—July is also the month when we celebrate our most significant holiday. That's the Fourth—the day when Fate stood smiling at the breastworks, to whisper in the ears of our great Founding Fathers the prophecy of greatness still to come. That was Independence Day. The first Fourth of July. And every Fourth we have a little ceremony when the flag is raised. We gather at the flagpole, stand at attention and salute, then we sing, our not overtrained voices breaking into the song of birds, the first verse of The Star-Spangled Banner—somehow we skip the rest. And at sunset the ceremony goes into reverse. The neighbors may think we're all a little "tetched," but we have quite an audience of the kindergarten crowd. They're learning. They are seeing Old Glory with new eyes. They've got something to report. And every one of them has a hot doughnut—with sugar on it. Can it be it's the doughnuts and not the flag raising that has held them? Could be.

Vacations and company. But, to get along now to what we're here for, there's another thing that comes along in July, and that's company. You think you are all set for a simple supper and an easy, lazy day, when the gravel in the driveway crunches and up the long drive comes a car—and the next thing you know there's company. Company for dinner. You didn't expect them, but are glad to see them just the same. They aren't fussy and you've been friends a long time. Company—and what'll we have? There's a lovely dessert anyway—made it yesterday and set it away in the refrigerator for a treat for a birthday that takes place tomorrow. And there's a first course the family likes on hot days that's ready too. So what's the worry? There are things to do with and not *too* much to do, so let's get at it.

Family favorite. Every family has favorites. Boys and girls, the hard-working and golf-playing husband. You yourself are not immune from sniffing and smelling as you come home, and "What's mom got for dinner?" is as common as the weather report for the next day. And much more satisfying, not to say reliable.

Well, here's a first course all made last night and ready as rain, but no family on earth can smell that on the fire. That's a hidden secret. And here it is:

GRAPEFRUIT IN LEMON JELLY

Peel and separate into sections 2 large grapefruit. Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¾ cup cold water. Add ⅔ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 cups boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add ⅔ cup lemon juice and chill until this side of "set." Nice and thickish,

(Continued on Page 120)

MENU (Planned for 8)

Grapefruit in lemon jelly
Pineapple ham patties
Buttered zucchini
Tomato-avocado salad
Crusty rolls
Chocolate pot de crème
Iced coffee



STUART FOWLER



Ellen had Walter's number right from the start.

In fact, that was the trouble. By **SHIRLEY JACKSON**

A PROBLEM of some importance, certainly, these days, is that of anger. When one half of the world is angry at the other half, or one half of a nation is angry at the rest, or one side of town feuds with the other side, it is hardly surprising, when you stop to think about it, that so many people lose their tempers with so many other people. Even if, as in this case, they are two people not usually angry, two people whose lives are obscure and whose emotions are gentle, whose smiles are amiable and whose voices are more apt to be cheerful than raised in fury. Two people, in other words, who would much rather be friends than not and who yet, for some reason, perhaps chemical or sociological or environmental, enter upon a mutual feeling of dislike so intense that only a very drastic means can bring them out of it.

Take two such people:

Ellen Webster was what is referred to among her friends as a "sweet" girl. She had pretty, soft hair and dark, soft eyes, and she dressed in soft colors and wore frequently a lovely old-fashioned brooch which had belonged to her grandmother. Ellen thought of herself as a very happy and very lucky person, because she had a good job, was able to buy herself a fair number of soft-colored dresses and skirts and sweaters and coats and hats; she had, by working hard at it evenings, transformed her one-room apartment from a bare, neat place into a charming little refuge with her sewing basket on the table and a canary at the window; she had a reasonable conviction that someday, perhaps soon, she would fall in love with a nice young man and they would be married and Ellen would devote herself wholeheartedly to children and baking cakes and mending socks. This not-very-unusual situation, with its perfectly ordinary state of mind, was a source of great happiness to Ellen. She was, in a word, not one of those who rail against their fate, who live in sullen *(Continued on Page 124)*

ABOUT TWO NICE



PEOPLE



"Good morning," said Ellen brightly.
"I'm so sorry to disturb you at this hour."

ILLUSTRATED BY Joan Whitcomb

Line a Day

By Ann Batchelder



*Sampler made by the patient fingers of Eliza Jefferes, aged 12, in 1796.**

1 I came from a country lawyer's family. I loved the law. (I learned better later.) But when I read, several years ago, Bellamy Partridge's COUNTRY LAWYER, nostalgia had me by the throat, and memory took me by the hand and led me back along the devious ways of courts and judges and juries and brought to mind the friendly firebrands of my youth. Now Bellamy has come through with another book that makes the heart beat faster, the tears lie closer to the eyelids and the laughter, unbecoming, maybe, rise in the throat. It's SALAD DAYS, an unforgettable memory book, an album to be treasured. Read it. And don't forget I told you.

2 *Step-on-it item:* Make enough brown hot toast to go round. Keep it hot too. Cover each buttered slice with hot spiced and sweetened green-apple sauce and crisp bacon. Don't stand around gossiping, but get these to the breakfast table but *fast*. See what "step on it" means?

3 *Rice note:* Cook rice in chicken broth or beef bouillon or consommé instead of water. Add a little color with a dash of paprika.

4 Blueberry season, and time for blueberry muffins. This year I'm making my favorite muffins with brown sugar this way. Try it, and you'll know why.

5 *Receipt:* Mix 1 beaten egg with ½ cup dark brown sugar, ½ cup milk and 1½ cups flour sifted with ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon baking powder. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter and 1 to 1½ cups blueberries, floured. Bake in well-greased muffin pans 12 minutes in a hot oven (425° F.).

6 A nice little dessert dish is this. Having achieved a batch of chocolate cupcakes—mixes make them easy—split them and fill with vanilla-flavored whipped cream with a big walnut meat in the center.

7 Quick sea-food bisque for those who vacation far from the sandy beaches: Combine 1 can condensed pea soup, 1 can tomato soup and 2 soup cans top milk or light cream. Add a pinch of basil, and 1 can crab meat. Heat, season and serve at once.

8 What is so rare as a good tea punch? You answer and I'll give you one. Start with this and double and triple or whatever to get the quantity you need.

9 So, take a cup of very strong hot tea. Add ¼ cup sugar, the same of lemon juice and ¾ cup orange juice. Add 1 can apricot nectar. Chill well. Before serving, add 1 pint chilled ginger ale. Pour over ice in the punch bowl. Garnish with lemon slices and sprigs of mint. And it's a cool comfort on a hot day.

10 Cool, colorful and tasty—for a summer luncheon: Make up a packaged lime-flavored gelatin, substituting ¼ cup fresh lime juice for part of water. Add 1 cup small green seedless grapes. Mold. Serve on lettuce.

11 Serve with a dressing made with ⅓ mayonnaise, ⅔ sour cream, salt and sugar to taste, and a few sliced strawberries folded in.

12 Hot ripe olives make the last divine touch to sweetbread and chicken dishes. As a garnish, of course.

13 Like to spruce things up a bit? Well, try this with a soup or salad. Cut strips of bread and brush them with butter or margarine. Sprinkle liberally with caraway seed and toast to a crisp brown in the oven. Better hot, good any way.

14 Now, for a garnish for ham or chicken or chops, cut ripe bananas into small pieces. Dip them in evaporated milk, roll in crushed corn flakes and fry in deep, hot fat just a minute or two. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with lemon wedges.

15 *From an old cookbook:* "Lobsters have become very popular among certain classes, but only the most experienced cooks should be allowed to prepare them. The wise housekeeper will eschew this most indigestible of fish altogether from her kitchen." And we were right on the point of making you more lobster-conscious. Life is like that.

16 Try this the next time you make a lemon pie: Just add grated lemon rind to a packaged lemon-pie filling. Adds that certain something.

17 From the Danes come many open-faced sandwiches. This was named for Hans Christian Andersen. Spread slices of rye bread, well buttered, with liver *pâté*. Top with slices of crisp bacon, thin slices of tomato and a sprinkle of horse-radish.

18 And this is the Danes' idea of a July dessert. Mine too. The name of this treasure is Rödgröd. (You translate as you go along.) It's made with currants—the kind that grow on bushes—and raspberries. This is how you make a Rödgröd:

19 Save out the finest raspberries. Then mash equal quantities of raspberries and currants and cook with a little sugar to get out all the juice. Strain and thicken the juice with cornstarch and cook to a sauce consistency. Not *too* thick. Like very heavy cream, you know. Cool it. Fold in the raspberries you kept aside, and serve very cold, with heavy cream.

20 One more simple little appetizer also brought from Denmark by my co-workers who travel far afield. Just spread salty crackers with ripe Camembert cheese and sprinkle with finely chopped radishes.

21 *Here's something:* Make up a fine receipt of doughnuts. Cut them out very small and fry—as you ought to fry doughnuts. Roll them in powdered sugar and cinnamon. Serve hot with coffee. By the young fry, these are called, of all things, Shmoos. Wonderful for picnics—say, what *is* another name for picnic?

22 Where they like barbecues, they're crazy about barbecues. If you are one of the cult, just get yourself some fine, fresh salmon steaks—a slice for each. Brush them with the barbecue sauce of your choice and broil until the salmon is done. Season and pass more sauce. Garnish with cress and lemon quarters.

23 Up where I came from, they used to have a saying about an extra-good cook. They'd say, for instance, "Mehitabel Jones has a *faculty* for cherry pie." Or baked beans or apple fritters or whatever. Pretty expressive, don't you think?

24 Like oysters, a shortcake tastes better—to me, anyway—in its real season. But remember cake doesn't make a shortcake. It's *short* baking-powder-biscuit dough that makes a real shortcake. Have it hot, too, and the berries stone cold. And the cream real cream. Am I glad it's shortcake time again!

25 For supper some night, provide a baked-bean rarebit. Add a chopped green pepper to a can of baked beans, put in tomato catchup to taste and heat well in the oven. When ready to serve, pour a generous rarebit, very hot, over the beans and serve quickly with brown bread. It may sound crazy, but it's awful good.

26 A friend reports that pickled beets, served hot, make an excellent relish. Particularly good with fish.

27 Something the bobby-sox set adores, also their elders. Soften vanilla ice cream a little and fold into it a cup of crushed chocolate-covered molasses chips. Then refreeze it in the refrigerator.

28 A club sandwich is so called because most clubmen prefer ham and cheese on rye, but a little horse-radish spread on the tomato in a club sandwich is like a dollar in the collection plate. Pleasantly surprising.

29 Toasted cheese rolls are good eating with soup or salad. Split French rolls in two; dip in half cream and half milk, then dip in grated Parmesan cheese; place under broiler until golden brown. Serve immediately. For 6 rolls—½ cup milk and cream and ⅓ cup cheese.

30 If you're packing the picnic basket with fried chicken or chicken sandwiches, it's a good idea to tuck in a jar of jellied cranberry sauce.

31 I should have credit for not mentioning the weather once. Haven't even hinted about it. Haven't said a word about the bees or the hummingbirds or the smell of new-mown hay. But, if you don't mind, I am going to make one observation at this time. And I don't expect anyone to dispute me about it either. It's *hot*.

*NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART — INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN





TEMPTING TRAY FOR A SUMMER DAY

Out on the porch—some shady spot! Enjoy this grand main dish—cream of celery soup. Crisp garden-cut celery . . . extra-heavy cream. It's always summer-right!

Cream of Celery Soup
Ham and Potato Salad
Iced Tea

is Quick and Satisfying

. . . make it the One Hot Dish of summer lunches and family suppers

BY Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

SO often your own good sense about "feeding" your family well is confirmed by nutrition experts.

Take meals in hottest weather, for instance! The happy answer is to plan them cool, easy and tasty. Quick sandwiches, crisp salads or cold desserts, icy drinks . . . and *one hot dish!*

Yes, that one hot dish of summer meals is just what food experts suggest. And for the one hot dish, what is more beautifully suited than a bowl of tempting soup?

Soup has everything . . . from the nutritionist's point of view as well as from your family's. It's nourishing and delicious . . . gives real lift to lagging appetites. Easy to digest and simple to prepare (4 minutes from opener to table—you and your kitchen stay cool)!

By contrast, soup makes cold dishes taste so much better. And in these days, as always, condensed soup is a good food buy. There's variety to suit everyone's taste . . . if you keep your soup shelf well stocked. So plan summer meals around soup . . . and stay cool doing it!



HERE'S A SUPPER THEY'LL WELCOME

Folks call it a "square-meal" soup—this vegetable-beef soup. And no wonder! Chock-full of vegetables, barley, tender lean beef in a rich beef stock. *Great* eating!

Vegetable-Beef Soup
Cold Fried Chicken **Tossed Salad**
Watermelon
Iced Coffee



A LUNCH TO BEAT THE HEAT

It's a "natural" for a summer day—with good-eating chicken noodle soup. Made with golden chicken broth, egg noodles, lots of chicken. Mmm-Good!

Chicken Noodle Soup
Seafood Salad **Raspberries**
Lemonade with Sprig of Mint



FOR YOUR SUMMER SAFETY

Sunshine, fresh air, exercise, and relaxation are essential to good health. Now that the summer months are here, doctors urge everyone to take full advantage of the opportunity for outdoor activities.

Summer holidays, however, are often marred by accidents and injuries. That is why it is important to know first aid and other measures that may help prevent serious crippling . . . perhaps even save someone's life.

It is well to remember that if an accident occurs and there is any doubt about the seriousness of the injury, the only safe thing to do is—*call the doctor at once.* Here are some other precautions that everyone may take for summer health and safety.



When swimming—be sure to take proper precautions when swimming or playing in the water, as drowning from these causes claims many lives each year. Do not swim alone—or too soon after eating. Obey all warning signs—especially those regarding diving or swimming too far from the shore. It is also wise to safeguard your children by teaching them how to swim early in life.



When sunning—remember that the sun is strong "medicine" and that sunburn causes an annual loss of several million work days. So, take the sun in small doses—about 10 minutes the first day, 20 the second. Sunburn usually can be prevented by applying a "sun-protective" preparation to the skin before exposure. However, to protect yourself against sunstroke or heatstroke, always avoid long, direct exposure to the sun.



When motoring — constantly watch other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an accident, even if other drivers do something wrong. By watching traffic carefully, it is often possible to anticipate situations that might lead to an accident. Take every precaution for your own protection when you see others violating the rules of safe driving.



When exercising—make sure that you do not overdo any form of physical activity to which you are unaccustomed. The best rule, if in doubt, is to check with your doctor about week-end and vacation activities. He will advise you about the kind and amount of exercise that will be safe and beneficial. In any event, avoid excessive fatigue.



When camping—watch out for poison ivy, to which 2 out of 3 adults are sensitive. Remember the old adage—"leaves three, let it be." Also be on guard against other poisonous plants, such as poison oak and poison sumac. Be prepared for all minor injuries—such as cuts and burns—by including a first aid kit in your equipment.



When starting on a trip—make certain that your car is in good condition before starting on a summer outing. Brakes, steering mechanism, lights, tires and other vital parts should be thoroughly inspected. Remember, too, that the older your car gets, the more carefully it should be checked mechanically.

First aid courses are given in most communities by the American Red Cross. Taking these courses will help prepare you to act quickly and efficiently in case of accidental injury.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 751-J. "First Aid."



Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

MELVILLE GOODWIN USA

(Continued from Page 39)

car in winter. They sat side by side on one of the red plush cross seats in the middle.

"Now, Melly," Muriel said, "what are you going to tell him?"

"Don't call me 'Melly,'" Melville said. He was feeling nervous already. "I'm going to tell him I want to go to the Point, and I don't see why you want to go with me." He was pleased that already he could refer easily and casually to that great institution as "the Point."

"Don't you want me to go with you?" Muriel asked.

"I didn't say I didn't want you to," he answered. "I said I don't see why you want to."

"If I don't go with you," Muriel said, "you might get shy."

He wished she wouldn't act so much as though he belonged to her right there in the trolley car, and it was not going to be any help having her watching him get shy.

"Just look him in the eye," Muriel said, "and tell him that you want an appointment for West Point. Remember, he's there to do what people ask him."

Perhaps Muriel was partly right. If congressmen did not often do what their constituents wanted, they always enjoyed being asked. Mr. Garrity was the only congressman of whom Melville Goodwin had ever asked patronage or favor.

Mr. Garrity's office was on the second floor of a business block on the main street. It consisted of an outer waiting room with a typist's desk and a small private room in back. As they stood in the corridor in front of the ground-glass door marked "Francis J. Garrity, Attorney at Law," it had suddenly occurred to him that he had not thought of any way of explaining Muriel.

"Well," Muriel whispered, "aren't you going to knock?"

"Maybe you'd better wait outside," he said.

"WHAT would people think," she asked, "if they saw me waiting there alone?"

He wanted to ask what people would think if they went in together, but he could not very well argue there with Muriel. He turned the knob of the door without knocking and walked in.

At the end of the outer room a redheaded, freckle-faced girl was pounding on a typewriter.

"Is Mr. Garrity home?" Melville asked.

With a slight sensation of nausea he realized that he had meant to say "in" instead of "home."

"He's not home; he's inside," the r headed girl said. "Did you want to him?"

He nodded. "I want to ask him about ting into West Point," he said.

"Well, all right," the girl said. "Take your coat and sit down. Is this your sis with you?"

Melville felt his face turn beet red.

"I'm not his sister," Muriel said. "I j rode up with him on the trolley from H lowell. He's going to take me to the mov pictures when he gets through with th

"Oh," the girl said. "They don't have tures down there, do they, in Hallowell?"

"NO," Muriel answered, and she gigg "they don't have anything in Hallowell. name is Melville Goodwin. He reads ab history and battles and he's very good algebra and geometry. His father owns drugstore. My name is Muriel Reece. father is vice-president of the hat factory isn't much; there are three vice-president

Then Melville finally found his vo "Say," he said, "can I see Mr. Garrity?"

"Oh," the girl said, "you'd look kinc cute in a uniform, all over buttons. If I you get one of those uniforms, will you me a button?"

"I'll see he gives you one," Muriel s "I guess I didn't get your name."

"It's Flynn," the redheaded girl s "Patricia Flynn." She rose and opene door beside her. "There's the cutest yo couple outside, Uncle Francie," he c hear her saying. "They come from Hallow and the boy wants you to send him to W Point."

Mr. Garrity wore a conservative dark suit and he was smoking a long thin P burgh stogie. Instead of looking like a le of men, he looked like one of the o clerks in Osgood's Haberdashery.

"Well, young man," he said, "so come from Hallowell. It's a fine place, a have many fine friends there. What did say your name was?"

His name was still Melville A. Good

"You couldn't be the son of Robert G win who owns Goodwin's Drugstore?" Garrity said.

"Yes, sir," Melville answered.

"Now let me see," Mr. Garrity "Didn't your father have Orrin Curt poster in his window last election time?"

"Yes, sir," Melville said, "my father friend of Mr. Curtain's."

"Well, now," Mr. Garrity said, "ha seat, Melville. There's nothing I like b



"What is there about the Sunday papers that brings out the beast in you?"

tha s eing a fine boy who wants to enter the Un d States Military Academy, but this is elec n year. What will people say if they hea hat Francis J. Garrity has sent a Repu can boy to West Point?"

Ne ville stood up.

'Wait a minute," Mr. Garrity said. "Do you ve your country, Melville?"

'Yes, sir," Melville said.

'nd so do I," Mr. Garrity said. "Stand up raight and let me look at you."

Ne ville braced himself, and Mr. Garrity wa d around the desk and stood beside hin

'Melville," Mr. Garrity said, "you wo n't mind being in a picture with me in the papers, would you?"

'No, sir," Melville said.

Mr. Garrity pulled a pencil from his po t and drew a pad of paper toward him. 'Now let's see," he said. "The name is Mo lle Goodwin. Goodwin's a fine old Ya ee name. It couldn't be that any of yo family fought in the Revolutionary Wa "

'Yes, sir," Melville said. "My great-gre -grandfather; his name was Amos Go win."

Mr. Garrity wrote carefully on the pad. 'That is a help, Melville," he said. "What ye are you in high school?"

'The last year, sir," Melville said.

'nd you wouldn't mind if I asked the pri ipal for your marks, would you?"

'No, sir," Melville said.

'Well, now, Melville," Mr. Garrity said, 'y did the right thing coming here to see yo representative. I'm not promising, but ma e you'll get a letter from me next week. 'I'm glad to have met you, Melville."

The letter arrived one afternoon while M ville was at school, and it had been pla d on the table in the front entry with his ther's correspondence. For some reason he ad not asked if there was any letter for hi on that particular day. Probably he ha concluded that it was not good luck to as

It was six o'clock on an April evening, and th were having supper in the kitchen. W n Melville came downstairs his father w opening catalogue envelopes and laying th n in a neat pile without removing their co ents.

"More stuff comes in the mail all the ti ," he said. "I wish I had the money it a s to send it out. . . . Oh, here's a letter o you, Melville." He was holding a long G ernment franked envelope. "It's from G rity. I guess he doesn't know that Mel's o young to vote."

MELVILLE took the letter quickly and put it in is inside pocket.

"Aren't you going to read it, dear?" his m her asked.

"I guess it isn't anything much," he said. "Why, Melville acts as though it were a l letter," Celia said.

"Well, it isn't a love letter," Melville told

"I guess it isn't," Mr. Goodwin said. "It's ti len time. Be sure to tell him you want ra sh seeds, Melville."

Melville ate slowly. He said he was not go g anywhere that evening because he had to tudy his geometry. He helped his mother w the dishes, and when she asked him if he was going to do his geometry in the par- he said he would take a lamp upstairs to bedroom because it was quieter up there. I still could remember the crackling sound the envelope when he opened the letter. He shut his eyes now, he could still see its two terse typewritten paragraphs:

Dear Mr. Goodwin: It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I am nominating you for my principal appointment to the United States Military Academy. As the Hallowell High School is not on the accredited list, you must take examinations at Fort Banks in Boston in early part of February of next year.

Would you please call at my office at ten o'clock next Saturday, when I wish you to meet a representative of our local newspaper.

Very truly yours,
FRANCIS J. GARRITY

He wanted to run downstairs and shout the news, but some shadowy suspicion that there might be a catch to it must have stopped him. But he knew that he must tell Muriel before he went to sleep.

He remembered walking softly down the creaking stairs to the narrow front entry, and he seemed to arrive on the Reeces' porch by some sort of levitation. It was lucky for him that Muriel opened the door herself.

"How about going for a walk?" he asked.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said, "at this hour of night."

It could not have been more than nine-thirty, but that was an hour of night for Hallowell.

"I've got to tell you something that's happened," he said, and he said he could not tell her unless she came outside.

She wore her mother's coat. It was dark because there were no street lights then on Prospect Street, and neither of them said a word as they walked down the path.

"Mel," she said, "what is it?"

"I've got the letter," he told her. "I'm going to West Point."

"Oh, Melly," she said, and then she linked her arm through his and pressed his arm against her.

"Muriel," he began.

"Yes," she said, "what is it, Melly?"

"Muriel," he said, "will you marry me if I get through West Point?"

IT had come over him all of a sudden, when he heard that he was going to West Point, that he had fallen in love with Muriel Reece.

"Why, Mel," she said, "I'd like to very much." She sounded exactly as though he had asked her to go for a ride in the Ford or to go to the pictures in Nashua. It was going to be a long, long ride, but after all, there was no way for kids to know about anything like that.

Of course he should have told his plans to his father immediately, instead of deciding to put it off until after his high-school graduation. It never occurred to him that there would be much of an article in the Nashua newspaper. When his mother told him one afternoon in May that his father wanted him down at the store, he only thought that he was needed to open packing cases.

"Melville," Mr. Goodwin said, "come with me to the office."

His father kept his account books and papers in a small room behind the prescription room. This was the room in which he talked to salesmen when he had decided to place an order. He closed the door and seated himself in his swivel chair by the desk and pointed to the salesmen's chair beside it.

"Sit down, Melville," Mr. Goodwin said. "I want to have a little talk with you. I guess I keep forgetting that you're growing up. You may find, if you have a boy of your own, you'll forget he's growing up too. All of a sudden before you know it, there he is, grown up, and this will make you sort of sad. You'll wish you hadn't been so busy keeping shop and trying to make both ends meet. You'll wish you had got to know your boy and what he is thinking of, and about the time you get to wishing, it will be too late. I might have guessed why you ran off in the Ford to see the militia that time down in Blair. You haven't seen today's paper, have you, Melville?"

His father took down the Nashua newspaper from the top of the desk. There it was, on the front page, a picture of himself standing beside Congressman Francis J. Garrity. He read:

GARRITY PICKS HALLOWELL LAD
FOR WEST POINT

In a surprise move that has silenced many critics in this city, Francis J. Garrity announced this afternoon that he has ignored the expectations of many supporters by bestowing his principal appointment to the United States Military Academy upon the son of a registered Republican who worked for his opponent in the last election. The name of the lucky lad is Melville A. Goodwin, the son of Robert Goodwin, popular Hallowell druggist. Commenting on this selection, Mr. Garrity said today that it was made solely upon merit.



Melville looked up from the paper and saw that his father was watching him.

"Garrity's pretty smart," his father said. "This will get him a lot of independent votes. It's funny, I never knew you wanted to go to West Point."

It would have been easier if his father had been angry. As it was, his coolness and reserve showed the deepness of his hurt.

"I was going to tell you," Melville said, "but I was afraid there might be a catch to it."

His father took the paper and folded it. "It's my fault; it isn't yours," he said. "That's all I've been trying to tell you, Mel. Anyway, you did it all yourself. Let's not talk about it now. If you want, you can help me with some prescriptions. I'm pretty rushed today."

His father must have realized that the family would not see much of Melville Goodwin again, but no one at the age of eighteen could have possibly known, and eighteen was his age when he left Hallowell for West Point in June, 1915. He did not see Hallowell again until the day before Christmas, 1916, on his short Christmas leave. He returned in his cadet's uniform with its long gray overcoat and cape all buttoned and fitted to a T. He wore his uniform partly out of vanity but also because he had grown too tall and broad for his old civilian suit.

When he entered the drugstore everyone was glad to see him, but his father's look was like that of all the others, welcoming but incredulous. His father was smaller and older. The house, all fixed for Christmas with the tree, had not changed, but he had not realized how small the rooms were. All the family were there, George and Harry and Celia down for Christmas, but they also regarded him with an uneasy, questioning expression. They were his family, and at the same time he was a stranger.

The only person in Hallowell who did not seem changed was Muriel, and even with her there was a moment of uncertainty. When they stood alone in the Reeces' parlor he felt very shy. He had forgotten how beautiful she was.

"Well," she said, "well," and stood looking at him.

"You're looking fine, Muriel," he said. "You've got a new dress, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said, "and so have you. You look just like the pictures." Then she began to laugh.

"What's so funny?"

"Just you," she answered, "looking as though you weren't real. Is it against the rules for you to kiss a girl?"

The reticences of women, as I have said, were very different from those of men. Women had a different doctrine of security. They, and not the men, were usually the ones who kissed and told. Melville Goodwin, for example, only said that Muriel was just the way she had been, and he let it go at that. It was Muriel Goodwin who gave me the full details of this meeting, and it was she, too, who told most about that earlier walk in the dark when the General had asked her to marry him, but perhaps those episodes had meant more to her than they ever had to him.

"MELVILLE never was a great lover," I remember her saying, while she and I motored to New York the next morning, "but I must have always thought he was going to be. I wish you could have seen him when he came home that Christmas. He was so handsome, so distinguished. I didn't know then that he had just the usual polish that any boy gets at the Point. At first I thought I couldn't be what a boy like that would want—girls, when they're in love, are so much more romantic and imaginative than boys—but it made me want to cry when I found he was still Melville, at least he was with me. The Point makes leaders, but it can't take men away from women."

Melville Goodwin only touched briefly on West Point's relationship to love, although this subject seemed to have some place in the curriculum, judging from the popularity of hops and Flirtation Walk at the Academy. He skipped over these aspects hastily when he described his career to Miss Fineholt and Phil Bentley.

"It was certainly great to see Muriel again," he said. "Nobody knows what love is who hasn't been through Plebe Year at the Point, and that remark isn't original with me."

He was no longer Cadet Goodwin, and his mind was back with us again in the library. There appeared to be a physical change in him as he adjusted himself rapidly from one environment to another. His eyes narrowed slightly, and the lines around his mouth deepened, and everything he was telling became remote.

"Well," he said, "I'm afraid I've sort of gone overboard about all this kid stuff."

A knock on the door interrupted us. It was Oscar saying that lunch would be ready in fifteen minutes.

"And Mr. Skelton," Oscar said, "Mrs. Peale has been trying to get you on the telephone. She asked that you call her before one o'clock."

I did not want to look at the General or anyone else in the room, certainly not Phil Bentley or Miss Fineholt.

"Go ahead, Sid," the General said, "go on and make your telephone call. There's nothing we can do here until after lunch, and remember me to Mrs. Peale, will you?" General Goodwin cleared his throat. "Mrs. Peale was over in Paris with a writers' group in the winter of 1945. I had to give them a lecture on the Battle of the Bulge."

There was no reason for him to have said anything and of course he should have known better.

"Could you make them understand about the Battle of the Bulge?" I heard Phil Bentley ask. "It must have been a pretty complicated subject."

"General," Colonel Flax said, "there's only a quarter of an hour before lunch, sir."

I was not surprised to hear from Dottie Peale. Persistence was one of Dottie's greatest assets, and if she wanted something she could never exercise the virtues of patience. Obviously she wanted to find out what the General was doing and how he looked and what was happening and how much he still remembered about everything. It was impossible to prevent her from gathering this information. It was inevitable that she and the General would meet again eventually. But I did wish she could have waited for what might have been a more decent interval, and I wished that I were not the catalytic agent.

I decided to call Dottie from the privacy of my upstairs dressing room. It was five minutes to one when I called her at her publishing-company office. She must have delayed one of her inevitable luncheon engagements to wait for the call. She had undoubtedly told them at the switchboard to put the call through to her directly, because I was not connected with her secretary.

"Darling," Dottie said, and her voice sounded a little edgy, "are you in any sort of trouble? . . . Then what have you been doing that you couldn't take a minute all morning to answer a telephone call?" It was exactly like her to take such a thing personally.

"I've been busy all morning, Dot," I said.

"I suppose so," Dottie said, and I heard her laugh gently. "You're such a VIP now, darling, that you forget that other people may sometimes be busy too. It just happens that we're giving an authors' luncheon today at the Waldorf, and I ought to be at the head table right this minute. You know what I want, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I know what you want, in a general way."

"You're getting so cryptic and funny, dear," Dottie said. "I never thought you'd end up by making puns. All right, is the General still with you, in a general way?"

"You don't mean General Melville A. Goodwin, do you?" I asked.

"Oh, please shut up, Sid, and pull up your socks," Dottie said. "How is he, darling?"

"He's fine. He looks about the way he did in Paris," I said. "We've been in the library all morning, working on that profile."

"Oh, yes," Dottie said. "How's Phil Bentley doing?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm a little afraid he's going to be funny with it."

"Darling, you know what friends I used to be with Phil. Do you think it would do any good for me to have a talk with him?"

"No, I think it would be a very bad idea," I said.

"Oh dear, do you think he ——" She did not finish the question, and she did not need to.

"Yes," I said, "I do. You know Phil."

"Oh, dear," Dottie said, "I don't see how things get around the way they do. Has Mel asked about me, darling?"

"Oh, yes, he's asked about you."

"Well, give him my love and tell him I can't wait to see him, will you?"

I did not answer. There was nothing I could do about it. It was not even worth while to tell her that it would not be a very good idea.

"Well, darling," she said, "you know I never want to interfere with anything, but it's such a nice day. How do you think it would be if I motored out and we all had tea at five o'clock? I haven't seen you and Helen for such a long while."

"You stay right in town," I said. "There isn't any reason for you to mix things up, Dot. Mrs. Goodwin's here."

"Oh, dear," Dottie said, "oh, dear. Sidney, you don't think she ——" Again there was no reason for her to finish the question.

"I don't know," I said, "and I can't very well ask her. Listen, Dot, why don't you run along to that luncheon?"

"Darling," Dottie said, "I've got to see you. There's something I want to see you about besides Mel. How would it be, if you won't let me come out to tea—and of course I wouldn't dream of doing that if Mrs. Goodwin's there—how would it be if you met me at the office and we had lunch tomorrow, just you and I? We haven't seen each other for a long while."

"All right," I said, "I'd like to have lunch, Dot."

"You don't think you could bring Mel, too, do you?"

"No, Dot," I said, "no, no," and she laughed as though I had said something very funny.

"Darling, I do love you, you know," she said. "Come at half past twelve. It will be heavenly to see you."

Then before I told her that it would be heavenly to see her, too, I thought of something else. "What was this other thing y wanted to see me about?" I asked.

"Well, darling, I don't suppose it's any my business. It's just a little something t worries me a little about you and Gilb Frary."

My own voice had changed. "What ab Frary and me?" I asked.

"It isn't anything. It's just someth that worries me a little bit, darling, bu can't tell you over the telephone."

I tried hard to believe that she proba had nothing to say about Gilbert Frary a that it was only her way of making sure t I would come for lunch.

No one sat down in the living room wh we returned there after lunch. I saw P Bentley look at his wrist watch, and t General saw him too.

"I'm ready to go back there if you ar the General said.

"Sidney," Helen said, "do you have to in there all afternoon? Camilla was say this morning that she hardly saw you y terday. Can't you take a walk with later on?"

THERE was no reason why I should sit at all the conferences now that everyth was moving reasonably well. "All right, said, "if the General will let me off."

Before Helen could answer, Melville Go win joined us and slapped his hand on shoulder. "Let's step outside for two m utes, Sid," he said, "and get a breath of before we start."

We were both embarrassed when He asked the same question again about milla. There was no reason at all for me be there, he said. He realized that he monopolizing me too much. When all was over he and Muriel and Helen an would have to have a long visit together soon as things were arranged in Washingt He had said just the right thing and He said the right thing back, but I knew why wanted to see me for two minutes.

"Say, Sid," he said, when we stood side in the drive, "did you call up Dottie

He had passed the stage of bringing name casually into a conversation, and haps it was better to be direct about it.

"She wanted to know how you were, told him. "As a matter of fact, I'm hav lunch with her tomorrow."

"She understands how I'm fixed h doesn't she?" the General said. "Tell h want to see her as soon as I get to N York."

"All right," I said, "I'll tell her."

"This is the damnedest thing I've e been through," the General said, "hav the Secretary ask me to wait around H and talk. Well, let's go in and keep talking."

It had occurred to me several times w the General was retailing his reminisce that the simplicity of his childhood and uncomplicated quality of his backgro must have been of great value to him i his subsequent adjustments. He was re to receive all his future, uncomplicated many quite ordinary childhood difficul There could not have been many dub channels in Melville Goodwin's subc scious mind.

If any boy wanted to go to the Point, General said, it was a pretty good thing him to start as a pretty simple kid with a few essential loyalties. It was a good th for this hypothetical young lad to have b used to eating plain food, sleeping in a room, to manual labor, and above all telling the truth. It was also desirable him not to have a swelled head or too m preconceived ideas that would only hav be knocked out of him.

You could not possibly, the General s explain the place satisfactorily to an sider any more than you could explain w went on inside yourself. Two main imp sions still stayed with him. The first wa fear that he could not make the grade could still hear the voice of the cadet jutant in the mess hall reading off the na

(Continued on Page 56)

Sonnet on Rare Animals

By William Meredith

Like deer rat-tat before we reach the clearing
I frighten what I brought you out to see,
Telling you who are tired by now of hearing
How there are five, how they take no fright of me.
I tried to point out fins inside the reef
Where the coral reef had turned the water dark;
The bathers kept the beach in half-belief
But would not swim and could not see the shark.
I have alarmed on my behalf or others'
Sauntering things galore.
It is this way with verse and animals
And love, that when you point you lose them all:
Startled, or on a signal, what is rare
Is off before you have it anywhere.

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You get all 4 in 1 with CLOROX *America's Favorite*



CLOROX-CLEAN means ADDED HEALTH PROTECTION!

(Continued from Page 54)

of classmates who would leave the Corps. Often he would dream that his name was on the list. That fear of separation was always his greatest drive and it drove him to elaborate care and conservatism. He had never been as relaxed as some of his other classmates, and there had not been much time for ordinary friendship on account of that fear. Yet if you were to ask any of his contemporaries, he believed that they would tell you that Mel Goodwin had not been such a bad Joe.

The other drive, of course, was the imminence of war. At his time at the Point there was a tension which might not have existed later. You knew that you were being graduated early so that you could get into the war.

There was less time in the war days for social functions, and consequently Muriel had not come to West Point often. She had been there for only one week-end hop for Hundredth Night and for a Summer Camp show until she came with her mother and the Goodwin family for the graduation and their wedding. He and Muriel were married, like a good many other girls and graduates, in the chapel the day after his graduation. He was to report at Merritt in two weeks' time to proceed to France in a school detachment.

Everything was compressed like a jack-in-the-box in those last few days, what with parades and the graduation and the ball and the details of his new uniforms and equipment, and at the end of it—marriage. He could never forget the confusion of the time. He was a cadet and a bridegroom and an Army officer all at once, and strangely enough he seemed to know very little about anything, almost nothing about routine troop duties, for instance.

When he met Muriel with her mother on the porch of the Old Hotel it was like a moment in a dream, but he was trained to handle it.

"Why, Melville," Mrs. Reece said, "you look just as though you had stepped out of a bandbox."

"That's just a part of everything here," he said. "I hope that you and Muriel had a good trip down, Mrs. Reece, and I hope your room is comfortable. Would you and Muriel care to walk around the grounds?"

"I think I'd better take a little rest and unpack Muriel's wedding dress," Mrs. Reece said. "Why don't you show Muriel the grounds of the Academy?"

It was something you always dreamed of at the Point, taking your One and Only around the grounds, and there he was with Muriel with an hour and a half to spend.

"Melly," Muriel said, "don't stand here showing off in front of everybody. Do you want to go walking or what do you want to do?"

He was not showing off in front of anybody. He was simply trying to behave in a polite and natural manner.

"Why, anything you want, Muriel," he said.

"Well," Muriel answered, "let's not stand here like two bumps on a log."

They walked past the equestrian statue of George Washington.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" she asked him. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Yes, of course I'm glad," he said.

"How glad?"

"Very glad," he said.

"Well, I'm glad to see you, Melly darling, and I'm awfully proud."

He was very proud of her, too, in her broad-brimmed picture hat, but it seemed strange to have anyone call him "Melly."

An officer was walking toward them as they passed the statue, Captain Folsom, his company tactical officer. It was a compliment that the captain stopped after returning his salute.

Captain Folsom during the last year had asked him several times to his quarters. They were almost friends and now they were almost brother officers. If the captain had often run him ragged, this was all forgotten. It had all been for Melville's good.

"Well," the captain said, "aren't you going to introduce me?"

Melville blushed. "Miss Reece, may I present Captain Folsom?" he said.

"How do you do, Miss Reece?" the captain said. "I recognized you from your photograph."

"Oh," Muriel said, "on Melville's shelf." She knew all about the Point from his letters.

"It's always been a pleasant moment in my inspection, seeing it," the captain said. "I'm the one who checks Mister Goodwin's locker, and I know he won't forget it, will you, Goodwin?"

"No, sir," Melville answered.

"It's a great pleasure to meet the photograph's original. You see, Mister Goodwin and I have been through quite a lot together," the captain said. "May I make a suggestion, Mister Goodwin?"

"Yes, sir," Melville said.

"If I were walking with Miss Reece," the captain said, "I know where I'd be going. I suppose you are on your way to Flirtation Walk?"

The memory of the captain smiling at him just as though he were not a cadet taught him a lesson that he never forgot. It paid to be kind to subordinates. He would have done anything for Folsom, but he was to meet him only twice again in the service, once in the War College at Washington and once dead in Africa at Kasserine Pass.

Right from the beginning Muriel understood the Army. "He's the one who's your 'tac,' isn't he?" Muriel said. "Melly, I'm glad we're going to be in the Army. Now where's Flirtation Walk?"

It was worth going to the Point to take a girl on that semirestricted walk along the Hudson. It was worth all the beating you took to do it. Muriel always understood the service and she understood, too, that there wasn't much time to learn about it back in June, 1918.

You had to remember that 1918 was some thirty years in the past. Speaking now without the aid of notes or a diary—and he had never kept a diary—it was impossible to reconstruct the sequence of events or to separate his military from his private life. The weeks before he went overseas had become scrambled in his memory like the eggs of an omelet. He could not remember exactly when he received his orders, or much, either, about his wedding in the chapel.

What more could he have asked than what was given him that June? He was marrying the girl he had always wanted to marry. He was a soldier and the biggest war the world had ever seen was getting bigger all the time. He was like a football player who had been sitting on the side lines, and now the coach was waving to him. It was a great time to be alive in June, 1918.

Muriel had gone to a secretarial school after he had left for the Point. She had been in the front office of the hat factory for two years, working for Mr. Reece and sometimes for Mr. Hallowell. It was a great relief that Muriel was able to take over the details of lodging and transportation. Muriel purchased the railroad tickets after the wedding and arranged for a reservation at the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Thirty-fourth Street in New York. She had always wanted to go to the Waldorf. He had never realized what a capacity for leadership Muriel had developed until they took that wedding trip.

The old Waldorf was a big jump from the barracks and he was only a kid, still self-conscious in his officer's uniform. Everything around him was new, including his clothing roll and bedding roll and foot locker, but Muriel might have been to the Waldorf a hundred times. Somehow she knew all the finer points about porters and taxicabs.

"Just follow the bellboys and me," she said, "and ask for our reservation when you get to the desk."

He had to make a deliberate effort not to stand at attention when he asked the room clerk if there was a reservation for Lieutenant and Mrs. Goodwin. He was not sure whether he should refer to himself as "Lieutenant" or plain "Mister," but "Lieutenant"

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ounded better. It was a shock to him when he clerk called him "sir," and he finally igned the register as "Melville A. Goodwin, d Lieut., Inf., USA, and wife."

He was still so bemused when they went in the elevator that Muriel had to whisper him to take off his garrison cap. For a moent he felt she was wrong until he realized at he was wearing no side arms.

"Give each of the boys a quarter," Muriel hispered as they stood in the center of their om.

In all the years they were married, he ever had asked Muriel how she had learned out tips, and hats in elevators.

"Why did you sign your name 'Melville . Goodwin, 2nd Lieut., Inf., USA, and ife'?" Muriel asked. "You should have gned it '2nd Lieut. and Mrs. Goodwin, SA.'"

He never asked her, either, how she knew at one.

"It's all right, Mel," she said, "you don't ave to go back to change it. What are you ooking at now?"

"The room," he said. "I should have sked how much it costs."

"It costs a lot," Muriel said, "it costs eight ollars a day. It's all right, there's the weding-present money."

It was true that Mr. Reece and his father ad each given them a hundred dollars, but wo hundred dollars would not last long at hat rate.

"Just give me the money, Mel," she said. I'll look after the expenses. We'll go back o Hallowell before it's finished, and then ou're going overseas."

"What's in that room there?" he asked.

"It's the bathroom," Muriel said.

"What," he said, " a private bath?"

He did not mind when Muriel began to augh, or feeling like a plebe again in front f Muriel.

"Look," he said, "it's got a tub."

"Of course it has," she said. "Don't they have tubs at the Point?"

"We take showers," he said. "There wouldn't be time to let the water run into a tub."

"Well, there's time now," Muriel said. "Why don't you take a bath?"

"What," he asked, "right now?" and he did not mind her laughing at him.

"Oh, Mel," she said, "don't be so silly. Go in and turn on the water, and I'll unpack our things."

"Not my things," he said.

"Mel," she called, above the running of the water, "hand me out your breeches."

His hearing was as good as his eyesight, but he felt that there must be some mistake.

"Your trousers or whatever you call them," Muriel said. "I want to count our money."

He walked into the bedroom in his shirttails and handed her his breeches.

"Don't," he said, "don't wrinkle them, Muriel. What's so funny?"

"Just being married," Muriel said. "And I guess it's particularly funny being married to somebody from West Point."

A long time later, he and Muriel discovered that many incidents in their forty-eight-hour New York honeymoon, including that bath at the Waldorf, made a story that would set a dinner party into roars of laughter. He never suspected until he began observing other youngsters reporting for duty that their experience was in many ways universal.

The first night they were in New York they had gone to a musical comedy. Just as they were going to get in the taxi for the theater he took his first salute. Two enlisted men went by and their hands snapped up when they saw him, and Muriel had to tell him that they were saluting him.



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After the show he and Muriel walked down Sixth Avenue and passed an open-air shooting gallery. Some enlisted men behind them were singing a snatch of a popular song. "*If you can fight like you can love, good night, Germany.*"

"Melly," Muriel said, "let's see if you can shoot like you can love."

It was a big elaborate gallery with strings of ducks, revolving pipes and balls bouncing on jets of water. He would not have shot if two infantry privates had not called out to move back and give the lieutenant a chance. At least he knew what he was doing when the attendant handed him a .22, even if the weapon was chained to the counter. It was a nicely balanced little rifle, warm from a lot of shooting, but very dirty.

"All right," he told Muriel, "I'll try the ducks," and he knocked all the ducks over, snap, snap.

Now that he had the feel of the rifle, he went on to the revolving wheels of pipes and cleaned out three wheels of them.

"Look at that lieutenant!" the men were saying. "Go ahead and clean it out, lieutenant."

He was better at snap shooting later. There was a trick to it like anything else.

"Go on, Melville," Muriel said, but he told her that they were wasting money.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, bud," the proprietor of the gallery said. "If you knock off the balls from the fountains from left to right, you can have all the shooting for nothing."

A crowd had gathered behind him. The balls were erratic, but Muriel was there and he decided to shoot fast, even if he missed.

"One," the men began to chant, "two, three, four—look at the lieutenant—five, six, seven, eight," and then there was a groan.

"Oh, Melly," Muriel said, "you missed the last one."

"That's all right," one of the infantrymen said, "don't you mind what she calls you, Melly."

Melville set his rifle down carefully on the counter. It was his first experience with troops except for the well-trained personnel at the Point. If Muriel had not been there he would have let the matter drop, but now he had to do something. The man was a green soldier on leave, and even then Melville could see that he meant no harm.

"What's your first name?" he asked. He spoke quietly like his "tac," Captain Folsom, at the Point.

"Charlie," the soldier said.

"Charlie what?" Melville asked.

"Charlie Thompson."

"Yes," Melville said, "but Charlie Thompson what?"

"Charlie Thompson, sir."

"Atta boy," the soldiers called, "give it to him, lieutenant."

A good officer, he knew, should never get mad at troops. He was glad to remember that he had sense enough to smile. "That's right," he said, "you guessed the answer. I'll give you five dollars if you'll knock off that last ball, Charlie."

"I COULDN'T shoot that good, sir," the soldier said.

He had sense enough to know that he was as young as any of these boys and he had made his point, and he had done right, calling the soldier "Charlie."

"Well," he said, and he had the sense to smile again, "you're going where you ought to learn. Remember to squeeze and not to jerk, and hook up your collar and button up your pockets."

He smiled again at the troops and pulled out the bill that Muriel had left him to pay the gallery.

"If there's anything left over," he said, "let some of these soldiers use it. Come on, Muriel."

One of the morals of the story was to learn to handle troops right if you were going to the front and didn't want a shot in the back. Never let them get away with anything, but remember the human equation.

"Say, lieutenant, sir," one of the men said, "what outfit are you with?"

The man, being a sergeant, should ha known better. According to military cou tesy, he should have phrased his question the third person, but then he was not Melville's outfit.

"I haven't been assigned to any yet, s geant," Melville said.

"Well, I hope you get in ours, sir," t sergeant said.

"Why, thanks, sergeant," Melville sa "and here's wishing you a lot of luck. Co on, Muriel."

"Why, Melly," Muriel said, "you sound just like an officer. I mean you sounded ju like that nice man at West Point, that Ca tain Folsom."

HE had been trying to sound like the ca tain, though he felt slightly deflated becau she had guessed. It was just a good idea have a model when you started in the Arm

"It might be just as well," he said, "if y didn't call me 'Melly.'"

"Yes, sir," Muriel said, "and I'm pleas you're assigned to my outfit, sir."

It all made a pretty good story, if you t it among old friends, or even if you had make yourself agreeable to some gauc young officer and his wife, and there was other moral to that story, and he always lik to end it with that moral. The moral w don't let your wife control the situation the time. Let her handle you, but you han troops, and don't push troops too hard wh they're on leave, especially in the States.

The mass of American manpower wh poured into France that summer left m to be desired from the point of view of tra ing. It was basically excellent material, very raw, and admittedly even some of regular divisions were not yet the smoot working units that they should have been

Melville Goodwin was ordered to Fra in a school detachment of officers from a r division which was still being organized the States. The officers of the school deta ment were to receive various sorts of tec cal instruction in France, after which t would meet their division at some debar tion point and assist in its final polishi This would have been an excellent idea if demand for manpower had not bec pressing after the German breakthroug the vicinity of Château-Thierry in July.

He received orders to report upon a tain date to the advance school group of t nebulous division at Camp Merritt. Mu wanted to go with him and stay somewh in New Jersey outside of Camp Merritt u the detachment sailed, but he told her t it was better to say good-by right there Hallowell. She would be all right because could go to work again in her father's o at the hat factory.

The thing to do in wartime was to away from home. Women, even Muriel, v only a complication when you were g overseas. It never helped to remember look on a woman's face when you were l ing her, even if she were as brave as Mu It was demoralizing to see a woman tryin be brave.

"I'd hate to have you stay," Muriel s "but you'll think of me sometimes, w you?"

Women, even the best of them, could help but be jealous of war. They never wholly believe it when you said you w always be thinking of them and you n believed it either. There was no use des ing the details of parting because the thi do was to get going and get away from h and to try to forget as much of those moments as you could. He hated to a when he finally said good-by, that he glad to go.

When he saw the wooden barracks an mess halls of the embarkation cente Camp Merritt and turned in his order was happier than he had been for days days. It was like coming home to arri Merritt. There was a beautiful, restful plification. An American Army post where in the world would be more like h to him in the future than any other pla

He had hardly entered the barracks had scarcely started to look over the of

he school detachment, who were check- their equipment, before he saw Spike nedy, his roommate at the Point. He had r been so glad to see anyone as Spike, they stood there laughing and pounding other on the back.

"Mel," Spike kept saying, "we've got to k together."

he thing to remember, Spike said, was they were in a pretty funny crowd. tenant Colonel Redfern, the detach- nt C.O., came from the Point and had service in the Philippines Insurrection the Boxer Rebellion, but aside from him e were no other regulars in the detach- nt unless you included a former enlisted n, now a lieutenant. All the rest of these ls, Spike said, were either from the Na- nal Guard or from Plattsburg or some- ere. They had not been for more than six nths in the service.

Lieutenant Colonel Redfern had almost same attitude when Spike took Melville und to the colonel's quarters to report. lonel Redfern was in his middle forties, n and stringy, with pale blue eyes and a g, reddish face. It was only when the onel got quietly drunk by himself on the nsport that Melville began to feel that he l failings. He must have been very lonely h that school detachment, or else he would have expressed himself as frankly as he l.

"Sit down, gentlemen," the colonel said. his is a hell of a war. I never thought I'd d up taking a menagerie across the ocean. ere's even a college professor! Do you y bridge, Goodwin?"

"No, sir," Melville said.

"That's right," the colonel said. "I for- t the attitude toward cards at the Point." e colonel stared at the table in front of n. "We're getting out of here in forty- ht hours. Do you have any questions?"

"No, sir," Melville an- ered.

"Well, if you have any," e colonel said, "don't ther me with them. All e rest will, but you n't, because you're from e Point. I don't under- and civilians. Do you understand civilians, oodwin?"

"I don't know, sir," Melville said.

"Don't say you don't know," the colonel ld him. "Never try to understand them. ave as little to do with them as is reason- ly possible. You'll only get yourselves con- sed, fraternizing with those ninety-day nders. Now one thing more—our associa- n will be brief, but I might be able to ach you the rudiments of bridge. It calms e mind, it teaches patience and self-con- ol."

"Yes, sir," Melville said.

"Well," the colonel said, "we've got to t this organized. That professor, Captain ucker, plays bridge. We can sweat Rucker. ennedy, give him my compliments and tell m to report in here after supper for bridge ith you two young gentlemen."

Lieutenant Colonel Redfern was quite a rd. Heaven only knows what happened to m later. He had no future and he never ld about his past, but all the way over on e old Kroonland, Colonel Redfern had em playing bridge whenever they were not submarine lookout.

ES, Lieutenant Colonel Redfern was quite card. Melville could remember him more early than he could remember the docks St.-Nazaire. This was not peculiar, be- use one day after landing he was on a ain and three days later he was at the eadquarters of a division north of Château- hierry and an hour after that, with no food his stomach, he was on a truck moving to e front as a replacement officer for an in- ntry regiment which was to attack at awn. The Germans were retreating in the hâteau-Thierry salient, and there was no me for school detachments.

It always seemed to him that at one mo- ent he was at Merritt, the next jammed be- w decks on the Kroonland, then there was momentary view of Brittany, then a six- hour wait in a Paris station and then a trip through villages with all their roofs blown off and unburied corpses in the fields. Then there was a road in the dusk, jammed with French cavalry. It was the first and last time he ever saw cavalry in any war. Next there was the sound of shells bursting in a patch of woods, and he was walking through the woods in the dark. Then he was behind the blankets of a dugout in a regimental post of command. It was like a bad dream, but it was the Army.

"Take this officer up to C Company," the adjutant was saying.

THEN he was outside again with a guide, stumbling through the dark. He did not have even a pack or a blanket, but he did have a web belt and a .45 automatic and one of those flat tin hats of World War I. He did not know where he was going and he had not even seen a map. The company command post was in a shell hole in the woods and he was told to stay there until morning, and join his platoon at dawn. Almost without his knowing how he got there he was in the middle of an artillery duel. The 75's were firing over him and machine guns were chattering out ahead. There was nothing he could fit together, but it was a great experience.

General Melville Goodwin paused and lighted a cigarette. "It was quite a mess at Château-Thierry," he said and he was out of his chair and on his feet. "Well, we're up at the front. I admit it's taken a long while to get there. Suppose we all take fifteen minutes out. Come on, Flax."

Colonel Flax stood up instantly and followed the General out of the library.

"I was there myself, sir," I heard the colonel saying, "at a place near La Charme. . . ."

Miss Fineholt and Phil Bentley and I still sat silently, considering the life and times and metamorphosis of Melville Goodwin. He had changed from a schoolboy at Hallowell into what he was today in the course of a very brief time.

Folks like the truth that hits their neighbor.

—AMERICAN PROVERB.

"What a life!" Phil Bentley said

"Whose," I asked, "yours or his?"

"His," Phil Bentley said. "I guess we have something to be thankful for."

Then I remembered that I had promised Helen to take a walk with Camilla.

Until I saw Camilla in jodhpurs and a light brown pull-over sweater I had not realized that Helen had started her on riding lessons. All Camilla's class at the country day school, Helen had said, were going to a place called the Winding River Riding Academy, conducted by an Anglo-Irish gentleman named Mr. Delaney.

Camilla seemed to be growing away from me already, and, as often happened these days, we both struggled to find a common subject of conversation.

"Well," I said, "what did you do at riding school?"

"We rode around in a circle," Camilla said. "Mr. Delaney stood in the middle. My horse's name was Daisy."

It was exactly what a horse should have been named, and I told her it was a quiet name and I hoped that Daisy was a quiet horse.

"Daddy," Camilla said, "we never have time to have a talk. What are we going to talk about?"

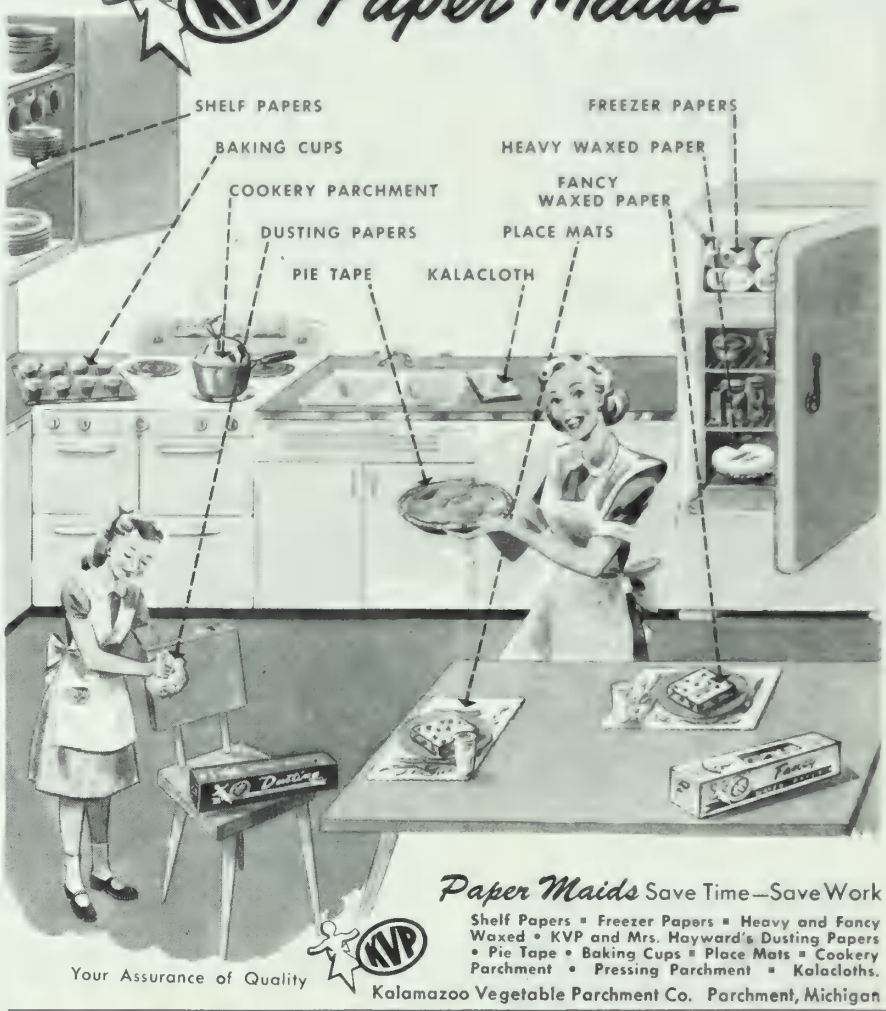
It was a very good question. What were Camilla and I to talk about? As a matter of fact, we did not have to work this out immediately because when we walked around the house we encountered the General and Colonel Flax.

"Well, well," the General said, "here's Camilla. Come here and shake hands with the old man. We haven't had time to get acquainted, but we'll have time someday."

"Camilla's pretty busy," I said. "She runs on a very tight schedule."

When I saw Camilla looking at the General's stars and ribbons and timidly holding out her hand, something in her wide-eyed expression reminded me of Rudyard Kip-

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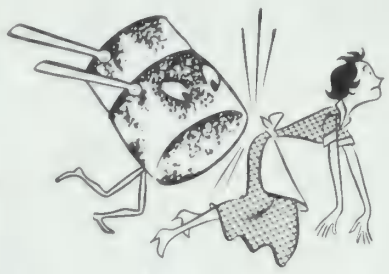
1 *minced onion*
2 *tbsp. butter*
2 *tbsp. vinegar*
2 *tbsp. brown sugar*
1 *tbsp. lemon juice*
1 *cup tomato ketchup*
1 *cup brown stock or water*
1 *cup diced celery*
2 *tablespoons LEA & PERRINS Sauce*

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ling's little Una on Pook's Hill. I wondered whether she knew enough about English history to understand Puck of Pook's Hill if I should ever have time to read it to her.

"Well, well," the General said, "so you've been out riding, have you?"

"Yes," Camilla said.

"When you speak to General Goodwin," I told her, "remember to call him 'sir.'"

Both the General and Colonel Flax laughed. "Don't you mind your pappy, darling," the General said. "How'd it be if you called me 'Uncle Mel'? I used to have two little boys once myself. I'll tell you about them someday, Camilla. They were always riding bareback. They started riding at Benning. Did you ever see the children's riding class at Benning, Flax?"

"No, sir." The colonel looked at his wrist watch. "I think they may be waiting for us in the library, sir," he said.

"Oh, all right," the General said. "Are you coming, Sid?"

"I'll be back in a little while, sir," I said. "I'm just going to walk up that hill with Camilla."

"Well, don't be too long, Sid," he said. "I don't like it in there without you."

Camilla took my hand and we walked across the garden. "Daddy," she asked, "who is General Goodwin?"

Probably no one had explained him to her except possibly Miss Otts, whose views on the American Army would have been rudimentary. It was difficult to tell in a few words who General Goodwin was. I could not tell Camilla that he was a resultant of a disturbed political order or one of those people you had to maintain as an insurance against dangerous contingencies.

"He's a man who tells soldiers what to do," I said. "He has those stars on his shoulders so that anyone can tell that he's a general. The more important a general is, the more stars he has, and the more of those ribbons he has over his pocket. Some poor generals have only one star. General Goodwin has two."

"How many stars can you get to have," Camilla asked, "if you get to know everything?"

I could see where her mind was moving. They must still have been giving out stars in school as rewards for scholastic attainment.

"They can get up as high as five stars," I said, "but hardly any of them do, and when you get five stars you can have them in a circle and not in a row."

"Will he get five stars?" Camilla asked.

"I don't think so," I said, "but don't tell him I said so, Camilla. That might hurt his feelings."

"Isn't he bright enough?" Camilla asked.

"I don't know," I said. "He's pretty bright about a lot of things."

"Is he anything like Samson?" Camilla asked. "You know, like Samson in the Bible."

"Oh, Samson," I said. "Samson wasn't bright at all or he wouldn't have let Delilah cut his hair off. I don't think Samson would have been a two-star general."

Then I began to think that I might be wrong about Samson. High physical courage always had its blind spots, and even if you had five stars, perhaps there was always some Delilah in the background sharpening up the shears.

I COULD tell from the General's voice that I had missed something when I had returned to the library.

"I was waiting until it was firing over there," the General said. "I had time to get up on my knees and —— Oh, there you are, Sid. Did you have a nice walk with Camilla?"

"You made quite an impression on Camilla," I said.

I was a disturbing influence, and everyone looked impatient.

"How about it?" Phil Bentley said. "Did you throw in the grenade?"

"You're damned well right I did," the General said, "and it landed on the button, or I wouldn't be here now."

I had missed a good deal by taking time out. I had left Lieutenant Melville Goodwin in the shell hole in the woods at the P.C. of C Company, but I caught up with the story later when I read Miss Fineholt's notes.

Artillery fire, even under optimum conditions, had not developed the precision it had attained in World War II, and there were no conditions at all in the Château-Thierry salient, optimum or otherwise. It was no joke in those days to be out in front of American artillery. The artillery was firing short that night, though this was no one's fault particularly, since no one had located the front lines. In the pitch dark you could hear the shells crashing among the trees. The company command post was trying to get the regiment whose code name was Banana One, but the line was dead. He was told to stay where he was instead of trying to reach his platoon in the dark.

In the morning, he first saw gray in the sky and then the treetops and then figures moving in the woods. The night seemed to rise up slowly like a curtain on a scene of distorted confusions. No one could adequately describe the disorder of a battlefield with its litter of equipment and the senseless distribution of matériel. The captain of Company C had been killed and the commanding officer was a first lieutenant who spoke with a broad *a*. There was not much chance to exchange any ideas with him because this officer ended up a few hours later by being dead himself. The orders were to advance at dawn through the

---

It is my firm belief that men and women, after fifteen or twenty years of married existence, would, if given the choice to choose again, select precisely the same wife or the same husband. Even those couples who lead rather a squabbling sort of existence would not wish to change. They probably know, in their heart of hearts, that with another spouse they would quarrel a great deal more. Moreover, squabbling is a way some people have of enjoying themselves. One thing that I have realized is that couples who appear to disagree most violently are often the most devotedly attached.

—MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

---

woods, and Melville Goodwin went forward to take the command of the second platoon from a sergeant. It was not the best way to begin with troops, walking in among them out of nowhere. In fact, he did not reach his platoon until after the sergeant had blown his whistle and all he could do was to tell the sergeant to go ahead. Fortunately, the sergeant was an old Army man. His name was Riley and Melville did not need to tell him anything.

"They've pulled out, sir," the sergeant said. "It's all clear just ahead."

There was nothing to do but walk with the sergeant beneath the trees and there was not much underbrush to cope with in those French forests. The artillery fire was slackening because the guns were moving forward. Everything was moving forward, and the Germans were pulling out of that salient so hastily that only light forces were engaged.

Of course no officer, least of all a lieutenant in the first wave, could get the whole picture of an operation. Yet some individuals were born with a tactical seventh sense. It was an indescribable gift—"the feel of battle," Melville Goodwin called it in a paper he had once read before the War College. You had it or you did not have it. He could see nothing except the men of his platoon walking through the woods, but at the same time he could feel whole divisions moving—reserves, artillery and supply.

The men were wet and their faces were drawn. They were tired but not too tired. They moved ahead cautiously but not nervously. They had left their heavy equipment, but they carried gas masks, rifles, grenades and bayonets.

"Sergeant," he asked, "did the men have breakfast before they started?"

"They had corned willy and hard tack, sir," the sergeant said.

They were better off than he was, but no longer felt hungry.

"What about water?" he asked. "their canteens filled?"

"We've about run out of drinking wat the sergeant said.

"Have they got chlorine tablets?"

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said.

"Then have them fill their canteens next place where there's a well or any r ning water," he told the sergeant, "and that each of them drops in about six table

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said, peering the woods ahead.

He knew now that the sergeant must h thought he was a little squirt, but it w sensible order.

HE saw that the trees were thinning a that they were reaching the edge of woods. Everything was quiet except for rustling of branches and the snap of sm twigs underfoot and the dripping from trees and the distant artillery, until sudde he heard machine guns on the right fr and the crack of bullets passing close o head.

"Tell the men to lie down, sergeant," said.

Perhaps he should have given the or himself, but then the men had hardly s him. They were approaching a line of res ance, but it was only a hasty improvisat by the enemy to afford a delay which wo facilitate his retreat.

"Come with me, sergeant," he said, a they crawled to the edge of the trees.

"Easy," he heard the sergeant whis "You gotta watch it, lieutenant."

The sergeant did not need to tell him. was crawling as he had been taught, w gling and pulling himself with his kn and elbows, taking advantage of the grass at the edge of the wood. A pretty pastoral scene lay before them, a broad o field of hay which had not yet been harvested but which was too short and tramp to afford cover. The ground ahead rose gr ually to a low ridge crowned by another pa of woods. It was a good two hundred ya across that field to the woods on the cr When he looked to his right he saw why gun there had revealed its position, becau handful of bodies lay sprawled in the o field. Then in his interest he raised his h too far—two inches higher and he wo have been dead. Another machine gun opened fire from the woods directly on front. He lay flat with his face in the m earth, but he had seen its flash near the tr of a large oak tree, and the fresh earth of emplacement.

"It's right up there," he said.

"You ought to know, sir," the serge answered and they crawled back to the toon.

Just then a runner came with word t Lieutenant Johnson wanted to see him. E in this short interval everything had b moving up behind them until the wo were jammed with troops. Lieutenant Johnson was talking to a freckled, sandy-hai major who, Melville guessed, would be battalion commander. Lieutenant Good saluted smartly.

"Never mind that now," the major s "Who's this officer, lieutenant?"

"He just came up last night, sir," the tenant answered. "I can't remember name."

"Well, a name helps," the major s "What is it?"

"It's Goodwin, sir."

"All right," he major said. "What h you stopped for, Mr. Goodwin, are tired?"

Melville reported the situation quic and concisely. He was even able to tak pencil and paper and sketch the positio the major's notebook.

"Very pretty," the major said. "Take up there and show me the original. We c wait here all day."

They were faced with the same old p lem that cropped up in any battle, the lance of loss of life against element of t That light defense in front would be ove

(Continued on Page 62)

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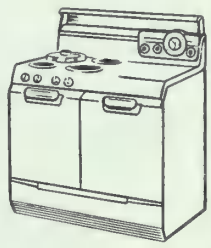
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Hard cook 6 eggs, cool, remove yolks from whites. Mash yolks, season with ½ tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise, salt and pepper to taste. Add ½ cup (½ can) DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets. Fill egg white halves with mixture. Garnish with chopped parsley. Use remaining Sam-O-Lets for delicious salmon sandwiches.

And for more good eating at budget-beating prices, get DEMING'S Sirloin Salmon (that old favorite Alaska Red Sockeye) with skin removed . . . and DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon in the regular pack.



ACCEPT MY INVITATION to cooling refreshment these hot July days . . . by serving tall glasses of sparkling DEL MONTE Unsweetened Pineapple Juice often. I think it's the perfect juice for all-round use . . . wonderful with meals *and* snacks. But that's only natural . . . because DEL MONTE'S *exclusive* strains of pineapple have true tropic flavor and are picked only when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect *balance*. That's why it's not too tart, and not too sweet . . . but the most refreshing Pineapple Juice you ever tasted. Think I'm exaggerating? Well, compare DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice with any other brand . . . 'n' judge for yourself! It's good for you, too . . . abounds in natural fruit sugars and is a good source of Vitamin C. So why not keep several BIG cans on hand all the time . . . you'll need plenty once your family *and* guests taste this wonderful juice.

FOR A BANG-UP PICNIC on the Fourth of July, or any date for that matter, there's one thing for certain-sure . . . the cold drinks must be really *ice* cold and all the foods fresh and crisp. And as far as I'm concerned, there's only one answer to that . . . a handy little *Picnic Ice Chest*. Here's how I manage our outings . . . I pick up the extra ice I need, put it into my Picnic Ice Chest with the food and beverages . . . then slip it into the luggage compartment of our car. I know you'll love having one, too . . . *especially* when you learn how inexpensive they are. So ask your local Ice Company about a Picnic Ice Chest today. And at the same time ask them for the address of the nearest Ice Vending Machine or Ice Station where you can pick up extra ice . . . the pure, crystal-clear, taste-free, slow-melting kind that only an Ice Company can make.

E YOU A BORN BEAUTY? It really doesn't matter . . . for ay's woman is blessed with a alth of beauty secrets that can ri- even Mother Nature. But, of rse, it's up to *you* to use them to vantage . . . which is why I'm re- nding you again that a CO-ET is ur best bet for all your beauty atments. That's because these fluted ton squares are wonderfully soft, ooth and absorbent . . . perfect for applying home rmanent wave solutions and lotions . . . as well as moving eye shadow, lipstick, excess cold cream, etc. ke to sun-bathe? Then protect your complexion with a efore-and-after" facial . . . like this:



fore . . . apply cleansing cream, remove excess with a O-ET, then rub in sun tan lotion with a clean CO-ET. *er* . . . use another CO-ET to smooth in a rich lubricating . . . leave on 30 minutes.

O-ETS cost only 35¢ for the large economy package th 80 fluted cotton squares, 19¢ for 40 . . . at all Drug d Cosmetic Counters.

CONFUSED by all you read and hear about shampoos . . . can't decide which one will really do the most for your hair? Well, if I were you, I'd be guided by that famous beauty authority, John Robert Powers . . . he recommends KREML Shampoo to all his models. Why? Because, unlike many shampoos that contain drying ingredients, it has a *natural oil base* . . . helps keep hair silken soft, an angel to manage and encourages any natural curl. I particularly like its special cleansing qualities . . . the way it brings out all your hair's natural highlights and makes it glisten with natural, glossy sheen. Easy to see why Powers Models depend on KREML Shampoo to keep their hair gloriously soft and radiantly lovely . . . and why I urge you to make it your shampoo from now on.



And do introduce your "Mr. Who" to KREML Hair Tonic in the handsome *new* package at the *lowest cost* in KREML history. P. S. The 16-oz. size saves you up to 40¢.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE learns one thing early in her career . . . that Johnson's BABY OIL *plus* Johnson's BABY POWDER "equals" baby-safe protection against irritation, chafing and prickles! Why? Because both these fine products are made especially to "agree" with baby's tender, sensitive skin by America's foremost makers of baby products . . . Johnson & Johnson. So keep them on your nursery tray . . . and then:



Smooth on mild, pure Johnson's BABY OIL at every diaper change . . . and apply to baby's scalp and body after every bath . . . for it helps prevent irritation and keeps baby's skin soothed and smoothed. Sprinkle on silky-soft, delicately-scented Johnson's BABY POWDER often . . . such a pleasant way to chase away prickles and chafes . . . keep baby comfy and contented.

But why go on . . . I know you want the *best* for your baby and you can trust these two wonderful Johnson's Baby Products to give him baby-safe protection against prickles and irritations. So get both today . . . and use them regularly.

(Continued from Page 60)

eventually. The only question was how soon and at what cost. Obviously it was necessary to test the strength of the position before deciding to wait for heavy weapons. In a few minutes there must be an approach.

That defense could have been brushed aside in modern war, but in World War I, the machine gun was an ace that was hard to beat. With a few well-placed automatic weapons, a handful of enemy specialists who were willing to die could delay a whole division and snarl up the timetable.

The plan was improvised right there in the woods. The attack was ordered along the regimental front, and his platoon was in it. He had only time before the show started to find a haversack and fill it with four grenades. He was to lead the platoon, of course, and he remembered that he was shaking—you often got involuntary shakes before a jump-off—but he was conscious of a detached academic interest through the minutes of preparation. He had the sense to examine the contours of the slope ahead and to take note of a fold of ground about seventy-five yards in front that might afford some shelter. Beyond this he saw there was a depression He could see the fresh earth of the gun emplacement on his front, and to the right he could see another. Haste had denied the Germans the refinements of concealment, and none of those guns supported each other perfectly, two facts which explained why he came through that attack alive.

He pointed out the fold of ground to the sergeant, and also the depression beyond it. When he told the platoon to follow him, his voice had an unwelcome quaver. He had often dreamed, both asleep and awake, of leading a real attack, but now that he was in motion, the ground was not solid and he seemed to move with exasperating slowness. Then he found himself flat on his belly behind that bulge of ground with half the platoon there with him. German machine guns had rather narrow traverses, and they could not fire everywhere at once, and the gunners had no time to pick up the whole weapon in order to fire at a wider angle. This explained why half the platoon reached the shelter.

As he lay there, catching his breath, he saw that the whole advance had been checked halfway across the field. He could see the dead and wounded on the open ground, and small pockets of the living pinned down by the fire. His platoon was out ahead and a glance at the woods behind him showed that the attack was not being pressed. His men lay in temporary safety, although bullets were gouging the crest in front of them. If they could wriggle up that hollow toward the oak tree, they might knock out the gun with grenades. There were twenty yards of open space between the hollow and the rise that sheltered them and the winding hollow.

"Follow me," he called.

The Jerries did not quite catch him before he reached the hollow. Only the sergeant and a private went with him. He never could blame the others for staying where they were.

He would not try to describe that crawl up the hill. He could only admit that he was shot with luck and besides, the nearer you got to an emplacement the harder it was to get you. When he reached the crest, he remembered rising to his knees with a grenade in his hand and pulling out the pin and seeing the newly dug earth and a German helmet. Then he threw the grenade and fell flat. He got up again directly after the explosion. He had hit the nest right on the button.

"Come on," he heard himself calling, "come on."

He had another grenade ready in his hand as he ran through the trees to the emplacement on the right. Perhaps he was two minutes in reaching it. He came on it suddenly from the rear. The gun was firing, and its noise must have prevented any of the crew from hearing him. As he crouched behind a tree before tossing the grenade, he had a glimpse of the gray backs of the gunners. The air was full of dirt and stones and the gun had stopped before he could throw another. The Germans who weren't dead were in a daze. There was one thing in particular he did not like to remember—a German officer smeared with blood, staggering toward him with his hands above his head and then the sight of Sergeant Riley, running him through with a bayonet. He could still remember his amateurish wonder at the sergeant's struggles to pull the bayonet out. Then it seemed as though everyone had followed him, not just the sergeant and the private. The attack had carried through.

He grew accustomed to the sight of corpses later, since sudden death and mutilation were sequels to any action, and after all, war in itself was a grotesque abnormality, but this was his first day in a practical school. The mangled bodies of those Germans around their gun brought home to him all in a rush the enormity of what he had been through, and a spasm of nausea swept over him. He staggered weak-kneed to a tree, leaned against it and retched. Though later he had seen other good men succumb to this and to more humiliating forms of bodily weakness, he could never quite forgive himself. It was all well enough to explain that exertion and emotion had put an undue strain on him. It was a mortifying anticlimax. All he could do was lean against the tree, shaking with the spasm. At any rate, that was how the regimental commander found him.

H. J. Jeffers was commanding the regiment then. Later, after the Armistice, when the colonel once alluded at brigade-headquarters mess to their meeting, Melville was glad that he was able to laugh about it.

He had been leaning against the tree only half conscious of what was being said or done around him when he heard a voice ask if that was the officer. Someone slapped him hard on the shoulder. When he turned around he saw that Colonel Jeffers, in a muddy trench coat, had been addressing him. Beside the colonel was the major, and a French officer in horizon blue. When he saluted, his diaphragm and intestines were still chasing each other inside him.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said.

"That's all right," the colonel said, "quite all right, lieutenant. What did you say his name was, major?"

"He told me, but I've forgotten, sir," the major said. "He just came up last night. . . . Sergeant," the major called. "Where's the sergeant? Come here, sergeant."

Melville found himself standing with the sergeant as though they were two schoolboys led out before the class.

"This is Sergeant Riley, sir," the major said, "Second Platoon, C Company. . . . Tell the colonel what you told me, sergeant."

The sergeant was an old-timer, but he had been overwrought himself. "Sir," the sergeant said, "the lieutenant got the both of them."

Then Melville found his voice. "There was a private with us, too, sir," he said.

"Jackson, sir," the sergeant said. "He's dead."

The colonel pulled a notebook from his pocket. "What's your name, lieutenant?" he asked.

"Goodwin, sir," he answered, "Melville A. Goodwin."

"Do you feel all right now?"

"Yes, sir," Melville said.

"Then walk along with us, Mr. Goodwin. We'd better catch up with things. This is Captain Bouchet, and we don't want Captain Bouchet to tell his general that we're loafing around here."

There was a gentle undercurrent of appreciative laughter.

"It is a pleasure to meet the lieutenant," the Frenchman said.

Those French liaison officers were all smooth and hand-picked for the job of establishing cordial relations. It was only good luck that the captain was there, itching to pass out Croix de Guerres. Melville never knew until later that he was getting the Distinguished Service Cross out of it too. He was pretty hot that day; it was all good luck.

On the other hand, there weren't any colonels or Frenchmen around when he led a patrol across the Vesle River and returned with sixteen German prisoners. No medal except a Purple Heart was passed out when he got his bayonet wound in the Bois des Rappes. Actually both those occasions had demanded more skill and guts and leadership than that episode in the Château-Thierry salient. Further, he had seen a lot of others, both officers and enlisted men, who had done more than he ever had beyond the call of duty without even getting a word of commendation. He was luckier than a great many others, and that was about all there was to say.

Lieutenant Goodwin was with the Army of Occupation for a while at Coblenz, but he was detached and sent home as a casual officer from Brest in June, 1919. He returned to the States on an antiquated passenger ship filled exclusively with other unattached officers from every branch of the service, most of whom hoped to leave the service as soon as they got across, particularly the junior officers.

Major General Goodwin paused.

"What did you do when you landed?" Philip Bentley asked.

"Why," the General said, "as soon as I could get to a telephone I called up Muriel, of course, and she said she'd come down to New York."

"What did you do after you telephoned?" Phil Bentley asked.

"After I telephoned," General Goodwin repeated, "I took a taxicab and went to the Waldorf and got a room and took a bath, and do you know what I did that night?"

"No," Phil Bentley said.

"Well, son," the General said, "I didn't do any of the things you might think I would. I strolled down to that shooting gallery on Sixth Avenue and knocked off all the pipes. It made me think of Muriel." The General rose from his armchair. It was late in the afternoon. "Let's break this up," he said. "Come on, Flax, let's go for a walk."

Phil Bentley looked at me and took off his glasses and polished them. "I wish I could get it straight in my mind why I should begin to like Goodwin," he said.

Miss Fineholt closed her notebook. "He's sort of cute," she said. "He's so clean-cut. It makes him sort of cute. I wish I had been there when he was shooting those pipes in New York."

Helen was reading upstairs in our dressing room, and when I came in she asked me how everything was going.

"Well," I said, "he's through World War I and he's back in New York."

"Sid," Helen said, "just how long are they going to stay?"

"It can't be much longer," I said. "Mrs. Goodwin's leaving for Washington tomorrow. I'll take her into town myself, and you can leave the rest of them alone."

"You didn't tell me," Helen said. "When do you have to go to town?"

I had forgotten. I had been so involved with Melville Goodwin that I had not told her of my telephone conversation with Dottie Peale.

"If I don't have lunch with her," I told Helen, "she'll drop out here at any minute. You know Dottie."

I did not mention my concern about Gilbert Frary, because there was no immediate need to worry her.

"What do you suppose she really wants to do about him?" Helen asked.

This was something I could not possibly have answered.

"Well, anyway," she said, "as long as she doesn't do anything about you."

Women were always competitive. There was no reason at all why Dottie Peale and Helen should have liked each other, but Helen was always very nice about her. All through that time she was nice about Dottie Peale and the General and me and everything, and it must have demanded a lot of self-control.

I was thinking next morning when Helen was putting Mrs. Goodwin's suitcase in the Cadillac, just before we left for New York, that the Goodwins had learned all the techniques of farewell. They had been saying good-by to each other through two wars and in the interim between, and they had learned how to do this officially before an audience.

"Good-by, Melly," Mrs. Goodwin said. "Now don't tell that Mr. Bentley anything you shouldn't, and call me up tonight."

Melville Goodwin smiled at Helen and then at Mrs. Goodwin. "Don't you worry any," he said. "And don't seduce any of the Joint Chiefs before I get down. Remember they've got a lot of private rooms in the Pentagon."

"What about you?" Mrs. Goodwin said. "I don't know whether we ought to leave him alone here with Helen. Do you think so, Sid?"

It was all good clean fun and it showed that the Goodwins felt at home. When Mrs. Goodwin kissed Helen she said she had never thought we could all get to be such friends so soon, and she said we must come to visit them just as soon as they found out where they were going to be.

"You know, I can't wait," Mrs. Goodwin said when we started off together for the city, "for Mel and me to have a little place of our own somewhere after Mel retires. We can't wait to be settled somewhere instead of always moving from one post to another. Army houses are all alike, you know, even the furniture."

Mrs. Goodwin was used to motor transport as well as making conversation. She took another washcloth from her handbag and began working on it.

"It's so nice to be driving to New York," she said, "instead of taking a train, after you've been so generous looking after Melville, Sid. I wish I could have been with you when the General was being interviewed. He seemed a little tired last night."

"I should think he would have been," I said.

"No one would notice it except me. It is hard to tell when he's tense, but he seemed worried about something last night."

"Worried?" I repeated.

Mrs. Goodwin glanced up at me. Though I looked ahead at Henry's back, I could feel that she was watching me. "Melville said you are going to have lunch today with a mutual friend, a Mrs. Peale. He wrote to me about her from France. She's a writer or publisher or something, isn't she? She sounds very interesting."

"Yes, she's pretty interesting," I said. "We used to work on the same newspaper together once."

I could detect no change in her voice, no undue curiosity, but I could still feel that she was watching me and not her washcloth. "It's queer how seldom Melville gets c

(Continued on Page 65)

Holiday

By NANCY HALE

Here time is drowned in summer,
the deep sea
That sways on drowsy tides,
swings in, draws out,
Bearing the days like driftwood on
the swell.
Is it July?
Don't think; don't ask what day
It is; don't stir to find your place
In summer; be at ease and lie
In these deep arms; only observe
the dawn,
The sun of noon like a red flower,
rain
That starts and stops, the sunset on
the clouds.
And sleep at night. Forget the time,
the I,
And swim in summer.

Time for Ideas— *a timely service from the meat industry*



You'll find the recipe for this "something different" dish on the next page. Show this picture to your husband and ask him how he would like some tomorrow night.

New Swank for Franks

Red Devil Franks



Mrs. Ray F. Swanson of Galesburg, Illinois, passes along this idea. A satisfying, glamorous and easy-to-prepare meat meal that helps take the strain off the budget.

Ideas are often more important than money.

There's a lot of credit due women who find a way to take the less expensive things and make them look like a million, whether it's making over a dress, redecorating the living room or preparing a meal.

The case of the glorified frankfurters explains what we mean by a woman with an idea. This dish is something you can be happy and satisfied to set before the pickiest husband. Also it's your private assurance that you are doing a fine job with the meat money at hand.

We in the meat industry are hopeful that we can continue to contribute ideas here and there, with pages like these, to help women along with the job of keeping meat, always in tempting form, on the table regularly, yet with an eye peeled on the budget.

Why meat is called "Yardstick of Protein Foods"

Meat is our No. 1 source of complete protein—the kind needed regularly by everybody for feeling and looking his very best. This *complete*, high-quality kind of protein does many wonderful things: *It is needed to build sound muscles, good red blood . . . It promotes more rapid convalescence after injury or surgery . . . It is needed to keep you going longer without fatigue . . . It is the key element of the modern reducing diet . . . Meat is also an abundant source of essential B vitamins and minerals.*

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Nourishing Meat—yardstick of Protein foods

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Ideas for Franks *-or putting the wiener to work for your budge*



***Red Devil Franks**—Those winning wieners are a happy thought to build many a meal around. For instance, try 'em in a menu like this:*

Chilled Pineapple Juice

RED DEVIL FRANKS ON BUNS

French Fried Potatoes — Tossed Green Salad

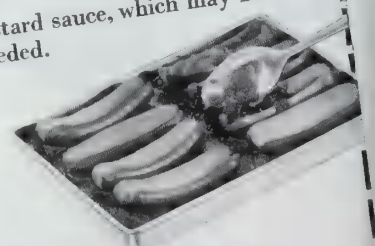
Chocolate Cake — Milk or Iced Tea

How to prepare the new "Red Devil Franks"

HOW TO PREPARE THE NEW

RED DEVIL FRANKS

The new twist is the zippy, not-too-hot barbecue-mustard sauce, which may be prepared in advance, kept in the refrigerator until needed.



1 lb. frankfurters or wieners (8 to 10)
4 tablespoons butter, margarine or salad oil
1 cup finely chopped onion
2 cloves of garlic, minced
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1½ tablespoons prepared mustard
1½ teaspoons sugar
½ cup chili sauce

Cook onion and garlic in fat over low heat until onion is tender (about 10 minutes). Stir frequently so as not to burn.

Add all other ingredients. Continue heating till flavors are well blended (about 5 minutes).

Split frankfurters lengthwise, arrange them split side up in shallow pan. Spoon sauce over frankfurters and heat under broiler as in illustration.

Serve piping hot on frankfurter buns, piling on extra sauce.

You'll want to use this recipe



Red Devil sauce is also a natural for spareribs, hamburgers, leftover roast beef or pork. It keeps well in the refrigerator, so why not make up a double or triple recipe?

"I'm a Frank"



Look at my gentle curves—not a bone in my whole body. I'm part pork and part beef—and all good. I'm a snap to prepare, and I carve with a fork. Kids love me—and I love kids because I'm so digestible and my skin's simply packed with nutrition. I team up with everything. I'm fun on a bun. I'm handy, dandy and no waste at all. I'm the Friendly Frank. Buy me by the pound and always keep me on hand!

The Gentle Art of Heating a Wiener



They're already cooked when you buy them, so, when you're heating frankfurters in water, just let them simmer 8 to 10 minutes. *Don't boil.* You'll keep the good meat juices inside the franks instead of in the cooking water. *To pan-fry:* Fry wieners in a small amount of fat in heavy skillet until lightly browned. Use low heat; turn frequently. Be careful not to pierce the skins.



Bright idea for picnickers

Don't be fazed by "No Fires Allowed" signs at your favorite beach or park picnic spot. You can have piping-hot frankfurter sandwiches and be the envy of the crowd. The trick: heat 'em at home, pack 'em in a vacuum bottle and take 'em with you.

Two other good ways to make the family say "Thanks for Franks"

Slice 'em for hot potato salad
Cut six franks into crosswise slices. Dice six medium potatoes (4 cups) that have been boiled in their jackets and peeled. Heat together in dressing made by browning ¼ cup each of chopped onion and green pepper in bacon drippings. Add ½ cup water, ½ cup cider vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper to taste.

Stuff 'em for broiler meals
Have you tried splitting franks, inserting a stick of cheese, wrapping with bacon and then broiling? Try these tasty variations, too: Stuff 8 to 10 franks with a mixture of 2 cups hot mashed potatoes well blended with ¼ cup each of grated American cheese and finely minced onion. Broil 10 to 15 minutes. Or, try a stuffing of sauerkraut moistened with catchup.



WIENERS AWAY!

If all the "friendly franks" produced each year by America's meat packers were stretched "link to link," they would reach to the moon and back—with enough left over to reach 6 times around the world—650,000 miles. Actually, in 1950 you and other Americans ate 7½ billion frankfurters, which is a lot of fun on anyone's table (or at ball park or picnic).

Send 5¢ for this booklet

for more help in making the most of meat. Contains 32 tested recipes along with buying information and serving suggestions. Just send 5¢ in coin to American Meat Institute, Dept. L 1, Box 1133, Chicago 77, Ill.

P.S. *Your own favorite ideas for making the most of meat may be helpful to other women in these times. Won't you send them along?*



(Continued from Page 62)

l gets on, with people outside the serv-
" she said.
I suppose it's because he leads a spe-
ed sort of life," I answered. "Now per-
a ly I often find it hard to get on with peo-
in the service."
or some reason she seemed astonished
her voice grew warmer, and at least we
off the subject of Dottie Peale.
Why, you don't act that way at all," she

Back in World War I," I said, "we were
ng the General what he did when he
ed in New York. He said he called you
n Hallowell."

remembered all of it very clearly. We
going down the Merritt Parkway, but
. Melville Goodwin was leaving Hallo-
for New York to become an Army wife,
, watching her expression, I could imag-
ow she must have looked. She must have
ed both very competent and very pretty.
I wish you could have seen Mel," she
. "He was in his overseas cap and his Sam
wne belt, and he had those ribbons and
ad his hair cut short, just the way he
rs it now. He looked a whole lot more like
ldier than anyone else in Grand Central
tion. As soon as I saw him I knew Mel
just the same. He always has been the
ie. Then he told me we were going to
e a month's leave and that then we were
ng to Fort Bailey. That was because of
medal. Everybody doesn't get to Bailey."
Where's Bailey?" I asked.
What?" she said. "Seriously, haven't
ever heard of Bailey? It's where they
e the small-arms school, out in Texas."
That was where the Goodwins started
sekeeping. It was scorching hot in sum-
and miles away from anywhere. You
ld hear the machine guns going every
rnoon out on the range.

I had never heard of Fort Bailey, but I was at Bailey with Muriel Goodwin all the way to New York and the Pennsylvania Station. Robert, their eldest son, had been born there at Bailey.

I left her with a porter on the Pennsylvania side.

"Good-by, Sid, dear," she said, and, though I was startled when she called me "dear," I felt that I had known her for a long, long time.

"Where to now, sir?" Henry asked me.

It was ten minutes before twelve, but Dottie Peale had asked me to meet her at the office early. It was always a part of Dottie's stage direction to show off that office of hers at Peale House. Anyone going there could not help but realize that Dottie should be taken seriously.

The Peale Publishing Company was what the book trade called "a fine old house" and sometimes "an old-line house." It published a sound backlog of textbooks and a book called Mrs. Gosling's Cookery, which, with occasional revisions, had been a popular seller for fifty years, but the Peale money was only partially derived from this enterprise. Henry Peale's grandfather had been fortunate enough to invest his savings in Mr. Alexander Graham Bell's telephone and in Calumet and Hecla Copper.

Henry's father had never cared for books and authors. Instead he had collected pictures of the French school, and a part of the Peale collection was now in the Metropolitan.

Henry Peale, on the other hand, must have always been what was called literary. It had never been possible for me to grasp all the details of his life, which had been led along the elaborate lines of wealthy boys who had lived out their early manhood around the turn of the century. He had been a shy, retiring, serious-minded boy, educated by private tutors until he went to Yale, and he was always quiet when I knew him. As Dottie often said, it was very hard for Henry ever to get out of himself, and you had to know him a long while before you appreciated him.

Personally, I had not known him as long as that, having seen him only occasionally after he and Dottie were married. Though Henry Peale was in his fifties when he married Dottie, he looked much younger. He was very kind to me the few times I saw him, not on my account, I imagine, but because Dottie and I were old friends and because he was completely devoted to Dottie.

He had a reputation in the trade for sound editorial taste, though I imagine his assistant, Martin Dever, was the one who really picked the manuscripts until Dottie finally took things over.

Martin Dever, after certain disagreements caused him to leave Peale House, was the one who told me most about Dottie and Henry Peale, though in a prejudiced way, since he never had been partial to Dottie. Actually he was the one who introduced them, he said. It had happened when Dottie was on the book page of the paper, working for old Ralph Edgill after I had gone abroad. She was immensely valuable to Edgill because she did have a marvelous dexterity and she was superb at make-up. She was the one who helped Edgill spruce up the whole Sunday book section, and when it was suggested that the paper sponsor a series of book-and-author afternoons Dottie was all prepared. Dottie did everything right down to helping the publishers drag authors to them. That was how she met Martin Dever. Then one morning when she was in Martin's office, Henry Peale came in.

"That was all there was to it," Martin said. "He wanted to ask me about the design for a jacket, and Dottie said it ought to be plainer, and then he asked her into his office to look at alternate designs. They stayed alone in there for about half an hour and then they went out to lunch, and the next morning he asked me for Dottie's telephone number, and next he asked her to the theater, and so they got married."

Martin did not know why it happened any more than I did. He could only say that directly after the honeymoon Dottie moved right in, taking over the office next to Henry's, and in a year she had taken over the whole editorial and production department. Martin could work for Peale—in fact, he had run the whole editorial department for him and a good deal of everything else—but six months after Dottie showed up, there wasn't anything left for him to run. She had her finger in every pie. She was terribly sorry when he finally resigned.

She was the one who got him the job in Philadelphia, and she had not done too badly when she was left alone with Henry. In fact, she was a very smart cooky and someday she would take over the whole reprint business. That was all that Martin could tell me.

After Henry Peale's death Dottie had moved the Peale House offices to a more modern building on Murray Hill. The rooms were large, noiseproof and air-conditioned. The walls were painted in restful, unobtrusive tones. Dottie's own office in a corner of the building was the same as that of the other executives, with a gray steel desk, a gray carpet, a bare oval table and six gray upholstered chairs. There was nothing on her desk except a clock, a calendar and a blotter. I could not help but compare the place very favorably with the offices of the fashion magazine on which Helen had once worked.

Dottie's secretary appeared about thirty seconds after I had given my name at the front desk. Dottie was dressed in a severe gray tailored suit, softened only by a ruffle at her neck. She smiled at me brightly, but she did not shake hands.

"It's awfully kind of you to pick me up here, Sid," she said. "Bernard and the car are waiting. Shall we have my Bernard take us uptown? Or shall we have your Henry?" She walked around the desk and put her arm through mine.

"No man can be a hero to his valet, Dot," I said.

"Darling," she told me, "I am really not preposterous. I don't know why I always like it when you think I am."

"Because I always have," I said. "It goes with the Chanel Five."

"Oh, Sid," she said, "it's nice to see you, darling."

And I was glad to see Dottie too. I had forgotten what good friends we were, and that there were no friends like old friends, with occasional reservations.

It was preposterous to think of descending from my Cadillac, even if it was a company car, and walking into the Peale house and hearing Dottie say "Hello, Albert," to her butler. When the door closed behind us I was thinking that we were in a larger, more complicated version of Savin Hill. We were both interlopers, not legally but spiritually. We were both intelligent enough not to make fools of ourselves, but still we did not belong.

The Peale house had been built in the early nineteen hundreds. The entrance hall was paved with marble. A double dark oak staircase swept upward. In one dark corner near the door through which Albert the butler had retired with my hat and topcoat was a suit of armor on a pedestal.

I had never made any comment on the house to Dottie because there had always been Henry Peale or company when I had been there before, but now I felt impelled to whistle softly in a slightly vulgar way.

"All right," Dottie said. "What about that little shack of yours in Connecticut?"

"It isn't quite the same," I said.

"No," Dottie said, "it isn't, but it's the same in principle. Darling, I can't help it. There's an income from a special trust fund running it."

"Don't apologize," I said, "don't exhibit social guilt."

"Oh, shut up," Dottie said. "We might as well take the elevator up to my study. I don't believe you've ever seen it, have you? I did over the top floor after Henry died. I spend most of my time there when I'm not entertaining."

I had never seen Dottie's study. Nothing in the house had ever looked like her, but the study did. The curtains were yellow brocade, and there were Chinese carpets and a sofa in front of the fireplace and a desk with her typewriter and sharpened pencils and all her favorite books along the walls and two very good Renoirs.

"Sid," she asked me, "does it remind you of anything? I mean the fireplace and the sofa and the books and the typewriter."

"You mean your place in the Village?" I asked her.

"Don't you think it's like it?" she said. "My room's in front and I'm going to put on another dress, but I'll leave the door open."

It was a little like her old apartment in the Village and it reminded me, too, of the suite in the Ritz in Paris when I heard Dottie whistling in her bedroom. I never thought until I heard her whistling what a difficult time she must have had at first being Mrs. Henry Peale. I had only thought before how well she had succeeded.

I sat there waiting under the illusion that I was younger and still working on the paper, and that there were no broadcasts or no Helen or Camilla, which I am sure was the effect that Dottie desired. It was as if everything we had gone through were still in the future when she came back into the room. She was wearing a purple dress and a gold bracelet and a topaz pin. She did not look at all as though she was nearly forty. The blatantly unobtrusive cut of the dress showed that it had been made for her and that it probably cost about three hundred dollars. She sat down on the sofa beside me with that prim, sort of schoolgirl posture that I remembered from the days on the paper.

"Darling," she said, "it's just like old times, isn't it?"

Of course I knew Dottie well enough to know that she was consciously setting this scene of old friendship because she wanted something from me. It would not be anything tangible, I knew, since she had everything in that line she desired. It would be something more in the nature of affirmation, of sympathy and support.

She had always understood men better than women. When she wanted, she was like

For a clean oven

To our way of thinking, berry pies are at their best when brimming full of juice. But we want the juice in the pie, not in the oven to burn and smoke.



To Clean an Oven

- Leave an open cup of household ammonia in the closed oven overnight. The next day use a fine steel-wool pad or cleanser to lift the charred crust. A grease-cutting detergent speeds the job.

To Prevent Pie Run-overs

- Build the piecrust up like a fence. Insert a small funnel of aluminum foil, cooking parchment or even glazed paper through upper crust—the juice rises in the funnel instead of flowing over the edge. Short lengths of large macaroni may be used too. Piepans with extra-high or wide rims contain the juice.
- For extra precaution, catch drip with shallow pan or circles of foil with edges folded to form sides on rack under pies. The pan is easier to clean than the oven—the foil is tossed out.
- Long-handled lifting devices hold hot pans firmly so they aren't spilled in removing from oven.

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A lighter-bodied oil that blends perfectly with other flavors!



Blends a fresh taste into homemade salad dressings . . . gives tender lightness to fried foods . . . puts a grand fluff into your chiffon cakes!

a dancer who could follow any lead, conforming without the least apparent effort to any taste or intellect. I had forgotten how utterly congenial she could be if she wanted, and how much she knew about things that interested me.

She sat on the sofa with her feet curled under her and shook her head and smiled at me wistfully. "Sid, it's queer, isn't it," she said, "that nothing changes when we see each other?"

Being with her was always like a game, and I knew that she had moved our conversation to exactly the place she wanted. She had talked about me, and herself and me, and now we were going to talk about her.

"Now just a minute, Dot," I said, "before I forget to ask you. Didn't you say over the telephone that you were worried about Gilbert Frary and me, or something along those lines?"

Dottie assumed an expression that was partly cryptic and partly amused. "Oh, dear," she said, "I wouldn't have dreamed of saying that if I had thought you were going to mull over it. Did it really bother you, darling?"

"Not much," I said, "but you probably wanted it to, didn't you?"

Dottie's cryptic expression changed and she looked delighted. "Of course I wanted you to be worried," she said, "because I wanted to be sure you'd come to see me. There really wasn't anything else, but it is interesting if you feel a little uncertain about Gilbert."

"Are you sure that's all?" I asked.

"Well, darling," she said, "when I think of you and Gilbert I sometimes get intuitively worried, but I haven't really heard anything. But if anything ever should come up—anything like a break with Gilbert—you'll promise to come right to me, won't you, darling? You know how dreadfully happy I'd be to help in any little way."

There was a discreet knock on the study door.

"Oh," she said, "there's Albert with our lunch."

Albert the butler and a maid came in, pushing tables on wheels like room service in a hotel, and they knew exactly how to turn one end of the room into a little dining alcove. It was a simple luncheon but it was very good—clear soup and squab and mixed green salad and Camembert cheese and coffee.

"I hope it's what you want," Dottie said. "I know you don't like much in the middle of the day."

"Come on, Dot," I said, "let's get down to what you want to talk about. Why don't you tell me why you wanted to see me?"

DOTTIE sat up straighter. "Now, Sid," she said, "that isn't fair. You know I always love to see you, and we see so little of each other, but well, all right. Tell me about Mel Goodwin. Has he asked about me?"

"I told you he had," I said. "Why shouldn't he?"

"Oh, all right," Dottie said, "tell me some more about him. Tell me how he looks."

"He looks about the way he did in Paris," I said, "but you've seen the pictures, haven't you?"

"I mean does he look well?" Dottie said. "Does he look happy?"

"Didn't he look happy in the pictures?" I asked her.

Dottie shook her head impatiently. "Darling," she said, "I know exactly what you're thinking and I know you don't approve, but it's none of your business, is it, really? I wish you wouldn't act like a buffer state. You know you can't stop me doing anything I want and at the same time you're the only one I can talk to about this. Why is it you don't approve of my seeing Mel Goodwin? We were getting down to plain facts at last.

"Because I think it might upset him unnecessarily," I said. "I know it's none of my business, except I rather like him, Dot."

Dottie pushed a strand of hair back from her forehead. "Thank you, darling," she said. "That's what I wanted to know. I was sure. I'm awfully glad he still feels that way about me."

"Oh, my God!" I said.

DOTTIE smiled. "I know," she said. "Why don't you pull up your socks, darling? Your attitude really makes me a little annoyed. I wish you'd think about me just a little, Sid. You haven't really thought about me in years. If you had, you'd know how little I really have in my life. I don't mean materially. I'm pretty sick of materialism."

"Since when did you begin getting sick?" I asked.

"All right," Dottie said, "be nasty if you want to. I was only thinking you have everything I've always wanted. You're married, you have a home and children."

"A child," I said, "not children."

"All right," she said, "a child, and you don't deserve to have one. You don't know what it means."

"Well," I said, "if I don't, you do either. Since when did you start liking children, Dot?"

Suddenly Dottie began to cry. It was something I had not expected, and I was quite sure that she had not expected it either.

"Oh, Sid," she said, "don't you see I have nothing? I have anything? I have never even got you."

I would have laughed if she had not been crying. It was exactly like her not to have wanted something when she could have had it and then to end by regretting that she had wanted it. It was like the ending of a rather badly written story.

ABOMINATIONS

These six things doth the Lord hate:
Yea, seven are an abomination unto him:
A proud look, a lying tongue,
And hands that shed innocent blood,
An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations,
Feet that be swift in running to mischief,
A false witness that speaketh lies,
And he that soweth discord among brethren. —PROVERBS 6:16–19.

I could not think of anything sensible to say and I patted her softly on the back.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so sick of always thinking about myself."

"Dot," I told her, "everybody has to most of the time."

It was curious. Her saying that she had nothing left, not even me, though personally annoying, had a ring of complete veracity, and I was glad that my reaction was close to complacency. I wished Helen could see how well I was acting under the circumstances.

Dottie was not wholly responsible for what had happened to her. She was the finished product of a new era of competitive women. There were no precedents and no rules in this new competitive arena, where bright girls were taught to invade all sorts of fields of endeavor that were once reserved for men. The town was full of Dottie Peales, and there was no reason for them not to have been confused in their values because they had to get along the best they could and they had no mothers to guide them, or at least the guidance of their mothers was very selective useful. I hoped she did not know that I was sorry for her in such a detached way, but of course she did know.

"Stop pounding my back," she said. "I'm not asking you to be sorry for me. I'm not asking you to be kind."

"Now, Dot," I said, "how can I be kind unless I'm sorry?"

"Oh, nuts!" Dottie said, and she blew her nose. "Stop sitting here humiliating me. You've put me in the position of making me deliberately humiliate myself, and I can't stand it, Sid."

It was difficult to follow her logic, but when I was with Dottie I was accustomed to having things end up by being my fault.

Her mood had changed and she sniffed just as though she had not been crying.

lling," she said, "it isn't asking very
, is it, to talk to me for a few minutes
Mel Goodwin without acting as
h I were contagious or something?"
ere was no reason at all, and yet I did
this attitude. "Listen, Dot," I said,
not face it? You're not going to help
poor guy at all by being interested in
He just isn't in your class."
Why, darling," Dottie said, "that's the
thing you've said to me all day, not
I understand just what you mean by
ut of course she understood, and we
sat there for a while thinking in our
ent ways about General Melville Good-

Why don't you admit," I asked her,
t you had forgotten all about him until
came a figure in the news?"
ttie sighed, and the corners of her eyes
kled. "Well, I remember him now," she
"Oh, Sidney, let's not be so silly with
other. After all, we're adult."
is was a time-worn word in certain cir-
By being adult she meant that one
l be freed from the trammels of conven-
and face facts fearlessly and now she
facing them in her own way.
Darling," she went on, "I want to make
one else happy. That's one of the rules
e, isn't it? But I could do a lot for Mel
lwin."
His wife wants to make him happy
" I said. "At least she has a few ideas.
don't you try to put your mind on
one else? There are a lot of other men."
ottie lighted a cigarette and blew a cloud
noke toward the ceiling.
He isn't happy with her," she said, "in
way he ought to be happy with someone,
She's always managing him. He told me
Paris."
could imagine without undue effort what
ville Goodwin must have told her in
s, and I did not answer.
Aren't you going to say anything?" she
d.
Yes," I said, "and you know exactly
I'm going to say. For two days now
been listening to him telling the story of
fe. He's different from you and me, Dot.
loesn't know what is going to happen to
professionally. He's restless just like you,
that's about all that you and he would
in common. He's never had the chance
e people like you, Dot, and he's a very
guy basically. All you can do is upset
The only way you can help him is to
him alone. Dottie, aren't you going to
e Goodwin alone?"
ottie threw her cigarette into the fire-
e. "No," she said. "Aren't you going to
to me about him?"
No," I said, and I stood up. "I'd better
ing. I've got to get back to the country."
Oh, darling," Dottie said, "when you're
y, you're like a hero in a juvenile, and I ought to know, because we're printing a lot of them. Please don't go. Can't you and Helen bring Mel Goodwin around to dinner?"

"No," I said. "When he's through with us he has to go to Washington."

"Well, he can drop in here on his way, can't he?" Dottie said. "I'm going to call him up right now." She walked to her desk and picked up the telephone. "I want to make a person-to-person call," she began, "to Major General Melville A. Goodwin ——"

There was nothing I could do about it. "Well," I said, "good-by, Dot."

"Darling," Dottie said, "you can't go yet. You don't know how to run that elevator."

It was true that I was not mechanically minded, but I could try.

"Just keep your mind on Mel and forget about me," I said; and while I pressed the elevator button I could hear her speaking in her gayest, sweetest tone.

"Mel," I heard her saying, "Sid's here and we've been talking about you all through lunch. When are you coming here to see me and tell me how you won the war?"

I had not known what button to push, but the car started downward. Dottie must have rung some sort of bell because the butler was standing at the foot of the staircase with my hat and coat.

"Thanks," I said. I wanted to get out of there. I was glad to be in the clear sunlight of the October afternoon, and even Henry and the studio Cadillac seemed like very old friends. "We'll go home now, Henry," I said.

Henry was an excellent driver, and I felt entirely secure speeding along the West Side highway well ahead of the rush hour. Nevertheless, I was thinking of a Grant Wood picture I had seen once when Helen had taken me to an uptown gallery—a picture of a car and a truck moving swiftly toward inevitable collision on a winding road, and I thought of the impending doom of Melville Goodwin. I had never thought until then of Mel Goodwin as a classically tragic figure whom the fates were conspiring to destroy. I thought of him in the garden just before Camilla had asked me suddenly about Samson and Delilah. He was one of those Samsons ready and waiting for some Delilah to give him a haircut, and Dottie Peale was just the one to do it.

Melville A. Goodwin was going to get his hair cut, and medals and stars and clusters would not help. He had killed his lion and had carried away the gates of Gaza, but he was going to get his hair cut. There would be no light or heavy weapons to help him now that Dottie wanted to do something for him. The Philistines would be upon him and he would not even know that the Philistines were there.

(To be Continued)

INTO THE HERE

(Continued from Page 40)

I thank her," Mary sighed. She was
l of all the presents, the baby presents.
he remembered one day when she and her
her had been shopping together, several
ths ago. Hanging on a rack in one store
a blue dress, a sweeping, impractical,
tiful dress. Her mother had taken it
n and said quickly, enthusiastically,
w right for you, Mary." And then she
looked at Mary's thickening waistline
said, "No future for it," and had hung
ck in place. Since then, all the packages
had sent had been for the baby.
I thank them all," Mary went on, her
e growing louder, "I thank everyone—
hers, sister, father, your family. Don't
ry. They get thanked." *It's as if I didn't*
, she thought for the thousandth time.
any of them care about is this jumping
of a baby.
eter laughed. "You look as if you were
g to spit," he said, and when Mary spat,
t on the floor, he grabbed her and
ed her. "The doctor says you're not
id," he murmured, "just unprepared."

"Unprepared!" She pushed him away. "Even *you* talk about the baby all the time—unprepared!" she said. "With everyone asking me what I want to have, a boy or a girl, and the family always gasping and making comments about the size. Unprepared! I'm sick of this baby."

The telephone rang. "Let it go," Peter said. But Mary made him get up, and he answered the phone. His voice as he replied to the message was deep, worried.

"What is it?"

He hung up the receiver and groaned. "I have to go away," he said dramatically. "For two weeks. To Cleveland."

Suddenly she was frightened. "No!" she gasped. "Not now! Not with everything just about to happen." Her heart fluttered and she felt ill. *I am unprepared*, she thought. "I can't stay here alone with the jumping jack, I can't, Peter," she told him. "Call them back."

"I can't." Peter sat in an armchair and leaned forward. He clasped and unclasped his hands. He started to speak and then



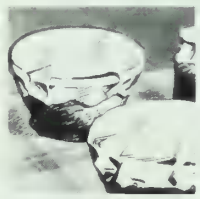
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Government orders now restrict the manufacture of Reynolds Wrap and all household foil. Military needs demand aluminum foil to protect rations, drugs, delicate instruments. The day will come, however, when Reynolds Wrap will wing its way back. Back to your favorite store. Back to your home. Aluminum production is being rapidly expanded to bring you, as quickly as possible, all the Reynolds Wrap you want.

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Are you in the know?



If you and your pal are smitten by the same Sigh Man, should you —

☐ *Date him* ☐ *Suggest a double date* ☐ *Bow out nobly*

Let's say you and your best pal are vacationing at a Dude Ranch. Gals meet cowboy—and you're both "gone" dogies! But if *you* are the one he favors, why bow out? Suggest a double date: your femme friend may have a pleasant change of heart. Whatever the plans, you needn't cower in a corner just because it's *that* time. Come slacks, Levis or datin' duds, no one will know, with Kotex—for those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines—shore 'nuff! And see how comfortable you can be, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it: has softness that *holds its shape*.



With sleeveless dresses, which goes best?

☐ *Long gloves* ☐ *A stole* ☐ *A razor*

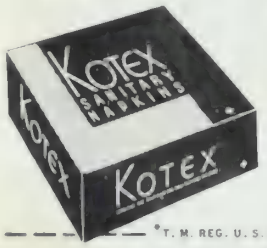
Daintiness, like diamonds, can be a girl's best friend! And sleeveless frocks, especially, call for underarm contact with the razor's edge. Keeps you out of the untidy bracket. Promotes your poise. Self-assurance at *calendar* time calls for just the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. So Kotex gives you *3 absorbencies* to choose from (different sizes, for different days). Try all 3 to learn which one's *exactly* right for you.



A train acquaintance asks you to dinner?

☐ *Call the conductor* ☐ *Go dutch* ☐ *Dash for the dining car*

No harm in casual chatter to while the miles away—when the Handsome Stranger's not the wolf type. But, if you accept his dining car bid, go dutch; then you needn't feel indebted. (Convenient—if "Dr. Jekyll" turns out to be Mr. Hyde.) It's smart to be wary. On trying days, likewise. Smooth sisters choose Kotex—an "auld acquaintance" they can trust for *extra* protection, such as that special *safety center* gives.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

How to prepare for certain days?

☐ *Circle your calendar* ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe* ☐ *Buy a new belt*



Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute, buy a new Kotex belt *now*.

Kotex Sanitary Belt . . . *Buy two—for a change!*

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) Won't you try Delsey, next time?

didn't speak. At last he stood up. "You will go to your mother's," he announced.

Doom, that's what it is, doom, Mary thought. She had not even visited her mother since the dress episode. Going home to visit her two younger brothers and sister and her father was no longer a pleasure, because she was not Mary, the beautiful eldest, but Mary, the pregnant one.

"I'll stay alone!" Mary shrieked. "Not to mother's, Peter, with all of them staring and talking and being glad all over the place. No, not without you."

She waited for his arm to embrace her shoulder, waited for his soft words of sympathy and encouragement and surrender. Nothing happened. "You will go," his voice said. There was nothing to do but cry, so she cried. And afterward she wondered how Peter could resist her tears. Because he did resist them, and she found herself giving in, and going to live with her family while Peter was away.

The first morning of her stay, Mary lay in bed, listening to the racket outside her room, deciding that the thing she had forgotten most was the noise. Now, at eight o'clock of this chill February morning, she could hear her father bellowing about not being able to find a razor blade. Her mother's voice, sweet but surprisingly penetrating, asked everyone in general where her sewing basket was. And she could hear her sister and two brothers excitedly yelling at the end of the hall.

Mary tried to sink her head deeper into the pillow, wishing she were back in her own little house. She wished Peter were snuggled next to her, quiet Peter who liked to sleep late in the morning.

Her door burst open. That was another thing about living here: no privacy, even in bed. Her younger sister, Andrea, dressed in men's pajamas, stood in the doorway, one hand on the doorknob, dramatic as always, her feet apart. For a moment Mary looked at Andrea's thin body in genuine envy. She looked lithe and wonderful, and most decidedly unpregnant.

"It's not so bad when you're lying down," Andrea remarked. "Only a little heap. More like a cantaloupe than a watermelon." She stood and stared openly at her sister, and Mary's modesty was offended. *How did I ever grow up modest*, she wondered, *in this mob? Maybe because I'm eldest.*

"What do you want, Andrea?" She was annoyed. "What is it?" Mary asked again impatiently.

"The toilet froze!" Andrea shouted, remembering herself again. "I just looked in because you might have morning sickness and you just can't this morning because it won't flush."

"Get out of here," Mary said firmly.

HER brother's head appeared behind Andrea's. "Is she going to?" he asked. He smiled at Mary, and she almost smiled back because he was her favorite. Handsome, Nathan was, and charming. "Are you going to puke?" Nathan asked.

"I never have," she said, still lying on her back, feeling silly with the two of them looking at her. "Go away."

"Let me see her," a voice said, and Curtis, who was twelve, youngest of them all, crawled between Andrea and Nathan. He looked carefully at Mary's shape under the bedclothes. "Well," he said, and that was all. Then he left the room. There was relief in his every gesture.

Mary remembered that when she had entered the house last night with Peter, Curtis had all but fallen over backward at the sight of her great bulk. It had been humiliating, and it was even more humiliating now, seeing his relief. *I suppose he came in to see if I'd exploded*, Mary thought, and suddenly she was angry at the whole bunch of them: at Peter for going away and leaving her here, an object of curiosity and pity; at her mother for letting the kids burst into her room every five minutes; at her father . . . for what? For loving children, that was what.

She reached down and found a slipper, threw it with excellent aim at Andrea and Nathan. "Get out! Get out!" she screa... at them, like a shrew, and they went.

Later she saw the sign Nathan had n... It said, in large black letters, MOR... SICKNESS PROHIBITED. Oh, they were a... awful. They were lewd and disgusting... much too curious. They asked her, ... stantly, if she felt life, and clucked ... delight when one evening the baby k... the evening paper off her lap.

"I do not like," Mary said, "being... center of a physical discussion. If I weren... like this," she went on, wondering wi... was so easy to cry lately, or to feel... crying, "you never would have started... discussion."

"Oh, nuts," Andrea said. "Yo... neurotic."

"I'm not neurotic, I'm not!" Mary tu... to her mother. "Tell them I'm not."

HER father looked at her for a mor... "How can your mother tell them you'r... neurotic when you act neurotic?"

"Your father's right," her mother ...

"How deadly," Mary said.

"You mean being neurotic?"

"No, I mean saying 'Your father's ri... It's so cliché. It's so settled. It's so paren... she fumed.

"And someday you'll be saying it t... Nathan said.

"Ha-ha," Andrea added.

Mary jumped to her feet, forgetting ... self, and the weight of the baby mad... fall forward to her knees. Nathan d... tangled his long legs from the sofa and ... across the living-room floor in one step... took hold of Mary's elbows and half pu... her to her feet. As she brushed her long... back out of her eyes, she saw that everyo... her mother, her father, Andrea—was ... ridiculous pose, half up, half down. A... them looked anxious. *How silly*, M... thought, *I only fell on my knees*. But it... nice of them to care, she thought.

Nathan smiled, the recent argument... gotten. "Be careful, Mary," he said. ... careful of my nephew."

It was the baby they were all conce... about, not her. Her knees stung from ... fall, and she felt shaky. "Leave me alo... she snapped, pulling her arm out of Nath... grasp. "Leave me alone. And I mea... You all make me sick!"

After that it was a little better. F... whole day Andrea and Nathan and C... kept clear of her. Her mother, for rea... known only to herself, had stopped tal... about the baby entirely, and Mary foun... change refreshing. On their walks they... cussed everything except Nathan and Ar... and Curtis.

And Mary did not see them very ... now. Only at meals. In spite of herself ... began to feel lonely. Her mother was ... The friends with whom she had grow... had married and moved away, or else ... worked all day. Peter's nightly telep... calls were the only bright spots in her ... but they were very short.

Her irritability increased as the days ... by. Her heavy body was something of w... she was always aware now. It was diffi... to bend; sometimes it seemed an effo... breathe, and the feeling of being an over... balloon began to absorb all her thou... all her days, and so she became irritabl... first she enjoyed it. There was a ce... satisfaction in seeing Nathan and Ar... and Curtis look subdued if they made ... and she objected, or if they acciden... brushed against her when they walked ... She enjoyed their apologies, telling h... that she deserved them. After all, she ... not living here of her own free will. It w... imposition upon her to be living here a ...

But one day she found her irritab... increased when no one answered her ... The entire family was seated at the brea... table. Except for her father, no one ... dressed except Mary. Nathan had on ... the bottom of his pajamas, as did C... Andrea was wearing something indescri... that she had obviously snatched up o... way downstairs. Her mother wore a fl... robe, chic, but patched.

Why," Mary burst out, "do you all have
ess like charity cases? Really, it makes
eel sick."
Relax," her father said.
Everyone in this family is too relaxed,"
y retorted. "You boys could at least
tops. Hairy thing," she added, looking
athan. "Mother, must you be patched—
different color?".
o one rose to the bait. Her father con-
ed to eat his oatmeal, her mother sipped
e. Nathan hunched lower in his chair to
his bare chest.
, no one wanted to fight back, and it
e Mary angrier that they should all give
You," she said to Andrea, "you ought
ashamed. You look the same all day as
do at breakfast. Why don't you comb
hair, why don't you do something to
e yourself pretty, or to try?"
ndrea did not look up. Busily, she cleaned
plate of its scrambled eggs and bacon,
then left the room.
ne by one, the others left, until Mary sat
e at the table, except for Curtis. He
n sat for hours at the breakfast table,
ng nothing, saying nothing, just sitting,
ing up. He had always done it, even as a
e fellow. Conversation flowed over and
him.
She makes me mad," Mary said, talking
Curtis as if he were a post, knowing he
ldn't answer. "She just looks haggy half
time—and with her figure! You'd think
d care a little."
Curtis stretched languidly.
I'd forgotten," Mary went on, "about
sloppy everyone is here. Look at me,
only one decently
ssed. Peter hates people
ook messy. Ever."
Curtis scratched his
chest.
It's just not fair,"
ry went on, warming
the subject, "that I
e to live here. I'd be
ch better off at my own house, alone.
ch better. At least the toilet doesn't
ze there. Oh, people just don't under-
nd here, how I feel. And they don't care."
felt very sorry for herself now, and tears
ang to her eyes.
Curtis pushed his chair back and stood up.
ou stink," he told his sister, and walked
y.
ike a slap. That's what his remark was
, like a slap. Mary sat still, recovering,
ting for righteous anger to course through
. Nothing coursed through her; she was
fectly calm, calmer than she had been in
s.
nto her mind flashed a picture of herself
child, having a tantrum, furious because
could not go to the movies with her
her and father one evening. "You prom-
!" she had screamed. "You're mean,
el!" And suddenly, in the midst of it all,
father's hand had reached out and slapped
in the face. She had stopped crying,
ngely satisfied. She was satisfied now. *I*
rved that crack, she thought. *Oh, did I*
rve it! I'll bake Curtis a cake to thank him
it.
nd an inner voice said, *Go and find*
drea and tell her you're sorry. Tell her
re jealous of her figure and her freedom
her pep. Do something, the voice said, *do*
ething to undo the mess you've made of this
ily.

T she was afraid, of course, and so she
not look for Andrea right away. But for
first time during her stay, she washed
dishes. Reaching up to put them away
an effort, and she was glad it was an
rt. She mopped the kitchen floor. She
ned the dining room. She mixed a cake
Curtis and put it in the oven, and then
thought, *Now I'll go make my bed, and*
I'll find Andrea.
lowly she went upstairs. *I feel like an old*
an, she thought. *Maybe it's a good thing.*
could not believe, now that she had come
her senses more or less, that she had.
r being married and living her own life,
e back here and tried to act like the
r sister, a childish older sister at that.
The shame was a red-hot thing within her, obliterating all else.

She opened the door to her room, and there was Andrea. She had made the bed, straightened the room, and she was sitting in front of the dressing table, combing her long hair. Andrea's hair was very straight, and Mary had always thought it beautiful—very shiny, russet-colored hair, thick. Now Andrea held it back from her thin face in a sort of knot, and Mary had to take only one quick look at her sister's reflection in the mirror to see that she had been crying.

Why can't I say it? she asked herself. *Say I'm sorry.* She had never apologized to Andrea, never. Always she had been the eldest, the pretty one, and in the topsy-turvy world of childhood, she had therefore always been right.

"I'M sorry, Andrea." It sounded forced and insincere, but it was hard to say, very hard to say.

Andrea's slim shoulder straightened a little. She let her hair fall back over her shoulders again. "It's okay," she said. "It's okay, Mare."

"Thanks for making the bed."

They looked at each other, Andrea staring past her own reflection in the mirror.

"I——" Andrea said. "Do you think I'd look better if I cut it?" She pulled at a lock of her hair.

"Oh, no," Mary said. "Your hair is beautiful. You are too."

"Oh, Mare!" In Andrea's voice was a whole world of gratitude and pride. "*You're* the pretty one, you've always been."

"Once, maybe."

Andrea patted her on the shoulder awkwardly. "Even now."

"Thanks," Mary said. She could not look at Andrea, afraid that the tears so near the surface would fall if she saw so much as a glistening in Andrea's eyes.

Andrea coughed. "I'm sorry I came into your room without asking. But on the third floor I don't have anything—you know, brushes and stuff. So I sort of couldn't help looking haggy." She smiled.

"It *is* your room now, isn't it?" But it was not really a question. *So who's been imposing on whom?* the inner voice asked. *Just who?* "I've gone and discombobulated the whole family, I guess," Mary said at last.

"Well," Andrea said, "we really didn't mind."

"Much," Mary added.

"Much," Andrea said.

When the maid turned up at four o'clock to start cooking dinner, Mary shooed her out of the house, telling her to take a day off. All morning and afternoon Mary had thought about how to show the family she was sorry. The idea of apologizing to each person in turn was impossible, silly—and so she had decided to cook the family a dinner, all by herself. Dishwashing and all. She had ordered chicken because she cooked that best, and carrots and shrimp and everything, and had even paid the man out of her own money when he brought the supplies to the back door. She had finished baking Curtis' cake, and had iced it carefully.

It was very hot, working in the kitchen. She was awkward as she moved about, and broke two glasses trying to carry them into the dining room when she set the table. But at last everything was ready. The family, assuming that the maid was in the kitchen (Mary heard Andrea saying, "Gosh, mom, that new maid sure is noisy," and her mother saying, "She'll learn"), assembled in the dining room, and then Mary appeared, served them all, watched happily as they ate. Her mother, she noticed, had difficulty in speaking at first, but presently she recovered. Her father beamed. Nathan and Curtis and Andrea made insulting remarks about the food, which they gobbled up with relish, and it was all very successful.

It was not until dessert that anyone said anything—anything about the way Mary

A hundred men can make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home. —CHINESE PROVERB.

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had acted, about the fact that they all understood, without being told, that she was trying to make up. And then she carried in the cake and set it in front of Curtis.

"You get to cut it, pal," she said, "because of what you said this morning."

He blushed. "I didn't mean it. Not physically." They laughed together at the joke between them.

Her father patted her arm as she passed the first piece of cake to him. "There was a little girl, who had a little curl," he said, "right in the middle of her forehead." He winked. "And when she was good, she was very, very good ——"

"Oh, shut up," Mary said, but she was smiling.

It was after she had finished the dishes and was sitting in the living room writing a letter to Peter that her father threatened the newborn peace.

"Mary," he said, squinting over the top of his book, "what do you expect this child of yours to sleep in?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"Why do I ask! Because generally babies sleep somewhere other than in laps."

"It's a funny question." She paused. "I—I don't know," she said at last.

"There, you see?" he said to her mother. "I told you she was peculiar. About the baby, I mean." He coughed. "I personally resent the fact that my grandchild has no bed to sleep in."

"It's true," her mother said, "you *are* queer, Mary. Very. About the baby."

Are they joking? Mary wondered. She looked carefully at both of them, trying to decide.

"It's no use," she said at last. "You can just sit there and feel as triumphant as you look. Because I just don't feel motherly. See?" She spoke loudly, too loudly.

"Boloney," her father said, stamping out of the room. "You resent the poor little thing," he added, over his shoulder. "You feel sorry for yourself, that's what."

Her mother sighed. "I don't know," she said, coming over to Mary and taking her hand and pulling her to her feet, "why he has to be so violent about things he loves." She sighed again. "Come along. I'll show you why he's so excited."

Together, then, they went into the cellar. Huge floodlights, dangling from a series of cords, lighted the place as if it were day. People—Andrea's and Nathan's friends—crowded the floor. In the midst of the people stood Nathan and Andrea, looking funny in blue jeans and long shirts covered with paint. Curtis was dashing from one person to another, serving coffee.

All the people were talking, standing in a rough circle. Mary could see her father's white head bobbing as he apparently directed something in their midst. Then he caught sight of Mary over the heads of the others, and he just looked at her, and all the others slowly turned around.

"What is it?" she found herself asking. "Have you discovered gold down there?"

"Let her see," her mother said, and the group parted. In the center of the circle stood several pieces of furniture—a crib, a small wardrobe, a chest.

"It's for you," Nathan said at last. He picked up a pink potty seat and waved it in front of her. "Indirectly for you."

"For me?"

"There's even a high chair," Curtis said, pointing it out. "It took me six whole months to make it. All by myself."

Mary looked down at him. His yellow hair was standing up straight, and he smelled of khaki pants and little-boy sweat. *This is my little brother*, she thought, hugging him. *Isn't he darling! And he's made something for me.*

As Curtis wriggled out of her grasp, Mary thought again about what he had said. "What do you mean, six months?"

Curtis smiled the rare, shy smile that he reserved only for moments of great joy. "We've *all* been working six months, at least. Even pop. He made the crib."

"It was a secret," Andrea said. "The furniture should have been done sooner, but we weren't such hot carpenters."

"So we just had to invite all these people in to help paint," Curtis added, sweeping his arm in a gesture just like his father's to include the people, the lowly helpers.

"Well," Mary said.

"Well," Curtis said, "only then you acted like such a boob that pop said we shouldn't show them to you. Any daughter of his, he said, acted like that ——"

A hand reached out of the crowd, her father's hand, grabbed Curtis by the back of his shirt, and lifted him bodily away from his spot in front of Mary.

"You know how he is," her father said. "He exaggerates." Turning back to the crowd, he started them all working again, and after a moment rejoined them.

Mary wandered among the pieces of furniture. *All this time that I wouldn't come and visit*, she thought, *they've been working. Their feelings were probably hurt all the time, too—and they kept right on. How wonderful families are*, she thought, feeling warm, feeling loved.

"Think he'll sleep well in this?" her father asked suddenly. He stood by the crib with a proprietary air.

"Sleep?" Mary looked at the crib. It was beautifully made, very functional, very handsome. It would look well in a house. She gazed at it very hard, trying, because her father seemed so anxious, to visualize a baby sleeping there. But it was no use.

Her father watched her face and then sighed. "Don't say we didn't try," he muttered.

Mary could not look at him. No words came out.

"Gosh," Nathan said, "I feel so uncle-y. Watch," he added, "watch this, Mary." He had a paintpot in his hand, and even as Mary watched, he started to paint on the inside of the crib's headboard over some lines he had sketched there earlier. He was reaching downward over the headboard so that what he was painting was upside down to him. Fascinated, Mary watched, and before her eyes, as Nathan carefully outlined his drawing, changing brushes and paint to put in color, she saw a picture—quite a charming picture of a baby—appear on the headboard. Nathan stopped a minute. "Wait," he said, "it doesn't look like anyone." And then he painted two large ears on the baby's head.

Suddenly the baby looked exactly like Peter.

Mary stared at it, amazed. The picture was the very image of Peter. And adorable. She thought of how sweet a baby like that would be, with its funny ears and all, lying in the crib. Here was a picture of a baby who would sit in the high chair and yell, probably, and be difficult when hungry. She could even, if she tried very hard, imagine a baby like that sitting on the potty seat. She looked around at the furniture and back at the picture again. *Why*, she thought, *my baby will look like that. Our baby, Peter's and mine!*

"Listen," she said to her mother and father and the three kids and everyone else in the room, "I want to thank you. I'm so grateful that I just almost can't stand it. I—I want to start a family, too, like this one—a family that loves babies . . . and all." She was terribly embarrassed, now that she'd said all this, and her father put his arm around her. The other people turned tactfully back to their work. "I don't deserve it," Mary muttered into the crook of her father's arm, where she was hiding her face.

"No," her father said, "but the baby does." He kissed the top of her head.

Mary turned and went upstairs then, unable to face all the guests again, having said so much in front of them. And she had to hurry now. Diapers, the baby would need, and clothes. How wonderful that there was furniture. It was then she remembered that her mother, her family, her sister and brothers and aunts had sent almost everything the baby would need. *And I didn't make it a thing*, she thought. *Not a thing.*

She said it to her mother, who followed her up the stairs. "Mother, mother, my baby'll be born without even a single bootee I made for it."

And her mother did not laugh, but found wool and needles for Mary; and Mary worked all evening long until her eyes ached and her back hurt, until she had finished a tiny pair of blue bootees for the child. They were crooked and had five mistakes in them, but as she went to bed at three she thought, *There, its mother has helped a little.*

The next morning, for the first time since that awful morning when she had thrown the slipper at them, Nathan and Curtis and Andrea appeared in her doorway to wake her up.

"What's the occasion?" she asked weakly, because going to bed so late had not agreed with her.

"Moving the furniture," they said. "To your house."

"Get up!" Curtis jumped on her bed, and Mary groaned. Nathan dragged him off.

"We have a station wagon," Nathan said. "Pop wants us to move the stuff early. It's all dry and all, and we have to do it *now*, he said, so you can tell us where it goes."

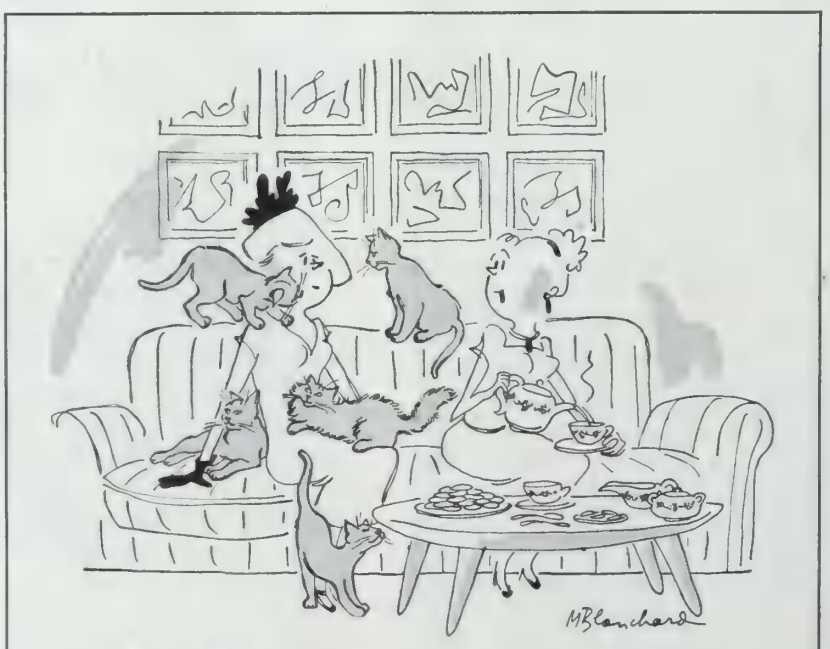
"Now?" she asked vaguely.

"It's due tomorrow, isn't it?" Andrea asked. They all looked worried for a moment, as if they had been involved in an enormous hoax. "What kind of a question is that—now? Pop's right, you *are* queer."

"I sure am," Mary said. "I have a stomach-ache."

"Eek!" Nathan said. "Hey, ma! She's having the baby right here."

"It's only a stomach-ache," Mary said, as it got worse.



"They just love people who hate cats."

"Mom," Nathan yelled again. "It's b born! It's your fault," he added, turnin Curtis, "you jumped on my nephew."

"Forget about your nephew," Mary "I only have a stomach-ache."

"You're having the baby," her mo said calmly, entering the room. It was she were saying, *It's going to rain.* "Let' I've called the doctor. Andrea, help dress."

So Mary gave in. It was easier arguing. *I'll humor her. But surely this ache can't be a baby coming.*

By the time Mary had dressed and reac the bottom of the stairs, the ache bec quite real. She sat down until it subsi Her mother was waiting outside in the Andrea and Nathan were standing by h their pajamas. *Why are they always in jamas?* Mary wondered. *And at a time this?* Curtis stood by the front door.

At last Mary stood up, ready to "Thanks," she said to all of them. "G how can I thank you?"

"Name it after me!" Andrea and Nat shouted in one breath.

But Curtis said nothing. He looke Mary's huge body and shook his head have a feeling it's going to be a freak," he s

Mary looked at him, very hard. She never thought of that. Maybe it *would* freak. *Oh*, she thought, *not that cute little with the big ears—not him a freak.*

Both Andrea and Nathan looked iously at Mary. *They don't know*, she thou *how motherly I really am, now.* It was responsibility to set their minds at ease.

"No," Mary said slowly to her l brother, "not my baby, not our baby will be perfect." And she went out the with her mother.

The hospital was efficient and frighte until the doctor arrived. Looking at Mary thought, *I never thought I'd see the when I'd be glad to see him.* But he see suddenly very nice indeed, comfortingly v versed in his business. Once he said, " you tired?" and she said, "Well, I di think it would take this long," and laughed and said, "I don't think you thought about it," and she said no m because he was right—or he had been u last night. He told her that Peter woul with her just as soon as the child was b "Right away?" she asked, and he said, " the minute afterward," and she believed

The minute afterward—or was it h afterward?—but the minute she opened eyes, Peter was there. Wonderful Pe Peter whom the baby looked just like. H did she know? *I must have seen him*, thought, because she knew the baby w boy, and she knew its ears stuck out she knew he looked just like Peter and t he yelled loudly. But she did not re remember how she knew all this.

Peter kissed her gently. "I hurried," said. "Darling, I hurried. Was it awful alone?"

She smiled because it had really b wonderful. "I was never alone," she said only thought I was. Before."

"You look awful," Peter said. "Tire love you."

"You look awful too," Mary said, "b love you too."

"Well," Peter said. "Oh, how I mis you—just you, my wife." He held her ha kissed it, many times.

"Aren't you going to ask about the bab she said at last, impatient with him. H *could* he not ask about the baby?

"All I care about is you," Peter s "The baby's okay, that's enough for m

"Okay," Mary repeated scornfully. " magnificent!" She tried to sit up a lit "You dope—he's beautiful, and you di even ask about him!"

Peter smiled. "I seem to remember saying you were sick of being treated lik mother. That you were sick of the bab

"Oh," Mary said, hugging Peter, "I a fool then. But *now* I'm a mother!"

"Oh," Peter said, "where's that leave m

"Being a father," Mary said, and t laughed together.

THE E



or margarine. Mix all the ingredi- roughly (including the noodles) and with 1½ teaspoons salt and a dash er. This dish must be served very hot, neans that it must be heated—with- vely cooking—for a few minutes.

Black Butter Sauce

as much butter or margarine as you d let it cook in a frying pan until it brown in color. Take it away from the heat and let it cool. For ¼ pound butter, you'll need 2 tablespoons vinegar which you will put into a small saucepan, with salt and pepper. Simmer and boil down, then stir it into the cooled butter. Warm up the whole together, but gently, and pour over cooked, hot string beans. It may seem a little more complicated to make black butter sauce this way, but try it—you'll see that it is so much nicer than ordinary melted butter.



Fruit Cup
Potato Soufflé
Buttered Spinach
Coleslaw
Cake

Soufflés of eggs, cheese and potatoes keep the Swiss healthy.

Swiss are great ones for soufflés, and e looks of the lads and lassies, I'd say nothing better to build lissome bodies, ng teeth and shiny eyes than the delec- oncoctions of milk, cheese, eggs and s which are staples of their diet. h it, spinach that's just barely done in e water than that clinging to the washed Three to four minutes of rapid cooking ou need for an effect that's pleasing to e teeth and the taste buds. When you've d your spinach, put it back into the ith salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. tter and heat, stirring until the spinach oughly warm and the butter melted. le with lemon juice just before serving. d and dessert are simple.

Potato Soufflé (43c)

Prepare 2 cups hot mashed potatoes. Don't let them cool, to avoid the unfriendly taste that's particular to cold mashed potatoes. Beat in, with abandon, ½ cup hot milk, ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley (optional) and 1 teaspoon salt, and set on the side of the range. Beat the yolks of 4 eggs until thick and lemon-colored, and the whites until stiff but not dry. Fold the yolks into the potato mixture, and be sure to do the job properly. Fold in egg whites with big, easy strokes. Pile lightly—lightly, I said—into a greased baking dish, and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 25 minutes, for a lovely, puffy soufflé.



Fruit-Juice Cocktail
Fried Spaghetti
Broiled Tomato Halves
Waldorf Salad
Brownies

hen your purse feels slender, remember children love spaghetti.

iety is the spice of life, and if this isn't ay for swishing everything around in ng room, change your spaghetti. Much r, and sure to please the family. d spaghetti is that heavenly invention— children like, and come back for again gain. Since I don't think you'll have with the adults either, I urge you to try your purse feels particularly slender, ing. To begin with, let's have a fruit- ocktail, made from the sirup you saved our peaches, plums, pears and pine- Nice—even nicer with a squeeze of

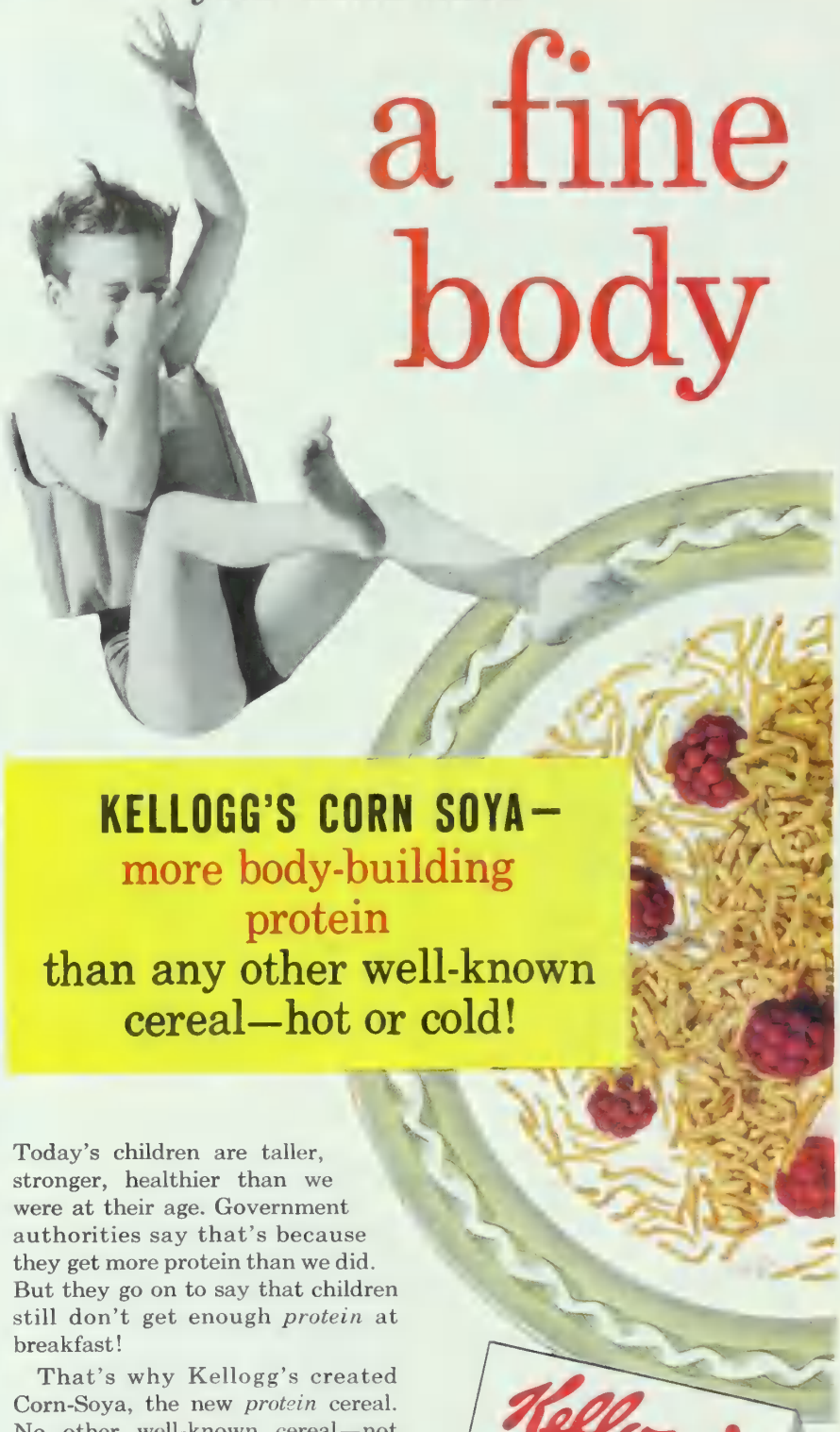
h the spaghetti, broiled halves of to- sprinkled thickly with parsley and ouch of grated cheese. A Waldorf salad spness, and brownies for dessert. Come t it!

Fried Spaghetti (66c)

Cook ½ pound spaghetti according to package directions, but keep it definitely on the underdone side. You've got to cook it again, and you don't want to end up with a mush. Drain. Beat 4 eggs with 1 cup milk thoroughly, add ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese, 1½ teaspoons salt and a little pepper, with a few extra beats for good measure. Cook 4 tablespoons butter in skillet to a delicious golden foam. Add spaghetti and swirl around so that every strand is coated with the butter's goodness. Pour milk-egg-cheese mixture over spaghetti and give it a good stir. Then lower heat, and cook without stirring until golden and deliciously crusty on the bottom—20–30 minutes. Loosen all around edge with a spatula. Slice onto plate, which is easy because the

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*Recommended dietary allowance (revised 1948). National Research Council.

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Four initialed teaspoons for 75¢! See complete offer on Corn-Soya package.

Easy way to keep double-crust pies from boiling over



—a pie-baking hint from
MARIE GIFFORD,
Armour's famous home economist

Cut the top crust off with a pair of kitchen scissors, one-half inch beyond the edge of the filled pie tin. Fold the top crust *under* the lower crust — and then crimp the edge. Folding the top crust under seals the juices *in* the pie.



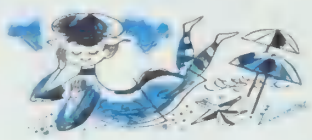
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Pea Soup
Rice Croquettes
Carrots with Onions
Deep-Dish Pie

The rice should cover the cheese like a Victorian bathing suit.

Our main dish is rice croquettes with a difference and, since it's rather on the light side for dinner, I think you should serve your favorite hearty soup—pea soup would be a good choice.

The vegetable is carrots with onions, a welcome change from peas with carrots. To let you in on a secret, I don't really care for the traditional peas—that's why I put onions with the carrots I love. Try to slice your carrots into fine rounds, and as for onions, I calculate four smallish ones for a bunch of carrots. Melt a lump of butter or margarine the size of a walnut into a pan with a tight cover. Add your vegetables, a little water—it should come to no more than halfway—salt and pepper. Cover, and leave to its own devices until done. You might check from time to time if more water is needed—hot water, mind you. Remember, that's always easier to add than subtract, so be easy on the water to get this dish as it should be: carrots and onions tender, the water absorbed, and all the vitamins and minerals going where they should go—namely, into your family and you.

The rice croquettes are a fine way of using leftover rice, but it would be dull to fry them bare of surprises. Talking of surprises, remember when grandma taught you to knit? Her balls of wool invariably held a surprise in their core, to reward you for knitting up. Neatly wrapped in tissue paper or in a little box you'd find a coin, a little ring or some other coveted trinket. That's what I mean when I put cheese plump in the middle of my croquettes—something to look forward to, to surprise me.

For dessert, pie—you choose that. I go for one-crust deep-dish pies—more fruit, you know, and easier on the calorie-conscious conscience.

Rice Croquettes (39c)

Cook ½ cup rice in boiling salted water. Drain. There should be 2 cups. Add 1 egg, well beaten, and 1 teaspoon salt, making sure that none of the egg's goodness goes wasted in the dish in which you have beaten it. Cut enough of your favorite cheese or cheese food into cubes to make 1 cup. Pieces should be ¾" square. Cover each piece of cheese with rice mixture—you can put several pieces of cheese into one croquette, if you're a lavish girl. Shape into croquettes. Here's a tip: be careful to cover the cheese very thoroughly (the way mother was covered by her bathing suits—dresses, I should say). You must do this so that the cheese will not ooze out, which would spoil both the taste and the effect of the croquettes. Dip croquettes into bread crumbs, neatly and evenly, and fry in deep fat until they are nicely browned on all sides, and crisp. That's a croquette's secret—crisp on the outside and soft within, to make each bite a pleasure. Serve with a lovely tomato sauce.

P.S. There are more ways to rice croquettes—why not use morsels of leftover meat, ham, bits of sausage or small, sautéed mushrooms. Surprises—remember?



Tomato Juice
Italian Risotto with Ham
Creamed Spinach
Pears with Hot Chocolate Sauce

Father Risotto's rice children are shapely individuals.

Everything but the main dish is familiar to you on today's menu: the tomato juice pepped up with a dash of Worcestershire and a squeeze of lemon; the creamed spinach (don't forget to add a whisper of nutmeg for a lovely, elusive flavor) and the dessert—canned pears with chocolate sauce we'll have for that, the pears carefully drained, and the chocolate sauce hot and very vanilla-ish.

The main dish is Italian Risotto with Ham, and before giving you the recipe for this, I want to raise my voice on behalf of this friend of man, rice.

Italian cooking uses plenty of rice, especially in Northern Italy, where it's grown under water over large areas. In fact, it is little known in America that Northern Italians seldom use spaghetti—their staple is rice, and on occasion, corn meal. Risotto is one of their ways of cooking rice, and I think, along with gourmets all over the world, one of the best. The difference comes in with the liquid (water, tomato juice or bouillon, all hot) being added gradually, as soon as one batch is absorbed by the rice—you'll see how this is done below. This way, the rice is so much tastier, since it is cooked inside out, so to speak.

There are many varieties of risotto, but for today's menu we will concentrate on:

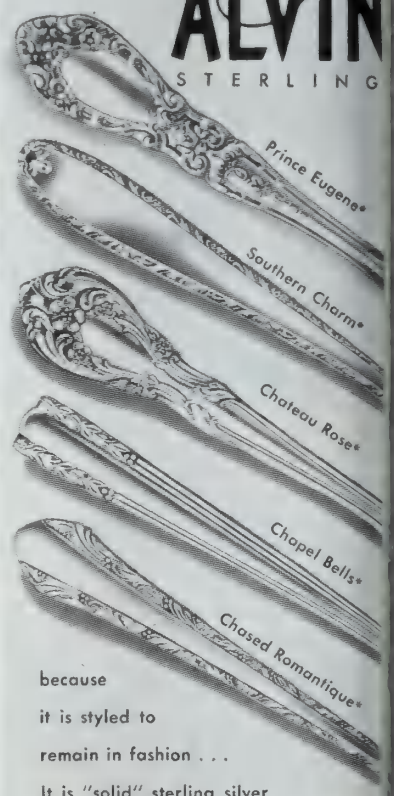
Italian Risotto with Ham (79c)

Mince 1 medium onion and fry in ¼ pound butter or margarine until it's limp and golden, but no more. Be sure it's really soft, because for some reason it never catches up with this initial cooking. Add 1½ cups rice, which must be dry. If yours isn't quite immaculate, rub it clean between two clean kitchen towels, but don't wash it. Cook rice in butter or margarine until it is very dry, a bit frizzly at the edges and quite glassy to look at. Stir plenty. I beg you to do this carefully—this is the stage when the rice mates with the butter flavor, never to be torn asunder again. Next step: add as much hot diluted canned consommé (or bouillon made from cubes and water) as the rice will absorb easily, which means that it should be just covered. And stir, stir, stir. As I said before, risotto is rice cooked from the inside, getting more flavorsome as it goes along; that's why it's so much nicer to add consommé rather than plain, dull, old hot water. And do you know why the liquid must be hot? Because you can't add cold to hot, or the rice will sadly close its pores, so to speak, which have been opened during cooking, and get hard and stay so. But back to rice. Add more hot liquid as you go along and stir to prevent sticking and burning—it is really very easy. When the rice is a little more than half done, you add 2 teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 cup diced ham. More liquid (you will need a total of 3½ cups altogether), more stirring—you can tell by the taste when the rice is done enough. (If you haven't the time to stir and watch, watch and stir, you can add the hot consommé all at once, to the buttered rice, in a heavy pan. Add the ham and seasonings, cover tightly and simmer very gently 40 minutes—no peeking.) Again, I warn you of overcooking—Father Risotto likes his grain children soft, but shapely, and distinct from one another. Sprinkle with cheese, and serve and eat hot.

THE END

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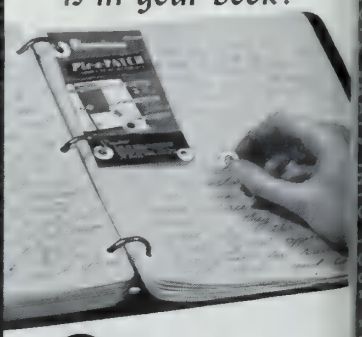
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THE SPELL

(Continued from Page 35)

ı served as a signal. Then the group
d and a tall young man, with a brief,
ant nod of farewell that embraced
member of the party, stepped into
rain, shut the door firmly and, with-
incommoding Mrs. Belchamber, ar-
d the three children at the window in
best position for making their final
es. The train moved, the children waved
he cries of the farewell committee died
in the distance.

rs. Belchamber found, with deep relief,
the newcomers were silent. She studied
hree of them and decided that their
ıer might just as well have saved herself
ble and had one child instead of three,
apart from their size and the fact that
girl's hair was somewhat longer than
oys'—she could not detect the smallest
rence in them.

ıere was the elder boy—he might have
ten, with brown skin, brown hair and
brown eyes. There was the younger
—about nine, brown skin, brown hair
large brown eyes. The little girl, she
ght, would be about seven—brown skin,
vn hair and large brown eyes. They
ed typically French, and so did those
ulous hats, but it was pleasant—if sur-
ng—to find that French children could
ave with English calm.

Irs. Belchamber's eyes went to the young
ı, and she experienced a distinct feeling of
k. He was as unmistakably English as
children were French. She wondered
t he was doing with three French chil-
ı. Tutor, probably. But they were too
ng—and he didn't, somehow, look like a
r, though he was obviously in charge of
n.

Friends of yours?" she inquired of the
ng man.

hristopher Heron paused in the act of
ing tickets and rested a pair of cool gray
s upon the stranger. He sensed rather
n saw a rich old lady—one got the im-
ssion of plain but good clothes, good
gage, general well-being. He disliked her
y much; she had a disagreeable expression
l a long thin nose which he did not care to
e thrust into his affairs. He placed her as
of a type which considers its own good
eding sufficient cover for a display of bad
nners.

He answered her laconically, and went
k to his sorting. "Relations," he said.

Mrs. Belchamber flushed with anger, but
curiosity was stronger than her anger. If
ormation was withheld in one quarter, she
uld get it elsewhere. She looked at the
er boy, assembled her French and ad-
ssed him.

'Quel est—er—*votre nom?*" she inquired.

IE answer came in halting but correct
glish. "My name is Robert," he said. He
licated first the younger boy, and then the
l. "This is my brother, Paul, and this is
sister, Josette."

Mrs. Belchamber stared at him. "You
ak English very well," she informed him.

He gave her a short, un-English bow.
hank you."

'I, too, speak English very well," said
ul.

'Moi aussi," said Josette.

'That," explained Robert, "is because we
English."

'That is true. I am English," corrobo-
ed Paul.

'Moi aussi," said Josette.

There was a pause. Three pairs of brown
es were fixed upon Mrs. Belchamber, but
e was a little bewildered by this accommo-
ting response. She saw the Englishman
rring restlessly, and hastened on with her
estions before he could divert the chil-
n's attention.

'Where are you going?" she inquired.
o England?"

'Yes," said Robert.

'To England," said Paul. "I have been
fore."

'Moi aussi," said Josette.

Christopher leaned back and closed his eyes. To England. He thought with relief of the journey's end—though it was not to be quite the end. It was a pity to be taking the three of them to a London flat, especially in June, but it was all the home he had at the moment. Perhaps it would have been wiser, when he heard of the fire, to have postponed coming over to fetch the three of them, but the arrangements for transferring them permanently to England had been long and elaborate, and he had felt it best to stick to the plan.

THEY had been, he remembered, singularly unmoved when he had told them the news. That, perhaps, was the English side of them—but he had expected Robert, at any rate, to show some emotion at the thought that the home of his ancestors stood in ruins. But Robert had made a practical approach to the situation.

"The castle, it is burned?" he had asked.

"Yes. Not the walls, you understand, because they're stone, and very thick, but the inside."

"It cannot be made again?"

"You mean the damage repaired? No. You see," Christopher had told him, "it would mean a great deal of expense, and another thing ——"

He had hesitated. It was not the time to explain that an erection which for the last six hundred years had been an unsightly blot on the landscape was now a picturesque ruin. It was better not to dwell on the fact that since its erection in 1059 by Robert Fitz-Heron the silhouette of Piershurst Castle had stunned all beholders who had any appreciation of line or beauty. William the Conqueror, looking round for Saxon manors to confiscate for his own adherents, had reined in his horse, looked incredulously at Piershurst and crossed it off the list of awards. After the anarchy of Stephen's reign, it had been placed on Henry II's black list of unlicensed castles ordered to be destroyed, but the King's advisers had persuaded him to allow the notorious eyesore to stand as a perpetual punishment to the district. It had resisted sieges and survived assaults; it had seen countless Herons born and buried. Paul Heron, the sixth Earl of Piershurst, had been the last to live in it; before his son, Robert, the seventh earl, could be brought over from France to take up his residence at the castle, it had come at last to disaster. The seventh earl was homeless.

Christopher turned his head and studied the seventh earl. A nice little boy. A nice trio, in fact. This, his third meeting with them, had confirmed him in his previous view that they were, as children went, extraordinarily little trouble. He had not yet come to any conclusion about the wisdom of transplanting them to England, but it had been their mother's wish. She had displayed great sense throughout her difficult marriage, and had an instinct for doing the right thing. Christopher hoped that this would turn out to be the right thing.

He listened to the children's polite answers to the questions of the sour old woman opposite, and smiled to himself; she would extract something, but not a great deal, of their history, for it was a complicated one. A troubled one, but those who had been most troubled were now at rest. Christopher himself—the only one who might have felt a pang at the sight of the three children—felt nothing but liking.

He had been brought up as heir to the earldom of Piershurst. Until he was fourteen, he and his widowed mother had lived at the castle with his uncle, who was an elderly bachelor, quiet, scholarly, almost a recluse. He had gone to Aix-les-Bains for a cure and, to the incredulous astonishment of all who knew him, returned with a French wife. Christopher remembered his mother's face, stony with rage, when the news reached her. She and Christopher had left the castle, and he had not seen Piershurst again until he looked upon its blackened and gutted ruins.

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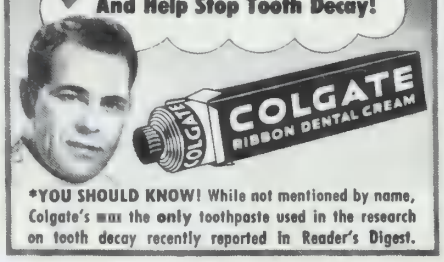
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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

He wondered, sometimes, at his own calm acceptance of the fact that his chance of becoming the seventh earl was gone. He had faced the prospect without any great sense of loss, but to his mother it had been a shattering blow.

The couple were left severely alone. After the birth of the third child, the earl took his family to France and settled them in a house near his wife's home in the Pyrenees. It was here that Christopher, some time later, had, on an impulse, interrupted a holiday tour and paid them a visit.

He was nineteen when he first saw his aunt and the children. He had always liked his uncle; he liked even more his mature, sensible wife; he grew to love the atmosphere of the big, rambling house and the happiness in it. He could even find pleasure in teasing his fat little brown-eyed cousins.

He went back the following year after the death of his mother, and it was the last time he was to see his uncle. At his death, Christopher brought his aunt and the children to England for a visit; she had decided to go back to France, and it was then that he had promised her that, if anything happened to her, he would bring the children to England and act as their guardian.

He was now fulfilling his promise. But what had been a smooth plan had developed a great many hitches. Ursule, the children's old nurse, had been coming with them, and with her Monique, her daughter; but Ursule had met him with a woebegone countenance: Monique was ill—it was not much, but she had a fever and it was necessary to wait until it passed before they traveled. They would follow when Monique was better.

So he was on his way to London with three children. Well, that was all right, he reflected. These three had a capacity for keeping their heads.

It was obvious that they were enjoying the journey, chatting in a friendly manner with the thin Englishwoman. The day was warm, the seat deep and soft. . . .

He awoke to find his charges gone and the old lady's eyes fixed upon him with a look of grim expectancy.

"Well?" she snapped. "Aren't you going after them?"

"After them?" Christopher raised an interrogative eyebrow.

"Those children. They went out. You're in charge of them, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," said Christopher, with an emphasis on the pronoun that made the old lady flush angrily.

"Suppose they fall out of the train," she demanded. "Who's to stop them?"

"If you saw three children preparing to fall out of a train," said Christopher, "wouldn't you try to restrain them?"

"Certainly. But ——"

"Anybody would," said Christopher. "You mustn't have any anxiety. The train is full; the windows are in full view; somebody will see them and stop them." He closed his eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you're going to make no move to see that they're not getting into any trouble or annoying people?"

"They won't get into any trouble," said Christopher, "because there are so many kind people about—you, for example—who are at hand to avert disaster."

"Oh, really?" The sharp nose was curled in contempt. "Then all the other passengers must submit to annoyance just because ——"

"If anybody has any complaints, I am here"—Christopher stretched out his legs more comfortably—"I am here to receive them."

He closed his eyes with a well-feigned air of a man on the point of repose. The pretense was too good: in a few moments he was fast asleep.

Christopher awoke to find the carriage empty, and wondered, as memory came back, if the old lady was following in the wake of the children. The passage of a steward down the corridor informed him that dinner was being served.

He went slowly along the swaying train and found the quartet seated at a table for four. He took a seat near them and had his meal; the old lady paid her own account and prudently sent Christopher the bill for her three companions. Together they returned to the carriage. The flying trees outside were beginning to have a woolly look, and Christopher presently looked out and saw that they were running into mist. The old lady pulled her lips into the long, tight line that Christopher was beginning to recognize.

"We're going to be late," she stated. "Late this end, and late crossing the Channel and late the other side. No sort of time for young children to arrive. Why couldn't you have got them across earlier? Look at that little one—half asleep now. If you're looking after children, then for pity's sake *look* after them."

Christopher gazed out the window. It was not much of a view, but it was better than a stringy form and a sour face. He knew, by now, her name and something about her. Belchamber, widow, by all appearances rich, had been, before her marriage, one of the Melhamptons of Melhampton, owned a large house and had given it to a committee engaged in forming homes for aged gentlefolk, on condition, Christopher gathered, that she was to occupy the best suite for the rest of her life. The committee, he reflected, probably imagined—from her age—that she was on her last legs. When they saw her, they were going to get a shock; this was the type that lived to be centenarians. He, personally, would give her twenty more years,

My country owes me nothing. It gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope. —HERBERT HOOVER.

and he was glad that he was not to see her for any of them. The late Belchamber must have had a time.

Josette was asleep, leaning heavily on Christopher's shoulder, when they reached the port. The train was a good deal behind schedule, and the mist had thickened. Christopher, after a glance at the tired and drooping Josette, put her into her thick overcoat and wound a scarf round her head. He would put her into a berth on the boat and let her sleep during the crossing.

"The sea," announced Robert, with a disappointed air, "will be so ——" He held out two hands, the palms flattened. "The ship will not rock."

"And a good thing, too," said Mrs. Belchamber. "We've got enough trouble with darkness and fog and raw June air. We don't want any more. Come along now, like a good boy, and get me down these things."

Christopher noted, with apprehension, that she had attached herself to his party. He could scarcely refuse her his help in getting her luggage onto the platform and finding her a porter; after this he made a brief farewell and hurried away.

On the boat, she made it clear that she expected him to attend to her comfort. She chose a site on the deck and stood on it, with the children, until Christopher had got berths, paid the porters, arranged the luggage and returned to announce that all was ready. He saw her go with Josette to the cabin which they were to share, and determined to shake her off when they set foot ashore.

The crossing was calm, but slow. Robert and Paul remained on deck with Christopher, pacing slowly to and fro, their hands thrust deep into pockets in imitation of his, their steps lengthened to his stride.

Christopher stared into the fog; in less than an hour they would be in England. His car was waiting; all they had to do was get into it and drive up to London; his servant, Merrow, a family man, would have the children in bed and tucked in and they could sleep it out; Ursule and Monique would arrive in a few days and resume their responsibilities. All that remained, after that, was choosing schools and finding a home—no castle this time, but a house with la enough to give the children space a freedom.

Fellow passengers passed to and fro, a some stared curiously at the tall, go looking Englishman with the two lit French boys. Christopher's face wore a w ried frown not often seen upon it; he v thinking that unless the mist lifted, he wo find it impossible to drive up to London.

The steamer nosed its way into the harb Robert and Paul hung over the side, peeri as ropes were flung and the ship edged up the jetty. Christopher went below to rou Josette, and was met by Mrs. Belchamb

"I've been looking at that child," she sa "She's caught cold. She ought to have be in charge of someone who knows somethi about children."

"Well, she will be soon," said Christoph

He went into the cabin and roused Jose gently, and found the old lady at his hee

"See what I told you?" she said. "Sh got a nice, heavy cold." She shouldered h aside. "I'll stay here with her while you g the luggage looked after."

Christopher gave her a long look in which he threw all his dislike. "I think you better see about your own things," he sa coldly. "I've got enough on my hands wi three children and our luggage."

"I'll stay with the children," said M Belchamber, returning stare for stare. "Y go along and get seats in the train."

"I don't want seats in the train, tha you," said Christopher. "I'm not going train."

She seemed, for a moment, almost disco certed. "Not?"

"No. My car's here. I'm driving up."

"In this fog?" She gave a snort. "Y can't see a yard in front of you."

It was true, but Christopher, ignoring t remark, applied himself to the task of wra ping Josette up again in her warm scarf. I noted uneasily her heavy eyes and listle air.

Christopher lifted Josette and set her her feet. "Come along," he said gentl "You can stay with Robert and Paul un we go ashore."

She slipped her hand into his and he l her outside; the old lady followed close b hind. Christopher was shocked at the heat Josette's small hand resting limply in h own. Children's temperatures rose wh they had colds; she should be warmly in be

His spirits lifted a little when they got in the customs shed, for Mrs. Belchamber, his infinite relief, was claimed. A thin, middl aged woman in spectacles and a tweed clo had come to meet her.

"You are Mrs. Belchamber?" she said.

The old lady turned her grimmest look the newcomer. "I'm Mrs. Belchamber yes."

"How nice to see you. I was asked to co and meet you."

"And who asked you?" demanded M Belchamber.

"The committee." The tone was pleasa but firm. "We have your suite all read Have the customs finished with you?"

"They haven't begun with me," stat Mrs. Belchamber flatly. "And I didn't a anybody to send anybody to meet me."

The newcomer lost none of her determin amiability. "Shall we get through as quick as we can? We don't want the London trai ours is the branch line."

"Ours is nothing of the kind," said M Belchamber. "And I shall get through in n own time. I know where my own house thank you. I don't need any committee show me the way. I shall go up to London, I have always done in the past, and I sha stay the night at my usual hotel and I sha travel down to Melhampton comfortably the morning. I've never used that bran line, and I'm not going to begin now."

Christopher was relieved to see that t committee's smile remained fixed. He swu his cases onto the customs counter. He h great faith in the committee, which look extremely efficient; it would have the o

(Continued on Page 78)

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Pure...so lint-free. Only finest ingredients go into Kleenex . . . from pulp to package. Pure cellulose fibers, with absolutely no ground wood. That's why you won't find weak spots or hard particles in this tissue. And test after test proves Kleenex freer from lint. Won't aggravate sore noses during colds.



Saves as it serves. No other tissue has the handy Serv-a-Tissue box. With Kleenex you pull one double tissue at a time (not a handful), and the next pops up. Ends waste—saves trouble, saves money. So don't take just "tissues." Insist on wonderfully soft, strong Kleenex—your best buy in tissues.

Ends waste...



...saves you money

Get several boxes when you buy—
you'll always have a good supply

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 76)

lady on the branch line in no time at all. His mind reverted to his own problem.

He could not drive up; visibility, which here was about twenty yards, was, he was told, nil in the London area.

He could send the children up by train and telephone Merrow, and Merrow could meet them and take them to the flat. But after a glance at Josette, he rejected the idea.

He felt suddenly desperate. He was tired; he had left England two days ago and the past forty-eight hours seemed a nightmare of trains, stations, changes, a babel of tongues, farewells, promises. The fog was an unnecessary, a spiteful obstacle at the end of his journey. He didn't want to go on the London train, but it seemed as though there was nothing else to be done, and nowhere else to go. A feeling of frustration gripped him.

He shook it off and turned to the porter, and, as he did so, it flashed upon him that there was, indeed, somewhere to go. Not fifteen miles from here was a house where he would find shelter and a welcome. He would go to Scotty's.

Scotty was not, and made no claim to be, a Scotsman. His surname was Linden, but his friends, if they ever knew it, had forgotten it.

He had been one of four children whose mother, for some reason best known to herself, had christened them Violetta, Dorothea, Wilhelmina and Maximilian. These cumbersome labels had been shaved by their contemporaries to Vi, Dot, Bill and Thanks-a-Million, and this last Scotty remained until the night following a dormitory feast, when he had wakened his companions with screams and informed them that Mary, Queen of Scots, was sitting at the foot of his bed.

His father had been a successful businessman, and at his death Scotty had inherited a good deal of money. He was a young man of simple tastes and inexpensive habits. Scotty, moreover, was of an industrious disposition, and anxious to invest his money in a career that would give him exercise and profit at the same time.

He bought a fruit farm in Warwickshire; this venture failed, as did, subsequently, a chicken farm in Yorkshire, a sheep farm in Cumberland and a cattle ranch in the Scottish Highlands. He had then decided to try mixed farming in Kent, and now, after four years, was—to the surprise of his friends—still trying it.

Though Scotty was older than Christopher by about four years, the two men were lifelong friends; Christopher had seen and deplored every project save the mixed farm, which he had never visited. He had thought the scheme a foolish one, but he felt thankful, now, that Scotty had refused to take his advice, and had come to live near the old town of Grenton.

He freed himself gently from Josette's small, hot hand, and issued instructions to Robert.

"Don't move," he said. "I've got to see if the car's here. All right?"

"Yes," said Robert. "All right."

The car was here; Christopher tipped the mechanic who had brought it from the garage, and took Josette in his arms.

"Let's get going," said Christopher. "I'm going to tuck you all up in the car while I telephone to a friend to say we're on our way. Ready?"

EVERYBODY was ready. Robert and Paul were settled warmly on the back seat of the car, while Christopher wound Josette into a traveling rug and placed her in front beside the driving seat.

"There!" he said. "I'll be back in a minute and then we'll be off."

"To where, off?" inquired Robert.

"To a farm. To a nice farm where you'll see cows and things. And pigs, perhaps."

Both boys smiled; slow, attractive smiles that scarcely moved their lips, but lighted up the large, beautiful eyes.

"I like the cows," said Robert.

"I like them, too," said Paul.

Christopher waited for Josette's corroborative murmur, but it was not to be heard; stooping, he saw that she was asleep. Again he felt a pang of uneasiness and apprehension, and hurried to the telephone.

Painfully, perseveringly, Christopher extracted from a waspish operator the information that there was, indeed, a Linden, M., living at Lower Grenton.

"It's in the book, if you look," she said tartly.

"It isn't in *my* book," said Christopher. "Can you tell me the number, please?"

"It's in the book. Did you look under the *L*'s?"

"Yes, I did. What's the number, can you tell me?"

"It's in the Elwing area," stated the operator. "What area were you looking in?"

Christopher ground his teeth and glanced down at the book. "Elwing area," he said. "District number ——"

"Well, then, it's in there. It don't do to call Enquiries if you don't need Enquiries."

Christopher, willing to be convinced, flipped open the book and ran down the *L*'s once more.

"There is," he stated slowly, "no Linden, M., in this book. Now will you very kindly give me the ——"

"You're lookin' at the *L*'s?"

He gritted his teeth. "I'm looking at the *L*'s. I'm looking at the Elwing area. I'm looking at the January issue. I'm looking at the ——"

"Oh-h-h! Well, naturally if you look at *January!* Grenton wasn't in the Elwing area, not in January, and then it was changed, see?"

"I see," said Christopher. "May I have the number now?"

"Yes, you can. If you'd said you were looking in January, instead of wasting my time, I could have told you before. The number's Grenton four two four. Want to be put through?"

"Please."

He waited through a series of buzzes, squeaks, a jumble of voices and, finally, a jarring whir that pierced his ear and made him wince.

"Hello," said a voice, and Christopher squeezed the receiver to his ear in ecstasy.

"*Scotty!*" he shouted.

"Good heavens—it's Chris!" exclaimed Scotty in mild surprise. "Go away and ring later—I've got a cow calving."

"I'm coming over, Scotty," said Christopher. "Is that all right with you?"

"Over? Over here? Well, come on then—what's keeping you?"

"I've just got over from France, Scotty, and I wanted to make sure you were there. I've got three children."

A rift appeared in Scotty's equanimity. "You've *what? Three!*"

"They're my cousins. You know—my uncle's ——"

"Oh! You mean little Lord Fauntleroy and his brother and sister?"

"Yes. We've just landed from France, and they're cold and tired and one of them's got a temperature."

"Well, well, well," commented Scotty. "I always thought you were the kind of fellow who kept out of trouble. Well, bring 'em along. How're you coming?"

"I've got my car here. Can you put us all up? Have you got room?"

"I've got *rooms*. There's nothing in 'em except beds, but we'll fix something up. There's nothing to eat except cheese and nothing to drink except milk."

"How do I get out to you?"

Scotty told him, and Christopher, after repeating the instructions, banged the receiver down and made hurriedly for the car. He whistled a soft little air, wrenching the door open. There was Josette, still asleep, and in the back, the boys ——

The tune died on Christopher's lips and stared, open-mouthed. On the back se between the two boys, sat Mrs. Belchamb

"This looks," admitted the old la grudgingly, "like an intrusion. But I sho be glad of a lift up to London. That dete able creature ——"

"I'm not going to London," broke Christopher brusquely.

Mrs. Belchamber glared at him angr "My good young man, you told me c tinctly that you were driving up."

"I changed my plans," said Christoph "I didn't see any necessity to inform yo

"Inform me? But you completely mis me! You gave me to understand that ——

"I'm sorry," said Christopher, "but I in a hurry to get off. A friend is waiting us. If you'd very kindly ——"

CHRISTOPHER leaned over and opened back door, holding it open politely for M Belchamber. She made no move to alight

"I don't want to be impolite," beg Christopher grimly, "but I'd be very gra ful if you'd allow me to get off."

"And what do you expect me to do?" quired Mrs. Belchamber. "The Lonc train has gone long since. The next one somewhere near midnight. Am I to sit in t place in the fog until midnight?"

"The lady who came to meet you will ——

Mrs. Belchamber's black hat waggled w satisfaction. "Her? She's gone. I gave her slip."

"I wish I had your technique," s Christopher. "Good-by."

"You can shut that door," said Mrs. B chamber flatly. "You've got me into t scrape and now you've got to get me o Tell me, if you please, what we're going do."

Christopher looked round him. It was ing to be difficult enough to drive as it w if he had to go round looking for somewh to put this detestable old woman, he wo find himself befogged, stranded with th cold and hungry children. They, after were his first charge; he must find th warmth and comfort, and what happened the Belchamber was none of his affair. S had entered his car uninvited; she must wherever he cared to take her. Without other word, he got into the car, swung i the road and headed north.

"Where are you going?" inquired M Belchamber.

"To a friend's farmhouse. I don't kn what it's like, and I don't particularly ca If it isn't up to your standards of comfort won't be my fault," said Christopher colc

There was no reply. He drew Josette ward him until her head rested against shoulder, then he concentrated on the d cult drive ahead of him.

The car lurched and swayed; nobo spoke, and he concluded that the boys h fallen asleep. The road became a lane, the a cart track and suddenly, round a be they saw the lights of a house. The small li dancing before them must be a tor Christopher edged on through the swir whiteness, and the torch gleamed straigh front of them. He stopped, and a bulky fo loomed through the mist. The car door wrenched open and a voice boomed out.

"Well, well, you made it! Good to see y Chris—I'll direct you." Scotty banged door, stood on the footboard and pilo Christopher into a huge barn lit by two h ricane lamps. "She'll do here," he said, st ping off and opening the car door once m "Now come on out and let me have a l at you."

Christopher found the boys wide awa and Mrs. Belchamber looking about her w her sharp glance. He gathered the sleep Josette into his arms, and she roused a lit

"It's all right, my sweet, we're he Christopher told her. "You'll soon be and warm in bed. . . . Scotty, this is M Belchamber. She missed her train."

"How d'you do. Any friend of Chris's cetera, et cetera," said Scotty. "Come follow me. You two little fellers—you give me a hand with the luggage. Av Heave-ho! Yo-ho-ho and there she g

(Continued on Page 80)

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

PROGRESSIVE education: the shortest distance between orange crate and soapbox.

Psychiatrists once were as rare as airplanes in the sky.

One difference between youth and age is the conception of what constitutes the silver lining.

The best parents are those who strive devotedly to make children see what will happen—and when it does *never* say, "I told you so."

Child's comment, after being spanked: "This wouldn't have happened, you know, if you'd co-operated with me in the beginning."

There's only one excuse for dad's playing ball with the boys: to get exercise for himself.

Suggestion for hostesses: Name plates pinned on guests, as if they were attending a convention.

Child conformist: Four-year-old to mother: "I don't want to go to heaven; I want to go under the grass like everyone else."

There's the kind of woman you by-pass in conversation the way you do a Travel-At-Your-Own-Risk stretch of highway.

A young girl in her first high heels is as unsteady as a long-handled pan with nothing in it.

School custodian, in his sixties: "I'm old enough now to know that all I'm going to get out of life is what I pick up from day to day in little pieces, and that it isn't going to be a big hunk at the end."

If I know how much silver my son has when he goes out at night I can tell, almost to the minute, when he will return.

Young wife airs grievance: "My husband tells me just how to open a can, how to get into and out of the driveway, how to cross a street—then goes away on a two-week fishing trip leaving me all alone."

If interested in knowing how many times a refrigerator goes on in one night, accept your friend's offer to occupy her small apartment the week end she is out of town.

Whenever my mother complained she had nothing left to show for her day's work, my venerable aunt would say, "Ahem! If you didn't make it so good they wouldn't eat so much."

Boy to teacher: "When I came in this morning I saw the flowers in the vase and the one on you and I decided to be good."

"Whenever I go out at night," confides a friend, "my husband says he'll worry till I get back—and proves it by going to bed and to sleep."

The mother is yet unborn who sooner or later can forgo telling her children all she has done for them.



Instantly stops perspiration odor...checks perspiration moisture

Now—a deodorant created for you by famous skin care specialists: Tussy Cream Deodorant.

This famous cosmetic deodorant instantly stops perspiration odor... checks perspiration moisture! Tussy Cream Deodorant is antiseptic, keeps you so sure of yourself—throughout the longest days.

Tussy Cream Deodorant has a fragrant, fluffy vanishing, cream base—disappears without a trace. Actually makes your skin feel smoother... can't harm the filmiest fabric. Tussy Cream Deodorant comes in economical jars and tubes—50¢ and $1 plus tax.

NEW—Tussy Liquid Deodorant in plastic squeeze bottle—$1.25 plus tax.



TUSSY *cream and liquid deodorant*



The dream chicken that came true!

It's tender-grown Swift's Premium

HERE is chicken at its finest—specially fed for quality meat, specially raised to give springtime flavor every month of the year.

Planned just for *eating*, this chicken is a sensational example of the research and development going on in the poultry industry today.

Look for fresh *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken with the tag on the wing or Quick-Frozen in the blue and white picture package.



"A Tisket, A Tasket," serve

CHICKEN-IN-A-BASKET

- 1 *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken, cut for frying
- 1 cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup Swift's Brookfield Butter
- Shortening
- 2 teaspoons salt

Put flour and seasonings in paper sack. *Shake* 3 or 4 pieces of chicken at a time in sack to coat. *Heat* butter and enough shortening in a heavy skillet to make ½ inch layer. *Brown* chicken on both sides in hot fat. Cover tightly. *Reduce* heat and cook 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold in napkin-lined dinner basket.

(Continued from Page 78)

What muscle, what muscle, what hustle and bustle, what fussle and tussel and Moses! What muscle!"

Scotty had the suitcases out in a line. Robert and Paul were doing something to help, but they were finding it impossible to keep their eyes off the huge figure swinging out cases and booming out a hearty welcome. In the uncertain, flickering light Scotty did, indeed, look a fearsome figure, and it was clear that Mrs. Belchamber's expression, as she took in details of his appearance, was growing more and more grimly disapproving.

Scotty was six feet two, broadly built, with limbs that looked—and were—of enormous strength. He was dressed in a pair of dark blue dungarees, with a shirt that had once been white; his feet were encased in waterproof boots, into the top of which he had tucked the ends of his trouser legs. Mrs. Belchamber's eyes traveled to his face, and as she scanned the sleepy eyes, the large, sensual-looking mouth, Christopher could see that she was drawing conclusions which were to prove as fixed as they were erroneous.

She was not, he knew, the first to be misled. Scotty was a perfect model for the popular conception of raffishness. It took adults some time to realize that, like a book, Scotty was not to be judged by the cover. Children, reading nothing in his face but indolent kindness, got at once onto terms of warm friendship. The light in the eyes of Robert and Paul showed the beginnings of hero worship, but Mrs. Belchamber's look of wary distrust deepened. Scotty, attributing it to embarrassment at having come uninvited, increased his efforts to put her at her ease.

"Now we're all here," he said. "We'll take the luggage you want, and fetch the rest in later. Fall in and follow me! Madame, your servant. Through the yard, up to the door, throw it open. Madame, ze kitchen. A humble roof, and not entirely rainproof, but look at that whale of a fire!"

Christopher had already looked: he had pushed a large Windsor chair before it and had settled Josette comfortably. Now he straightened and looked at his friend.

"Food," he said.

Scotty led him to a cupboard. "Cheese, like I said," he answered, throwing open the door. "Cheese and bread; not much bread, but fresh—more or less. Mrs. Garcia brought it only yesterday. She does my work. Butter—in there, in that bowl. And there's milk—gallons of it. And eggs—*les oofs*. That's all. But we've enough for now, I trow."

"All right—bread and cheese and eggs and milk. Bedrooms?"

"Six. That's not counting the two attics where the rats romp. Go and inspect, old son."

Christopher looked round the great kitchen. The fire blazed; over the mantelpiece were two oil lamps which shed a soft glow over the room. The furniture consisted of some wooden chairs, two large cupboards and an enormous deal table. There was a sink in the corner, but no taps; two buckets of water stood beside it.

"No hot-and-cold," said Scotty, following his glance. "But a well and a pump. Those two young Frenchies'll have us watered in no time. Eh, you two?"

ROBERT and Paul, gazing up at him, gave long, blissful sighs. How warm, how friendly was this England! When the black curtain of night was swept aside by the sunlight, how much there would be to look at!

While Christopher looked and the boys listened, Mrs. Belchamber's sharp nose investigated the smells. Farmyard and manure and something more—yes, that unspeakable smock hanging on a peg on the door. Milk had dried on it, soured on it. Her nose lifted in disgust, Mrs. Belchamber walked to the door, lifted the offending garment and, opening the door, dropped the smock outside and closed the door firmly.

"There are healthy smells," she said, looking Scotty in the eye, "and there are unhealthy smells."

She walked past him and out of the room, obviously on her way to inspect the accommodation. Scotty looked after her with admiration.

"Old war horse," he commented. "Are you guardian to her as well as the others?"

"No. Never met her before we got on the train today, and can't shake her off. Let's give these kids something to eat, Scotty—and then into bed. They're played out."

"Supper," said Scotty. "Now then, you two, while we're getting something to eat, you go and get your things off and find a room to put 'em in. Get yourselves out a couple of nightshirts. I'm going to put this pan on the fire and make some omelets. Chris, old son, busy yourself getting that little Sleeping Beauty ready for bed. Then we'll find a bed to put her in."

Mrs. Belchamber returned, her expression grimmer than ever. "Scarcely any furniture," she reported. "No gas, no electricity, no running water, no bathroom."

"No television," chanted Scotty, "no croquet, no diabolo, no ——"

"And no sanitation," ended Mrs. Belchamber grimly.

"I'll show you," said the contrite Scotty. "You should have *asked*! Out here and across—here's the torch," he continued, leading the way. "Don't mind the geese. There's the door. No lock, I'm afraid, but the geese always give plenty of warning. They ——"

"Give me the torch," said Mrs. Belchamber, snatching it. "This serves me right."

SUPPER was eaten round the huge table. Mrs. Belchamber, her black hat still firmly on her head, carved great slices of bread and buttered them thickly. Scotty made omelets, light and golden, and put steaming jugs of hot milk on the bare board. Robert and Paul ate like hunters, but Josette, leaning against Christopher, merely sipped some warm milk. Mrs. Belchamber eyed her uneasily.

"That child isn't well," she said. "You oughtn't to take her out of this warm room into those vaults of bedrooms."

"We'll light fires," said Scotty, spooning out helpings of cream cheese. "We'll light great, big, roaring fires and warm the old bones of the homestead."

The old bones were not long in warming up. The fireplaces were old-fashioned, but efficient; Scotty brought up wood and coal, lit fires and propped the mattresses round them to air. He produced from somewhere threadbare blankets, and to these were added all available coats, rugs, anything that could serve as bedcovers. The boys were put into a room next to the one allocated to Christopher; Mrs. Belchamber would, she said, have Josette in with her, and Christopher carried Josette upstairs and tucked her into her bed, which was pushed as close to the fire as possible.

Under the glow of the lamps, in the warmth of the big, leaping fires, the household settled gradually into some kind of order. Christopher sat by Josette's bed until her eyes closed, and then, gently freeing his hand, tiptoed along the corridor to look in at the boys. They lay under a miscellaneous assortment of covering, warm and rosy.

Scotty, walking in to inspect them, asked, "Would the old lady like anything before she turns in?"

"I'll see," said Christopher.

He turned and walked back along the corridor and raised his hand to knock gently on the door. Softly though he touched it, it gave way a little, and Christopher's eyes fell on something placed on a chair just inside the room. It was Mrs. Belchamber's black hat. Fastened to it on each side was a bunch of neat gray curls.

Christopher opened his eyes to see sunshine flooding the room. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was half past seven, and, with a jerk that freed him from his assortment of bedclothes, got out of bed and, walking from one to the other of the two large windows, looked out, getting a fair idea of the extent and position of the farm.

It was not large. The first gate visitors came to when approaching from the town of Grenton was the wide and usually open one

ng to the farmyard. Entering this, g through a smaller gate, callers nd mselves in a stackyard with a view he i chen door.

Beyond the stackyard, Christopher saw ba in which the car had been left; the sh , long and low, came next, beyond e sties, empty pigsties and a fold with a zen calves among which moved, ingr sly, two French sailor hats. Chrishe wondered how long they had been out re ince dawn, probably.

oc ng across the fields, he saw, about nl s away, a low wooded hill and the nr s of a large house; beyond was nt . The scene was open and peaceful, Christopher saw that Scotty had, as alws, laced himself in one of Nature's elit settings. On this June morning, n ast faint touch of mist to soften outs, e countryside had an enchanted air. hr opher turned from the window and ec n his clothes hastily. Moved by an en desire to know how Josette had se he night, he walked down the corrit rd her room. As he did so, the door he nd Mrs. Belchamber came out. She f y dressed, and on her head was the l ck hat. He greeted her briefly and xe an undertone.

H 's Josette?"

I said Mrs. Belchamber. "She's been gl g all night, and you'll have to get a o She's caught a good, thorough chill."

Wi out answering, Christopher went past r the room. The fire was still burning; e ed that Mrs. Belchamber must have going during the night.

Josette was lying with he d toward the blaze; Christopher came in, t ned and gave him g st of a welcoming e He sat on her bed t k a hot little hand s

H w are you, Jo- he asked gently.

c ughed—a hard sound that brought s pher's fears rushing back. "Thank ry well."

w do you *feel?*" asked Christopher.

feels perfectly well," said Mrs. Bel- r sharply, from behind him. "But ired—naturally, after such a long —and she's got a headache. Now you get a nice, sensible doctor, and he'll r a pill and make her well in no time."

stopher sat still, sizing up the situa- He had on his hands a sick little girl, all boys and a detestable old woman. st get away as soon as possible, shake old woman, get the boys to his flat t Josette under professional care. He ger, but no return of the panic that pped him the night before. He patted 's hand.

get a nice doctor to come and see he promised, "and then you'll soon be

here is Paul?" inquired Josette.

ul? He's outside with Robert, where soon be—playing with the baby cows e baby chicks and the geese."

tucked her in, rose and followed Mrs. amber out of the room.

n afraid," he said, "that you had a bed night."

aturally I did," said Mrs. Belchamber. somebody has to look after children. bout breakfast. Do you suppose your has taken any steps to get us any?"

STOPHER thought it unlikely. His exce told him that Scotty provided a welcome, simple food and ample fuel, ent outside to get on with his work.

ng downstairs in the wake of Mrs. amber's poker-straight back, Christofound a large fire burning in the n, but no preparations for a meal.

told you," said Mrs. Belchamber. ning. For the past thirty years I've able to order my morning tea and take ore I rose. I ——"

ou should have gone off on the branch said Christopher abruptly and then, bering that she had watched over Josette during the night, he spoke more gently. "I'll go out and see Scotty and find out about a doctor. The breakfast can wait."

Mrs. Belchamber gave a snort. "If there exists a more irresponsible man than you anywhere, I have yet to meet him."

Seven-thirty in the morning was not the time for an argument. Christopher opened the kitchen door and stepped outside.

THE air was cold, but soft. Geese arched their necks and ran, hissing, toward him; hens cackled and pecked round his feet. He heard voices in the cowshed and made his way toward the building, stumbling over three small puppies as he went. Scotty was milking a cow, and Robert and Paul were looking on entranced.

"—— and that one's the mother of that heifer I showed you outside—remember?" Scotty was saying. "Moss Green, she's called. This is Green Farm and so I call 'em all greens—that one's Olive Green. There's Lime Green and Sea Green—that end one. Fetch that barrow up, one of you, and that spade, and you can start cleaning up. . . . Hallo there, Chris, old son."

Christopher watched the two boys as they shoveled busily, staggering under heavy loads and finally pushing the reeking barrow out through the far door.

"Useful pair," commented Scotty. "Chic hats too. How're things indoors?"

"Not too good, Scotty, I've got to have a doctor."

Scotty got off the milking stool, lifted it and a foaming bucket of milk and lumbered down the narrow shed.

"Josette bad?"

"Yes. She's coughing and she's got a temperature—I don't like it. Who's your doctor?"

Scotty emptied the milk into a large churn and leaned against the whitewashed wall. "A doctor," he said slowly. "Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear."

Christopher frowned. "Come on, Scotty," he urged. "I'm worried."

"The best doctor here," said Scotty, "is a chap called Curtis. But I don't ——"

"Well, will you ring him up, or shall I?"

"Oh—you," said Scotty decidedly. "Definitely, you. He doesn't like me."

"Well, I'm not going to hold that against him. What's his number?"

"Four eight two. You'd better explain that this is nothing to do with me. You see, he doesn't realize that I like my animals better than I like most humans. The first time I ever rang him up was one of those mix-ups you can't explain afterwards. You see, the vet's number is eight four two ——"

"You called him in mistake?" Christopher asked.

"It was winter, and snowing, and the cowsheds were leaking and my best cow was dying. I don't know to this day what I said, but I rang up what I thought was the vet's number and the doctor came out here, through the blizzard, thinking he was going to deliver a Mrs. Wintergreen who was in the throes. So he's put me on his black list. If you want him out here, you'll have to make some soft, persuasive noises over the telephone."

"Four eight two."

"Let him have another hour in bed, if it isn't too urgent," advised Scotty. "He'll be all the sweeter, and we'll be all the fuller."

Christopher went inside to see the black hat bent over the old-fashioned range. There was a tattered cloth on the table and some battered spoons and forks. Mrs. Belchamber straightened and looked irritably at Christopher.

"This peculiar friend of yours," she began, "hasn't he any possessions?"

"Possessions?"

"Doesn't he own anything besides cows? He has no spare sheets, no spare blankets, no silver or glass, saucepans without lids and buckets without bottoms. If I'm to cook I must have something to cook *with*. I could find only two eggs—with all those hens making all that clatter out there, why should

The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just. —LINCOLN.

Barbecue with that French's flavor



Barbecue Sauce

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 medium onion, minced
1 small green pepper, minced
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon French's Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup ketchup
2 tablespoons French's Mustard

Melt butter or margarine; add onion and green pepper; cook slowly for 2 minutes. Add the remaining ingredients; simmer 10 minutes. Yield: 8 servings.

Frenchwise Hamburgers

1½ lbs. ground chuck beef
2 tablespoons minced onion
1 egg
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon French's Pepper
2 tablespoons French's Mustard

Mix all ingredients together thoroughly; pat into cakes and broil over charcoal. Serves 5-6.

French's is smoother, creamier, millions prefer it!



(Also made in Canada)

French's is a blend of the finest spices, mustard seed and vinegar money can buy. You'll find this famous mustard has a delightfully *different* taste—gives food added flavor and zest. No wonder it's America's favorite prepared mustard!



free New recipe book—"DINING DELIGHTS"

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"Gosh, Mom, I hate trunks that are always slippin' down and fillin' up with water like a balloon . . .



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there be only two eggs? And I shall want some milk."

Christopher took the largest jug he could find and filled it from one of the churns in the dairy, then called the doctor. Inquiring about eggs, he was informed by Scotty that there were scores of eggs, if only one knew where to look for them.

"The hens lay," he said. "But they choose out-of-the-way little corners. Find the earl and his little brother and tell them to go on an egg hunt."

Robert and Paul found egg hunting an enchanting game; Mrs. Belchamber found egg cooking less amusing. She provided, however, a breakfast solid enough to satisfy the keenest appetite, and served it with acid comment.

"That range," she told Scotty, "hasn't been cleaned properly for years. Didn't I understand that a woman comes to work for you?"

"Mrs. Garcia," said Scotty. "I make my own breakfast and she clears it up and cleans up generally and then cooks me a midday meal and leaves a bit of cold supper in the cupboard before she goes."

"Well, judging from the state of this place," said Mrs. Belchamber, "'cleans up' is a gross overstatement. What time is the doctor coming?"

"Any time now," said Christopher.

He finished his breakfast, went upstairs and sat on Josette's bed, rubbing one of her hands gently and murmuring comforting sentences from time to time. Soon he heard footsteps and Mrs. Belchamber ushered in the doctor. Christopher saw that he was middle-aged, of a short, stocky build, and with a pugnacious jaw that made Christopher understand the dangers of bringing him out on wild-goose chases.

His examination was brief; he closed his bag with a snap and gave the patient a reassuring smile.

"You'll be fine," he said. "We'll soon have you out there milking all the cows."

He went downstairs, Mrs. Belchamber leading the way. She swept the doctor into the kitchen and faced him.

"Well, what?" she inquired abruptly.

"Measles," said the doctor. "Has there been any sort of contact, do you know?"

"None, as far as I know," said Christopher. As he spoke, Ursule's words rushed to his mind. Monique, who had a fever. "Well, yes," he said. "I think perhaps there was—but I didn't know."

"How long were you intending to stay here?" inquired the doctor.

"I only came for the night," said Christopher. "We landed late in that fog, and I didn't think I'd get up to London. Can I get a bed in a nursing home anywhere near?"

"What d'you want a bed in a nursing home for?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

"This place isn't exactly fitted out with all the conveniences," pointed out Christopher.

"Certainly it isn't," said Mrs. Belchamber, "but this isn't the time to worry about yourself. You've got a sick child up there and she'll want careful nursing, not carrying from nursing home to nursing home. She won't notice any lack of home comforts for a little while." She turned to the doctor. "Will she?"

"She'll be all right here if there's someone to nurse her," said the doctor.

"You can leave it to me," said Mrs. Belchamber. "Do we have to send in for the medicine?"

The doctor wrote a prescription, tore it off his pad and handed it to her. "Get that and follow the directions," he ordered. "I'll be out again tomorrow. What about those two boys out there? Any symptoms?"

"Not so far," said Christopher, "but I suppose it's only a matter of time."

"Not necessarily. Well—I'll be here in the morning," said the doctor, taking up his hat and bag.

Christopher saw him to his car, walked back into the house and found Mrs. Belchamber waiting for him.



By Munro Leaf

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ou've been very kind," said Christo-
coldly, "but there's no need for you to
on and make yourself uncomfortable.
friends will be anxious about you."
et them," said Mrs. Belchamber. "I'm
to stay here and see that that poor
is properly looked after. I don't care
much for children—or animals—but I
o see them in good hands. And I don't
der yours good hands. You're proposing
t that child into a nursing home and—
mably—take the two boys to London,
e they'll both develop measles in a
flat, while you go out and look for
nursing homes for them. It won't do,
e tell you. The sensible course is to let
get it all over here."
see," said Christopher. "And the cook-
And the cleaning? And the nursing?"
shall do the cooking," she told him.
m the look of this place, I wouldn't dream
owing that visiting woman to touch my
, or the children's. I shall see her when
arrives this morning, and I shall make
understand that she has got to clean the
and keep it clean. You will have to do
shopping. There are several things I
want."
Look here," said Christopher, "I ——"
efore he could say more, there was an
ruption. The door of the kitchen was
wn open and the figure of a woman ap-
ed on the threshold.
Garcia's the name," she said, entering.
he two women faced each other. Mrs.
hamber saw what she had expected: a
ng, muscular figure, garments that could
by any stretch of imagination, be called
and clean; a bold, defiant expression.
. Garcia saw a lady of the type she recog-
d as genuine; the type, moreover, that
. Garcia most loved to subdue.
he silence lengthened, and tension grew.
. Belchamber straightened her shoulders
looked at Christopher. "You may go,"
said firmly, "and leave us alone."
hristopher went.

Irs. Garcia, on a visit to relations in Lon-
's dockland, had met and married the
ning Garcia, to whose other charms was
ed the name José. José was employed as
dy man at Grenton's largest hotel; and
he farm, with the uncritical Scotty, Mrs.
cia had found a billet that suited her very
. She was able to get in a good many rest-
hours while Scotty was working out of
t. She put her feet up comfortably on the
e, and applied herself to thinking out
hods by which she could lure her husband
post which offered him less opportunity
xercise his charms. José was notoriously
cessful with the chambermaids. His wife
ained to her friends that his wandering
s were due to the fact that their union
never been blessed. The touch of little
ds, she explained, would have kept him
ome. Her flowery phrasing had earned
her a deep respect among her own circle.

BODY ever knew what effect the flowery
asing had had upon Mrs. Belchamber
ing that first interview. Scotty, informed
Christopher that it was being held, waited
Mrs. Garcia to sweep by him, pausing
to inform him that she was leaving for-
. No Mrs. Garcia appeared, however;
n next seen, she was sweeping the
rs—a task she had not performed since
first day at the farm. She was then seen
bbing the kitchen and informing all who
sed that she considered it her Christian
y to put aside her feelings and work her-
to the bone for the poor little mite lying
a bed of sickness upstairs.
cotty accepted this explanation without
ment, as he did the news that his house
to be used throughout the nursing of one
more cases of measles. All that was re-
red, in his opinion, was space, and there
plenty of space.
You can spread out, you know, Chris. If
look round, you'll find four bedrooms on
t floor and two on the next level and then
attics—roomy ones, with a lot of light.
ke good studios."
Who," inquired Christopher irritably,
ants studios? I'm not running down your
hospitality, Scotty, but where in Christmas is all your stuff?"

"Stuff?"

"Stuff. Furniture, cutlery, china, linen, silver. Where's all the stuff your father left you?"

Scotty wiped his hands on the back of his trousers and considered the matter. "A lot of the stuff is in crates and boxes in the feed store."

"Well, why don't you unpack it? That first place of yours was comparatively luxurious. Then you moved ——"

"That's just it," said Scotty. "I kept moving. I got into the way of leaving things packed up, and I've found it much less trouble." He looked at Christopher with a puzzled air. "Have you ever seen what happens to stuff if you leave it about a house untended? Silver, for example, gets spots all over it. Black spots. It's cheaper, in the long run, to leave the stuff in boxes and just get along with the essentials."

"You haven't got the essentials."

"Well, what's essential for one isn't necessarily essential for others. If you're in need of anything special, just say the word and I'll pop along into town and ship it back for you."

"We'll be all right," said Christopher. "At least, the Belchamber says we'll manage. . . . How can I go about getting rid of her, Scotty?"

"RID of her? If she's going to nurse the little 'un through measles, what do you want to get rid of her for? I like that Continental cooking she did this morning. After four years of Mrs. Garcia ——"

"Well, that's what I was coming to. The Belchamber proposes to do the cooking and the nursing, too, and if she attempts it, she'll be the next on the list of patients. We need a nurse, Scotty. Isn't there a strong girl who'd come in for a few hours a day and sit with Josette?"

Scotty pursed his lips. "Can't think of any offhand. If only Cress had been home ——"

"Cress?"

"Cressida." Scotty's voice was lowered to a reverent note. "She only comes at the beginning of every month and . . . let me see—this is still June, isn't it?"

"End of. Who's this Cressida?"

Scotty walked to the nearest firm support—the stable door—before answering. Christopher saw that his eyes had taken on a faraway, dreamy look.

"You can't explain Cressida, Chris, old son," he said slowly. "There are some things you can't put into words."

"If she has that effect on you, why don't you get her to marry you?"

"M-marry me? Cressida? Why, she wouldn't dream—she wouldn't ——"

"How d'you know until you ask?"

"I did ask," said Scotty simply. A long, long sigh came from somewhere in Scotty's depths. "She didn't say anything. She just took my hand, and smiled gently, and shook her head."

"Is she a nurse?" asked Christopher.

"She took a nurse's training once—when she was younger," Scotty told him. "But she broke down."

"A broken-down nurse. Well, I think we can do without that one," decided Christopher. "Any other suggestions?"

"You don't understand, Chris," said Scotty urgently. "If you could get hold of Cressida, every single thing would be all right—and even if it wasn't, you wouldn't notice. Go on up there to the house, Chris," he urged, "and try. Walk up to Greensleeves and ——"

"To ——"

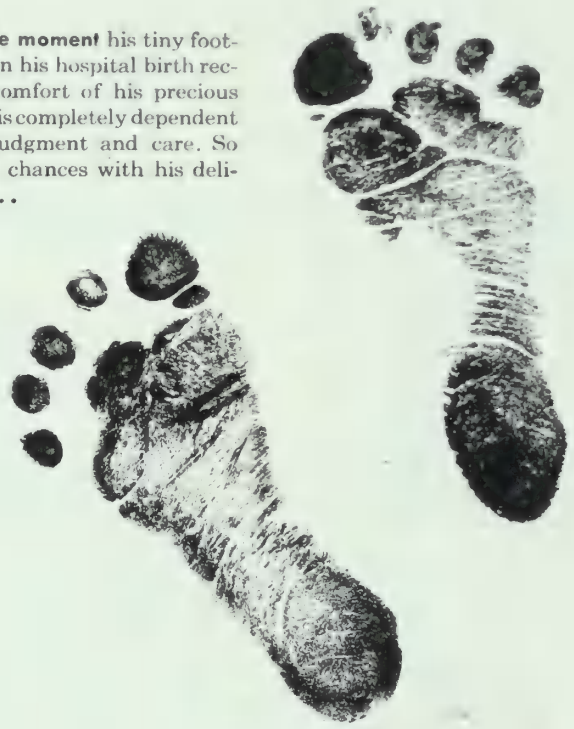
"Greensleeves. The name of the house. Look"—Scotty drew Christopher a few paces and pointed—"among those trees. This farm belonged to the house; I bought it, four years ago, from Cress's father. Walk up there and say I sent you, and tell Cress, if she's there, that we've got measles and need a hand."

"All right. All right, I'll go."

"You can go across those fields. Mind how you go through that far orchard—there's a bull in there, and he uses a pretty rush."

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"I see. Is that why Robert and Paul are picking cherries close by him?"

"That bull's got a good head behind those nasty horns," explained Scotty. "He doesn't waste his vitality chasing speedy little boys—he saves it up until he can pick on something your age, a bit gone in the wind. You don't look as hard as you used to, old son."

"Thanks. See you later," said Christopher.

He went through the far orchard, keeping to the hedge and giving the bull a wide berth. The fields were damp underfoot, but the air was fresh and dry. Christopher found himself squaring his shoulders and breathing deeply, and he realized, with a lifting of his spirits, that, in spite of this temporary setback, the problems which had beset him for the past two or three months were coming to an end. He had got the children to England; he liked them and knew that they liked him. The measles would be a merely temporary check on the way to his goal: a home for himself and the three children.

With every step he felt better. Scotty was a grand fellow. Mrs. Belchamber's keepers would find her soon and remove her. It was June and he was strong and young—in another three weeks or so he would be twenty-six, which was a good age, neither callow nor calloused.

He came to the brow of the hill and found himself walking beside a high wall. The wall continued for some distance, and then Christopher saw a small wooden door.

The door was unlocked. Christopher closed it behind him and, following an ill-marked path, came out on a drive, which presently widened and wound through open parkland. He looked at the beeches with respect; they were magnificent specimens, tall, beautiful and of great age.

The drive turned somewhat sharply. Christopher, absorbed in the view of the countryside, was totally unprepared for the sight of the house when he came upon it. Entranced, he stood stock-still, gazing with a slowly mounting delight.

It was a perfect example of a fourteenth-century manor house. As Christopher stared at it, his gaze changed from that of enchanted spectator to one of professional scrutiny. He saw that it had been, originally, enclosed in high walls. These had been in some places lowered; in others, removed. The moat had been filled up. The roof had mellowed to a warm, beautiful color. He stared at the battlements, the stone-mullioned windows with their delicate Gothic tracery; his eyes went to the massive towers with their buttressed walls.

He walked along an alley of ancient yews and slowly drank in the atmosphere of Greensleeves. For atmosphere it had; he felt completely removed from the hurry and worry of modern living.

Christopher made his way round to the forecourt, paused and looked doubtfully from the open windows to the massive closed door. The heavy door swung slowly open. In the doorway, framed against the shadowy hall, stood a girl. . . .

Long afterward, Christopher was to remember that he had always given the girl of his dreams a small, fragile figure. She was to have had a delicate skin, a wistful expression and an unusual shade of violet eyes, preferably with long black lashes. The girl in the doorway was slim, but she was tall; her lashes were long and black, but the eyes below them were brown and their expression was one of coolness and detachment, which changed, as Christopher stood staring at her, to a question.

Christopher knew that he should state his business, and made an effort to remember what it was. "Good morning," he said.

HER lips, he noted, were wide and curved and soft. He thought them so lovely that his despair left him and he was filled with an uplifting rush of happiness. What a day, he rejoiced, what a lovely, lovely day and what a lovely house and what a ——

"Are you Cressida?" he asked her suddenly.

"Yes," said Cressida, and then, as he remained staring, saying nothing: "Did you want anything?"

"Yes," said Christopher. "I came to ——" He paused.

Cressida's gaze became cooler. "Well?"

"To —— Do you know," said Christopher in a burst of confidence, "I can't for the life of me remember."

"But I told you!" said Scotty.

"You didn't," said Christopher. "You said nothing whatsoever about her."

"I said you couldn't put her into words," said Scotty. "Can you put her into words?"

"Certainly I can," said Christopher. "She's slim and beautiful. Scotty, I can tell you this—confidentially. She knocked me right off my feet."

Scotty appeared unmoved. He was in the feed room, filling a small, battered basin with a mixture of food for the cows. "What did she say?" inquired Scotty after a time.

"She says she'll come. I'm going to walk up and fetch her after lunch and she'll spend every afternoon here, helping where and how she can. Then I'll walk back with her after supper every night."

July

By Marion Lineaweaver

Summer! Summer! Milkweed and
laceflower
Grow by the roadside,
Mine for the taking;
Summer, when bunches of grapes
in the bower
Smell of the hot sun,
Wine in the making.

Wine effervescent, the winds of July
Diffuse their bouquet
Through the haze of the noon.
All night move the murmurous
tides that comply
To each magnetic, mesmeric
Phase of the moon.

All day, on the breath of the
languorous air,
Children cast ribbons
And bells of their laughter,
With summertime tangled and
warm in their hair,
And never a shadow
Of what's to come after.

"Chris," said Scotty, "you can't horn in like this! I've got priority—I've known her for four years!"

"Then it's time you gave someone else a chance," said Christopher. "Incidentally, she's been living within a stone's throw of me in London. I didn't like to ask her what her job was. Scotty, what does she work at?"

"She's a model. One of those photographic models you see in all the magazines. She's featured in other places too. On theater programs; and in those powder advertisements—you know, Florette or Laurette or one of those. Picture with Cress holding a baby in one hand and a supply of Florette powder in the other and the caption: 'At two, or at twenty-two.' You must have seen it. It's on all the busses."

"That accounts for it!" said Christopher. "I had a persistent feeling that I'd seen her before."

"There's nothing odd about it," said Scotty. "Her likeness is everywhere. She's what they call a free-lance model. It took her a little time to get known, but she does all right now."

"There's one more thing," said Christopher. "It sounds something of an anticlimax, but I don't know Cressida's other name."

"Surname? Gray. Spelled with an *a*. Her father's Major Gray—used to belong to one of the crack regiments, and sent in his papers when he inherited this house. I met him up north when that ranch I was running packed up. He said he'd just come into a manor house and offered me the home farm. So I bought it."

"Without seeing it?"

"When I paid the money down," said Scotty slowly, "I didn't even know for sure that there was a home farm. The major has a way ——"

He stopped. Two small figures had made their way into the feed store and were waiting politely for him to finish his sentence. The sailor hats were still firmly on their heads, not fresh and neat now, but streaked with mud. Their shoes were unrecognizable. Their clothes were torn and flour-sprinkled.

Robert's teeth gleamed in his enchanting smile. "We've been up there." He pointed toward the granary.

"So I see," said Christopher gravely. "And what brought you down?"

"The bell," explained Paul. "Madame has rung the bell for *déjeuner*."

"She has rung it twice," said Robert. "We are to go inside, I think."

"Well, I'll go inside with you," said Christopher. "Madame'll have a few words to say when you walk into the kitchen. . . . How long'll you be, Scotty?"

"I'm through now. I'll come with you."

They walked in procession to the door of the kitchen and waited until Scotty and the two boys had wiped some of the removable dirt from their footwear. Christopher lifted the latch and, ushering the boys in, followed with Scotty. They stood, a little sheepishly, while Mrs. Belchamber, standing stiffly by the table, ran her eyes over them.

The kitchen, Christopher saw, had undergone a complete transformation. The floor was scrubbed, the range had a gleaming blackness it had not known for a long time. There was a cloth spread on the table—a tattered cloth, but clean and white. On the stove were plates and dishes, and from the dishes issued a savory smell that made hungry mouths water.

Mrs. Belchamber still wore the stiff black hat and gray curls. Over her suit was a stiff white overall. She addressed the company impartially.

"Lunch, while I am cooking it, will be served at one o'clock. It is now a quarter to two. Will you two boys kindly go outside and remove your unspeakable shoes?"

Robert and Paul went.

"You, too," said Mrs. Belchamber, to a point above Scotty's head.

Scotty followed the boys.

The meal was cheerful, despite Mrs. Belchamber's grim presence. Robert and Paul gave an account of their morning's activities. Scotty ate voraciously, pausing only to compliment Mrs. Belchamber on the excellence of her cooking.

Lunch over, the company dispersed. Scotty bestrode a bicycle which had wheels but no tires, and went up to a distant field. It was decided, after a short conclave, that Robert and Paul might be allowed to visit Josette whenever they wished to.

"They've been with her all this time, and there's no point in keeping them away now," Mrs. Belchamber decided. "If they're going to get it, let them all get it together and be done with it."

The boys crept quietly upstairs, and Christopher faced Mrs. Belchamber, his dislike of her no less from having to acknowledge his debt to her.

"You've been very kind," he said. "But you couldn't be expected to . . . as a matter of fact, we've got hold of a—well, a sort of nurse, who can come every afternoon and evening to give a hand."

"What do you call a sort of nurse?" inquired Mrs. Belchamber.

"Well—she trained, in a way," Christopher told her. "She's a friend of Scotty's, and she's here for about a fortnight. I'm going along to fetch her now."

"What is her name?"

"Miss Gray."

"And her age?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do. She's twenty-two."

"Ah!"

With this monosyllable, uttered with gre reserve, ringing in his ears, Christoph vaulted over a gate into the orchard, walk through it in happy abstraction. He was g ing to see Cressida and—to add the la touch of felicity—she had promised to sho him round the house. He could think of n setting more suited to her than the beautifi gracious house.

The door, this time, was open, and seemed to him that it breathed a welcom He heard a movement inside, and was on t point of calling Cressida's name when I realized that the footsteps could not be her

The next instant, a man appeared at th door. He was tall and handsome, with a rath long, clean-shaven face and close-clipp graying hair. His clothes were easy, witho being informal.

THEY looked at each other for a momen and then Christopher began. "I'm afra I ——"

The man stopped him with an upraise hand and a whimsical smile. "I know," said. "You're looking for my daughter."

"Yes, I'm —— You must be Major Gray

"I'm Cressida's father. She tells me she going to help nurse a case of measles at t farm."

"Yes. I hope you won't mind." He w trying, as he spoke, to account for Maj Gray's presence. Scotty had said that n body lived here but a caretaker and a ga dener, but ——

"I came down from town about an ho ago." The pleasant voice broke into t thoughts. "I don't know where Cressid got to—won't you come in and wait i her?"

"I'd like to very much," said Christoph "I've been pretty keen to get in ever since saw the house for the first time this mornin Houses are my job."

"You're an architect?"

"Yes. Heron and Mayes. I'm the Heron

They went round the house, Major Gr proving an interesting and instructive guid The interior, Christopher saw, was as w preserved as the outside. Every room w furnished, even to silver and ornaments ar here and there, great vases of flowers.

"You'll know the date?" Major Gr asked, smiling.

"Edward the First, I'd say."

"You're more or less right. It was beg in Thirteen Hundred and finished in Edwa the Second's time. It's not unique, course—I've been over a good many hous that could compare with this one, but no I think, in as good a state of preservatio

Christopher, eager, absorbed, followed host down to the beautiful hall at the end the inspection, and drew a deep breath.

"Thanks," he said. "It was very good you."

"Not at all,' was the answer. "It's pleasure. I come down frequently in t summer, and sometimes people come and show them round. That's why I'm down day, as a matter of fact—I'm expecting man and his wife at three o'clock. Swedi This fellow's coming to look at that arq bus—or arquebuse, or harquebus, if you p fer it." Major Gray pointed to a gun on o of the walls. "I was telling him about it a he asked if he could look at it. He's got one Fifteen-thirty, he says it is—and he thin this'll make the pair. Take it down if y want to. It's an interesting piece."

Christopher took the gun down careful Major Gray stood at his shoulder, runnin finger affectionately along the barrel.

"See that serpent-shaped piece of iro That held the burning match. You press t trigger—so—and the match comes to t flashpan and ignites the charge in the b rel—there, through the touchhole. Th were used in Henry the Eighth's time—l not, of course, this one." He took the g from Christopher and put it back in place.

"Why not this one?" inquired Chris pher.

Major Gray looked at him with an expr sion at once surprised and quizzical. "Wh Because it isn't genuine. This man ins

(Continued on Page 87)



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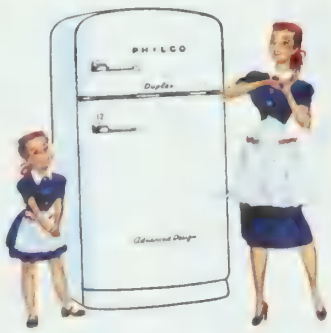
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(Continued from Page 84)

t it is, and nothing I can say will convince h that he's wrong."

But . . . I can't pretend to be an expert," said Christopher hesitatingly, "but I know ething about old firearms. If that isn't uine, sir, it's an astonishingly good fake."

Of course it is. If I were a dealer," said or Gray, "I'd have no trouble in calling a genuine article and asking a pretty price—but I'm not a dealer. If this fel- that's coming today wants it, he can e it—but not if he insists that it's gen- ."

But if it isn't—I mean, if he decides that sn't genuine," said Christopher hesitat- y, "will he buy it?"

I shouldn't think so," said Major Gray. hy do you ask?"

Because"—Christopher turned and ked up at the gun—"if he doesn't want it, you'd sell it, I'd like to buy it."

You? What do you want it for?" asked jor Gray in surprise.

I'm like the Swede—I've got a piece it uld go with very well. Mine's a flintlock, -loading gun—as a matter of fact, it's uine Charles the First. My uncle—well, vas left to me. That fellow up on the wall re would go awfully well in its company. w much"—he hesitated—"how much re you going to let it go for?"

I didn't want to let it go at all," said ajor Gray frankly, "but if you really want you can have it for what I gave for it."

He named his price, and the two men od for a moment, smiling at each other. ristopher felt a warm surge of liking for e man facing him.

"It's a deal," he said. "Thanks."

"That was a swift bit of business," com- ented Major Gray. "I"—he paused and alked toward the door—"I hear a car," he d. "I think—yes, I can see Cressida there. ill you go and meet her?"

Christopher needed no second invitation. e saw Cressida and went with long strides intercept her.

"I've been with your father," he said. Where were you?"

"I went into Grenton—there were some ings to get."

He fell into step beside her and they rned in the direction of the farm. "Do you alize," he said, "that when I left you this orning, I didn't even know your name? I dn't know anything about you, except that hen we get back to town, we'll be prac- cally neighbors. Let's make a dinner date r the night we get back."

"I'll be back in a fortnight or three weeks," inted out Cressida. "You'll be here indefi- tely."

"Why indefinitely?"

"Because one of the boys will wait until e very last day of the quarantine, and then down with measles, and the other boy'll ait until the very last day, too, and then t them. Then Scotty'll get them, and then u."

"Well, I planned to be home by the end the month," said Christopher. "It's hard you," he added thoughtfully, "leaving a use like Greensleeves to go back to Lon- n."

"Why hard?"

"Good heavens, wouldn't you give your rs to live there? Given the requisite staff, at is. Wouldn't you?"

"No," said Cressida quietly. "I wouldn't en give one ear."

"Why don't you like Greensleeves?"

She gave him a little sidelong glance. "I dn't say I didn't like it. I think it's beau- ful. I just said I didn't want to live in it."

His curiosity was piqued; he could sense rong feeling behind the quiet words, but e obviously did not wish to pursue the bject, and he was content, for the moment, drop it. She had not shown, as yet, any due pleasure in his society; her manner as friendly, but in it there was none of the arm responsiveness he usually met when e showed his preference for a woman. He oked for a word to describe her detach- ent, and found to his surprise that it was wary." It was perhaps natural, he reflected, that a girl with so strong an appeal for the opposite sex should cultivate a technique for keeping them at a distance.

"I didn't quite explain about Mrs. Belchamber," he said. "She's the old lady who for some reason has attached herself to my suite. I ought to be grateful to her, but she's got a grating voice and a hard face and one of those sharp, interfering noses. I think she's got some idea that I've abducted the children. . . . They're nice children," he added. "You'll like them."

He helped her over gates, kept her close to the hedge when passing the bull, and found Scotty looking out for them.

"Cress, darling, you do my eyes good," he said. "You go on in, Chris, old son, and Cress can stay out here and talk to me."

"I've come to make myself useful," smiled Cressida.

"Ah, please!" begged Scotty. "I haven't seen you for a whole month, and it's seemed like years. . . . Do you like Chris?"

"I'll tell you," said Cressida, "when I know him better. I'm going to report for duty."

"Well, then, I'll come with you," said Christopher.

"No—I'll go alone. See you later," she said lightly, and was gone.

"She's always doing things like that," said Scotty gloomily. "You look forward to her company and then find you haven't got it. . . . That old lady of yours, Chris, doesn't like me."

Scotty was feeling a little sore. He had gone into the kitchen for something he had forgotten, and Mrs. Belchamber, waylaying him, had given him a pithy résumé of the conclusions she had reached about his person and possessions. She had used expressions which he had never before heard applied by a lady to a gentleman, and his ears were ringing with adjectives, the more complimentary of which were "slovenly," "unkempt," "out-at-elbows," "unself-respecting," "clodlike" and "animal."

"And you know what?" he said to Christopher, at the end of a recital of his humiliation. "She's ordered hot baths all round. How can you provide hot baths in a place that hasn't a hot bathroom? Monday, you and the boys; Tuesday, her first and then me; Wednesday, you and the boys; Thursday, her first and then me; Friday, you and the boys, and Saturday—what d'you think? Me again! Three baths a week!"

"How do you manage when you're by yourself?" asked Christopher.

"Me? Well, I manage, that's all. Every so often I yank the tin tub into the kitchen and give myself a rubdown, but it's a troublesome performance and I can't say I let the matter of ablutions weigh on me too much."

"That's what the Belchamber said. She said you were a disgrace to your upbringing."

"What's my upbringing got to do with her?" demanded Scotty. "Could you find time to tell her that my name isn't Scott?"

"Here she comes," said Chris. "Tell her yourself."

Mrs. Belchamber had opened the kitchen door and was addressing Christopher. "We'd like you to come in and help us move some furniture round."

"Delighted," said Christopher.

"And Mr. Scott"—Mrs. Belchamber fixed her eyes coldly on Scotty—"there's a bucket of slops here to be emptied."

Scotty gazed at her, his eyes starting out of his head. "A—a b-bucket —— What's wrong with Mrs. Garcia?"

"Mrs. Garcia left, as usual, at three." Mrs. Belchamber drew in her chin. "Do you expect me to do it?"

"Well—no. But do you mean to say that I—me—a descendant of a family that can trace its ancestry back to George the Fifth, do you mean I've got to descend to this?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Belchamber.

"Oh. All right," said Scotty. "If you say so."

After Mrs. Belchamber had interviewed Cressida and acknowledged, grudgingly, that she might be useful, the household fell into a routine which became daily more settled. The doctor, calling each morning, pronounced the case of measles to be mild.

Mrs. Belchamber issued orders, and everybody obeyed them: the children with a lighthearted air which proved that they stood in no awe of her, Cressida with quiet amusement, and the others—Christopher, Scotty and Mrs. Garcia—with varying degrees of unwillingness.

The sickroom was darkened to protect Josette's eyes; as her condition improved, Mrs. Belchamber decided to read aloud to her now and then. The choice of literature was not extensive, for besides innumerable copies of the Farmer and Stockbreeder, Scotty's library appeared to consist of three books only: Ruskin's Ethics of the Dust; an out-of-date guide to Paris entitled On Foot Through France, Part 3: The Capital; and a small volume of commercial correspondence with the title Businessman's French.

"They're not exactly children's literature, are they?" asked Christopher.

"I'm not looking for children's literature," declared Mrs. Belchamber. "I don't want any of your Piggy-wiggy or Henny-wenny, thank you. If you're going to read children that kind of thing, all they'll do is stay awake and listen. I'm looking for something that'll send a child to sleep, that's all."

The three available books certainly served this purpose. Cressida listened to the harsh rasping voice and watched Josette's eyes fixed on the reader; from round-eyed fascination, they would change to an absent stare, and soon the lids would droop and the patient fall into a sound sleep.

"It's odd," she told Christopher, walking homeward across the fields. "She's a dreadful person, in many ways, but she does get things done. She pushes everybody around, but never on unessential jobs. She's got a hawk's eye for anything that needs fixing."

"You don't *like* her?" asked Christopher, incredulous.

"N-no. I don't see how anybody could like her, but I like certain things about her. She's shrewd and clear-sighted and she's never afraid to say just what she thinks."

"Why do you consider that a virtue? It's much harder not to say what one thinks—and much pleasanter all round."

"In a way. But look how useful it is," pointed out Cressida.

"What do you think makes her stay?"

"She hasn't, for the moment, anywhere to go. She gave up her house in Switzerland. I think she'll go—eventually—to this house of hers at Melhampton, but I think she wants to give them all the trouble of finding her and apologizing for what she calls her schoolgirl reception."

They walked a little way in silence, and now and then Christopher turned his head and looked at the girl beside him. She was friendly; she was even, in a sense, responsive—but it was not the kind of response he was looking for. Behind her quiet, easy manner was something he could not fathom—a touch of reserve, a hint of distance.

"Christopher ——"

He looked down at her, a little unsteady at hearing his name on her lips. "Well?"

"I want to talk to you about Scotty."

"No—not now," pleaded Christopher. "Let's talk about you—or even about me. We've so little time, Cressida; how much of the day do I get you to myself like this? I want to know so much about you. Let's be together while we're together, please—won't you . . . Cressida?" The name was spoken like a caress, but her voice, when he heard it, was cool and unmoved.

"You're Scotty's friend—the first of his friends I've ever met—and I'm worried about him."

"Why? He hasn't got three orphans on his hands, one of them sick."

"Didn't he, at one time," asked Cressida, "have quite a lot of money?"

"Well—yes. His father left him a packet. What he's done with it—specifically—I can't tell you, but he's got the erroneous idea that you can be a farmer just because you like messing about with cows and crops. Or perhaps that's inaccurate. I don't think he ever tried to be a farmer. All he wanted was to live this carefree, open-air life, without much responsibility—except to see the cows regularly milked—and without much hardship. Why are you worried about Scotty?"

"Hasn't he run through most of his money?"

"Probably. If he goes on long enough without making ends meet, he'll have to chuck it and live on an allowance—he's got some capital he can't touch, and some trustees he can't touch either. So you see, he won't starve."

"Couldn't you look into things for him while you're here?" pleaded Cressida. "I feel, in a way, responsible. You see, he bought . . . my father sold him the farm, and I'd feel better if it—if it paid better."

"Scotty couldn't make anything pay," said Christopher. "You mustn't lose any sleep about his affairs. What he needs is a good, steady wife. Not a girl like you—you wouldn't suit him at all—but a strong, sturdy girl with a good head and strong muscles. Can't we find him one?"

"Perhaps you can," said Cressida. "But I lead rather a busy life."

They had reached the last gate. There was only the lane, and then the road, and then



"Why don't you make surprise cookies with dimes in 'em?"

"Naturally...



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the grounds. She would murmur her thanks, say good night and slip away and it would be fourteen . . . sixteen hours before he saw her again. There was so much he wanted to say, but he was afraid to say it.

He left her at Greensleeves and walked back the way he had come, dreaming, planning, rehearsing scenes in which Cressida, at last, looked at him with eyes in which he could read feeling similar to his own. He would ——

"Where," shouted Scotty, "did you get to?"

"We looked everywhere for you," said Christopher.

"Don't lie." Scotty clambered over a gate and came up indignantly. "You waited till that calf was on the way and then you sneaked off. Cressida would never play a low trick like that without your lying assurances that I wasn't able to come. A fine friend!"

"Well, you could have followed us."

"I couldn't. That cow behaved as though nobody'd ever had a calf before." He sighed. "Oh, well, I'd have done the same in your place. That's a wonderful girl, Chris."

"Yes. She's—well, I ——"

"Oh, I know what you think of her. I can give you the names of at least four poor fish round these parts who all feel just as you do—and I do. If I thought you had any more chance than the others, I'd feed you to the bull, piece by piece. Mind you, short of marrying me, I don't think Cressida could hit on a better fellow than you."

"Thanks. Tell me, Scotty, how often does her father come down?"

"The handsome major? Oh, in the summer, quite frequently. He invites people down and then gets here in time to stand in that picturesque doorway exuding the well-known charm."

The words jarred on Christopher, and he found himself speaking abruptly. "I like him."

Scotty stopped in his tracks. "But you haven't seen him!"

"Yes, I have. I met him when I went up the second time to fetch Cressida. He showed me round. It's a lovely place, and he made it pretty interesting. He's got some good stuff there."

"Ah," said Scotty again. "You think so?"

"I saw some of it. I bought a gun off him."

Once more Scotty came to a dead halt and, turning, stared at Christopher. "You—you bought a gun off him?"

Christopher frowned. "Well—yes. Anything wrong with that? Bit quick, I admit, but we made a deal."

"You made a deal," repeated Scotty. He threw his head back suddenly and gave a shout of laughter.

Anger, slow but hot, rose in Christopher. He was not often angry, but something in Scotty's tone sent the blood to his head. "Shut up," he said.

SCOTTY checked a burst of laughter and peered into Christopher's face. "I said something?" he asked.

"Yes. No—you didn't. To tell you the truth, I enjoyed going round that house more than I can tell you, Scotty. And I liked Major Gray. He didn't try to sell me anything—I saw the gun and asked if I could buy it. He went out of his way to tell me it wasn't worth much—at least, that it wasn't genuine." He paused. "If you want to tell me anything about him, go ahead and I'll listen. But don't laugh before you let me in on the joke."

Scotty thrust his hands into his pockets and hunched his shoulders in a gesture Christopher knew well. "I slipped up," he acknowledged soberly. "I forgot that it's four years since I bought something off him, and I forgot that he had the same effect on me, when I first saw him, as he had on you."

"Why don't you like him?"

"I didn't say I didn't like him. I was laughing because—well, in four years, if someone tells you they've made a deal with Major Gray, you'll laugh."

"All right, I'll laugh. Why?"

"Because that's how he lives—by making deals. Major Gray makes a nice comfortable living by doing just what he did when you met him. He gets you into his house and shows you his treasures—all the heirlooms. Before you leave, you've persuaded him—and sometimes he takes a lot of persuading—to let you buy something that's taken your fancy. He won't live here because it pays him better not to. He lives in his club in town, and keeps his eyes open for the rather special kind of tourist he needs for his purposes. They have to have money. They have to be, in a sense, connoisseurs and collectors. He doesn't invite them down. He talks, quietly and with a whimsical regret, about Greensleeves. Can they, they ask hesitatingly, by any chance —— Well, yes, they can. Oddly enough, he's going down the next day to see his caretaker. If they care to drive down, he'd be delighted to show them over the house. They come, and almost invariably make a deal. He does what every merchant does—buys low and sells high. Whether his methods stick in your throat or not is something you decide for yourself. I just happen to have found out more about him than most people know, so I suppose that makes me prejudiced."

THE voice ceased, and it was some time before Christopher spoke.

"You'd better let me have it all," he said.

"There's not much. I bought this place from him. I had a bit of a job finding the money and went to my trustees. One of them went to a lot of trouble to find out something about Gray. He found out where he has a lot of his fakes made. None of it criminal, of course. You can't be had up for selling copies as copies. And in my case—and in yours, of course—there's always Cressida to keep us from complaining."

"What does Cressida think of it?"

"Cress? Well, it took her a bit of time to see what he was up to. She was in Switzerland when he inherited the place—she was brought up in a school in Lausanne. Her mother died when she was eight, and she didn't see much of her father. She thought—when she heard about Greensleeves—that she'd have a home at last, but when she saw it, she gave up the idea. There was no money—only the house and its contents. She tried nursing, but went at it too hard and it knocked her over. She had a hard time for a while, and then she was offered one or two modeling jobs, and she hasn't looked back since. She doesn't talk about her father. I often feel I'd like to find some kind, quick method of putting him out of the way, but that's only because I think he lets Cress down, not because I've any strong feelings about him myself. That gun you bought—you'll see another, and then another, exactly the same, hanging on that wall next time you go. He'll know you've seen it, and he won't mind. Well, that's the major. I hope you won't like your gun any less."

Christopher made no answer. He would not, he felt, like his gun less, but his thoughts on the man who had sold it to him were oddly mixed. He had warmed to Major Gray in a way which he now looked back upon as extraordinary. "I thought," said Christopher, "that he was a—a particularly nice fellow."

"Who wouldn't?" asked Scotty. "After all, he's a confidence man, and who ever made a success of that job unless they could inspire confidence? One of these days the major'll go too far. These artists have a way of overreaching themselves. That, I think, is what Cressida's frightened of. She's had to learn a lot these last four years, and she's learned it fast."

"I can't see," said Christopher, "why he didn't sell the house."

"He wouldn't have got his price, and if he had, he wouldn't have got more than about three per cent on his money, like us all. That wouldn't have brought him a tenth of what he makes this way. And, as I said, all tax-free."

Scotty turned in the direction of home, and Christopher fell into step beside him.

"I've lowered your spirits," said Scotty. "I might have kept my mouth shut, but if you're in love with Cressida, you'd better know. You are in love with Cressida?"

"Yes," said Christopher. "I am."

da Gray had spent a good deal of
ring the past four years, wishing that
ringing had been designed to equip
e fully for the pace and harshness of
living.

Major Gray learned that Green-
had been left to him, he had sent for
ghter, asking her to bring with her
nd Zoute, an old couple who had
in her mother's old home near
ne. The three arrived at Grenton;
nd Zoute took over their duties as
r and caretaker, but for Cressida
llowed a long and painful period of
ent.

e was no home; it was not long before
that her hopes of living at Green-
with her father were not to be
l. There were other disappointments,
ef being the gradual realization that
her was not the close, understanding
nd companion she had hoped to find.
what he had always been during his
to her throughout the years—gay,
ng, amusing. Far from being guide or
n, she found him entirely free from
nse of responsibility. He made his
nd told her of them when they were
ted; he made no inquiries about her

as a situation which would have tried
e experienced young woman than
la. But during the months of struggle
neliness, she found one friend—Scotty
. It was Scotty who, unable to man-
s own affairs, showed a cool clear-
lness when advising her about her
nd it was Scotty who supported her in
fficult days when her first love affair
o grief.

as an ill-starred affair, and Cressida,
g back upon it, knew that she had
d it badly. She had
rets, however, about
cision in the matter,
deep, warm feeling
itude toward Scotty
s stanch adherence
me when everybody
lamed her bitterly.
ad a deep affection for Scotty; about
elings for Christopher she preferred, at
t, not to think.

s. Belchamber came to trust her suf-
ly to sit with Josette whenever she was
sy to do so herself; the rest of the time
da spent obeying orders and keeping
e morale of Mrs. Garcia, who declared
he new regime had already taken ten
ls off her weight.

ading away, I am," she confided to
da. "This is the fourth time I've
d this kitchen floor, and these floors
made for it. This is a farm'ouse, and I
it better when it looked like a farm-
Mr. Linden 'asn't been comfortable
it all got cleaned up."

e'll get used to cleanliness," said Mrs.
amber, appearing from nowhere with
peed and unexpectedness that made
Garcia feel she had materialized, like a
. "Mrs. Garcia, you were late this
ing."

Iadam," said Mrs. Garcia with dignity,
my 'usband. He didn't get back."

ack? Back from where?"

shouldn't care to say," said Mrs. Garcia
y. "'E said he was going to London in
ourse of his duty, but there was no
for 'im to take Nellie Carson with 'im
keep her there till the last train 'ad
It won't be the last time." said the
ged wife with resignation. "When I
ed Howsay, they all warned me that 'e
f a roving dispersition."

Iarried who?"

OWSAY, madam. That's what Mr. Gar-
Christian name is. It's pronounced with
tch and not a *J*. 'E don't like to be
d Joe, like people call him—he prefers
o call him Howsay."

Vell, don't go away until you've done
full time," said Mrs. Belchamber,
ng back to the point. "Late come, late

Certainly, madam." Nothing could ex-
Mrs. Garcia's dignity. "But I can't 'elp having my troubles, and a husband who keeps me short and spends his substance on chambermaids is a 'eavy weight on me."

"Well, use a heavy weight on him," advised Mrs. Belchamber briskly. "No woman needs to lie down and let a man walk over her."

"There's nothing to keep him at home," mourned Mrs. Garcia. "No little 'ands. If our union had been blessed, 'e would have ——"

"—— gone off just the same. Now we'll start on those spoons."

"Was your union blessed, madam?" asked Mrs. Garcia, starting on them.

"It was."

Mrs. Garcia stared at her. "You mean you 'ad children, madam?"

"I mean I didn't. Now sparingly with the polish, if you please, and generous with the rubbing. . . . Cressida, I should like your help upstairs."

SHE swept upstairs and Cressida, a little smile on her lips, followed.

"We'll do the boys' beds first. That woman will work better if she has no opportunity to chat. What she ought to do is try and get hold of some of her husband's wages before he's had time to spend them on other women. She rather enjoys being the injured wife."

"She says she loves him, and ——"

"Love!" Nothing could exceed the surprise, the scorn Mrs. Belchamber put into the word. She whisked off a sheet, shook it and tossed one end to Cressida. "Love," she said, "is the most overworked word in the language. The impulse that's called love is given far too much space in the public consciousness. I myself, I can tell you now, have never—tuck that in more tightly, will you, please?—have never been in love."

Cressida stared at her. "B-but if you—I mean you were ——"

"I was married. Certainly I was. Three times. Twice because I knew what I was doing, and once because I didn't. When I was a young girl we spent our time either looking for a husband, or waiting until somebody found one for us. I was brought up by an aunt who found my first husband for me. He came from Luxemburg and his name was Federico Besnard, and I was no more in love with him than the man in the moon. But everybody insisted that any girl who could look at Federico's wide shoulders and fine mustaches without feeling something must be very odd. So by looking at them long enough, and hard enough, I managed to feel enough to get married on. Nowadays, of course, girls are more sensible."

Cressida said nothing; she was longing to learn something of Federico Besnard's successors. She smoothed a blanket and waited hopefully.

"When my first husband died," Mrs. Belchamber went on, "I thought of coming back to England. But he had left a great deal of property and I had to see to it; while I was seeing to it, I met my second husband—he and my third husband were both English and both a good deal older than I was, but I buried them both. People used to say that it was my money they were after, and it may be so, though I had excellent teeth and a good head of hair; if it was my money, they were disappointed, because I don't allow other people to manage my affairs."

Cressida bent over her work, unwilling to look at the harsh, wrinkled countenance before her. Though her ideas of what a thrice-married woman would look like were vague, Mrs. Belchamber fitted into none of them. She put aside, finally, any thought of allure, and decided that the trio, from Federico onward, had been in search of a home.

Mrs. Belchamber, in her turn, was reviewing her impressions of the girl before her, and found herself ready to acknowledge that, as girls went, Cressida had some pleasing qualities. Greatest test of all—though aware of the admiration of Mr. Heron and of the odious Mr. Scott, she satisfied the feminist in Mrs. Belchamber by keeping both men at arm's length.

Slander expires at a good woman's door.
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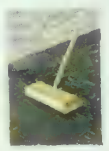
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"Yours will," corrected Christopher.

"Mine will. Tonight's my bath night, and something tells me that the old lady's going to glue her ear to the door to hear me step in and splash."

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"Who from?"

"It was from that place in France. And it was signed Ursule Desmoulins. Who's she?"

"Children's nurse. What did she say?"

"Well, I don't want to worry you. She said her daughter's still ill, and you can guess what she's got."

"No!" exclaimed Christopher.

"Yeah!" said Scotty. "Measles!"

"'The gallery,'" read Mrs. Belchamber, seated by the window in the sickroom, "'consists of two rooms. In the Salle Chanzy can be found various relics of the Defense Nationale in 1870–1871.'" She paused to peer over her spectacles. "Do you know about this Defense Nationale?"

"No," said Josette.

"Oh. Well, I can't enlighten you, but you ought to know your own history. 'The Salle Ney comprises the ——'"

Josette lay contentedly in the big bed, listening and looking. When Mrs. Belchamber was tired of reading, she sewed. Scotty's table linen—what there was of it—was in shreds. Her comments to Cressida on the rapid decline and fall of Scotty's living standards grew even more terse and uncomplimentary.

"It's a matter of soft rearing," she said, pushing the needle through a patch in a tablecloth. "No discipline. Take this Mr. Scott"—she jerked her head in the direction of her host, now crossing the stackyard below. "His own cowman, if he had one, would have more pride. I don't like shiftlessness. What are you showing that child?"

"It's your pincushion," explained Cressida, who was sitting at the head of Josette's bed. "We're making a spell."

Cressida and Josette were holding the pincushion between them, and Cressida was making a new pattern with the pins.

"What sort of nonsense is this?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

Cressida looked up for a second, eyes mischievous, lips curled in amusement. "Oh, it isn't nonsense, is it, Josette? We made a spell yesterday for the spots to go away, and—look—the ones on her arms are going. Now we're making a spell so's she can eat a custard tomorrow." Her head bent close to Josette's. "We make *this* pattern—see?"

"Yes, I see." Josette took the pincushion and studied it. "Where shall we put it?" she asked.

"You can put it back in my workbasket," said Mrs. Belchamber. "The spells can work just as well in there, and I'll still have a pincushion. Now then, you boys"—she glared at Robert and Paul, who had clattered upstairs and were peering round the door—"let me see your shoes."

"They are clean," declared Paul.

"We made a spell," said Josette. "Look."

Both boys clambered onto the bed and looked. "What is it?" asked Robert.

"A spell. *Une charme*," explained Josette. "Tomorrow I shall eat custard."

"*Tiens!*" Paul handled the pincushion reverently. "*Est-ce-que*"—he stopped and corrected himself—"Is zis good spell, or bad spell?"

"Well, good, naturally," said Cressida.

"But if it is good, then it can be bad?" persisted Paul.

"Just like a boy," grated Mrs. Belchamber. "Will it work, will it tick, will it pull, will it come to pieces? You mind your feet on that bed, young man. And now who?" she demanded, looking at the opening door. "Oh, it's you."

"Yes." Christopher entered, his manner more conciliatory than the one he usually showed to the enemy. "I've had a letter from Ursule."

"From Ursule!" The children were instantly alert. "From Ursule? Has Monique," asked Josette, "got spots, like me?"

"Lots and lots of spots."

"Read what she says."

Monique had been ill, but the doctor was now satisfied that she would make a rapid recovery. A month would have to pass, however, before she could travel with her mother to England.

"What's she coming over for?" asked Mrs. Belchamber of Christopher. "These children are too old for a nurse!"

"Ursule cooks," explained Robert, "and she mends our clothes, and washes them, and makes up the beds and sweeps the rooms."

"Well, that's most of the work taken care of," said Mrs. Belchamber, folding her work and rising. "If she were here, I shoul going downstairs to get the tea. You t she fixed Robert and Paul with a eye—"come when I call you. Cressi send up the boys with your tea and J barley water."

She went toward the door and opened it for her, giving her a stiff lit as she passed him. He shut it behind l turned to look at Josette's face, puck disgust.

"You do not like the barley?" he

Josette, face screwed in distaste, sh head.

"It'll do you good, you know," sai sida gently.

"I will make a spell," said Paul, r for the pincushion. "I will make a b for the barley. Perhaps madame will able to find it when I have put the

He rearranged the pins carefully, w by his brother and sister.

"There!" said Paul. "That is a bad

"This is only a game, you know," Cressida. "It wouldn't be very nic could make bad spells, would it?"

"Yes—it would," said Paul firmly

"Why not?" asked Christopher. are good fairies and bad fairies. If t good spells, there must be bad spell voice dropped to a mysterious whispe you must put the spell near the fi must warm it; if it isn't warm, i work."

Paul walked across the room and pincushion on the fender. "So?"

"So," said Christopher. "Now yc say 'Spell, spell, do your work well.'

"'Spell, spell,'" enjoined Paul, "' work well.'"

"Don't," said Cressida, her voice ing sharply into the hushed tones. Christopher's only ——"



Best I Ever Ate

Give me a hot clam pie, a tossed green salad with plenty of fresh gard herbs in season, a bit of cheese, and crackers; with a tall glass of iced t on a hot summer day or a cup of coffe in wintertime—and I call it a meal n French chef could equal.

Jeanette Rattray

CLAM PIE

By Jeannette Rattray

OUR village housewives have a culinary specialty which is, like that "charm from the skies" that John Howard Payne wrote about in Home, Sweet Home, "ne'er met with elsewhere." It is an inexpensive, all-season main dish. The ingredients are obtainable anywhere, if canned clams are used—which of course they never are on the Long Island shore. That dish is clam pie.

There are two schools of thought on clam pie. Some cooks use only hard clams (quahogs). Others prefer to use mostly hard clams, but add just a few of the soft (steamer) clams for their sweet flavor. The recipe below is my mother's:

Prepare a rich pastry recipe for a 2-crust pie. Wash and scrub 1 to 1½ dozen hard-shell clams, or a combination of hard-shell with a few soft-shell (steame clams for their sweet flavor. Steam ju long enough for the shells to open. Th takes only a very few minutes. Y don't want to really cook them. Ch the clams. Cook 2 good-sized peel potatoes, cut up very fine, with peeled onion, also cut fine, in a ve little water until tender. Drain; blen teaspoon flour into 2 tablespoons melt butter or margarine. Add 2 tablespoo cream, 2 tablespoons chopped parsl 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ clove garlic, mash and the chopped clams (1–1¼ cup Mix together. Line one 8" piepan or t 5" tart pans with pastry. Fill with cl mixture; cover with pastry, pinch ed together and gash the top. Bake in a h oven, 425° F., until pastry is brown nicely. This takes about 20 minut Serves 4. Canned minced clams may used instead of fresh if the fresh are available.

(Continued from Page 90)

Mrs. Belchamber, seeing it drive into th yard, went out to interview the caller.

"I beg your pardon ——" he began.

Mrs. Belchamber took off her pince-ne and put on her long-distance glasses. "Yo want to see Mr. Scott?"

"Mr. Scott? Well—no. I thought Mr Linden ——"

"I've never heard of a Mr. Linden," sai Mrs. Belchamber. "Mr. Scott owns thi farm. This is Green Farm—perhaps you'v come to the wrong place."

"No—oh, no." The inspector summoned his official manner. "It's Green Farm I'm after. Could I see Mr. Scott? He could per haps put me on to Mr. Linden. Shall I find him on the farm?"

Mrs. Belchamber, glancing over his shoul der, thought it probable; Scotty was at that moment carrying two buckets of water to the horses. The operation, she knew, took about ten minutes.

"You won't find Mr. Scott, I'm afraid," she told the inspector. "He's out."

"When will he be back, do you know?"

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes. He's taken a rather valuable animal to the show. What show, I can't tell you." *And neither*, she thought grimly, *can anybody else*. "Can I," she asked, "do anything for you?"

The inspector hesitated. "I needn't bother Mr. Scott," he said. "I really came to ask about a lady who ——"

"Do you mean Mrs. Belchamber?"

"Well—yes. Are you ——"

"You're too late," said Mrs. Belchamber. "She's gone. She left yesterday. Mr. Scott drove her to Grenton station."

The inspector was thinking hard. "Would you tell me your name?" he asked.

"I am Madame Desmoulins. I came with Mr. Christopher Heron from Switzerland to look after his three little cousins. They call me Ursule, and I have been with them since they were born. May I know why you are asking these questions?"

"I—I'm sorry. I should have explained. I'm from the Grenton police station, and I called to make inquiries about a Mrs. Belchamber. She was on her way to ——"

"To Melhampton. She told us. She left two addresses—the Melhampton one and a Swiss one. I can give them to you if you wish."

"No, thank you. We have them, as a matter of fact. Well ——"

"If we hear anything," said Mrs. Belchamber, "we'll let you know."

"Oh, thank you. Er—thanks." The inspector turned toward his car. Coming through the orchard, he saw two small, dusty figures, and eyed them with a revival of hope. "Those are ——"

"Two of the children Mr. Heron brought home. A pity they don't know any English yet."

She had led him to the car; she stood back to watch him go and Robert and Paul, coming up, sprang forward politely to open the car door for him.

"Oh—*merci*," smiled the inspector. "*Merci beaucoup*."

It was, murmured the surprised Robert in French, *rien. Rien du tout.*

The inspector got into the car. He was gone. Mrs. Belchamber marched toward the kitchen and Scotty, coming out of the stable, called a question.

"Was that a car?"

"Yes." Mrs. Belchamber did not pause.

"Who was it?"

"He was selling brushes," said Mrs. Belchamber. "They're always selling brushes. Now, you two boys, where've you been?"

"To the big house." Robert waved a hand in the direction of Greensleeves. "We saw Cressida's father—Monsieur Gray—and he showed all the inside to us."

"Oh—he's down here again, is he?"

"Yes—he is here."

If Major Gray drew any conclusions from Christopher's frequent appearances at Greensleeves, he gave no sign. He was to be seen on most afternoons standing in his attitude

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of quiet welcome at the great door. Cars drove in, waited for their owners and drove away. The tourist season—Major Gray's season—was at its height, and Christopher saw with unwilling admiration that the warmth of the welcome, the thoroughness of the tour, never slackened. Though Cressida never appeared, Christopher sometimes waited for her, and Major Gray showed always the same lack of self-consciousness in going through the familiar routine.

He tried, sometimes, to talk of her father to Cressida, but while she answered freely questions relating to the major's career, her replies were merely factual. Christopher did not try to probe her feelings. He was content, for the moment, to leave things as they were. His one fear—that Mrs. Belchamber would express, with her usual freedom, her views upon a suitable wife for him—seemed unfounded. He was relieved, but somewhat surprised; sparing people's feelings was no part of the old lady's make-up.

Mrs. Belchamber, however, had problems of her own. Her dismissal of the inspector was not likely to end the investigations. The police, having poked so far, would want to poke farther.

NEXT MONTH

And where was pride, Elizabeth asked herself, *gone into hiding? That she could love a man who was chained to another man's wife!*

THE "other man's wife" was Elizabeth Burke's sister, Anna, an invalid whose bright, gay charm defied her fate, whose insatiable thirst for life touched upon all Lakeville, ferreting out secrets better concealed. Elizabeth knew the danger of Anna's discovering her love for Huxley Reals—but it seemed inevitable.

Woman at the Window

By Nelia Gardner White

complete in the August JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by The Viking Press.

The same thought had occurred to Scotty. "When they track her down," he told Christopher, "she'll have to show her hand. At this moment it looks as though she's settled here for life. Wouldn't you say?"

"No, I wouldn't when I think about it reasonably," said Christopher. "She dislikes you and me, and Mrs. Garcia, and the farm. She misses hot water and indoor comforts."

"Funny, her passion for cleanliness," observed Scotty. "I'm all for being clean, naturally, but on a place like this you don't have to observe all the rules. You can't take off your boots, for example, every time you go into and out of the house. You can't help a slight—a very slight—odor of toil."

"For the last eight or ten years," said Christopher, "you've been sliding rapidly down the chute from gentleman farmer to hind. Mrs. Belchamber's quite right; you look terrible, you smell terrible and you'd be mistaken, anywhere, for your own cowman."

"But I am my own cowman!"

"But why? You started out as manager and you're ending up as office boy—is that progress?"

"In one direction. It's no use, Chris—I've never been able to come out on the right side financially. I do everything that the other farmers do, and more. Nothing ever pays. I've run through practically what I started it with, one way and another. But I like his place, and if I can hang on just making ends meet, I'd like to hang on. Even if Gray did see me coming, and doubled the price, I'm glad to be here. It's got good air, good water and a first-rate view. I own a nice bit of shooting and a stretch of river. What more can a man want?"

"Money. Profit. A return for his work. A sense of achievement. Something to hand on to his sons."

"Sons?" Scotty shook his head. "No. The only time I ever thought of sons was when I saw Cress. And I can't have Cress."

"No," agreed Christopher. "But we'll find you someone, someday."

"You'll have to look a long way, and it'll take a long time, and by then I'll be too old to appreciate her. I'm a good four years older than you are, remember."

The words seemed to strike Christopher, and he looked at the speaker with brows knitted thoughtfully.

"Scotty—I've got an idea."

"It'll have to be a good one. I like them slim and ——"

"Listen—it's my birthday soon. If we've got the Belchamber off our hands by then, or even if we haven't, let's have a party."

"A party always sounds a good idea," said Scotty. "And there's another thing."

"Well?"

"It's Cressida's birthday about now."

"Then that makes a party imperative."

"What do I have to do?" inquired Scotty.

"Nothing. I'll do it all."

"Oh. Well, in that case, count me in. There's a cakeshop near the Pig and Whistle where they'll make you a cake with pink icing and all the trimmings. Don't forget the candles and ices. I'm fond of ices. You'll have to do things pretty well if it's going to be a double event."

"Double event?"

"Well—yes. If it's to be your birthday and Cressida's joined. It *is* going to be a double event, isn't it?"

"Ye-es." Christopher's tone was thoughtful, his gaze fixed absently on space.

It could, perhaps, be a double event. If he could persuade her—if he could make her see that he wasn't, after all, so precipitate. Love's arrows flew swiftly. She knew that he loved her; he had but to find out whether she loved him.

A double event. He would ask her, and, if she was kind, their engagement and his birthday could be celebrated at one and the same time.

"Why does not Cressida come?" inquired Josette.

"H'm?" Mrs. Belchamber peered over her reading glasses. "How do I know? Ask your cousin Christopher there"—she threw a glance at him as he half sat, half lay on Josette's pillow, one of her hands held in his. "Ask him; he saw her last, when he took her home last night."

"Is she sick?" Josette asked, turning to look at him.

"I don't know, Josette," said Christopher.

"Then ask her," directed Josette, with the imperiousness of a pampered convalescent. "I would like that Cressida should come."

"Not 'that Cressida should come.' I—would—like—Cressida—to—come. Now say that slowly."

"I—would—like—Cressida—to—come."

Christopher's lips did not move, but his heart echoed the words. She had not come. Perhaps she would not come again. He had rushed his fences, and he had come down, as he deserved. He had been mad to imagine that because her beauty, her calm sweetness, her aloofness had captivated him, he could look for as swift response in her. He was a fool, a vain, blundering madman.

But she loved him. She had said so. If he had not been sure that that was all that mattered, he would not have persisted so long, so hotly.

"But if you love me, Cressida, why—why not? There's nothing to stand in the way. I love you, and you love me—you've said so. Then why won't you marry me?"

She had been white and still. She had freed herself, gently, from his arms. "I've told you, Chris. I love you, but . . . it was like this before. I loved him too."

"Well, you were young—it was four years ago. Every beautiful girl is in love at eighteen. What does it matter? You loved a fellow and forgot him, poor devil—but that was yesterday. This is *now!* Cressida—let me kiss you . . . Cressida . . . Cressida."

"But you don't understand, Ch Listen—please, darling, listen! You see wasn't eighteen. I was twenty-two, an loved him very much, Chris. He was t like you, and young and good-looking a gentle and kind—like you—and there nothing in the way then, either. His pare liked me; I liked them. There was eve thing. . . . And then he went away—fo year. We could have married before he l but we talked it over, and decided to w We wrote, we planned, we lived for the he'd come back. . . . And before he ca back, I knew that—that, as far as I was c cerned, it was . . . dead. I tried to write, I I was—I was trapped. I prayed that whe saw him again, everything would be right. I thought that when I saw him aga I'd get back whatever it was that was los

"Cressida, my darling, don't cry. Ple don't cry."

"He came back. He was as much in l as he'd been when he went away. But no ing I could do—nothing, Chris—could br back the magic. It was gone. I liked him admired him, but I couldn't love him. Y see—in a year, in just a year, it had di And now, when I'm in love again, I can't can't help remembering. I love you, Ch but you've got to wait. If you'll be patien if you'll just wait."

"A year!"

"Yes. Try to understand, please. If been eighteen, or nineteen, or twenty— at twenty-two, it's different. People exp you to know what you're doing. If you'll w Chris, and let me prove to myself that I trust my feelings, that they'll stand up, t time, to any test ——"

She would not give in. He had not, in end, been gentle, and he had left her, at l shaken and trembling. He had come back the farm and roamed restlessly round dark buildings until, in a remote shed, had found Scotty and sought his sympat

"But I *told* you, Chris!"

"You didn't. You never mentioned

"Well, I thought I did. This is a thing can't help. The burnt child and the fire. Y don't know what she went through whe on the eve of the marriage—she handed poor wight back his ring. He was a nice g He took it as well as could be expected, his parents went through a series of unple ant phases, each more vindictive than last. Cress might have stood up to it bet if she'd had anybody at home to back her but her father went over to the enem

"Why was he ——"

"Money. It's his ruling passion—or been since his wife died. Cress says he different when she was alive. Well, there have it. Cressida was called capricious, hea less, cruel—and worse. A lot of that n stuck. You won't argue her out of this, Ch Be patient with her—it only needs patienc

Christopher came to himself to find Jose shaking his arm gently.

"You are not listening," she said.

"No. I'm sorry," said Christopher. "' me again."

"What she's been trying to tell you, c you've been off on some dream of your o is that she's made a spell."

"Oh." With an effort, Christopher brou his mind to bear on the pincushion Jose was holding. "This is the spell, is it?"

"It's for Cressida," Josette told him. ' come back."

Mrs. Belchamber laid down the book took off her glasses. "If you're going to spells," she said to Josette, "you'd better one for Mrs. Garcia to come back too."

"She is not here?" asked Josette.

"She is not. You usually find that w one support goes, the others collapse t

Christopher rose abruptly. "I'll go acro he said, "and see what's keeping Cressic

He went downstairs and was halfw across the stackyard when he heard his na called. He turned and found Scotty com toward him.

"Hey—Chris! You going over to Gr sleeves?"

"Yes. Cressida hasn't come, and I w to find out—I'd like to know why."

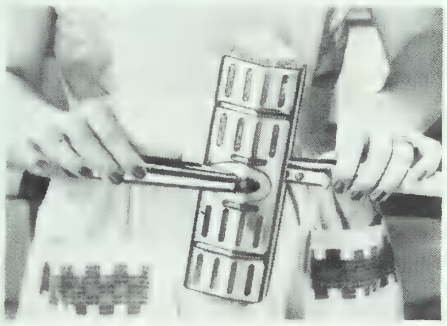
(Continued on Page 94)

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Christopher was scarcely at arm's length. It would have taken a harder heart than Cressida's to resist the warmth and charm of his wooing. He brought all the weight of his personality and charm to bear, and Cressida knew that she was giving way before it.

Scotty knew, too, and since he had never had any real hope that Cressida could love him, was content to see her loving, he explained to her, the next-best fellow.

There was no sign, as yet, that any steps were being taken to trace Mrs. Belchamber, but Christopher thought it unlikely that those who felt themselves responsible for her would allow her to disappear without making any efforts to find her. There was, as Scotty pointed out, a slender thread reaching back to the world she had left. Mrs. Garcia was a talker and, if inquiries were made, Mrs. Belchamber's whereabouts would not long remain a secret.

"And then," he ended, "our troubles'll be over."

"Yours will," corrected Christopher.

"Mine will. Tonight's my bath night, and something tells me that the old lady's going to glue her ear to the door to hear me step in and splash."

"You'll step in and splash," promised Christopher. "I'll see to it personally."

"The skin," said Scotty, "has a natural grease, and boiling it off too frequently does the system no good at all. Oh, and I forgot to tell you. There was a telegram for you."

"Who from?"

"It was from that place in France. And it was signed Ursule Desmoulins. Who's she?"

"Children's nurse. What did she say?"

"Well, I don't want to worry you. She said her daughter's still ill, and you can guess what she's got."

"No!" exclaimed Christopher.

"Yeah!" said Scotty. "Measles!"

"'The gallery,'" read Mrs. Belchamber, seated by the window in the sickroom, "'consists of two rooms. In the Salle Chanzy can be found various relics of the Defense Nationale in 1870–1871.'" She paused to peer over her spectacles. "Do you know about this Defense Nationale?"

"No," said Josette.

"Oh. Well, I can't enlighten you, but you ought to know your own history. 'The Salle Ney comprises the ——.'"

Josette lay contentedly in the big bed, listening and looking. When Mrs. Belchamber was tired of reading, she sewed. Scotty's table linen—what there was of it—was in shreds. Her comments to Cressida on the rapid decline and fall of Scotty's living standards grew even more terse and uncomplimentary.

"It's a matter of soft rearing," she said, pushing the needle through a patch in a tablecloth. "No discipline. Take this Mr. Scott"—she jerked her head in the direction of her host, now crossing the stackyard below. "His own cowman, if he had one, would have more pride. I don't like shiftlessness. What are you showing that child?"

"It's your pincushion," explained Cressida, who was sitting at the head of Josette's bed. "We're making a spell."

CRESSIDA and Josette were holding the pincushion between them, and Cressida was making a new pattern with the pins.

"What sort of nonsense is this?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

Cressida looked up for a second, eyes mischievous, lips curled in amusement. "Oh, it isn't nonsense, is it, Josette? We made a spell yesterday for the spots to go away, and—look—the ones on her arms are going. Now we're making a spell so's she can eat a custard tomorrow." Her head bent close to Josette's. "We make *this* pattern—see?"

"Yes, I see." Josette took the pincushion and studied it. "Where shall we put it?" she asked.

"You can put it back in my workbasket," said Mrs. Belchamber. "The spells can work just as well in there, and I'll still have a pincushion. Now then, you boys"—she glared at Robert and Paul, who had clattered up-

(Continued from Page 92)

"I think I know why." Scotty sent a troubled glance toward the wooded hill. "I think there's a bit of bother up there. I'm not sure that you ought to barge in."

"What are you talking about?"

"Her father. He's down here, and there are signs that he's staying down. The caretaker's just been along for milk and eggs. She said the major came down early this morning—with luggage. If that's true, it's the first time he's had his things here for four years. Why would he leave London when the tourists are packing it? I have an idea he's in trouble."

"Well, there's only one way to find out," said Christopher, "and that's to go over and ask."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait for Cress? If he's in trouble, she won't want you to know."

"If I'm going to marry her, which I am, sooner or later," said Christopher, "I'll have to marry her father too. So the more I know about him, the better for everybody concerned."

He went quickly across the fields, deep in thought. The first object his mind registered was Major Gray's black sports car, gleaming in its accustomed place in the garage.

The big door was closed; after a moment's hesitation, he turned the heavy handle. If he was not yet past the knocking stage, he reflected, then it was time he was. He pushed open the door and stepped into the hall.

The two figures were standing before an empty fireplace. Cressida and her father turned as Christopher entered, and Major Gray raised one eyebrow expressively.

"Sorry not to knock," said Christopher. "I was worried about Cressida."

"Cressida," said her father evenly, "is very well—as you see."

"We were worried because you hadn't come," said Christopher, looking beyond Major Gray into Cressida's pale, set face.

"I—I was coming," she said. "My father came down unexpectedly, and we—we were talking."

"Yes. We don't often see each other . . . alone" said the major smoothly.

Christopher spoke as smoothly. "This isn't perhaps quite the intrusion it seems. One of these days, when Cressida and I have argued over one or two minor matters, I hope she'll marry me."

"I shall be delighted," said Major Gray, "to place her in such good hands."

There was a pause. Christopher saw that the man was watching him; he knew from the amusement in the gray eyes that he would get no help in whatever he was going to say. It would be better, thought Christopher, to take advantage of the moment and have this thing out.

"Scotty didn't want me to come up just now," he explained, "because he thought the fact of your being here meant that you were . . . worried about something."

"Oh, I'm not worried," smiled Major Gray.

"That's fine. I'm glad." Christopher's tone was firmer. "But if we're to be related, I'd like to feel that Cressida and you place enough reliance on me to let me in on anything that did happen to—to come up. Perhaps I should have talked to you before—about wanting to marry Cressida, that is."

"I DON'T see why," said Major Gray. "Young people arrange these things for themselves nowadays, and the responsibility of the parents seems to have narrowed down to seeing that the wedding arrangements go off to everybody's credit. I hope, Cressida, you'll have a white wedding. A white bride—white velvet. Velvet is so much softer than brocade."

He was not, then, going to meet Christopher halfway. Christopher looked into the calm, handsome face and decided that no word could come of pressing the matter. Cressida, apparently, had come to the same conclusion.

"If you wait," she said, "I'll come back with you."

While he waited, Major Gray talked of matters so trivial that Christopher knew that he was being mocked for his impetuous visit. Then he was out of the house and walking back with Cressida to the farm.

They walked in silence for some way; Cressida was deep in thought, and Christopher said nothing to disturb her.

"Chris," she said at last.

"Well?"

"It was . . . I was thinking about your coming over just now."

"I barged in," said Christopher. "I didn't mean to be overcurious, but if you're going to marry a girl, you like to be there if you feel you can do anything to help her." He hesitated and added, "Or to help her father."

"Father," said Cressida, "is a very difficult person to help."

"Nobody's difficult to help. If they need something, you've just got to find out what they need, and what form they'll take it in."

"THE only form my father will take it in," said Cressida, "is in a form which makes it appear that he's doing the giving."

"Well, I don't mind that," said Christopher. "The long-term object is not to please him, but to please you. You're not a girl who tells a man much. All I know is that your father—for reasons best known to himself—uses Greensleeves as a means of exercising his histrionic talents and bringing in some money. I gather that you earn for yourself all the money you handle. . . . There must have been some money once, Cressida."

"Yes, there was," said Cressida. "My father had a certain amount of money when they married, and my mother had rather more. My mother was a good manager, and they could have lived very comfortably—but not at the level at which my father wanted to live."

"Who told you all this?"

"He did. Father was brought up with expectations that never came to anything. He didn't know he was going to get Greensleeves, but he thought he'd get some money. Well, he didn't, and you can see that the house, without the money, was a heavy burden. I don't like my father's way of—of solving the problem, because it seemed to me that—I can't explain this properly—it changed him from what I suppose most people would call a pleasant wastrel into—into something less pleasant. He may be worthless, or graceless, but he isn't—he isn't really dishonest. Only—if you've seen some of the people who've come down lately, and if you knew how far his sales have come from the small things he used to deal in—you'd know why I'm frightened."

"Why did he come—why's he staying down here?"

"He won't tell me. But I know he's in trouble; I *know* he is, Chris!"

"Well, steady," said Christopher gently. He took her in his arms, aware of Mrs. Belchamber's black hat at a window, and held her in a steady grasp. "You've nothing to worry about, Cressida. I'm in this as much as you are, you know. If you'd wash out all those silly ideas about not marrying me until you've found you're not in love with me any more ——"

He felt, rather than saw, the little shake of her head. "Give me time, Chris," she begged.

"I'll give you a little time. We'll shelve the wedding argument for the moment. But I'd hoped to bring off a double event—our engagement and my birthday party. Well, we can still have the birthday party. Scotty says you've got a birthday this month too. When?"

"The twenty-seventh," said Cressida.

Christopher stared down at her. "But that's my birthday too. And if you're going to be twenty-six, and I'm going to be twenty-six, then we're ——"

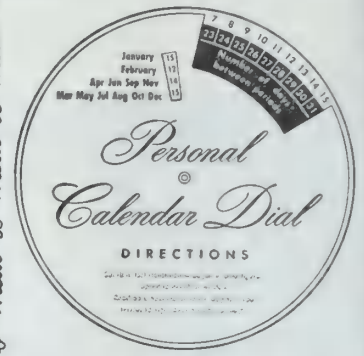
Cressida, for the first time that afternoon, smiled. "We're twins," she agreed.

Arrangements for the party proceeded. Josette was to be allowed to put on a dress for the occasion; the festivities were, for her convenience, to be held in a room upstairs; Robert and Paul were to have new gray flannel suits.

"Are there to be two cakes?" Paul asked Cressida anxiously.

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"There'll be two," promised Cressida.
"With twenty-six candles each?"
"That'll take some blowing out," commented Mrs. Garcia.
"Two cakes, each with twenty-six candles. There will be things to eat."
"Lots of things to eat!" corroborated Robert.
This attitude of eager anticipation was not shared by everybody at the farm. There was nothing else on Christopher's mind, and he took a day or two to come to a decision. When he had reached one, he waited until Cressida was upstairs with Josette, then he went swiftly across the fields.

CHRISTOPHER found Major Gray in the great hall. There were a notebook and a pencil in his hand; he was obviously making a list of his effects.

"You must have had a hot walk," he said. "There's a storm coming, I think."

"It's close," admitted Christopher, and then, without further preamble: "I walked across to talk to you. Perhaps you could spare me a few minutes."

"Why, of course. Sit down, won't you?" Christopher sat down and then rose, with the feeling that he could say what he had come to say more clearly if he were on his feet.

"It's chiefly about Cressida," he began. "I'd like to be married at once, but Cressida's decided to ——"

"I know." The major's voice was sympathetic. "She's got this fantastic idea that that little affair of four years ago ——"

"She prefers to wait," said Christopher, "and so," he lied, "it's all right as far as I'm concerned. That isn't what I came to see you about."

"No?"

"Last time I was here," said Christopher, "you'd just come down—not as you usually come, but in a way that made me feel that things might not"—he had rehearsed the words—"might not be well with you. It would be unpardonable of me to pry into your affairs, but I think you know that Cressida . . . worries about you. She doesn't know why you've left town, why you're not bringing people here any more, what—since that's your only source of income—you'll do about money. I feel that you've—this is awfully difficult to say, but I'd like to get it out, sir—I feel that you've run into trouble, and while that wouldn't particularly concern me, in itself, it's bound to affect Cressida—and if I'm taking over her worries, I'd like to take over this one."

He stopped. He had plunged, finally, and he had no idea whether he had said too much or too little. He stood waiting, but it was some time before Major Gray spoke.

"Trouble," he said at last, "is something that doesn't weigh very heavily on me. And my trouble is a common one—the commonest one, perhaps, of all—and it has been with me all my life. Lack of money. Lack, that is, of enough money. I was brought up to expect it, and it didn't come; but the habits were ingrained, and they were such pleasant habits that I saw no reason to change them. Greensleeves seemed the answer—but getting money out of people, however you do it, turns out to be a sordid sort of business. But I was doing well—as perhaps you saw. I thought I could go on doing it for a few years and then, when the markets looked healthier, sell Greensleeves and invest the proceeds more profitably than I could do now. But the business—and it was, after all, a business—packed up suddenly, dramatically and, I'm afraid, finally the other day. And this is how it happened. Won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, I was introduced by a very, very important person to a South American. The South American heard about Greensleeves, asked if he could come down, and came, bringing his charming English wife. It was a profitable afternoon. They bought a Saxon pantern. It was genuine, and one of the most lovely things I ever handled. I bought it in Germany, from an old, old English lady, who told me that it had been in her family for generations. I paid handsomely for it, but I sold it for exactly ten times what I gave. I was very pleased. Then a lot of unpleasant things came about: the charming English wife wanted to see as many relations as possible before going back to South America. The old lady crossed the Channel to see her grandniece. . . . I needn't, perhaps, go on. Taken item by item, it wasn't so bad, but piled, villainy upon villainy like that, I couldn't survive it. I had robbed an old lady; I had robbed a young lady; I had grossly deceived the South American, and humiliated the extremely important person. You can't do that in the kind of club I belong—belonged—to. What I couldn't stand up to was a blow right at the heart of my credit. It was my credit, after all, that I drew on. While I was well thought of by those who could provide good contacts, I was all right. Now I must either work from a different center—which wouldn't amuse me, since I'm most at home in London—or I must bring the business down to a more obviously businesslike level—and that wouldn't amuse me either. I came here hoping that the storm would blow over, but I can see now that it won't. I've had to leave the club, and I shan't find myself welcome on the topmost levels any more. And I'm really only at home at the topmost level. So you see, my dear Christopher, that there's nothing for Cressida to worry about. I shall either commercialize Greensleeves—how, I can't yet say—or I shall sell it and live abroad."

"I thought ——" began Christopher.

"You thought a timely loan might come in handy, and it was good of you. But the time is not yet. I don't doubt I'll come to it. You've got a disarmingly generous look. All I need is thinking time—and I get a lot of that here."

There was silence, and after a time Major Gray rose. There seemed nothing more to say, and Christopher found himself being led to the door. Major Gray came out a little way, and the two men stood looking up at the beautiful house.

"Well, there it is," said the major affectionately. "History in stone. The first time I saw it, it revived a longing I hadn't felt for over twenty years—a wish you wouldn't have shared with me."

"What wish?" asked Christopher.

"That Cressida had been a boy."

First the man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes the man. —JAPANESE PROVERB.

Christopher was wakened at dawn on his birthday by two small pajama-clad figures bringing offerings to his bedside. He sat up, shook the sleep from his eyes, made an effort to appear enchanted, and looked for suitable phrases in which to give thanks for a leather photograph frame and a box of linen handkerchiefs.

"YOU can put a photograph into the frame," pointed out Paul, the donor. "You can put Cressida."

"She is your fiancée now, no?" inquired Robert.

"Yes. We won't be married yet awhile, though."

"Will she live with us?"

"Yes, when we're married. We'll all find a nice house in the country, and a couple of ponies."

"If there are three, it will be better," suggested Robert delicately. "Then there will be one for me, and one for ——"

"Yes, yes, of course. Three. What lovely presents—thank you so much! Are you going out to find Scotty now?"

"No. First you must come to see Josette."

"Oh—we mustn't wake her yet," protested Christopher.

"But she is awake—she has something for your birthday. You must come and see."

It was clear that he must. Stifling a series of yawns, Christopher put on a pair of slippers and shuffled in the wake of the two eager figures. Josette was sitting up in bed, her eyes shining, and a large parcel clasped to her chest.

"Ah—*Bonne fête!*" she cried. "*Bonne fête!*" Josette held out her parcel, and Christopher, bending, kissed her.

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"Thank you, Josette. Can I open it now?"

"Oh, yes. It is for that."

Christopher undid the wrappings. Inside was a pair of felt carpet slippers of a pattern he had thought obsolete: they were, moreover, several sizes too large for him and of a shade of yellow that made him feel slightly sick.

"By Jove!" he said, with as much enthusiasm as he could muster. "My goodness, these are smart!"

Josette gave a laugh of purest joy. "I made them! I made them!" she cried. "Madame showed me, and gave me the things to make them, because she did not want them."

Christopher could quite understand that. If they had been intended for the late Mr. Belchamber, he reflected, that gentleman must have had a large foot. Two large feet, he decided, lifting out the slippers with every appearance of eagerness.

"You will be able to wear them every day. We shall see them when you put them on," pointed out Paul.

Yes, there was that. He wondered what his man Merrow would say when he saw them. They would have to be kept on with string or elastic.

"They're lovely—everything's lovely," he said. "Thank you all very much. I'm going to have a lovely birthday."

The children, at any rate, were prepared to enjoy it. In spite of the heat, the boys made several journeys up the lane to see whether the van from the baker's, bringing the two birthday cakes, was on the way. They offered to help with the preparations for the party, but were found to be so much in the way that Mrs. Belchamber finally sent them out to Scotty with a message that he was to keep them out.

Soon the room upstairs began to assume a festive air. As the afternoon drew near, plates filled with delectable home-baked cakes were carried up and placed on the big, round table, the center being left free for the two birthday cakes. The room was closed during lunch, but after lunch Mrs. Belchamber permitted everybody a peep into the room. Josette, carried pickaback by Christopher, viewed the scene with crows of delight.

"Now back to bed," he commanded, "and a good sleep, or no party! Tuck up, now. Eyes shut!"

Josette shut one eye; Mrs. Belchamber drew the blanket across the window.

"The telephone is ringing," announced Robert. "Please, may I go to it?"

"Go ahead," said Scotty. "If it's the doctor, say the party's at four, and tell him not to be late. If it's the baker and there's any hitch about the cakes, call me and I'll deal with the monster. I hope they've got initials on. Have they?" he asked.

"Yes. They asked, and we told them," said Paul. "Why are you C. P.?" he asked Christopher. "Is it for Paul, like me?"

"Right," said Christopher. "Christopher Paul. I was going to be Christopher St. Armand Robert Paul—but your father stepped in and saved me."

"Who was telephoning?" Scotty inquired of Robert, who had come upstairs, a little breathless.

"I DO not know." Robert frowned with a touch of uneasiness. "A lady said 'Is that Green Farm?' and I said 'Yes,' and she said 'Can you say if Mrs. Belchamber is there?' and I said 'Yes, she is here; shall I call her to speak?'"

"Who was it?" inquired Mrs. Belchamber sharply.

"She—she did not say," faltered Robert. "She said that she is coming to see you this afternoon. She is coming in the train, and then she will get a taxi, she says."

"Didn't you tell her there was a party?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

"I—I — There was not time," said Robert. "She went away."

There was a short silence, and an odd air of tension in the room.

"What is she coming for?" The question came from Josette. She was sitting up in bed, her cheeks pale, her eyes fixed upon Mrs. Belchamber.

"She thinks she's coming to take me away," said Mrs. Belchamber brusquely.

The words, short and sharp, had an extraordinary effect on the three children. Robert was silent, the color draining out of his face: Paul, too, was silent, but his cheeks grew redder and redder. From Josette's eyes fell one, two tears and then a steady stream. Cressida sat on the bed and took her gently in her arms, murmuring soothing little phrases.

"You—you will not go?" faltered Robert.

"No!" It was a shout from Paul. "No!" He stared at Mrs. Belchamber and advanced, step by step, toward her. "I know who this is. She is the one who came before on the station—no?"

"Yes, that's the one," admitted Mrs. Belchamber. "But ——"

"Then she shall not come," said Paul fiercely. "You will see." He looked rapidly from side to side, seized the pincushion from the table beside Josette's bed, and tore the pins out of it passionately. "She will—not-come—to-take-you," he ground out, stabbing the velvet anew. See!" He held the pincushion in a sweeping, dramatic gesture. "I have made a charm! A bad charm!"

"Steady," said Christopher.

"THERE'S no need for spells, thank you," said Mrs. Belchamber. "Put that thing down and try to behave like an English boy instead of Sarah Bernhardt. She won't come today, if she's got any sense. When this storm breaks it'll wash all the trains off the lines. Go on—outside, all of you—look what you've done to that child, who's supposed to be convalescent. Go on—out." She swept out everybody but Cressida.

The party began punctually at four, the first excitement being provided by Josette's appearance in a pretty little white frock; the next by Mrs. Belchamber's entrance in a dove-gray creation beneath the usual black hat. She assumed command of the proceedings, welcoming the doctor with an attempt at graciousness, running a keen eye over Scotty's best suit and refusing to allow anybody to get a close view of the cakes which—raised above the lesser fare—waited for their candles to be lit, a ceremony which was not to be performed until the end of the party. She kept a keen eye on Christopher; it was clear that she was going to allow no adult enjoyment to mar what had become, somehow, a purely juvenile entertainment.

There were occasional rumbles of thunder, occasional flashes of lightning, but the company was too merry to notice them. The rain fell, fast and then faster, but the storm brought blessed relief from the day's closeness, and everybody felt glad of the coolness that now filled the room. The heaviness of the downpour went unheeded as chairs were drawn up to the table and the serious business of eating began.

The ample tea was disposed of and the remains removed; the two birthday cakes still stood, pink-iced, rose-bedecked. It was time for Josette to be going back to bed, and Mrs. Belchamber called a halt in the proceedings: she and Cressida would bring up the ices, the candles would be lit, and the ceremony of cake cutting would begin.

Scotty accompanied the two ladies downstairs—not from gallantry, but in response to Mrs. Belchamber's request to "come and make himself useful for a change." Christopher settled down to play host, and had organized a game of hunt the slipper with one of his birthday slippers, when the door opened and Scotty's head appeared round it. Something in his expression made Christopher uneasy; he left the others to play, and made his way to the door. Scotty drew him out onto the landing.

"You'd better come down," he said.

"What for?"

"Well—someone's come. Don't know who, but I've got an idea it might be Lucy Locket, the jailer's daughter—you know, the one who wants to whisk the old girl off."

"You mean she came through this storm?" Christopher asked.

"Yes, and she looks it too. I've put her in the big front room."

"But she doesn't want me," protested Christopher. "She'll want to talk to Mr. Belchamber."

ell, she can't—not just at this mo-
," said Scotty. "In the first place, she
n't fit to talk to anybody—and you can't
troduce her into the party at this stage of
he proceedings. Look, Chris," he went on, a
eritus note in his voice, "go down and tell
er you'll produce the Belchamber as soon as
e get the doctor off and the kids out of the
ay. She can't object to that."
f you saw her, how is it that Mrs. Bel-
ber didn't?"
was going along the passage to the
t on when I saw something at the front
oor, so I went to investigate. And out there,
nough, trying to get in, was this she.
I'd gathered who she was, I took her
the big room and asked her to wait."
Christopher had no doubt that it would be
oman who had borne down upon them
eir arrival in England. The search had
long, but it was at an end. They had
Mrs. Belchamber.
l right. I'll go down," he said. He
d toward the stairs, but Scotty, putting
hand, grasped his arm.
ome with me—wait a minute."
went into Josette's room and took from
le a small glass. Holding this, he took
topher's arm and led him along the
lor.
Where're we going?" inquired Christo-

always keep a bottle of the best, against
gencies." Scotty took a bottle of brandy
the cupboard and poured a stiff drink
he glass. "There! Get that down her."
re you out of your mind?" asked
topher, staring. "Do you expect me to
in with a drink and ——"
Chris, don't argue. That woman down
needs it. If she doesn't drink it, she'll go
with a fine dose of
monia—she's soaked
le skin and her teeth
making noises like
nets. Go on—get that
her, ask her to wait,
then leave the brandy
o its beneficial work.
there's one more thing. I found out
she's called."
Well?"
Her name," said Scotty, "is Miss
itt."
hristopher went reluctantly toward the
s, passing on the way the overexcited
l, who, tiring of hunting the slipper, was
g up surplus energy by running up to the
floor, poising on the broad, polished
sters and sliding down with out-
tched arms and terrifying swiftness. It
a sport normally forbidden, but rules
e relaxed today.
See," shouted Paul, having climbed to
top once more. "I can fly!" he chanted.
took off in a swift downward rush, an
sting and dramatic figure. He landed
precision and prepared for another
nt. "Look!"
hristopher was not looking. He was
rying, as fast as he could, down to the
, where a woman stood at the door of the
room. She was deathly pale. Christopher
ed the glass of brandy on the floor and,
ping forward, was just in time to receive
s Cubitt's crumpling form in his arms.

carry her into the room and lay her on
sofa was the work of a moment. Chris-
er went back for the brandy, shut the
r carefully, and knelt beside her. He held
glass to her lips and Miss Cubitt, with a
dder and a gasp, opened her eyes.
Don't try to talk," said Christopher
ly. "Just drink this and you'll be all
t."
I don't . . . thank you, no . . . I ——"
You're wet and cold, and it's better to
e yourself a severe chill," urged Christo-
r. "Please drink this."
e held the glass and, gulp by gulp, Miss
itt drank its contents. He watched a
e color come to her cheeks.
I'm—I'm ——You must forgive me,"
murmured presently.
You must forgive us," corrected Chris-
er gently. "We've given you a lot of
ble, one way and another."

"No . . . no." Miss Cubitt closed her eyes and in a moment was asleep.

Christopher walked to the door. He closed it behind him so that the sounds from upstairs should not disturb the sleeper. He went upstairs.

The company had been assembled round the table; the three children, eager and breathless, were watching Mrs. Belchamber as she drew the two birthday cakes forward to be cut.

"Two knives," she said. "Cressida, there's yours. Here's the other one—now come and stand here," she ordered Christopher.

He stood where she pointed, side by side with Cressida. Before them, on the table, stood the two birthday cakes. Icing, decorations, candles . . . and initials. He studied his own, over which Paul was tracing a careful finger.

Scotty waited until the pieces of cake had been taken round. Then he came up to Christopher. "You were a long time," he said. "Did you have trouble persuading her to wait down there?"

"No. She's asleep."

"Asleep? That'll be the drink you gave her. The next thing'll be to tell the old lady she's here."

"Who's here?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

"Visitor for you," said Scotty. "Name of Cubitt."

"Oh—that detestable creature? Did you tell her to go away?"

"How could we do that?" asked Scotty. "You've been playing a nice game of come-and-get-me, and now she's come."

"Well, tell her to go away again."

"You tell her," invited Scotty.

"Certainly I'll tell her. Where is she?"

"She's in the big front room," said Scotty. "She's asleep."

"Asleep!" Mrs. Belchamber's mouth dropped open in astonishment. "Are you joking?"

"Would I dare?" asked Scotty. "She was a bit washed out when she arrived."

"Did she ask for me?"

"Yes, but I thought we'd give you time to get the cake-cutting ceremony over—by which time she'd have pulled herself together."

Mrs. Belchamber gave up the attempt to visualize the situation. "I shall go down. I don't understand a word you're saying."

"If I were you," said Christopher, "I'd take the doctor down with you. I think she must have stumbled coming up the lane—I saw a bruise on her head, and she didn't seem herself."

The doctor, hastily eating the last morsels of his cake, announced himself ready to accompany Mrs. Belchamber and examine the visitor. He made his farewells, congratulated his host and hostess on the success of the party, thanked them and bowed Mrs. Belchamber out.

"Who's the visitor?" asked Cressida. "Is she the one ——"

"Is she that one?" Paul had come up and was looking up at Scotty eagerly. "I put a spell for her—a bad spell."

"No more spells," said Cressida. She bent over the sleepy Josette and swung her into her arms. "Bed," she said. "Bed for a tired girl."

Josette made no protest; she allowed herself to be removed, and Robert and Paul followed her, armed with the remainder of the crackers.

"Well, that's over," said Scotty, viewing the littered table. "Funny about Miss Cubitt," he said reflectively. "Would you have believed, when I first set eyes on—you know who I mean—that I would have felt a pang at the thought of her leaving? But I do. I get a very, very funny feeling—and it isn't relief. It isn't even—well, what is it?" he stopped to inquire of Paul.

"There is a man with a car. An automobile—outside."

"Did he say he'd come for Miss Cubitt?"

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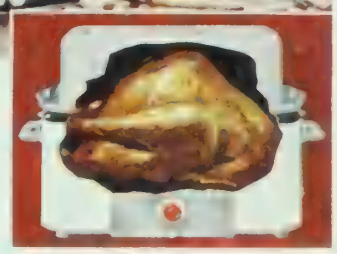
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"Miss Cubitt—yes."

"All right, Paul—go down and tell him we'll let her know."

Mrs. Belchamber entered the room, dressed in her long tweed coat. "I'm going to the station," she announced. "I shall put Miss Cubitt on her train, and then come back in the taxi."

"Did the doctor see Miss Cubitt?"

"He did. He said her nerves were shaky—he put it down to the storm and the bump she gave her head on the gate. I didn't disabuse him."

"Disabuse him?" Scotty stared at her, uncomprehending.

Mrs. Belchamber drew on a pair of neat black gloves, and then spoke. "I knew, when I saw her, that there was something peculiar about her. When I saw her first, I mean to say. I didn't like her manner at all. But now I know what's the matter with her."

"Well—what?" inquired Scotty.

"Drink. You might have been taken in with that cow-and-bull story about this and that making her feel queer, but as soon as I got into the room, I knew what was the matter with her. The doctor asked her a few questions, and found that she couldn't remember anything from the time she'd opened the gate until the moment she found herself lying on the sofa. I didn't say a word, but I used my nose, and it never deceives me. That woman had been drinking."

"But look here ——" began Scotty anxiously.

Mrs. Belchamber held up an arresting hand. "You needn't fear," she said acidly. "I shall say nothing to anybody. I shall put her on the train with a message to the effect that I've changed my mind about living at Melhampton. The house is no longer mine, and I've no wish to interfere with the way in which they run it. If they want to employ women who can't get through a gate when they see one, it isn't my affair. I don't think this creature is fit to get herself into a train without help, and I don't want it known that somebody who came to visit me went away in a state of intoxication. I shall be back within the hour."

The door closed firmly behind her.

Christopher lay that night, sleepless. The night wore on, and dawn found him tossing and still sleepless. He let the morning grow older and lay where he was, thinking. The sound of movements came to his ears, but nobody disturbed him. He heard cautious footsteps outside his room, and closed his eyes until Robert and Paul, peeping in, had closed the door softly and gone away again.

Presently, when all was quiet, he rose and dressed. He found the kitchen empty; his coffee and a dish of bacon and eggs were being kept warm on the stove. He drank the coffee and made his way outside and went in the direction of the lane. He drew aside to allow a milk van to pass, and heard Scotty's voice hailing him.

He stopped, but did not go back. "I'm going for a walk," he said.

Scotty came toward him and jerked his chin in the direction in which the van had disappeared.

"That chap told me some news," he said.

"Well?" Christopher's tone was short, but Scotty did not notice the brusqueness.

"About Greensleeves. It's up for sale."

Christopher raised his head and stared past Scotty at the wooded hill, at the chimneys of Greensleeves seen through the trees. He heard himself speaking. "How did he know?"

"It's in the agent's hands," said Scotty. "The council made him an offer, but he turned it down a few days ago. Now they think he might have changed his mind—or lowered his limit. They think he might —— Chris—hey!"

Scotty's cry went unheard. Christopher had begun to run; he had cleared the gate; he was in the road, and gaining impetus; he was speeding through the grounds and making for the house.

There was no sign of Cressida, and—for once—Christopher was thankful. He went into the hall and stood still to recover his breath; when Major Gray came in he was breathing fast, but evenly.

"You're an early visitor." The major's voice had all its usual quiet pleasantness. "Are you looking for Cressida?"

"No." Christopher plunged without preamble. "Scotty tells me you're selling Greensleeves."

The major shrugged. "I am. Grenton Council made me an offer—at last. They will give me a quarter of what it's worth, but who else'll buy it?"

"I will," said Christopher.

He saw, as he said the words, the first unrehearsed expression he had ever seen on Major Gray's face.

Major Gray recovered from his surprise. "Why you?" he asked.

"Why not me?" countered Christopher.

Major Gray spoke slowly. "I thought—once—that first time, that you might make an offer, I knew you had the money. Then, when I decided to sell, I thought your attitude had changed—you didn't look to me as keen as you'd been."

"Why have you decided to sell?"

"For the reasons I gave you the other day. I thought I could go on for a bit longer, but my credit's gone. I'm not sorry it's over, but I'm sorry the house is to go. If things had been different, I might have had a shot at keeping it—somehow, in some way. If I'd had a son, there might have been some point in it—but Cressida will marry and go away." He paused. "And that, in effect, is what I shall do. Only in reverse order."

"What?"

"I shall go away, and marry."

"Marry?"

Major Gray smiled. "I don't know why I tell you. I've never mentioned it to Cressida, and you can tell her or keep it to yourself—just as you like. There's been a strong attraction taking me abroad for the last few years. To Cape Town. I don't often look into the future—it doesn't do—but, oddly enough, whenever I did give a glance ahead, I saw nothing about remarrying. But I met another Annette—Cressida's mother, you know, was Annette—and one way and another, I began to see a good deal of her. I tried to persuade her to marry me and come to England, but she's a good businesswoman, and she didn't see any future for us at Greensleeves. She was right. So when the sale goes through, I shall go and settle out there and hand my capital over to her to look after. I like South Africa—as much as I like any place for long. But one's views change. My feet are getting heavier than they were.

"I'm glad Cressida's going to marry you. If you'll take a word of advice, you'll have one more go at trying to get her to marry you without that delay she's determined to impose—but if she won't, your best plan would be to keep out of the way a bit and see what absence does to make her change her mind. She doesn't like London, and, in spite of what she says, she doesn't much like that job she's doing. I have a feeling you'll find her coming round sooner than you know."

"I hope so," said Christopher. "And now—hadn't we better talk about Greensleeves?"

"You're quite certain you want it?"

"Quite."

"I'm glad. But I want a good price, you know."

"Name it," said Christopher.

Mrs. Belchamber settled Josette more comfortably on the sofa and tidied away some of the toys that had accumulated during her convalescence. Josette watched with her usual calm complacency.

"Please do not take the little doll," she said. "I am talking to her."

"Oh. Well, there you are, then." Mrs. Belchamber handed it over. "Now *who*," she demanded, "broke this nice little paintbox?"

"Nobody broke it," said Josette.

"Nobody?"

"No. By mistake, Robert fell onto it when he was fighting."

"You mean fighting with Paul? What were they fighting about?"

"They were fighting because Robert said he had more spots, and Paul said no, he had more."

"But they haven't got any spots! I looked this morning."

"Not *now*. Not *this* time," said Josette. "The other time when they had spots like me."

Mrs. Belchamber stared at her. "You mean, they had —— Are you trying to say that they had measles before? When you were in France?"

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't they say so? Why didn't they tell us? We've all been waiting for them to get them."

"You can twice," said Josette. "That is what you said. They can have more?"

"They ——" Mrs. Belchamber gave an exasperated sound. "They're not likely to get them a second time at their age. If you'd told me, I should have known."

With this obvious truth, she swept the surplus toys into a neat pile and went downstairs, still making sounds of annoyance.

Over lunch, Christopher said, "I've got some news."

"I knew you had," said Cressida. "You look . . . different."

"Well, come on," demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

"I've bought Greensleeves."

"You've *what?*" Scotty rose from his chair and gave Christopher a tremendous thump on the shoulder. "Chris, my old son, say that again!"

"All right. I've bought Greensleeves," Christopher repeated.



"That isn't for sale, that's the one I sit in."

"Oh . . . Chris!" Cressida's eyes were his, but he could not read her expression.

"You have bought that house?" ask Paul. "For us to live in?"

"Yes."

"Shall we all live in it?" asked Robert.

"Yes. Are you glad?"

"I am glad," said Robert without hesit tion. "I shall be happy."

There were exclamations, explanatio suggestions, and a general chorus of congr ulation. Cressida's eyes, at first unreadab began to shine and glisten, and Christoph did not have to wait for her words. She, li Robert, was happy.

Only Mrs. Belchamber made no commer and Christopher, after waiting for one of h usual caustic remarks and hearing no found himself left with a curious feeli which he interpreted as pity for her homel state. He wondered whether she had ma any plans, and, if so, what they were.

He was not left long in doubt. Mrs. B chamber put up a scraggy forefinger as prepared to follow Scotty outside after lun and beckoned him to her side.

"About Greensleeves," she began at on "I'll make you an offer for the west tow I'll rent it on a yearly basis."

"I'm very sorry," said Christoph "but ——"

"We shan't meet, never fear," swept Mrs. Belchamber. "I don't want those c dren all over my part of the house. I sh keep myself to myself, and I hope you'll the same."

"As a matter of ——"

"I don't want to go back to Switzerla even if I could get there," proceeded M Belchamber. "I like Greensleeves; it's what very few houses have: style."

"Yes, but you see, I ——"

"About servants. I've thought that out," said Mrs. Belchamber. "There's a c ple there already—Émile and his wif that's two. I shall get Mrs. Garcia to co Shall you be keeping your flat in Londo

"For the present. But ——"

"Well, then, your man won't be availa I shall send for my two Swiss maids, an shall keep one and give you the other. children will presumably be at board school soon, and you'll go up to town ev day, or stay up in town during the week there won't be a great deal except during holidays."

"I wonder if you'd let me say a few ——"

"The only thing that remains to be sett is the figure for the rent. We can walk o to the house together and decide upon exact number of rooms I'm to have, and t we shall know where we are."

"My dear Mrs. ——"

"I'm glad to have it settled," decla Mrs. Belchamber, beginning to clear the ble. "I wonder if you'd mind going out while I get on with this? I shall work be if you're not here chatting. Take that jug out with you, will you, and leave it in dairy."

Major Gray left England the day be Christopher began the move to Greensle The leave-taking ceremony was brief; C sida went up to London to see her father and returned the following day to pack things preparatory to returning to her w No argument from Scotty, no plea Christopher had been able to wring from more than a promise to do all she coul shake herself free of her fears and m Christopher at once as he wanted her Scotty, like Major Gray, felt that abs would prove a better weapon than argum Greensleeves, the children and her love Christopher would all combine to mak irresistible magnet to draw her back.

"I wish I'd rented this farm, instea buying it," he complained to Christop "Then you'd have had to do all the rep at no expense to me. You'll buy butter eggs and cream and cheese from me, a top prices?"

"I suppose so," said Christopher. "W are you going to use the bath for when w gone?"

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 98)

"I need an extra trough. But I have a feeling that she'll come over here on bath nights, just to ——"

"No, she won't."

Scotty's face cleared.

"But I tell you what she will do," went on Christopher blandly. "She's been consulting me—professionally—about putting in a bathroom and etceteras."

"A —— In *my* house?"

"Yes."

"She can't," declared Scotty. "She can't do it."

"Why not? All she needs is money."

"And my consent."

"All she needs," reaffirmed Christopher, "is money."

The gloom that descended upon Scotty lasted until the next day, and was still about him when Cressida came over to say good-by. He kissed her mournfully and watched her go into the house to say good-by to Mrs. Belchamber. Christopher sat at the wheel of the car; he was to drive her up to London. Scotty's eyes fell on Cressida's suitcases at the back of the car, and he sighed. "We'll just have to pray, Chris, old son. Or these two fellows"—he nodded toward Robert and Paul, who were approaching the car—"these two fellows might try a spell."

"A spell for what?" inquired Robert.

"To bring Cressida back."

"If she does not come back soon, then we will put a spell," promised Paul. "Can we come up the lane in the car, Chris-topher?"

"Yes, if you like. What's Cressida doing?"

"She has said good-by to Josette, and she is saying it now to madame."

Mrs. Belchamber glanced up somewhat impatiently as Cressida came downstairs after saying good-by to Josette. "I don't see why you're wasting all this time in saying good-bys," she said. "You'll be back here in a week or two, to arrange about your wedding. I don't see why you have to go away at all. You could have sent word to those people you work for, and told them you're being married at once."

"But I'm not," said Cressida. "I'm not going to be married for a year."

If she had suddenly produced an extra head, Mrs. Belchamber could not have stared at her with greater astonishment.

"What's the delay? I thought it was to be soon, from what your fiancé said. What does he want to wait a year for?"

"He doesn't. I mean—I asked him to."

"And why?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber. "I don't believe in long engagements. A lot can happen in a year."

"I know, but I'd rather wait."

"Oh. And that young man out there—is he content to wait?"

"He—he's agreed to wait."

MRS. BELCHAMBER gave a sound between a sneer and a snort. It breathed such open contempt blood came to Cressida's cheeks.

"Good-by," she said. "I hope we'll ——"

"A year!" snorted Mrs. Belchamber. "That'll make you twenty-seven."

"Yes."

"An age at which most girls show sense, if they're ever going to have any. Who's going to keep an eye on your fiancé during the twelve months? Have you thought of that?"

"There's no need to keep an eye on him. He ——"

It was Mrs. Belchamber's turn to redden with anger. "Don't stand there making childish remarks," she requested. "I put you down as a girl with a headpiece, and I don't like to find that you're like all the other flutterheads. When you get a man—a young man, a clean-living man, a man with background and money—you don't wait a year. In a year, let me tell you, my overconfident young woman, you'll be looking round for him so diligently that you'll wear yourself out in the process—but you won't find him. *You* won't, but somebody else will. In a month—in a week—your faithful young man will be off."

"That's a matter for ——"

"OFF. And I'll tell you exactly where he'll be off to. He'll be off to his Maisie."

"Maisie?"

"Ha. I suppose this is the first you've heard of any Maisie?"

"I ——"

"I thought so. I don't suppose you know he was engaged to her? I'll tell you her full name, if you'll give me a moment. Dobson. Hobson. No—Robson. Maisie Robson. Now go out there and ask him about Maisie Robson and watch his face."

"I ——"

"And I suppose he never mentioned the other one? What did you think he did until he was twenty-six? Don't you know anything about men? He wouldn't mention Elinor to you, naturally."

"El——"

"Elinor something to do with a gate. Gatesby. Gateson. Yes, Gateson. I could have told you he wasn't a man to waste any time when there were women about. Now good-by. I'm sorry for you, and if I know where to write to you, I'll send you a line the first time he brings either of his women down to Greensleeves. I can't do more. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Cressida.

Mrs. Belchamber adjusted her hat, which had been a little tossed about during her speech, and went into the big front room. Cressida stood where she had left her, in the middle of the kitchen, and stared down at the scrubbed, shining table. After a while, a faint, amused smile touched her lips. She turned and walked slowly upstairs to Josette's room, rumpled Josette's hair absently, and walked to the window. She looked out onto the yard and saw the car, with the two boys standing near it and Scotty leaning against it. As she stood, Scotty looked up and saw her, and raised a hand.

"Hi there, Cress," he called.

Christopher got out of the car and looked up at her. "Ready?" he asked.

Cressida looked down at him. She saw his tall, strong figure in flannels and a tweed jacket; she smiled at him and saw the expression in his eyes as he stood looking up at her. He was twenty-six, and she was twenty-six and their house—she glanced for a moment toward Greensleeves—was there, waiting for them. Here was all she wanted in the world—and she was leaving it calmly, deliberately, for a reason that seemed, suddenly, to be no reason at all.

"Coming?" said Christopher.

She saw him growing hazy, and then disappearing; she shook her head, whether in answer to Christopher's question, or to shake the tears out of her eyes, she never afterward knew. When she could see again, there was only Scotty looking up at her, a puzzled expression on his face.

"What's up, Cress? Changed your mind?"

She might have answered, but an arm—an arm in a tweed sleeve—came round her and swung her out of sight. Scotty, staring, saw Christopher's face at the window, and the expression on it brought a yelp from his lips.

"Chris—isn't she going?"

"No," said Christopher.

"Has she said so?"

"No," said Christopher. "But you can always tell." THE END

Tide Talk

By H. H. GRENVILLE

All night we heard the dialogue
Between the ocean and the stones,
A tireless talking, like the speech
Of men with sorrow in their bones;
But whether we who lay awake
And our dark world were their concern,
Or if they simply talk to pass
The centuries, we could not learn.

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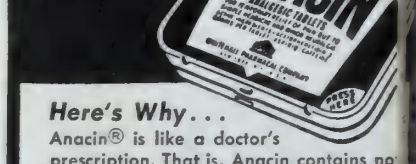
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A TICKET FOR THADDEUS

(Continued from Page 44)

"You heard him," the man said to Mr. ssup. "You'll remember that?"

"I heard him," the old man answered. You summer folks up here?"

"Yes," the man replied, "we have a place the lake. My name is Rogers. The car is is year's model."

"Nice little job," said Mr. Jessup. "Too d you smashed it."

"*He* smashed it," Rogers answered roughly.

"Reckon that's the state police now," the d man answered as the sound of an approaching car reached their ears. "They sure ake time."

Thaddeus watched the car come to a halt. is tongue grew dry in his mouth as two olice officers stepped out. Blue uniforms ith shoulder insignia, brass buttons, black uttees, belts, and guns in holsters. They ere tall, head and shoulders over him; muscle and sinew were packed into their heavy oulders. His eyes wandered to their hands.

"What's happened here?" The senior offier's blue eyes were as hard as the line of his rm jaw.

"This man ran into me with his truck as e rounded the curve. He offered to pay for he damage. He didn't want us to call you."

The officer's eyes traveled coldly over haddeus. "We'll take a look at the cars."

With his aide, he examined the damaged ar, making notes in a book. Thaddeus stood y, wordlessly. The two men were talking reely, easily to the officers. There was no ear in their voices; they were assured, secure, almost comradely. Comradely. That vas it. They belonged. The officers asked hort questions and nodded at the replies. They didn't seem friendly, but it was the discipline of officers not to seem friendly.

"Now, let's take a look at your truck," the lder officer said.

They examined the broken headlight and wisted fender, again making notes. The younger officer made a chalk mark on the oad in front of the truck. Again the man alled Rogers talked volubly.

"The first I knew what was coming was when I heard a shout," he said.

"That was me," Mr. Jessup confirmed. "I saw them heading toward each other and knew there was goin' to be trouble."

"What's your story?" The officer looked at Thaddeus through narrowed eyes.

The question twisted his heart. What could he say? "I was riding along the road. Inside of me was a song I was going to sing to my child. One minute I was happy—the next minute ——" He moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"Well, what is it?" the officer repeated.

Thaddeus forced himself to speak. "I do not see the car. I hear somebody say something loud. And it happens."

"How fast were you going?"

AGAIN Thaddeus moistened his lips. "I do not know. Not fast. I do not drive fast."

"That's true," declared Mr. Jessup. "I see him go by every day. He drives pretty slow."

The unexpected words fell like balm on the ears of Thaddeus.

"But why didn't you stop when you heard the crash?"

That was another question he couldn't answer in words they could understand. He could say that when he was frightened, he wanted to run; that the only escape from danger was flight. Better to keep quiet than to say that.

"I stop," he said, "I stop after a minute."

"Let's see your license and registration card." It seemed to Thaddeus that there was threat as well as command in the order.

"I have them." He reached eagerly into his pocket. "All my papers are in order. My passport is at home. I will get it for you."

The man in uniform looked sharply at him. "Let's just have your license and registration."

With trembling fingers, Thaddeus pulled out his wallet. Besides his money and the papers for the car, it held two snapshots, one of Kathi and one of Jan. Kathi, his wife. And Jan, his brother. Jan, whom he loved and tried to save. His eyes fell on the black holster in the belt of the officer and he closed them to shut out the sight as he held out the wallet. When he opened them, he saw the officer making notes in his book.

"They are in order? Yes?"

"They're O. K.," the man replied crisply. He took out a pad of forms and wrote something on it. He tore off the first sheet and wrote something on the second, which he also tore off. "I'm giving each of you a ticket," he said to Thaddeus and to Rogers. "You'll appear at the traffic court in the town hall tomorrow evening at eight o'clock." He turned to Thaddeus, speaking slowly, "Do you understand? Eight o'clock tomorrow."

"You're not giving me a ticket?" Rogers demanded in surprise. "He's the one who was at fault. He admits it. He offered to pay."

"I want you both there," the officer replied.

THE curt command had meaning to Thaddeus. Both there, of course. The accuser and accused. That's the way it was done. That was the pattern that preceded the nightmare. Surely Rogers must know the part he would play? The confident informer who would weave the net of guilt around his victim. The officer knew the rules, just as those others in uniform, in belts and holsters and puttees, had known the rules.

"O. K., officer, if that's the way you want it," Rogers declared with ill humor. He turned to Mr. Jessup. "Can I count on you as a witness? You saw the whole thing."

"Sure"—the old man rubbed his grizzled jaw—"if you'll come by and get me."

Thaddeus looked at him. How little it seemed to matter to him that he was going to help to destroy a human being.

"Now, can I go?" Thaddeus said to the officer.

"You can go, but don't forget tomorrow night."

"I do not forget," Thaddeus answered. He mounted the truck, but had to wait a few minutes to still the trembling of his hands before he could drive.

Arrived home, he parked the car in the shed which also served as his workshop. Carefully he lifted off the chest of drawers and placed it next to his workbench. He had promised to return it on Thursday. Now he must have it done before tomorrow night. He must leave nothing undone.

The kitchen of his house was sunny and fragrant with the cleanliness of Kathi's loving hands. There was coffee on the stove. Kathi had left lunch for him. The clock on the shelf was ticking away. He had always liked its sound; it had said words of peace and safety to him. Now each tick formed the word "fear."

He sat down at the table and buried his face in his hands. He was glad Kathi was out working. At four, he would go and get her.

He had wanted her to stop working at once, when they knew she was going to have a child, but she argued that she was strong. The money she earned would buy things for the baby—clothes, a crib, a play pen, all the things she saw in the American homes she worked in. A groan escaped him as he ruffled his thinning hair with his fingers. It was over. Everything was over. Why? It had been so good here. They had felt so safe.

Safety was a mockery and men were fools to believe in it. He had felt safe when he married Kathi fifteen years ago. They had been good, those first few years; without those memories he couldn't have survived what happened later.

Suddenly he wanted to scream. If Kathi were here, she would help him. She would talk to him, softly, gently, and bring him coffee. It had been a long time since it had happened, more than a year. A cup of coffee would help.

He pulled himself to his feet and walked to the stove with the shambling steps of an old man. He waited for the pot to boil, refusing to think, refusing to remember. But he

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couldn't blot out the images that passed like a blur before his eyes. Jan, the knock on the door, the men in uniform . . . and what came later.

He took out his wallet and looked at the faces of the two people he loved most in the world. Only one was left to him now. Kathi. Jan was dead.

Jan, younger than he by five years, was a reader, a thinker. When the enemy took over their land, Thaddeus had accepted the new order, the new rules and regulations. But Jan had not. His clever mind and hands had fashioned the texts of revolt and action. He tried to convert Thaddeus, but Thaddeus was not a rebel. He had his home, his work, his Kathi. It was hard to live under the heel of the enemy, but he was not made of the stuff of heroes.

Then Jan came to him late one night to say good-by. "They've discovered our press," he said. "But we prepared for discovery. In three days, if nothing goes wrong, I shall be in France."

"God keep you safe," Thaddeus whispered and Jan replied, "You too, Tadi."

Thaddeus locked the door after him and he and Kathi went to bed. For a while they talked in fearful whispers and then it came, the loud knocking on the door.

"Open up! Police!"

Thaddeus opened the door and saw them, in black uniforms, black puttees, belts that carried guns. Their faces were hard, their eyes stony.

"Where is your brother, Jan Kubaczik?" a voice demanded.

"I do not know," he replied.

"Search the place," the voice ordered and two others in uniform searched, while he and Kathi looked on with terrified eyes. They found nothing; there was nothing to find.

"Get into your clothes," the voice ordered him. "You're going with us."

"No!" Kathi cried. "No! He knows nothing."

"We'll see about that."

Shaken with sobs, Kathi helped him into his clothes. They shoved him out of the room and into a car. Above the roar of the starting motor, he heard Kathi sobbingly calling his name, "Tadi! Tadi!"

They took him to headquarters, and a man who lived on the same street declared on oath that he had seen Jan entering Thaddeus' house that evening.

For two nights, always at night, they questioned Thaddeus.

"Where is he? Speak!"

"I do not know."

They tried to make him remember, and sometimes he had screamed. But they could not make him remember, for he did not know. He thanked God that Jan had not told him his plans in detail. In pain, he might have betrayed him.

THE third night, he spoke. It was safe now. Jan would be in France. He told them of Jan's visit, the few words he had spoken. They did not believe him at first; they tried to make him tell them the names of Jan's comrades. But they seemed convinced at last that he did not know.

"Can I go home now?" he asked.

The man in uniform laughed a sardonic, brutal laugh. "Home? Sure, you're going home. To a fine, comfortable place where you'll find a lot of traitors like yourself."

He had been a young man when they came for him; he was an old man with white hair and frightened eyes when liberation came after three years. Painfully he made his way home, not knowing what he would find.

Kathi did not know him at first. "Tadi," she whispered, and her hands reached out to him. "Tadi, you've come back."

"They did not hurt you?" he asked, holding her close.

"Only to tell me I would never see you again."

"Jan?" he asked. "Has there been word of Jan?"

Her tears fell. "Jan is dead. He died fighting with the *maquis* in France. He was shot."

"Thank God," he whispered. A man's death, clean, decent, quick, not a slow death by tortured inches.

Later he had said, "We will leave this country, Kathi. We will go to America."

It had taken them two years to manage it. There were letters to write to his relatives in America, papers to fill out. Finally they had all the documents stamped, signed, sealed, safe conduct to the new world.

They landed in New York and their relatives came to meet them, and helped them settle in the country, in the little house where Thaddeus could have his workshop and Kathi could go out working for neighbors.

When all arrangements had been made, Thaddeus had said to his cousin, "Stefan, will you take me to the police to report we are here? To get our papers so we can stay?"

Stefan laughed. "You need no papers in America, Thaddeus. You have nothing to do with the police."

"So?" he had answered, unbelieving, and a knot of fear had untied itself in his stomach.

The bad dreams had started soon after he came back to Kathi from that place and they had followed him across the ocean. He would go to sleep feeling secure and at peace and then they would come. He was there again; they were coming at him; he cringed again from men clothed in uniforms of black or gray or brown. He would scream and then there was Kathi, standing over him, trying to still his trembling.

"Wake up, Tadi. Wake up."

He would sit up in bed, shaken with fear, and slowly it would pass. Kathi would make coffee for him and they would talk for a while.

"We are in America, Tadi. We are safe."

America was the magic that had finally exorcised the nightmares. And then this miracle of peace was crowned by Kathi's news that she was going to have a child.

Now it was gone, the peace, the security, the fulfillment. He looked at the paper the man in uniform had given him. They did it differently here. They didn't knock at your door at night. They gave you a paper. But the rest would be the same, a place with walls where uniformed men were the masters.

He thought Kathi must not know until after it had happened. The first thing to do was to get the car fixed so that she would ask no questions when he came to call for her that afternoon.

He went to the garage in the village and waited while they fixed the headlight and fender. He paid for the job and drove home. Then he went into the workshop and began working on the chest. He must finish it before tomorrow night.

At four, he called for Kathi. She sat beside him, chattering about things that had happened while she was at work, but it was her voice he heard, not the words.

At supper, he forced himself to eat, talk, act as if all were well. He was glad when they turned off the light and went to bed. He lay still and tense, listening to Kathi's quiet breathing, listening, he suddenly realized, for another sound, a loud knocking on the door.

He must have fallen asleep, for the next thing he knew they were coming at him and this time they all wore blue uniforms and their faces were those of the one who had given him the ticket. He screamed and woke to the touch of Kathi's hand.

"Tadi, Tadi," she was saying, "wake up. You are in America, Tadi. You are safe."

A sob of hysterical laughter rose in his throat, but with enormous control he managed to still it.

Kathi made him some coffee. She knelt by his side, murmuring endearments, as he drank it.

"I do not understand," she said. "So long you do not dream and now it comes again. Did something frighten you today?"

"No. No," he denied. "It just came. But it is over now."

HE would not let himself fall into sleep, into darkness again. He got up and dressed at dawn, went into the shed and started working on the chest. A few hours later Kathi came out to him.

"But this is crazy, Tadi," she said to him. "To start work so early. I was frightened when I woke and you were gone."

"I am sorry," he told her. "But I must deliver the chest tonight."

He was grateful for the inspiration which gave him that excuse to leave her when he had to start on his journey to the terror that faced him. He would drive her to her day's work and then he would come back and make his preparations.

"Good-by, Tadi," she called to him as he left her. "You come back for me at four."

"At four," he answered.

Quietly, he let himself into the house. He found a small, battered suitcase and packed some clean underwear, shirts, socks, a comb and brush, a toothbrush and some soap. Perhaps they would let him keep these things. Part of the horror he so vividly remembered were the filth, the vermin, the self-hatred of physical uncleanliness.

The last thing he put in with trembling hands was his razor. There was a man, he remembered, who, expecting to be taken, had hidden a razor blade under the lining of his shoe and he had used it. Others had envied him when he was dragged out of the cell, safe from further onslaughts. Thaddeus did not think he could bring himself to this deliberate action, but it would help to know he had a razor with him. He took a blade out of the package on the shelf and, taking off his shoe, lifted the lining and placed it underneath.

A letter to Kathi was the next thing. He sat down with pencil and paper, forming the words to tell her of his crime, of his arrest, of his love. She must get in touch with his relatives; they would keep her and the child until she was strong enough to work again. She must be brave and take care of herself and the child until he came back to them.

He stopped as these words wrote themselves without his will or intention. Until he came back. That's what he had written.

He stood up and began pacing the room, feeling the touch of the blade against his foot. Then he sat down, took off his shoe and removed the sliver of steel. He went outside the kitchen door and heeled it into the earth. He was coming back. Whatever happened, whatever they did to him, he was coming back someday to Kathi and his child.

He emptied his wallet of the few bills it held and put them with the letter on the pillow under the counterpane where she would find them that night.

He picked up the suitcase and carried it out to the truck. Then he went to work on the chest of drawers. He worked steadily and when he finished it, he placed it, too, in the truck.

At four, he brought Kathi home. As she went about preparing their evening meal, he filled his eyes with her, with things to remember in the days and nights to come. He could swallow little of the food she placed before him.

"You are sick, Tadi," she said, her face soft with concern. "It is better you do not go out tonight. You can deliver the chest tomorrow."

"It must be tonight," he declared. "It is important. I have promised."

"I do not like it," she said. "Never before do you leave me at night."

"You are not afraid to be alone?" he asked her without thinking.

"Afraid? Here?" she replied. The question, so confident, was an answer in itself.

He started the car and remembered the starting of another car, on another night. "Good-by, Kathi," he whispered to himself. "Good-by, my dearest."

He stopped at Mrs. Preston's and left the chest. Then, carefully, he made his way along the darkening road to keep his appointment.

There were several cars in front of the town hall and he parked behind them. He got down, removed his suitcase from the truck and, carrying it, went up the steps of the building. A man directed him to the courtroom. He heard voices as he neared the open door, confident, assured, the sound of men who knew no fear. With thudding heart he walked in. They were all there: Rogers and his friend, handsomely clothed; Mr. Jessup; and three men with familiar faces whom he could not place by name. No, they weren't all there. The one, the important one in uniform, was missing.

It seemed to him that a hush fell as he came forward. He said to one of the men whose faces were familiar, "I am Thaddeus Kubaczik."

The man smiled. "Yes, Mr. Kubaczik," he said. "We're all here now, except Sergeant Reynolds. He should be here any minute."

He motioned to a chair and Thaddeus sank into it, placing his suitcase on the floor beside him. There was the sound of footsteps at the door and he, in blue, with brass buttons, with black puttees, with belt and gun, entered. Thaddeus felt the cold sweat pour over him, and he took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"We can start now," the man who had spoken to Thaddeus said. "Mr. Rogers, will you sit down, please, next to Mr. Kubaczik."

Rogers smiled confidently.

The three men sat down behind a table on a platform.

"Mr. Rogers, Mr. Kubaczik, you are now before the court," the one who seemed to be in command said. He addressed himself to Mr. Rogers. "This is a small town. We have no police department. We depend on the state police to take care of us. The judges in this court are members of the community, appointed to this office—Mr. Howe, Mr. Nelson and myself. We administer the law."

"That's O.K. by me," said Rogers, settling down comfortably in his chair.

"Fine. We'll begin with you. Will you please take the oath. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do."

"Tell us what happened."

Sitting tense in his chair, Thaddeus heard the story again. The man was telling the truth; they were coming around a curve, there was a crash, he, Thaddeus, didn't stop and when he did, he admitted his guilt and offered to pay for the damage. The man spoke easily, fluently. Sometimes in words meaningless to Thaddeus in sound, but not in sense. When he finished, the judge turned.

"Mr. Kubaczik, will you please take the oath. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do," he whispered between dry lips.

"Now tell us your version of the accident."

The word "version" confused him. He hesitated, not daring to ask to have it explained.

"Do you plead guilty to the charges made by Mr. Rogers?" he heard the judge say.

THAT was it. They were asking him to confess. He should have recognized the pattern. He answered without raising his eyes to the speaker.

"Yes. I am guilty. I confess."

Rogers gave a short laugh.

"That being the case," he heard the judge say . . . and then there was an interruption. He, in uniform, who had been sitting at the side of the room, strode forward. Thaddeus could feel the gun pressing against his shoulder, the blue sleeve brushing his cheek. I

(Continued on Page 104)

BOMBAST

Wide interest in Paris fashions is not new. As early as the time of Queen Elizabeth, craftsmen in the French city were setting the pace for European dress designers. Among the innovations they devised was that of stuffing shoulders—sometimes other points—with cotton padding. Such padding took its name from *bombace*, Old French for "waste cotton." English designers soon copied the padding, and adapted its name as *bombast*. In that form, it came into wide use. Then some wit noticed the similarity between the rhetorical padding in a political speech and the cotton padding in fashionable gowns of the period. As a result, *bombast* came to be applied to all inflated talk.

—WEBB B. GARRISON.



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(Continued from Page 102)

was coming now, the thing of his nightmares. He braced himself for what was to happen.

"Your honor, Mr. Martin, I wish to present my testimony."

"It doesn't seem necessary, Sergeant Reynolds. Mr. Kubaczik admits he's guilty. What more is there to say?"

"Plenty," he answered, and Thaddeus held his breath as he saw the hand rise and come to rest on the holster of his gun. "This man, Kubaczik, is guilty of not stopping, but he was not responsible for the accident. It was Rogers' car which was not keeping to its side of the road. It was Rogers who was speeding."

"I protest, your honor," Rogers called out. "This man admits his guilt. I have a witness here who heard him offer to pay." He turned to Mr. Jessup, who was sitting in a chair behind him. "You did hear him say that, Mr. Jessup, didn't you?"

"That I did," Thaddeus heard the old man say. "Downright foolish, I call it. The accident frightened him clear out of his wits."

Thaddeus was swept by a confusion of emotions as the holster again brushed his shoulder.

"Your honor," the man in uniform said, "I wish to continue my testimony."

"Proceed."

"We examined the tire marks of the two cars approaching the spot where the accident occurred, and going from it. Rogers' car was well over the center of the road *before* it hit the truck and *when* it hit the truck. It was going at a speed of over forty miles an hour around a dangerous curve."

"How do you figure that out? You weren't there to clock it," Rogers demanded angrily.

"I presume you put the brakes on when the crash came?" the officer asked.

"Certainly I did. He didn't. He kept on going."

"That's right," said he in uniform. "It took you over a hundred and fifty feet to come to a stop when you braked. We measured it. That means you were going over forty miles an hour. I don't know if you realize it, but we can tell the speed of a car by the distance it takes to come to a stop after the brakes are put on. Mr. Kubaczik, here," the voice went on, "did not brake the car at once. Nevertheless, he was only a hundred and ten feet away from the spot of the crash when he stopped. I should judge he was going about twenty miles an hour and he was well on his side of the road."

"This is preposterous!" Rogers declared. "You can see by the damage done ——"

"In addition," the voice in uniform continued, "let me say that we have looked up the driving records of both these men. Mr. Rogers has had three convictions for speeding during the past year. There are convictions of any kind for Mr. Kubacz

Thaddeus reached out in a blind mo ment as the officer stepped back. Everyth that was happening was against all rem bered rule and regulation. Mr. Martin speaking, and this time Thaddeus raised head the better to hear and understand.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Martin was say "according to the testimony of Serge Reynolds, you were both guilty of traffic lations: Mr. Rogers for speeding and driv in the center of the road; Mr. Kubaczik not stopping. I fine Mr. Rogers ten doll Mr. Kubaczik, two."

Rogers started to protest, thought be of it, paid his fine and marched out of room. Thaddeus, his heart surging w unbelievable happiness, reached for his c money and then he remembered. He had it all for Kathi. He turned and his eyes those of Mr. Jessup, who was watching with a pleased grin.

"Please, Mr. Jessup, do you have dollars? I leave my money at home."

"Sure." The old man brought ou crumpled dollar bill and counted out the in change. "I was waitin' to ask you to me a lift home."

"With pleasure," said Thaddeus. "Th you," he said to the three men as he han over the money. He wanted to say mor them, but where could he find the word any language to tell them what he wish "Thank you," he repeated.

Picking up his suitcase, he followed Jessup out of the room.

"You figurin' on taking a trip?" the man asked him as he looked down at grip.

"No," said Thaddeus, "I take no n trips. I stay here always."

They walked down the wide steps of town hall together. At the curb, next to car, stood Sergeant Reynolds, the ma uniform, the man in brass buttons and and holster. Thaddeus straightened shoulders and a long sigh, freeing him of and terror and evil dreams, escaped his He walked over to him and touched hin the arm.

"Sergeant Reynolds," he said, and voice was husky with grateful tears uns "I must thank you. I do not know ho thank you."

"That's O.K., Kubaczik," he replied, there was a smile on his face, a boyish s that showed embarrassment at being than "But don't ever run again. There's not to be afraid of."

"No," said Thaddeus tremulously, fi his eyes with the strength and power of man, with his marks of office, of protect "No. There is nothing to be afraid

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

but is not expelled. A missed labor is where the pregnancy goes on to term and then the fetus dies. In both cases there are likely to be some contractions which cease after a time, and nothing happens. A missed abortion may be retained for weeks, or even months."

"I should think the woman herself would realize that something was wrong."

"She might, but sometimes the mother will carry on for a considerable period of time, believing that all is well. I remember a few years ago, a case came to me which had been admitted to a small private hospital, believing she was in labor. There someone in attendance claimed to have counted the rate of the fetal heart—at least he charted it along with the rest of an examination which purported to produce normal findings. When nothing happened after three days this patient discharged her doctor and left the hospital, and it was shortly after that when she came under my attention. Examination showed the uterus to be barely the size of a three months' pregnancy. I had difficulty in making her believe it, but with the aid of X-ray pictures it was done."

"And her baby was dead then?" Mrs. Doe asked.

"It had died sometime during the t month, but so strong was the faculty of a suggestion in this patient that she had ir ined feeling the baby move over a perio six months, while her entire uterus scarcely the size of my fist. Of course was a most unusual incident. Most cas missed abortion present some symptom fever and malaise, due to the absorptio the degenerating products of concep These symptoms are even more likel occur in the event that the accident hap when pregnancy is further advanced."

"How can you tell you are dealing such a case? I should think it would be ha

"Sometimes it is. It may be necessar observe the patient over a consider period in order to make certain that uterus is not growing. The symptoms of and malaise are significant. When it com late pregnancy, absence of heart soun suggestive of death of the fetus. A nega A-Z test is the same, but is not absol diagnostic, since a positive reaction persist for some time after the death o fetus. X ray is the best evidence, for it show certain signs in the bones of the which are unmistakable."

What can you do for such a patient?"

When we are satisfied of the correctness ir diagnosis, the treatment is obvious—ty the uterus before the patient becomes toxic from absorptive products. The danger is from hemorrhage and infec- and this may be considerable. Up to the l month it is much easier to accomplish afterward. An early pregnancy of this is handled something like an incomplete tion. When it comes to one more ad- ced, the proposition becomes much more cult. I'll give you some idea of what we ld do because it will answer the question asked a few minutes ago in regard to g overdue a matter of weeks with no s of labor impending. The two conditions ld be handled in much the same manner the treatment would consist of inducing r. Of course, the first step would be to you in the hospital—that goes without ng."

Naturally."

The next thing would be to try to bring abor without the use of instruments, be- se by so doing the chance of infection ld be lessened. There are a number of gs that might be effectual in accomplish- this, though certain of them might be vned upon because of ill effects upon the s. Naturally, if the fetus were dead, that ction could be forgotten. There are some y powerful medicaments which may be n only in infinitesimal, frequently re- ted doses. We'd make more than one empt by one of these methods, if the first e unsuccessful.

If medical means of induction failed, n we'd have to try something more radical. rely rupturing the sac might do the trick, in the event of its failure, there would be reasing danger of infection with every day t delivery was not consummated. Intro- ing packing into the cervix might start rine contractions in due course of time, then there would be even more danger of ction. A sterile rubber tube the size of 's finger introduced between the sac and uterine wall would be a particularly good nt. Then there are rubber balloons in a es of various sizes devised for this pur- e, and these may be pumped full of sterile er after their introduction."

Doctors seem to think of everything. t suppose all the things you've mentioned ed?"

Well, we'd be up against it, but not mped. A certain vaginal operation has n devised for just such a contingency. We uld resort to this, if necessary."

It does me good to hear you say that. I n't believe there is any emergency in the rld that can stump a modern doctor."

It does *me* good to hear *you* say *that*, but re have been times when I felt pretty nble, and I think any honest doctor would the same thing. Did I ever tell you what mbroise Paré once said when complimented upon a surgical cure? 'I only dressed his wounds, *God* cured him.' Well, we ought to have *some* craftsmanship—we have the accumulated knowledge of the ages in our libraries, plus the facilities of modern research. However, no more patting on the back, please. Let's get down to cases. I hope I haven't made a mistake, all these months, in packing you so full of information that you will have misgivings over the significance of every gas pain you might experience, as well as make a nuisance of yourself to your doctor, your nurses and your family."

"No, Doctor, I'm awfully glad I was able to persuade you to talk to me the way you have. Doctor! What are you laughing at?"

"I didn't mean to laugh. It was what you just said."

"What did I say? That I was glad I had been able to persuade—oh, you mean I didn't persuade you? That you were just leading me on?"

"Something like that. You see, I have a theory that if we could remove some of the mystery of childbirth—do away with the old wives' tales and substitute facts—we would succeed in eliminating most of the fear as well, at least in the minds of intelligent women. Having removed the fear, the approaching adventure, entered upon with a tranquil and confident mind, should be infinitely easier and the physical results equally beneficial."

"Why, of course. I'm not a bit afraid, now that I have an idea of what I have to go through. I know I'm going to be watched and supervised and coached every minute of the time. I know my pains are going to be soothed, and when I go to sleep it will be with confidence because I shall know just what is going to happen until I wake."

"You're making a pretty good case of it, Mrs. Doe. Now remember, call my office as soon as you are satisfied that your pains are lasting and not imaginary, and go to the hospital immediately."

"I will. Are there any special things I should take with me?"

"Just your toilet articles, slippers and dressing gown."

"Nightgowns, Doctor?"

"You can have them brought afterward. They'll prefer you to wear the hospital gowns the first day or two, anyhow."

"How about the baby's things?"

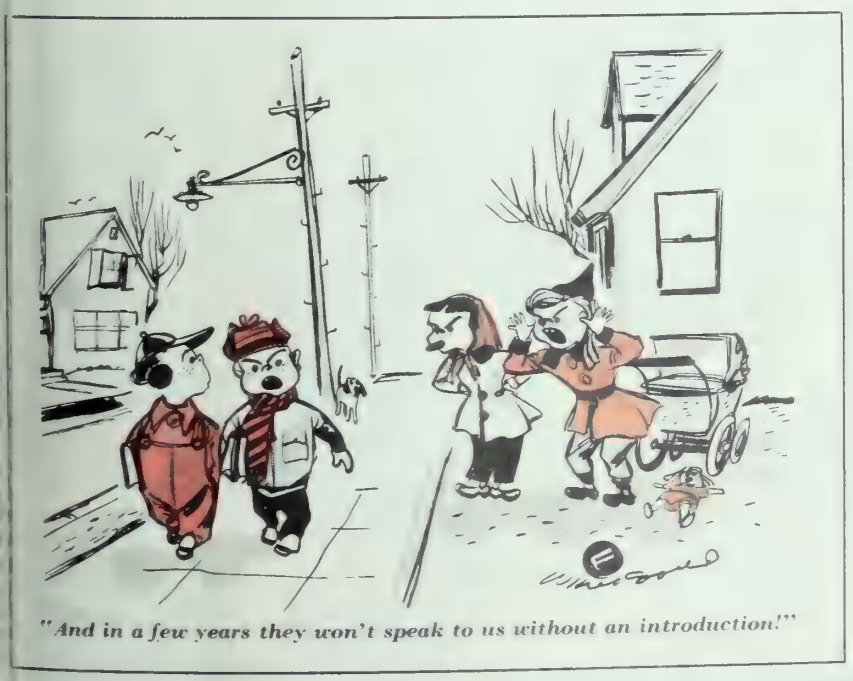
"You can have them brought later too."

"And you want me here next week, if I haven't called you before that?"

"By all means."

"All right, then. Good-by, Doctor. Oh—and do you know one thing, Doctor? I think someone ought to write all those things you've told me into a book, so other women can read about them and become reassured, the way I have."

"Um! I've thought of that. I'll take it under consideration, and sometime in the future—perhaps I will." THE END



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*See easy recipe on box

"Tall, dark and handsome!" That's the kind of layer cake* you get every time from Swans Down Devil's Food Mix! (Left center.) *Extra*-delicious, that lush, chocolaty flavor! Try it with rich mocha frosting. You'll thank your lucky stars for such a wonder-mix!

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"The good ol' summertime." Essence of summer, ice cream and cake! (Lower right.) A treat to remember, fudge nut cake,* made from Swans Down Devil's Food Mix! It really rates raves! Cut man-size squares—everyone loves Swans Down's deep, rich chocolaty flavor!

*See easy recipe on box

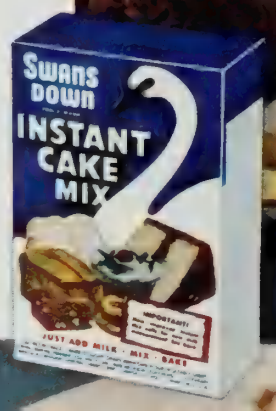
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"What makes them act like such little demons?" At times Algy's daily struggle with 3 small supercharged dynamos seems practically hopeless.

"[P]t of the problem," in the opinion of ex-pe[rt] Dr. Leslie B. Hohman, "is that there are th[ere] such active children between two and fi[ve] years of age—a handful even with well-di[s]plined children, which these are not!"





Meet the baffled mother of three under-five-year-olds, Annie Lee (Algy) Peterson, of Akron, Ohio.

HELP WANTED!

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: I have been watching your How America Lives articles for years to see if you've ever come across another family like ours. So far, I don't believe you have.

I seem to have everything that anyone would want (with the exception of freedom from money worries) and yet I'm tense and cranky and a good example of everything a mother shouldn't be. Instead of enjoying each day and each event, I find myself looking forward to evening, the peace and quiet and freedom to pursue pleasures of my own choosing, although even in the evening there seems to be enough work left over that I can't do with the children around in the daytime that it's bedtime before I can have any fun—fun being reading, knitting, making a scrapbook of seldom-used recipes, or a garden scrapbook, or painting.

The children are two, three and five years old, require constant watching, and get what seems to me an unfair amount of nagging, scolding, spanking and shouting from me—and they shout right back. After a certain length of time I simply go to pieces for a few minutes—then the cycle begins again. *Does a girl just simply live through this horrible stage when her children are shouting, destructive, disobedient aborigines and finally become a calm, mature individual, or does she remain a shrew? Is it something temporary or permanent? A psychiatrist might help, but would be too much of a luxury.*

I can see now why marriage courses should be urged so strongly. I was prepared for many things in school, but not for the idiosyncrasies of small children. I was never taught how to get along with them or how to sacrifice so much of my time and so many of my desires, willingly, for them. I was not taught how to do everything that must be done for both children and a home without becoming frustrated and cross about the insuperable quantity of work and thought involved.

Of course my children are ideal—healthy, beautiful and smart—and I love and enjoy them, but wish I had time to be a nicer mommy and didn't let them get under my skin. The oldest is a girl; the two others are boys.

Those are some of my burdens. One of my largest worries is that my attitudes will be reflected in the children as they grow.

Sincerely,
MRS. A. J. PETERSON

INTO the JOURNAL mailbox recently came letters from two mothers who do all their own housework and child care. The first letter, quoted above, was a cry for help from an Akron, Ohio, housewife who finds herself "frustrated by the insuperable amount of work and thought involved" in raising a family; the second housewife claims, "My work is always caught up, and my house is always spick-and-span."

This month the JOURNAL brings you the story of the harassed housewife who never has a minute to herself; next month we will visit the young mother who says she has "lots of time to read all the latest books and magazines, see all the good movies, gallivant about in the car, and take an hour's nap every afternoon."

The JOURNAL presents these two families with the hope of striking a sympathetic response in millions of young mothers who are doing their best to play a variety of conflicting roles—wife, mother, housemaid, civic doer, and loving companion to their husbands—and above all, to instill attitudes of confidence and well-being in their children in these bewildering and deeply fearful times.

The first letter came from Mrs. Andrew Peterson, of 227 North Revere Road, Akron, Ohio, mother of three.

Annie Lee (Algy) Peterson, twenty-nine years old, is a rangy brunette with a shy, attractive smile. She is far from being a sharp-tongued shrew; her gentle nature cringes from the constant fighting and bickering which fill her day.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYRON DAVIS



To a question, "Does *everything* around here have to be broken?" five-year-old Winkie's cheerful answer—"Either broken or spilled."



Child-guidance clinic confirmed Winkie's belligerence as "a bid for attention, jealousy of younger brothers." Kindergarten teacher reports her "eager, co-operative, enthusiastic."



A paper bag becomes prize of battle between Frankie and Larry. "What I want most is for them to be tolerant, normal, well-adjusted little people."

"Do you just 'live through' this destructive, disobedient stage?"

35-year-old Andrew Peterson works for Goodyear Aircraft in a job that calls for a lot of travel—he's home only 3 nights out of 7. "I love my job," he says, "But it's a tough one."



Algy (a childhood nickname derived from her initials, A. L. G., for Annie Lee Guinther) is a daughter of one of Ohio's prominent attorneys, Robert Guinther, whose big Tudor house is only five minutes' drive from the Petersons' home in the attractive Akron suburb of Fairlawn. Algy and her younger sister Kitty both showed creative tendencies at an early age, and these were lovingly encouraged by their parents. (Kitty is now Woman's Program Director for station WAKR, an ABC affiliate in Akron.) Mrs. Guinther, a softly pretty, bright blue-eyed woman with a music degree from Lexington Ladies' College, Missouri, was a church organist for many years and is a leader of Akron's Tuesday Musical Club.

Algy has always loved poetry, music, painting and literature; lessons in tennis, riding and swimming never succeeded in getting her nose away from a book or a paint board for very long. In an autobiography she wrote in high school she remarked about summer camp in Michigan, "I liked to be in the water but was not



In charge of his company's business relationships with all branches of defense. Andy's in Washington a good deal, but job has taken him to Alaska, Key West—plus a B-29 flight over the North Pole.



Hobbies: squash, w
on the house or la
First job (age 12) a



hy ("an inferiority complex conquered me at 11"), soft-poken by nature, Algy's deepest concern is the effect constant bickering may have on children's future attitude.



A favorite toy gets tossed into the fire—result, explosive tears. "At least we don't have silent, withdrawn children. I shout, they shout right back."



The Petersons' modern 6-room, 2-bath house "gives us the space we need," is being finished "bit by bit" in spare time.

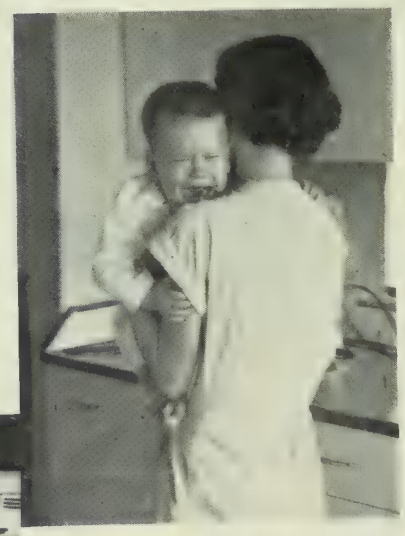


Frankie, 3("a wonder with mechanical gadgets"), is currently most destructive of the children, heads for the horizon if let out alone.

very proficient in swimming and had a fear of the diving board. I was somewhat afraid of riding because a camp horse ran away with me." A few pages later she wrote, "I should like better than anything to design stage and screen costumes. If I fail to reach that goal, I should like to establish a smart dress shop in the suburb of an important city. Meanwhile I shall be eternally working and practicing so that whatever I do will be well done."

Algy graduated ninth in her class of over two hundred from West High School, and continued to get honor grades throughout her college years at Wooster College, Ohio, and Syracuse University, where she was sufficiently outstanding in fine arts to be invited back as a member of the faculty. Instead, she went to work for one of Akron's biggest department stores, first doing fashion art work, then copy writing and editing the store's magazine for servicemen. Six years ago she married Andrew Peterson.

Andy works in the sales-and-research department of Goodyear Aircraft in Akron. He is a clean-cut, solidly built, rather earnest person of 35, who first demonstrated his business acumen in running a paper route in Columbus, Ohio, his home town,



"A psychiatrist might help." Dr. Hohman: "I found the problem in no sense abnormal—active children poorly trained."



oute—meant rising 30 A.M. "It was good ie," Andy says now.



Algy feels the children miss a warm, close relationship with their father, also wishes he might take a hand with the discipline. But Andy believes "I'm away so much, bringing up the kids has to be her job."

Wide-windowed house overlooks a country club. Andy may play golf after work or, if it's late, try a few practice shots.





"Happiness is based on service," Andy feels. "When you take on a family you really have a chance to be happy." He lauds Algy's success at managing house-heavy (payments $190 a month) budget.

"I was never attracted to the cocktail-lounge type," Andy says. "Algy's loyal, companionable, has an excellent disposition. Looks may or may not last, but you live with a disposition forever."

A hectic period — but "probably temporary."

at the age of 12. Since it was a morning paper, and the rule of the outfit was that papers had to be on the subscribers' doorsteps by 6 A.M., Andy was forced to rise at 4:30 A.M. His father, who is manager of the engineering division of Jeffrey Manufacturing Co., considered the Sunday papers too heavy for young Andy to lug about, so uncomplainingly sacrificed his only morning of leisure to drive Andy about his route. He also did this on rainy days. Finally, Andy's father relates with a chuckle, his son would frequently appear at his bedside at 4:30 saying, "Dad, it *looks* like rain today."

On Saturdays, young Andy collected his week's pay at the newspaper office. "This was the day," he relates. "First I would go over to the Y for a swim, then, with a gang, eat a lunch of root beer and wieners at the five-and-ten. I always bought a new ten-cent tie for the following week. *(Continued on Page 116)*





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"My Children Won't Obey"

Children—and parents—can be taught how to behave. Andy and Algy Peterson find they are not quite the same parent after learning to discipline their children wisely.

By LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.D.

Professor of Neuropsychiatry, Duke University School of Medicine

ANDY PETERSON, age 35, and his wife, Algy, age 29, should have a most desirable life. They have a modern newly built, well-equipped house in a good neighborhood, and three intelligent, healthy children.

Andy has an excellent, interesting and important job, and Algy, an intelligent, attractive woman, loves her husband and her children. The Petersons can manage everything successfully—job, budgeting, cooking, food, friends, church—except their lives with their children.

Algy Peterson says the children—her daughter, Winkie (age 5), and her two sons, Frankie (age 3½) and Larry (age 2)—get an unfair amount of nagging, scolding and screaming from her. The children scream right back and then Algy goes to pieces. The children are apparently as untamed as young wildcats and almost as destructive. Their dispositions react violently on one another, for each child is out for himself and no one else. From morn to night there are fighting, temper tantrums and scenes precipitated by one or another of the youngsters, usually because someone has snatched another's toy. They have no interest span in anything beyond a few minutes.

Algy is baffled, unhappy and frustrated. She feels she must be wrong in handling the children. She has wanted free, untrammeled children who were not silent and repressed. She has had a fear that if she used any strict discipline, the children would develop "inferiority complexes." So awful are the children that Algy and others have even wondered if the children might be abnormal. With all her good intentions and child-training reading and trying to follow what Algy calls progressive books, her children have developed such bad qualities that nobody seems to like the children—not even the parents. (Of course they love them.) Andy is away from home all day and actually out of town for two or three days a week. He's baffled and puzzled by the children. He worries about them and worries what to do.

A child-guidance clinic was consulted about Winkie. The clinic decided perhaps there was some disharmony between Andy and Algy—but after several interviews with both, the clinic decided that the marriage was good. Then Andy and Algy were right back where they started. Of course they knew that Winkie wanted attention. Everybody was normal, but the trouble went on.

I first saw the children at 8:30 Easter morning. They were all in the living room, with the floor covered with candy Easter eggs, baskets, bunnies and artificial grass. It took only a few minutes of quiet observation to be certain that these were just ordinary, everyday varieties of bright, normal children. They made friends at once, and were easily obedient at that time. Frankie, the 3½-year-older, was quite willing to pick up the Easter eggs from the floor, put them in some miniature egg trays and then in refrigerator for safekeeping.

I had my difficulties in making a g personal contact with either Frankie Larry. Winkie was omnipresent, answe all questions and taking the lead from boys. She was, and is, very talkative, all the talk is fresh and smart-alecky. It easy to observe that all the children v easily smiling and likable.

Breakfast began, but nobody was h gry. The obvious reason was that all young fry had already eaten more t their share of candy Easter eggs b eight o'clock. Throughout the mor until time for departure for church 10:15, there was no silence or quiet or constructive play.

As soon as Winkie, her father ar started for church, Winkie behaved well. She was not smarty in her talk, w to Sunday school without fussing, joined us again after the service wit bad behavior. On the way home, Wi decided we were not to buy sweet roll lunch, but only doughnuts. We fir bought both, but Winkie would h thwarted the sweet-roll buying if she co (Wait for the end of the sweet-roll sto She tried to beg for candy in the store, Andy nipped that in the bud at once.

As soon as we arrived home, tro started. Winkie stole two pieces of ba and had a tantrum when her mother she was to have no more—only her sc bled eggs. She flounced into the living r and said she wouldn't eat lunch. If I not held Algy, she would have gone in a Winkie. As soon as it became apparent nobody was paying any attention, Wi returned to the table, but tried to get b by accusing Frank of having taken or the pieces of bacon. Then she b dawdling over food. Winkie promptly a doughnut, would drink only half of chocolate milk, tried to refuse the eggs, then wanted, of all things, one of the s rolls. I would have refused it, but her fa was getting tense and was quietly, sile but firmly, backing Winkie—she got sweet roll. She ate only part of it and b complaining nastily about the bacon. then began to demand chocolate cand

FINALLY, Algy cleared the table Winkie went into the living room search for candy in the Easter-egg bask (The candy Easter eggs and bunnies in the meantime, been put in a tin bo out of reach.) When no candy was fo everything was thrown on the floor. I a Winkie if she would like to learn to and write. She was eager, but after she done two short sentences, her attention distracted and she was off to somet else. In a few minutes she was again manding candy. When her mother sai she lay on the floor, screamed and kic and said she was going to get her dirty so her mother would have to char before we went out to dinner. (We were

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THE NAME YOU KNOW BEST IN ATOMIZERS, NEBULIZERS AND VAPORIZERS

aster dinner with Mrs. Peterson's re s.)

At hat point, I suggested that Winkie s to her room for a half hour.

Le e interrupt the story to give simple ne principles of child training:

I an easily be demonstrated that a child holds onto any pattern of h avior that is rewarded.

Fusal to reward a pattern of be- h ior causes that kind of behavior t disappear.

C ldren are happy and exuberantly a ve when they know what the b ndaries of conduct are. They will r pect the boundaries if it is made c r that going out of bounds will r er be rewarded.

T e chief rewards that children's n ure demands besides food and l ythings are attention, affection, a l playing a dramatic part in a g scene," be it good or bad.

C dren will go to almost any lengths these rewards. Winkie had all her r's attention until Frankie arrived, d en she lost even more attention when r came. However, that is only part ex- ion for Winkie's behavior. Plenty of l hildren have an insatiable desire for ion and even resent the other parent e n mother's necessity to take time to housework or see friends.

I must be recognized that children vary y from the beginning of their lives. r want and need and demand more at- n and affection than others. I'm sure ie would have been demanding if ers had not complicated her life. In ss to Andy and Algy, it must be nized that these three children differ many children in that they are ex- ly active and have very strong wills. are in no sense the placid type.

e best way I know of robbing a bad rn of reward is to isolate the child in om with the door closed—hooked if hild won't stay in. If the parent is enough, he need not lose his temper, se he has only to keep his mouth d (I advise parents to try imaginary sive tape to keep them from talking to children), let the child have his um or tearfulness by himself. In that the child does not get attention, and s are empty and hollow if they must ted out alone. Obviously, no affection ing given when the child is alone.

RONGLY advise against corporal pun- ent for several reasons: 1—The child, physically hurt, can whip up much unhappiness or rage than the issue ants; 2—The child, in its anger, is y to defend itself with kicking or vio- talk—"I hate you," "I wish you were "; and then, 3—The parent gets more y, makes a lot of threats he is not y to live up to, and, 4—He finally pun- more severely than he wishes, but then, he parent feels guilty and sorry for child and is likely, in the immediate re, to yield all that he made a stand or, 6—The parent has to prolong his r consciously to prevent himself from ling and giving the child a "reward- scene.

ow let us return to Winkie, who is t to enter her room. Her mother has physical struggle to get her into her n. Fortunately, the floors are polished Winkie's sixty pounds can be dragged e refuses to walk. As soon as Winkie convinced she was going to her room, d-curdling shrieks came forth; the door not kicked down, but it sounded as if ere going to be. I talked to Algy as con- ingly as I knew how, to keep her at- ion off the screaming. At that point y came in, and as soon as he heard the aming, he asked what it was all about. an extraordinarily polite, controlled on, but one could see he was terribly e and emotionally disapproving. With nind he was anxious to try to get the fic problem of these wild children set- tled, but it was only with his mind that he gave consent. He said, "She's climbing out of the window—the screen isn't fastened and I'm afraid she'll catch cold." Winkie was smarter than her father. We found her on the porch with a coat and hood on. Under my insistence, Andy and I went out to fasten the screen, Winkie screaming, "I'll be good, I'll be good." But back into the room went Winkie. On the way back, she told her father her throat was sore and he came back panicky that she might be getting sick. I assured him that ten minutes wouldn't matter and I was willing to examine her throat later. Winkie then settled down to quiet and we heard nothing more until we went to release her. She came out tear-stained and soiled, but friendly, if subdued. I told her to sit in a chair and look at a new book that a friend had brought in. Winkie obeyed and sat quietly while her parents and I talked. After ten minutes of good behavior, I asked her if she would like to have me read the book to her. She came over to the couch and we had fun reading the book, letting her fill in obvious words and then retell me the story.

HER father was at that point convinced. He saw this little girl become friendly and affectionate with me, although she knew it was I who had ordered the isolation. I had ordered isolation to refuse to reward her temper tantrum, and then I gave her the reward of attention and affectionate interest as soon as she had been well behaved.

By this time, we had to ready ourselves for dinner. Winkie promptly obeyed the command to wash her face and hands and bring out her dress. She said she didn't like the dress, but I pointed out that grandma would like to see her in a dress she had bought for Winkie. There were no more scenes, and excellent behavior during dinner. She retold the story of the rabbit with pink wings and brought along the paper on which we had been learning to read and write. (I thought I had discarded the paper.) Several times during dinner, Winkie came up to see me to hold my hand or snuggle up. I repeat this evidence that children do not harbor grudges and resentment, but are able to turn rapidly to happiness and are willing to substitute good behavior to get attention and affection.

We know that Winkie has plenty of ability to use good patterns of behavior, because she got along beautifully at kindergarten—as soon as she learned what the rules were by which you could get legitimate attention and affection.

Now for Frankie, our 3½-year-old lad, chockful of charm and mechanical skill. As soon as the toaster was put on the table, he got out the screw driver, unscrewed the covering plate in the floor, and plugged in the toaster. At lunch, he dawdled over his food and demanded a doughnut before he had eaten his eggs. His father is so indulgent that he gave him the doughnut against Algy's direction. Frankie promised not to eat it until he had finished his other food. He lived up to his promise for a short time and then started on the doughnut.

Incidentally, the Petersons make the same mistake that many parents make. They allow children to fill up on sweets—jelly bread, milk chocolate or cakes—before they start their regular food, and then nag and coax jaded appetites to eat meat and vegetables. Why not use dessert as adults do—as the satisfying end of a meal?

Immediately after lunch, Frankie started after Larry and knocked him down. He was taken to his room screaming. After a few minutes, the screaming stopped. When we went for him later, every dresser drawer was emptied and the drawers were on the floor. He was standing stark naked in the center of the floor. I said quietly, "Put the things back, Frank." He asked for help to get the drawers back. We gave it and left for another ten minutes. We returned then and found all clothes folded in the drawers, but no clothes on. I said, "Put on your clothes." Ten minutes later, we opened the door and Frank was properly dressed.

(Continued on Page 123)



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THE NAME YOU KNOW BEST IN ATOMIZERS, NEBULIZERS AND VAPORIZERS

thrifty summer dinners

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By LOUELLA G. SHI

At heart, Algy Peterson is a creative artist. She looks forward t day when she will have the time and money to spend trying out wonderful recipes she's collected in her now bulging scrapboo

"Though my youngsters' tastes aren't educated enough to appreciate the flavors of herbs and special seasonings, they do like their hamburgers fixed up with onion and garlic as I do them for Andy." As any mother knows, it doesn't take much coaxing to get children to eat broiled hamburgers, but good seasoning makes them taste better.

This is the season when you can buy young carrots or, better still, pull them from the garden when they are no bigger around at the top than a nickel. Wash and cook them whole and unscraped in very little water. Butter and season them, and you may change your mind—about carrots, at least.

Applesauce is something special in the simple-dessert department, when it's made with green, tart apples, sweetened, and sprinkled with a becoming coat of cinnamon. "And serve it warm," Algy says, "with thin, crisp, salty oatmeal cookies." If you doubt that sprinkling salt on a cooky before baking is the thing to do, you'll have to try them and taste for yourself. You'll be surprised!

Onion Hamburgers

Baby Carrots

Sliced Tomatoes

Warm Green-Apple Sauce

Salty Oatmeal Cookies

ONION HAMBURGERS

Season the ground beef with salt and pepper. Shape into patties. Put a teaspoon of chopped onion in the center of each patty and shape the meat around the onion. Rub the broiler pan with garlic and broil the hamburgers. The onions still have a little crunch this way, yet still flavor the meat.

SALTY OATMEAL COOKIES

Cream 1 cup shortening with 1 cup sugar. Add 1 egg and beat well. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking powd ½ teaspoon baking soda. Add creamed mixture and flavor teaspoon vanilla. Stir in 3 cups cooking oatmeal and mix wel dough out *thin* on slightly board or pastry cloth. On a war dough is easier to handle if Cut out with your favorite cool ter, or mark out the dough in s to save time. Sprinkle tops with salt—and I mean lightl aren't seasoning the soup. Bake minutes on greased cooky shee moderately hot oven, 375° F. all there is to it—so easy, so Makes 4–5 dozen, not counti ones eaten hot off the pan you've even had a chance to them.

★ ★ ★

As a change of pace from a and-vegetable kind of dinner, warm night, Algy makes a pot o hearty soup—enough so the cl can have seconds. With this, salad and prune- or nut-bread wiches.

She bakes all her own cookies and quick breads, su muffins, or the prune bread. because she uses her mixer fo tically everything that has stirred—or whipped. It fascina children too. "Since I can't kee out of the kitchen, I might teach them to really help me." not? Kitchen doings are as fasci to little folks as to big ones.

Chipped-Beef-and-Potato S

Fruit Salad

Prune-Bread Sandwiche

CHIPPED-BEEF-AN POTATO SOUP

Peel 4 medium potatoes (a mately 1½ pounds) and cut in cubes. Add 1 teaspoon salt, boiling water and cook, covere til potatoes are just tender. I



When Algy bakes a cake, Larry and Frankie are usually in the gallery.

leat 3 tablespoons butter or
ne in a skillet and cook ¼
pped onions in it until they
set yellow. Tear ¼ pound
beef (you may call it dried
your neighborhood) into small
Cook the beef in with the
until it looks frizzled and curly.
e with the potatoes. Add 2
ilk. ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and
about 10 minutes. Don't let
Reseason to taste. Some
beef is saltier than others and
ay not need to add any more
rve in deep bowls, and don't
a sprinkle of parsley. Serves 6.

PRUNE BREAD

out 20 cooked prunes—enough
e 1 cup. Cut into pieces. Dredge
¼ cup flour. Mix 1 cup whole-
flour, ¾ cup flour, ¾ teaspoon
teaspoons baking powder and
sugar together. Beat 1 egg and
ne with ½ cup milk, ½ cup
rom cooked prunes and 2 table-
s melted shortening or salad oil.
is into the dry ingredients. Add
ured prunes. Pour into a greased
an, 8½"x4½"x2½". Bake in a
ate oven, 350° F., about 1 hour.
ve from pan and cool. Wrap in
aper and it will keep moist and
r bread-and-butter sandwiches,
with salads or as afternoon
s for the children.

★ ★ ★

at better recommendation could
have than praise from the chil-
Algy makes a meat loaf prac-
every week—not only because
good budget bet, but because the
en are so fond of it, particularly
ie, who says, "Mummie, you
the *best* meat loaf." And good it
oist and juicy. Bacon and chili
do the trick. Mashed-potato
s and green beans taste good
this. For dessert, fudge ice
—a reward for clean plates.

inkie's Favorite Meat Loaf
Potato Patties
Green Beans
Fudge Ice Cream

INKIE'S FAVORITE MEAT LOAF

ogether 1 pound ground beef, 1
½ cup chili sauce, 1 teaspoon
estershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt,
¼ teaspoon pepper, 10 saltine crackers, crushed, and 1 large onion, chopped. Grease a bread-loaf pan and pack the meat-loaf mixture into it. Crush 3 more saltines and sprinkle over the top. Lay 2 or 3 strips of bacon over that. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven, 350° F. Serve hot or cold. Serves 4–6.

★ ★ ★

"We aren't great fish fans, but we *do* like halibut. I get a thick slice, brush it with bacon fat to keep it moist and juicy, and broil it until it has a golden glint. A snip of chives and a squeeze of lemon and it really looks professional and tastes better. There will be peas from the garden this month. A garden is extra work, but it's surely worth it for the fresh flavor, to say nothing of the saving it makes in our grocery bill.

"With the fish and peas we'll have Andy's favorite creamed onion potatoes. He never gets enough of onions. I put them in practically everything. For instance, I cook chopped onions with the potatoes, drain and cream them. I save the onion-potato water for soups." (An idea worth copying.) "I'll often make buttermilk sherbet for dessert when we're going to have fish. Such will be a dinner that we find good for a summer night."

Broiled Halibut
Creamed Onion Potatoes
Peas
[from the garden]
Buttermilk Sherbet

BUTTERMILK SHERBET

Beat 2 eggs until light and thick, adding ½ cup sugar, little by little, as you beat. Add ½ cup light corn sirup, 2 cups buttermilk, ¼ cup lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel. Pour mixture in freezing tray. Set refrigerator indicator to coldest position. Freeze until almost but not quite firm. (Algy usually starts such works in the afternoon while the children are napping.) Last step—scrape the sherbet into a chilled bowl. Break it up with a spoon. Beat quickly with a rotary or electric beater and return to the refrigerator tray and let it freeze firm. Serves 6–8.

THE END



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The original chlorophyll tablet featured in Reader's Digest!

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HELP WANTED!

(Continued from Page 110)

Then off to the movies for a double feature and a vaudeville show. Boy, I really felt like a big operator."

At home, because Andy's mother was not well (she died of cancer when he was 16), Andy was expected to dry the dishes, sweep the porch, help with the dusting and run the flat pieces through the mangle. "Andy must have got his fill of housework then," Algy smiles. "He never does any now."

Andy first met Algy on a blind date while he was living at the Y in Akron and working for Goodyear Aircraft after finishing a five-year mechanical-engineering course at Ohio University. Andy throughout his school years dated "constantly," according to his father. ("At least enough so you never had the car," grins Andy.) Algy, on the other hand, always felt shy and uncertain in the presence of boys. "At the age of eleven an inferiority complex conquered me," she confided in her autobiography. "It was caused by complexion trouble and spectacles. At my age mother was usually able to get her man, but I inherited daddy's tendencies which used to be just the opposite." Algy is here referring to the fact that her mother was one of six beautiful and popular sisters who lived just off the campus of Wentworth Military Academy in Lexington, Missouri. Mr. Guinther first met her there while he was a member of the faculty teaching chemistry and physics to earn enough money to put himself through the University of Chicago Law School.

Algy's first date with Andy was an outdoor picnic. They hit it off very well, and Algy invited him and the other couple over to her house for bridge. Before the bridge night arrived, Andy took her to the circus. "One thing I liked so much about Andy was that we did such interesting things. We never sat around night clubs. We'd walk, or play golf, or picnic, or drive up to Cleveland for the twilight symphonies, with dinner afterward. Andy had a solid character, was good to look at, and well liked—still is."

"I was never attracted to the cocktail-lounge type," says Andy. "I'm strictly for the sweater-and-skirt girl. Algy struck me as an extremely loyal, companionable person, with an excellent disposition. Looks may or may not last, but you live with a disposition forever."

A year after they met, Andy and Algy were married on a beautiful September day at her parents' home, with 250 gue miring the bride's bouffant white sati and the great banks of white chry mums the gardener had planted to central aisle and altar on the terrace The newlyweds planned to spend th night together at the Statler, in Cle then continue to the Homestead Springs, Virginia, the next day.

Andy, who was an experienced t for Goodyear Aircraft by this time, w ribly anxious that all the arrang should go smoothly. Several times bef wedding day he checked with the Sta make sure the right room had been re When they finally arrived at the ho nervous groom was only with great di preserving his *sang-froid*. The clerk t he was sorry, but there was no reser Andy exploded. When the matter length straightened out, Andy reach the register and with a great flourish "A. J. Peterson."

The clerk studied it for a momen looked up. "Is that woman your wif asked, indicating Algy, who in an a embarrassment was standing to one s

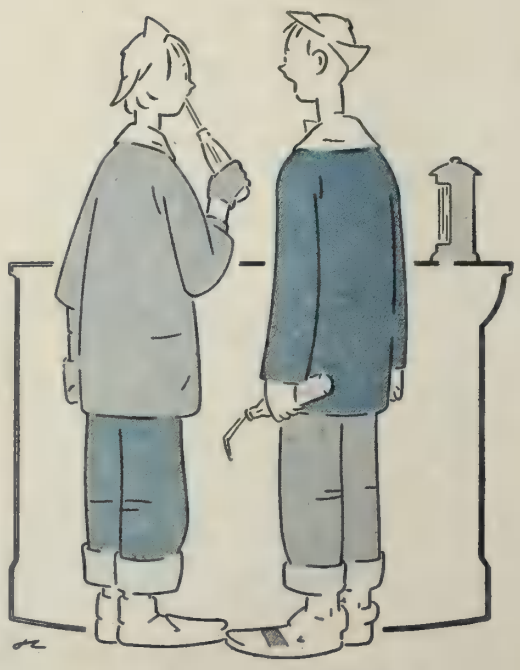
Andy was flabbergasted. "Of cou is!" he shouted.

The clerk smiled. "Well, then, wh you sign her name to the register? A ashamed of her?"

"Boy, did that deflate me," said perienced traveler and inexperienced

Back in Akron, the young couple down in a small apartment, and righ the beginning Algy proved herself a lent housekeeper and good cook, alt with three servants in the Guinther h she had never so much as made her o Two evenings every week she spen her laundry in the Guinthers' washi chine with the help of her mother, w as mystified as Algy at the workings contraption, but finally unraveled it teries. The bride insisted upon washi ironing everything herself, refusing the family laundress with more work

After the birth of their first child t year, Mr. Guinther, a handsome and man, a good personal friend of t Wendell Willkie, and past president Ohio State Bar, the Akron Cham Commerce, Board of Education, the Business Bureau and the Portage C Club, took his son-in-law for a wa



"You've been on my mind a lot lately, Marian—I think you're the most attractive girl I've seen in over a week."

out an empty half-acre lot across
ie Fairlawn Country Club. "There's
rest lot left within city limits," he
ndy. "It's yours if you want it."
y and Algy were delighted to accept,
gh it was four years and two children
fore their house was built. The Peter-
e extremely proud of their L-shaped,
ry modern home. Andy feels that
f their neighbors, all of them in con-
nal white Cape Cod houses, in the
) to $35,000 class, tend to look askance
Petersons' flat-topped concrete-block

ok at it this way," explains Andy, an
ly practical person. "For the money
l to spend, which was around $20,000,
ld have built a two-bedroom house all
finished with plaster and all. Instead
up just the bare shell of a house—
chen, big living room, big master bed-
three other bedrooms and two baths.
there isn't any plaster on the inside
set doors or molding or baseboards.
e can finish it ourselves, bit by bit,
it spending great chunks of money.
meantime, we have the space we

would be hard to find a house better
ed for streamlined housekeeping than
etersons'. The
are all cement
radiantly
l, which elim-
dust-catching
ors. In the big
quare kitchen
ts bright daf-
yellow walls
reen floor and
, Algy has
about every
to the home-
— automatic
asher, clothes
er, clothes
mangle, gar-
disposal, new
nge and elec-
refrigerator.
y may not be
mantic type,"
nd remarked.
loesn't go in for
imes and flow-
anniversaries
that sort of
, but just look
at kitchen he
is wife. That's
houghtfulness."
e 22′ living room, with two huge plate-
picture windows facing east and west,
tarkly bare room with its unplastered
painted cerise red and dark green. The
has no pictures, no bric-a-brac, no
ins or rugs at the present time. The
en play all day in this bare cement-
d room which boasts one rather di-
ated couch, one armchair, a TV set and
nograph. During the day, all the other
s in the house, including the bathrooms,
ept locked.

began locking her children out of
s shortly after the arrival of the second,
s now in the position of a person who
't dare let the jinni out of the bottle. If
ie, their precocious 5-year-old, gets
er mother's room, she makes a beeline
e perfumes and nail polish, or pulls all
oes out of the closet. Frankie, 3, when
ed into the bathroom by himself, takes
e soiled diapers out of the can and
them into the toilet, or flushes down
ys. (They recently had a plumber's bill
nting to $20 in two weeks.) The chil-
are now so wildly unmanageable that
cannot cope with both boys in the bath-
at once, and bathes them in the laun-
ubs in the kitchen.
u might expect a 3-year-old to be fairly
ied when sick with the flu and threat-
with pneumonia. Not Frankie! While
nother's back was turned, he mixed a
e of aureomycin with cough medicine,
d in a bottle of sulfa and lapped it up.
two stiff doses of ipecac and two hours
of gagging, only his mother's nerves were damaged.

Algy's day starts at 6:30 A.M., when Frankie generally bursts into the room yelling, "Winkie's hurting me!" (Frankie has not yet mastered many consonants—only his parents can guess that "dee dubble" means "steam shovel," for instance.) Algy's back is apt to be full of kinks and aches at this hour, but she hustles out of bed to fix the coffee, first unlocking the padlock on the kitchen gate. Frankie, however, has usually already wriggled through the pass window from living room to kitchen. Sometimes he has the coffee out and is busily mixing the grounds with water "to help mommy," or has assembled the mixer and is messily breaking eggs, or, in attempting to put the milk into the refrigerator, has broken a quart on the floor.

ONE of Algy's first chores is to clean out the fire grate in the living room thoroughly if there has been a fire the night before. Otherwise, the children will spread handfuls of gritty ashes and charred sticks everywhere.

This done, she toilets and dresses the children while her husband gulps down orange juice and coffee and hurries off to work. Dressing chubby 2-year-old Larry generally means chasing him about the house until he finally consents to clothes; often as not, he will strip them off in another ten minutes. Frankie is more cooperative, but Winkie stubbornly remains in her pajamas until after lunch, when it is time for her to go to kindergarten, and even then, she puts up a terrific argument.

Breakfast for the children is generally fruit juice, dry cereal and milk, since none of them likes eggs except Larry. Algy puts the food on the table and attempts to get them to eat it. Winkie is busy with her coloring books, but finally consents to come. Larry runs about the kitchen banging cabinet doors. Algy grabs him and lifts 33 pounds of struggling and kicking child into the play pen. Frankie impishly turns on the clothes washer. Algy runs over, turns off the dial, and gets the youngest's bib. Frankie spins the dial on the clothes drier. His mother turns off the drier and lifts Frankie into the high chair. She goes to get Larry's egg from the stove and Frankie slips down and turns on the gas jets.

This time he gets slapped. Yelling lustily, he dives for the lower cabinets and gets out the soap. Algy puts it back and again lifts him into his high chair. The phone rings and both Frankie and Winkie race to answer it. Loud howls and screams come from the loser. Algy finally gets the phone away from them. While she is talking, Winkie pushes over Frankie. Frankie, howling, climbs up on top of the breakfast table, picks up his glass of milk and deliberately pours it over everything. Then he picks up his mother's lighted cigarette from the ash tray and takes a long puff before Algy can rush over from the phone.

Breakfast finally over (Frankie has eaten next to nothing), Algy shoos the children out, padlocks the gate, and gets busy with the clothes washer, cleaning up the dishes, and mopping up spilled food from the floor. The children, locked out of all the other rooms, move aimlessly about the bare living room. But not for long.

Frankie has a dust mop and is cleaning the floor. Winkie walks up aggressively and

NEXT MONTH

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By Betty Hannah Hoffman

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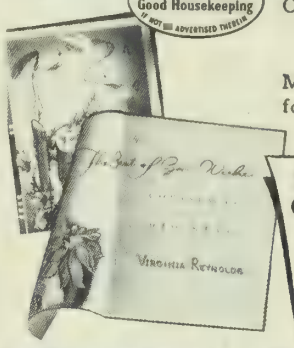
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tears the mop out of his hands. Their mother watches silently through the pass window. Frankie, screaming in rage, runs over to the coffee table and with one mighty heave sends the whole thing over backward on the concrete floor. Now 2-year-old Larry gets into the melee. His prize puzzle, all carefully put together, was on the coffee table. With injured yells he toddles over and attempts to rescue the pieces under the upturned table.

Algy sighs, gets the key off the top of the refrigerator, unlocks the gate, locking it behind her, and goes into the living room. She and Winkie struggle in a mad tug of war over the mop. Finally she gets it away. "I'm going to kick you!" threatens Winkie, and does. Algy starts to drag her along the floor to her room, but Winkie's kicking 60-pound frame proves too much for her. Winkie promises to be good, and Algy again locks herself in the kitchen. Winkie begs to come in. Algy gets out Winkie's clay, puts it on a clean piece of paper on the kitchen table, and returns to the sink. Frankie yells to come in too. Algy ignores him. When she next looks through the pass window, Frankie has lighted some matches and is burning up his paper books. Algy rushes out, first unlocking the door, and spanks him. Frankie runs to the armchair and pushes it over.

"Whenever I punish Frankie, he takes it out on me by attacking something he knows I cherish," says Algy.

After a few minutes of peace, Frankie goes over to Larry, who is laboriously reassembling his puzzle, and sinks his teeth into him, a fairly frequent occurrence, as the scars on that fat little back testify. Exasperated beyond endurance, Algy picks up Frankie and locks him in his room. When she goes back in ten minutes, suspicious of the silence, he has torn every article out of his bureau drawers, strewn them about the room and wet them.

"This is one of their bad days," sighs Algy. "They're not always as naughty as this."

Although 3-year-old Frankie, the smallest physically of the three children, is by far the most destructive, it is Winkie who currently riles her mother the most. "She never lets me be," complains Algy. "All day long it's talk, talk, talk, clinging to me every minute. And no matter what I want her to do, just simple routine things like washing her face or combing her hair, it takes forever to do it." Algy took Winkie to the local child-guidance clinic, but discovered only what she already knew. Winkie's behavior was a bid for attention. She was jealous of her younger brothers.

"It's hard for a first child when the other children arrive," says Algy. "Especially when they arrive sooner than expected."

In kindergarten, Winkie has made an excellent adjustment, according to her teacher. "At first Winkie refused to take direction. When asked to do something, she would brandish her fist and talk back. Now she is eager, co-operative and enthusiastic. She is popular with the other children and never aggressive. Winkie is a bright and imaginative child and we all enjoy her." Algy shakes her head in wonderment at this glowing description.

Now the morning approaches its full crescendo as the children fight over their toys or vent their separate furies upon the furniture or bang with their fists upon the locked doors leading outdoors until the glass seems certain to shatter in their faces. Algy doggedly proceeds with her work. Monday, wash and ironing. Tuesday, vacuum and dust and do the weekly diapers. Wednesday, "extra jobs" like the range or refrigerator. Thursday, scrub the linoleum, on her hands and knees. Friday, pick up and clean house. Saturday, marketing for the week while Andy works at the office and her mother baby-sits. Sunday the whole family attends the First Congregational Church, where Andy is chairman of the board of trustees. Afterward, they may have dinner at the Guinther home, not the relaxing experience it might be, since while they eat Frankie is generally scouting among the fragile antiques and precious bric-a-brac in the living room.

For lunch, Algy invariably fixes a b soup, crackers and milk, and a pot of for herself. The breakfast scene is repeated. Frankie eats some cracker milk between forays. After lunch, if V is attending kindergarten in the afte Algy has a few blessed hours of peace the boys sleep. She uses this time to s and change from slacks into a dress, to the beds, and put on fresh lipstic powder.

When Winkie is returned by a nei after school, bursting with renewed after a few hours of restriction, the zer of the day commences. In the summe the boys can be put out in a small f area with their sandbox. However, Fra constant attacks upon Larry, announc loud squawks from the latter, keep Algy ping. Frankie, who was kept in a pla until he was 2, despite his protests, has been allowed outdoors without supervi Once free, he streaks for the farthest ho In the wintertime, or in muddy weathe children are practically never outdoors. no outdoor girl herself, gives a varie reasons—their outdoor clothes aren't w proof, they are too much trouble to p their half-acre lot is rather low and we Andy doesn't like the yard to get messe

About 4 o'clock, Winkie turns o television and sits straddling a chair in of it, her eyes six inches from the s biting her nails. Frankie teases to he favorite record, so the phonograph i corner gets turned on too. He stands chair with his head cocked directly ov machine, listening and sucking his t intently. Algy locks herself in the kitch start supper with the radio tuned in c favorite program. Larry stands unh and bewildered-looking in the midst terrific din, his little face drawn with ness.

Neither Andy nor Algy likes to se house strewn with toys, so they are locked in the master bedroom and brings out a few at a time. Larry plays happily with a wooden puzzle; Winki paint for hours. Frankie, however, be terribly bored. "He's a wonder wit chanical gadgets," says Algy, who d ered to her surprise the other day th could start the car. "But if I get some out especially for him, the other two ge the act and take it away."

Frankie settles the matter by cra through the pass window and lying c counter while his mother attempts to fi per around his prone body.

"Sometimes I just sit down and b admits Algy. "That seems to help tle. . . . At least we don't have silent, drawn children," she adds. "Even little stands up for his rights."

"Algy has so much to do that she l the strength left to cope properly with little crisis," says her mother, who is a visitor at the house and does her best t Algy's load by baby-sitting, running er and occasionally taking Winkie home night.

"The whole business of discipline hausting," believes Algy, "because it down to jumping up and down at dropping your work a hundred times and screaming 'Stop!' until you're h and breathless."

She feels that her father did a perfe of discipline. "He had such patience never raised his voice. But talking d help with my kids—you have to scre know I spank them too much, but what do? I know I'm inconsistent about r like one child taking something away another. But I simply can't get my done and be supervising them every mi

Algy is still a first-rate housekeeper, sparkling range and shelves and floors onstrate. The children's clothes are im late, their faces and hands as clean as s keep them. She is an excellent organiz would be, if it weren't for the interru "If we're having some people in for di says Andy, "three hours before the everything is half done and the place a But somehow, by the time they arrive,

neat and tidy, including Algy, and a
ner ready."
feels that Andy should take a hand
lining. She also feels that the chil-
iss a warm, close relationship with
her because he is away so much, and
he never volunteers to help her with
ike bathing or dressing the children,
ng to them.
', who is in charge of Goodyear Air-
usiness relationships with all branches
nse in Washington (except lighter-
r activity), travels to the nation's
every week and is home only three
out of seven. Occasionally he is away
veek at a time. While on a trip to
in 1948 to see Goodyear Aircraft prod-
action, he took the opportunity to fly
ie North Pole in a B-29. He spent
ays as a guest of the Navy on the new
submarines off Key West, and cruised
he southern coast of California in the
t carrier Valley Forge. A trip to Pearl
is now in the offing. Andy's high-
e job (he frequently has thirty to
projects all going at the same time)
excitement, variety, and ample oppor-
for him to use his talents for getting
done efficiently and in a hurry.
n Andy is in Akron, he likes to stop
he Y for a game of squash after leav-
office. Once home, he goes directly to
aster bedroom, locks the door and
here reading the paper until dinner is
table. After dinner, he busies himself
working on the house or doing office
work while Algy, having cleaned up
tchen, gets the children into pajamas,
to them, and finally collapses in front
television.
ly admits freely that he's not much
vith the children. "When I get home
ht, I'm pretty fagged out. I love my
ut it's a tough one. As far as discipline
I tried to interfere in the beginning, but
always said, 'No, that's not the way to
according to the books.' Well, I figure
ad the books and ought to know what
talking about. It isn't fair to the kids to
two different methods of discipline.
way so much that bringing up the kids
be her job." He pauses and surveys the
room, strewn with papers and broken
flotsam of the day's small hurricanes.
, could those kids be any worse?"
dy is very proud of his wife's creative
ies and feels it's a shame she has so lit-
me for the things she wants to do. "I
telling her to get a baby-sitter during
ay. She says she'd rather stay home."
nat Algy really means is that she would
o stay home with the house free of chil-
She no longer wants to be a career girl,
e once did, but still has creative desires
n are largely unsatisfied. In the past few
she has given up her art classes at the
n Art Institute and the art class she
nt at the Y. Her poems and stories in the
n Junior League magazine were very
lar, but she has dropped out of League
too.
st summer she and Andy spent his va-
n at home, farming the children out at
grandparents'. "It was heaven," Algy recalls. "Wonderful to have the doors unlocked and not worry about what the children were up to." They ate only breakfast at home, slept late, saw all their friends, and according to both of them were far more relaxed than they would have been in some hotel or cottage somewhere.

Both Andy and Algy frequently worry about money. The house cost them $23,000, and they are paying off an $18,500 mortgage in ten years, before the children's expenses become heavy. Andy earns between $5000 and $7000 a year (he did not care to be more specific) and spends $2280 a year ($190 a month) on mortgage payments. This means their budget is definitely house-heavy. House taxes are $150 a year, heating another $240. The Petersons contribute $100 to the church, spend another $170 a year on club dues, and $600 for insurance. When all their fixed costs are met, the amounts left for clothing, food and recreation are comparatively small.

Andy thinks Algy does a magnificent job of handling money. For the whole family, she spends no more than $150 a year for clothes (Mrs. Guinther helps out considerably with the children's things). She feeds the five of them on $15 a week, not including milk. Her weekly meat bills seldom run over $3, and consist mainly of wieners and hamburger. Of course it helps the food budget to have Andy away four nights a week. "Once in a while, I do yearn for a steak," Algy confesses. "I don't believe I've bought one in two years." She rarely buys roasts, or much fresh fruit.

For recreation, the Petersons spend about $6 a month, which is the cost of a Saturday-night baby-sitter while they play cards with friends. Several times a year they attend the dinner dances at the City Club, where Andy is a member. When Algy has the car, she sometimes takes the children for a drive in the afternoon, but does no visiting. "Three of them are too much for me to cope with," she says, "and on week ends Andy is always too busy with the house or lawn for any family outings."

Algy feels that this hectic period she is living through is only temporary, and undoubtedly things will get far easier for her when the children are all in school (two and a half years from now). There are moments, though, when she is overwhelmed with a sense of guilt and inadequacy. She is aware, for instance, that her resentment toward the children breeds resentment in them.

"Look what you made me do!" she yells at Winkie.

"I didn't make you do anything!" Winkie yells back.

"You made me so nervous I spilled the Coke!" retorts Algy. "Now, get out of the kitchen!"

Winkie cries, and snatches something from Frankie, who attacks the furniture or Larry. The cycle begins again.

"Of course my children are ideal—healthy, beautiful and smart," Algy concluded her letter to the JOURNAL. "I love and enjoy them, but I wish I had time to be a nicer mommy and didn't let them get under my skin. . . . One of my largest worries is that my attitudes will be reflected in the children as they grow." THE END

WHAT WE BELIEVE IN

THE PETERSONS, who are stanch pillars of the Congregational Church, say, "We go to church every Sunday. We don't go as a duty. We like to go."

As Andy sees it, "Looking at it practically, it is simply good business practice to try to apply the Golden Rule to everyday living."

"Between fifteen and eighteen," Algy admits, "I went through a stage when I was practically an atheist. Now it seems to me wonderful the way God forgives our daily sins and is still willing to take us back in the fold."

"She's more religious than I am," Andy comments. "I don't read the Bible or pray a lot. I don't feel the need for a conscious prayer every day. But I have an unconscious, continuing prayer about what I want to do or to be. I think I believe in the creed and I guess I envision God as a real Father."

The Petersons agree, "There must be a guiding hand that moves the universe," and that, "if you believe in basic principles, you must believe there is a God. Such a faith guarantees immortality. We try to live by the general philosophy of 'Do the best you can and you are in.'"



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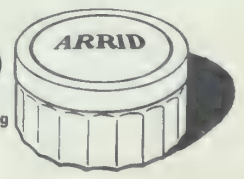
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WHEN COMP'NY COMES

(Continued from Page 46)

you know. Fold in the grapefruit sections. Chill until firm. Serve with fresh raspberries sprinkled over the top. Garnish with a sprig of fresh mint.

Plenty of time. Give yourself time. No great hurry, is there? A little leisure in getting a meal is worth as much as basil on the tomatoes. Look around and don't be scared. I never was scared by any receipt ever written. And don't you ever be either.

Now here is a very simple and a good stout dish. If your guests have had a longish drive and the folks a fairly strenuous day, they'll sniff and speak well of mom's cooking. And I'll bet you get plenty of repeat orders—encores, you know.

PINEAPPLE HAM PATTIES

If you happen to have baked a ham and have some left, you can use up the pieces and remnants. If not, grind or chop, not too fine, enough cooked or canned ham to make 4 cups. Use some of the fat for flavor. Add 1 slightly beaten egg, a little pepper and 1 teaspoon prepared mustard. Mix well. Taste the mixture: you might like to add a little salt if the ham is not salty. Shape into 8 round flat patties. With a sharp knife, split 8 slices pineapple (1 can) into 16 thin slices. Place a slice of pineapple either side of each patty and press them together carefully and not as if you were making concrete blocks. Bake the patties in a large shallow baking pan in a 350° F. oven for 1 hour, basting occasionally with the juice that accumulates in the pan. If it seems skimpy, go to town with some melted ham fat. Basting is as necessary to baked meats as basting a seam for the girl who never sewed one before.

Parents look outside the home—to the schools, for instance—for what belongs *within* the home. They want other people to do their work for them. They want their children to have character without themselves having character. They want their young people to receive in college what they should have had from their parents before they were ten years old: good habits of discipline, integrity, dependability—and almost everything else in the list of elementary values. There are too many parents who want to do anything and everything with their lives except use part of them to bring up their children. They serve all the right causes, help all the useful organizations, go around doing good from morning till night—to everyone but their own children. Then, what they don't do for their children they expect the schoolteacher to do, or the Scout leader, or the counselor at the summer camp—or, when it gets really bad, the psychiatrist.

—REV. A. POWELL DAVIES, D.D.

Once upon a time. Some noble, generous Italian, a grower of God-given genius, grew in his garden a weird, snub-nosed vegetable which he called zucchini. (I'd pronounce it for you, but I'm a poor speller and a worse hand at writing down a pronunciation.) Suffice it to say, as the lady novelists used to put it, that it doesn't matter; you can go to the market, point to the vegetable, which is now well known and much admired, and get yourself some of the cucumber-shaped little fellows and do any number of wonderful things with them. (And be grateful to the forgotten Italian who brought you the delicate fruit of his labor.) One way to take charge of them is this:

BUTTERED ZUCCHINI

Cut off the tops of 6 small zucchini. Wash them and cut them into ¼" slices. Place in a saucepan. Add 2 cups boiling water and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook, covered, 10 minutes or until the zucchini is tender and looks transparent—or nearly so. Don't have it too soft. It's a sensitive little number, and you *may* come out with a purée! Drain well. Melt ⅓ cup butter in a small pan; add 2 cloves garlic, crushed, and sauté slowly 5 minutes. Take out the garlic. Mix the flavored garlic butter with the zucchini. Use a fork and a light touch. Don't break it. Add pepper and a little more salt.

Salad? But of course. Everybody serves salads nowadays, and there are whole-meal salads that are so delicious that, with crusty rolls and cheese, they make a whole supper that company and even the small fry go for. Preceded by a fine hot soup and ing with a dessert of one's special ch And there are salads and salads to l the spell between the big business of a *and* the dessert. In case the main cours little on the light side, have a big h salad and plenty of rolls. The choice o salad often makes the perfect meal. So l *one* suggestion among hundreds for a that turned out to be an occasion:

TOMATO-AVOCADO SALAD

Peel 6 large ripe tomatoes. Remov seedy portions and cut into ¾" pieces. should be about 6 cups, and, if there a don't throw the whole thing out—get an tomato. Simple as that. Bet you though yourself. Add 2 onions, sliced thin, and diced green pepper. Season with salt pepper to taste and about ¾ cup French dressing. Mix well and let marin the refrigerator several hours. Taste fo soning. Arrange on lettuce, garnish wit ter cress and slices of avocado. And skimp on the avocado. *Don't.*

A lot of talk. You will talk of this that, but I must add a word or two what is really an elegant dessert. If guests open their and do a little ga they ought to b that this desser made yesterday, very special re The family don't *every* day, not ev ery Sunday. Bu special days, thi dessert not to sp family with, jus prise them—onc while. Things wo better that way—see.

CHOCOLAT POT DE CRÈ

In the top of a boiler over hot melt ½ pound bittersweet or sweet chocolate cup hot water. the chocolate is add gradually heavy cream an well. Heat a fe utes while you se 5 eggs. Beat th until thick and stir into the chocolat ture. Cook until the mixture thicken move from the hot water. Beat t whites until they just barely hold a not so stiff as for pie meringue. Fold whites into the chocolate mixture, re hot water and stir until the mixture ens—it takes only a little doing. Remov the heat and add 2 tablespoons butter spoon vanilla and a pinch of salt. M and pour into ⅓-cup-size *pot de crèm* or glass pudding dishes. Chill in the erator several hours or overnight u and cold.

A few last words. When July c find myself rereading a book abou Revere, my favorite Revolutionary They've tried to debunk George W ton and the Founding Fathers have take it on the button, and now I he some people say that Paul didn't have and never was in Lexington in his life the old North Church—well, *that* was d up by Longfellow. I don't believe it ride with Paul. I see the lanterns ——

One if by land and two if by sea.

Yes, sir, I'm there, melting bulle I love to read:

Listen, my children, and you shal
Of the midnight ride of Paul Rever

By the way, you haven't got on silver teapots, have you?

TH

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Kraft or Miracle French Dressing

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Youngsters who are indulged in eating whims, or whose diet has been neglected, often have to pay the price in anemia.

Anemia in Children—More Common Than We Think

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

"ANEMIC? My Billy? Why, doctor, how can that be possible? Just look at his color! I admit he isn't as peppy as he used to be, but I certainly wouldn't call him listless. Besides, I thought older people got anemia, not children."

This mother expresses several misconceptions that are generally held, and that should be cleared up. Children do get anemia. In fact, I believe it is more prevalent than we have realized. Skin color is not a reliable indication. The child who is pale is not necessarily anemic, and some children who look perfectly healthy may be anemia victims. Finally, while the end result of anemia is listlessness and languor, in the early stages these symptoms may not be marked.

It is not hard to understand why the majority of anemia cases in children go undetected in the early stages, while the disease is easy to cure. But it is a pity that this is so. Few need contract it at all. And most of those who do can be made well quickly and easily if parents are alert to the symptoms, and call the doctor in at the beginning.

As you probably know, anemia is a condition in which the number of red corpuscles in the blood is below normal, or the amount of hemoglobin in the red cells is too small. In some severe anemias, both the number of red cells and the amount of hemoglobin are below normal. This is called primary anemia.

Until recently, pernicious anemia, a deadly form of the disease occurring in adults, was often fatal. Now we can control it by liver extract, folic acid and vitamin B_{12}, and these same materials are used to combat the serious anemias of infancy and childhood. In rare instances, surgery of the spleen, which is one of the blood-forming organs, may help to overcome the anemia. In a few cases, however, the outlook still remains unfavorable.

But the condition of the blood may also be a symptom of some other disorder or deficiency in the body, and this is called secondary anemia. Fortunately, most children who are anemic have this secondary kind. If caught early, secondary anemia can usually be corrected quite easily by diet and medication. The earlier it is detected and treated, the more successful the treatment is likely to be.

What are the symptoms you should look for in your youngster? Facial pallor does not always betoken anemia. Nevertheless, the child who is continually pale should be examined to find out whether anemia is present. Lack of normal color in the lips and fingernails may be significant too. In anemia, moreover, the tongue and membrane lining of the mouth are likely to have a grayish cast instead of the normal pink tones, and the insides of the eyelids are pale. Frequent and chronic fatigue is another sign that should make mothers think of anemia.

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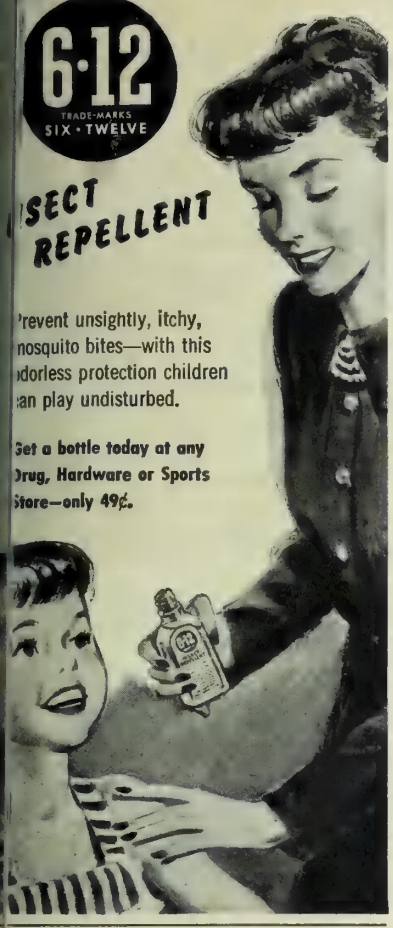
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These are fairly early signs of the disease. As anemia becomes more serious, the youngster may suffer from shortness of breath, so that even a slight exertion, such as walking upstairs, leaves him breathing in short, hard gasps. Other symptoms are heart palpitations or flutter. This is hard for mothers to detect, but the doctor, with his stethoscope and his practiced finger on the pulse, will notice it immediately. Sometimes there is an elevated temperature too.

If your youngster has the above symptoms, or any one of them, do take him to the doctor at once for a complete examination. When a diagnosis of anemia has been established, the next step is to find out what has caused it. The most obvious cause is loss of blood, either as a result of an accident or from some other cause, such as frequent nosebleeds. In teen-age girls, excessive menstruation may result in a reduced volume of blood, and hence in anemia. Small babies sometimes suffer from anemia because the cord is cut too soon after birth.

In healthy youngsters, losses such as the foregoing are usually restored quickly by activity of the blood-forming organs. For in the healthy body, red cells are manufactured as needed in the marrow of the large bones. But when the body is not getting enough of the blood-forming elements, the red-cell factories in the bones cannot make up the loss. The indication then is for a plentiful supply of foods rich in iron and protein—the elements needed to make red cells. Proteins are found in meat, eggs, milk, cheese, and to some extent in beans and other vegetables. Iron is found mainly in meat, particularly liver, but small amounts are contributed by spinach, whole-wheat bread, eggs and milk. In mild cases of anemia, just eating heartily of these foods is enough to effect a cure.

Another frequent cause of anemia in children is an illness caused by germs or viruses. Diseases of the upper respiratory tract are special offenders in this respect, but any infection can damage the blood-forming organs and leave anemia in its wake. After severe infection, your child's blood should be examined to see if this has happened.

A third main cause of anemia is improper eating. In older people, serious anemia is often due to long-continued diet lack, because in childhood these individuals never learned to eat the foods needed to make good blood. Youngsters who are indulged in eating whims, or whose diet has been neglected, often have to pay the price of anemia in childhood, with perhaps a severe form of it in adulthood. This is by no means a matter of money alone. I have seen children from highly privileged homes who had anemia because they refused to eat meat or vegetables or eggs or cheese, or who refused to drink milk. Here psychology must enter in. While the doctor builds the blood with extracts and medications, the child must be re-educated in his attitudes toward food.

In a limited number of cases, anemia is due to the destruction of the red cells after they have been formed. The destruction may be caused by infection or poisoning. In these rare instances, the doctor must find and treat the cause, while treating the anemia by diet and, if necessary, medication.

The child with anemia, from whatever cause and however mild, should be examined regularly by the doctor until the hemoglobin count has been normal for some time. After that, routine physical examination at the beginning of each school year should be sufficient.

The best measure against anemia is to prevent its becoming established. After an illness, or an accident that causes loss of blood, the child should be encouraged to eat larger amounts of the blood-building foods. I realize that rising food prices make it harder for many parents to do this. Yet only an ounce or two of liver, or slightly larger amounts of other meats, served every day, will keep most forms of anemia away from small children. If it is impossible to give your child meat of some kind every day, larger quantities of meat substitutes should be eaten.

A blood test should be a part of every routine physical examination. And if you detect any of the signs of anemia, take your child to the doctor at once. There is no longer any reason why children should be allowed to suffer the loss of strength and energy that is bound to result when anemia is neglected.

"MY CHILDREN WON'T OBEY"

(Continued from Page 113)

Finally, Larry had a tantrum. He took the cocktail table and banged it up and down so hard I thought it would certainly crash, but it is sturdily built. I understand if the tantrum is permitted to go on, he'll begin to use the table as a battering ram against the wall. As soon as he got to his room after screaming, he urinated on the floor. Algy said, "What shall I do?" I told her, "Let him stay with his wetting." He promptly went to bed and to sleep with no more screaming.

Algy and Andy and I had a long talk after the children were in bed at 8:30. Their bedtime is 7:30, but it's usually 8:30 before all reasons for delaying bed are disposed of. Frankie had to be locked in to get him to stay in his room. He had had too long a nap in the middle of the day. Algy was so relieved to have him quiet that she had let him sleep 2½ hours. But even with the long nap, after two minutes of screaming, he went to sleep.

The children have caused some minor friction between Algy and Andy. Each got some relief talking about his complaints against the other. Andy doesn't devote enough time to the children in the evening when he gets home from work. Algy is right about that. He could relieve her of some strain after a long day by taking charge of the children while she is preparing dinner. His excuse is fatigue and wanting to look at the paper and get cleaned up. He complains that during and after dinner, the family doesn't have her interest and attention. She likes to read with her coffee and have a breather before the struggle of getting the kids to bed. Of course the problem of handling three children all between 2 and 5 is a big one, and even under the best circumstances, it's no easy job.

There is no real lack of affection and admiration between this father and mother, and I'm sure that as soon as we have the children under good control, everybody is going to be much happier.

I asked Algy to keep a diary of her new method of handling the children. Her letter arrived, saying, "Thanks so much for your letter and for your book which came yesterday. I wish I had read it at least five years ago, but I did not realize until I was beset with these behavior problems that there was so much more to raising children than just feeding them and keeping them clean. . . .

"Now for the diary of last week—here's who was isolated, when and why:

MONDAY—

7:00 A.M. Frank—a fuss about dressing—10 minutes.

7:15 Winkie—sneaked into kitchen for candy—30 minutes.

7:50 Frank—tantrum about my choice for cereal—15 minutes. (I had been giving them their choice of cereal, but that led to a certain amount of indecision and mind-changing, so from here on in I will plan all menus. Frank came back to the table and ate his cereal.)

9:00 Winkie—dawdled over dressing—45 minutes. She finally dressed and picked up mess she had made in her room.

11:10 Winkie—disobedience—30 minutes. (Between these times she had gone with me to store. Had a tantrum there about candy. She did not succeed in getting any.)

11:30 Frank—teased Larry and wouldn't stop when told—10 minutes. After

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that he came out and washed and had lunch.

Larry was fussy at lunch and was put to bed without any, but this was due to the fact that his chicken pox was a more severe case than the other children had and he did not feel well Monday or Tuesday morning.

2:45 P.M. Larry—tantrum about dressing—back to bed for about 15 minutes.

5:00 Frank—teased Larry again (which I don't like when someone's ill)—15 minutes. He urinated on floor so time was extended.

TUESDAY—

7:30 A.M. Frank—kicking a door in tantrum—20 minutes.

7:55 Winkie—being smart—35 minutes. Still unpleasant and stubborn, so back to room at 9:15 for another half hour.

9:15 Frank—disobedience (wouldn't put his blankets away)—15 minutes.

10:00 Larry—disobedience (wouldn't leave sweeper alone when told to stop)—20 minutes.

3:00 P.M. Frank—dawdled about dressing—10 minutes.

5:30 Larry—poured water on floor—10 minutes. (This is an old habit of his which he has gotten away with until now.)

7:30 Winkie—had dinner at grandma's, came home in belligerent mood, said "I hate you" to grandma—locked in until she threatened to vomit, so was taken to bathroom. She washed and got ready for bed, but had no bedtime story."

She closes the letter by saying, "To date, I still find myself being too permissive and too slow to punish—too ready to give the kids another chance, and also too chatty. I think my reflexes are conditioned too. However, the tantrums are on the decline and the children are following orders more readily. No one has been spanked, which is pleasant experience for everyone. Fra been staying at the table at mealtim out the former jumping up and Winkie, I fear, needs a little more measures than I have given her, bu trying and she has improved althou still seems to feel that she can pull s the strings around here."

I wrote Mrs. Peterson that Winkie longer time in her room—perhaps an two. Interestingly, Winkie tries to esc claiming she has to go to the toilet or is going to vomit. She managed to get transferred to the bathroom. I am that as soon as Winkie has learn boundaries of behavior, she'll beha home as well as she has been behav kindergarten.

It will be pleasant to see how Al find her children fun and a pleasure as she has suppressed their bad behav released their emotional energy to goo pose and away from the malevolen selfishness and willfulness.

After Andy and Algy have gained of the situation with their children, th need to sit themselves down to a serio to themselves. They will need to chang thinking and feeling attitudes and s be more interested and understanding their children's needs and wants. Th have to live a larger part of their live instead of around their children. Cl are quick to recognize the real sharin the sham and the perfunctory. Specifi of building a family life will be discu a separate article which will appea month, based on a family who learn secret early and have succeeded.

We will get intolerably bad childre reward the bad. If we reward the goo get happy, exuberant children who have so that they can be given good att and affection and can learn to play to get their play-acting desire satisfi can love and like children when w made them into lovable people.

ABOUT TWO NICE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 48)

hatred of the world. She was—her friends were right—a sweet girl.

On the other hand, even if you would not have called Walter Nesmith sweet, you would very readily have thought of him as a "nice" fellow, or an "agreeable" person, or even—if you happened to be a little old white-haired lady—a "dear boy." There was a subtle resemblance between Ellen Webster and Walter Nesmith. Both of them were the first resort of their friends in trouble, for instance. Walter's ambitions, which included the rest of his life, were refreshingly similar to Ellen's: Walter thought that someday he might meet some sweet girl, and would then devote himself wholeheartedly to coming home of an evening to read his paper and perhaps work in the garden on Sundays.

Walter thought that he would like to have two children, a boy and a girl. Ellen thought that she would like to have three children, a boy and two girls. Walter was very fond of cherry pie, Ellen preferred Boston cream. Ellen enjoyed romantic movies, Walter preferred Westerns. They read almost exactly the same books.

In the ordinary course of events, the friction between Ellen and Walter would have been very slight. But—and what could cause a thing like this?—the ordinary course of events was shattered by a trifle like a telephone call.

Ellen's telephone number was 3—4126. Walter's telephone number was 3—4216. Ellen lived in apartment 3-A and Walter lived in apartment 3-B; these apartments were across the hall from each other and very often Ellen, opening her door at precisely quarter of nine in the morning and going toward the elevator, met Walter, who opened *his* door at precisely quarter of nine in the morning and went toward the elevator. On these occasions Ellen customarily said "Good morning" and looked steadfastly the other way. Walter usually answered "Good ing," and avoided looking in her dir Ellen thought that a girl who allowed to be informal with strangers created impression, and Walter thought that who took advantage of living in the building to strike up an acquaintance girl was a man of little principle. On ticularly fine morning he said to Ellen elevator "Lovely day," and she "Yes, isn't it?" and both of them felt s that they had been bold. How this mut spect for each other's dignity could degenerated into fury is a mystery not understood.

It happened that one evening—and her strict justice, Ellen had had a har she was coming down with a cold, rained steadily for a week, her stocking unwashed, and she had broken a finger the phone which had the number 3- rang. Ellen had been opening a can of c soup in the kitchenette, and she ha hands full; she said "Darn," and ma to drop and break a cup in her hu answer the phone.

"Hello?" she said, thinking, *This is to be something cheerful.*

"Hello, is Walter there?"

"Walter?"

"Walter Nesmith. I want to spe Walter, please."

"This is the wrong number," Ellen thinking with the self-pity that come the first stages of a head cold that ever called *her*.

"Is this three—four two one six?"

"This is three—four one two six," said, and hung up.

At that time, although she knew th person in the apartment across the ha named Walter Nesmith, she could no told the color of his hair or even of th side of his apartment door. She went b



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…up and had a match in her hand to light …ove when the phone rang again.

"Hello?" Ellen said without enthusiasm; …*could* be someone cheerful, she was …ing.

"Hello, is Walter there?"

"This is the wrong number again," Ellen … if she had not been such a very sweet … he might have let more irritation show …r voice.

"… *want* to *speak* to Walter Nesmith, …e."

"This is three—four one two six again," … said patiently. "You want three—four …one six."

"What?" said the voice.

"This," said Ellen, "is number three—four …wo six. The number you want is three—two one six." Like anyone who has tried …y a series of numbers several times, she …d her anger growing. Surely anyone of …*ral* intelligence, she was thinking, surely …ne *ought* to be able to dial a phone, any- … who can't dial a phone shouldn't be …ved to have a nickel.

…e had got all the way back into the …nenette and was reaching out for the can …up before the phone rang again. This … when she answered she said "Hello?" …er sharply for Ellen, and with no illu- …s about who it was going to be.

"Hello, may I please speak to Walter?" …t that point it started. Ellen had a head- … and it was raining and she was tired and … was apparently not going to get any …ken soup until this annoyance was …ped.

"Just a minute," she said into the phone. …he put the phone down with an under- …dable bang on the table, and marched, …out taking time to …k, out of her apart- …t and up to the door …ss the hall. "Walter …mith" said a small …l at the doorbell. Ellen …g the doorbell with …t was, for her, a vicious …e. When the door opened she said im- …liately, without looking at him:

"Are you Walter Nesmith?"

"…low Walter had had a hard day, too, and …vas coming down with a cold, and *he* had …n trying ineffectually to make himself a … of hot tea in which he intended to put a …onful of honey to ease his throat, that …g a remedy his aunt had always recom- …ded for the first onslaught of a cold. If …re had been one fraction less irritation in …n's voice, or if Walter had not taken off … shoes when he came home that night, it …ht very probably have turned out to be a …sant introduction, with Walter and …n dining together on chicken soup and … tea, and perhaps even sharing a bottle of …gh medicine. But when Walter opened … door and heard Ellen's voice, he was un- …e to answer her cordially, and so he said …fly:

"I am. Why?"

"Will you please come and answer my …ne?" said Ellen, too annoyed to realize …t this request might perhaps bewilder …lter.

"Answer your phone?" said Walter stu- …ly.

"ANSWER my phone," said Ellen firmly. … turned and went back across the hall, … Walter stood in his doorway in his …cking feet and watched her numbly. …ome *on*," she said sharply, as she went …o her own apartment, and Walter, won- …ing briefly if they allowed harmless …atics to live alone as though they were …t like other people, hesitated for an instant … then followed her, on the theory that it …uld be wiser to do what she said when she …med so cross, and reassuring himself that … could leave the door open and yell for …p if necessary. Ellen stamped into her …artment and pointed at the phone where …ay on the table. "There. Answer it."

Eying her sideways, Walter edged over to … phone and picked it up. "Hello," he said …rously. Then, "Hello? Hello?" Looking … her over the top of the phone, he said, "What do you want me to do now?"

"Do you mean to say," said Ellen ominously, "that that terrible terrible person has *hung up?*"

"I guess so," said Walter, and fled back to his own apartment.

The door had only just closed behind him when the phone rang again, and Ellen, answering it, heard, "May I speak to Walter, please?"

Not a very serious mischance, surely. But the next morning Walter pointedly avoided going down in the elevator with Ellen, and sometime during that day the deliveryman left a package addressed to Ellen at Walter's door.

WHEN Walter found the package he took it manfully under his arm and went boldly across the hall, and rang Ellen's doorbell. When Ellen opened her door she thought at first—and she may have been justified—that Walter had come to apologize for the phone call the evening before, and she even thought that the package under his arm might contain something delightfully unexpected, like a box of candy. They lost another chance then; if Walter had not held out the package and said "Here," Ellen would not have gone on thinking that he was trying to apologize in his own shy way, and she would certainly not have smiled warmly, and said, "You *shouldn't* have bothered."

Walter, who regarded transporting a misdelivered parcel across the hall as relatively little bother, said blankly, "No bother at all," and Ellen, still deceived, said, "But it really wasn't *that* important."

Walter went back into his own apartment convinced that this was a very odd girl indeed, and Ellen, finding that the package had been mailed to her and contained a wool scarf knitted by a cousin, was as much angry as embarrassed because, once having imagined that an apology is forthcoming, it is very annoying not to have one after all, and particularly to have a wool scarf instead of a box of candy.

Clean your finger before you point at my spots.
—B. FRANKLIN.

How this situation disintegrated into the white-hot fury which rose between these two is a puzzle, except for the basic fact that when once a series of misadventures has begun between two people, everything tends to contribute further to a state of misunderstanding. Thus, Ellen opened a letter of Walter's by mistake, and Walter dropped a bottle of milk—he was still trying to cure his cold, and thought that perhaps milk toast was the thing—directly outside Ellen's door, so that even after his nervous attempts to clear it up, the floor was still littered with fragments of glass, and puddled with milk.

Then Ellen—who believed by now that Walter had thrown the bottle of milk against her door—allowed herself to become so far confused by this succession of small annoyances that she actually wrote and mailed a letter to Walter, asking politely that he try to turn down his radio a little in the late evenings. Walter replied with a frigid letter to the effect that certainly if he had known that she was bothered by his radio, he should surely never have dreamed ——

That evening, perhaps by accident, his radio was so loud that Ellen's canary woke up and chirped hysterically, and Ellen, pacing her floor in incoherent fury, might have been heard—if there had been anyone to hear her, and if Walter's radio had not been so loud—to say, "I'll get even with him!" A phrase, it must be said, which Ellen had never used before in her life.

Ellen made her preparations with a sort of loving care that might well have been lavished on some more worthy object. When the alarm went off she turned in her sleep and smiled before quite waking up, and, once awake and the alarm turned off, she almost laughed out loud. In her slippers and gown, the clock in her hand, she went across her small apartment to the phone; the number was one she was not soon apt to forget. The dial tone sounded amazingly loud, and for a minute she was almost frightened out of her resolution. Then, setting her teeth, she dialed

(Continued on Page 127)



YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

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(Continued from Page 125)

nber, her hand steady. After a sec- terminable wait, the ringing began. one at the other end rang three times, nes, with what seemed interminable etween, as though even the mechani- ne system hesitated at this act. Then, there was an irritable crash at the nd of the line, and a voice said, "

d morning," said Ellen brightly. "I'm bly sorry to disturb you at this hour." h?"

is is Ellen Webster," said Ellen, still y. "I called to tell you that my clock pped ——"

h?"

– and I wonder if you could tell me me it is?"

e was a short pause at the other end line. Then, after a minute, his voice ack: "Tenny minna fah."

eg your pardon?"

was another short pause at the other the line, as of someone opening his ith a shock. "Twenty minutes after he said. "*Twenty minutes after four.*" e reason I thought of asking you," said sweetly, "was that you were so bliging before. About the radio, I

– calling a person at ——"

anks so much," said Ellen. "Good-by." felt fairly certain that he would not r back, but she sat on her bed and a little before she went back to sleep. ter's response to this was miserably he contacted a neighboring delicatessen or so later, and had an assortment of nelling cheeses left in Ellen's apart- while she was out. This, which required ding the superintendent to open apartment so that the package might inside, was a poor revenge but a mon- exercise of imagination upon Walter's o that, in one sense, Ellen was already ng out in him qualities he never knew l. The cheese, it turned out, more than d the score: the apartment was small, ay was warm, and Ellen did not get until late, and long after most of the tenants on the floor had gone to the ntendent with their complaints about hing dead in the woodwork.

ce breaking and entering had thus be- one of the rules of their game, Ellen rivileged to retaliate in kind upon r. It was with great joy, some evenings that Ellen, sitting in her odorous ment, heard Walter's scream of pure when he put his feet into his slippers und a raw egg in each.

lter had another weapon, however, he had been so far reluctant to use; s a howitzer of such proportions that r felt its use would end warfare utterly. the raw eggs he felt no compunc- whatever in bringing out his heavy ry.

eemed to Ellen, at first, as though peace een declared. For almost a week things along smoothly; Walter kept his radio down almost to inaudibility, so that got plenty of sleep. She was over her the sun had come out, and on Saturday ing she spent three hours shopping, and exactly the dress she wanted at less she expected to pay.

out Saturday noon she stepped out of levator, her packages under her arm, walked briskly down the hall to her ment, making, as usual, a wide half to avoid coming into contact with the around Walter's door.

r apartment door, to her surprise was but before she had time to phrase a ion in her own mind, she had stepped and come face to face with a lady –not to make any more mysteries— Walter Nesmith's aunt, and a wicked dy in her own way, possessing none of er's timidity and none of his tact

Who?" said Ellen weakly, standing in oorway.

ome in and close the door," said the dy darkly. "I don't think you'll want neighbors to hear what I have to say. I," she continued as Ellen obeyed mechanically, "am Mrs. Harold Vongarten Nesmith. Walter Nesmith, young woman, is my nephew."

"Then you are in the wrong apartment," said Ellen, quite politely considering the reaction which Walter Nesmith's name was beginning by now to arouse in her. "You want Apartment Three-B, across the hall."

"I do *not*," said the old lady firmly. "I came here to see the designing young woman who has been shamelessly pursuing my nephew, and to warn her"—the old lady shook her gloves menacingly—"to warn her that *not one cent* shall she have from me if she marries Walter Nesmith."

"Marries?" said Ellen, thoughts too great for words in her heart.

"It has long been my opinion that some young woman would be after Walter Nesmith for his money," said Walter's aunt with satisfaction.

"Believe me," said Ellen wholeheartedly, "there is not that much money in the world."

"You deny it?" The old lady leaned back and smiled triumphantly. "I expected something of the sort. Walter," she called suddenly, and then, putting her head back and howling, "Wal-l-l-l-l-ter."

"Sh-h-h," said Ellen fearfully. "They'll hear you all over."

"I expect them to," said the old lady. "Wal-l-l-l-l —— Oh, there you are."

Ellen turned, and saw Walter Nesmith, with triumph in his eyes, peering around the edge of the door. "Did it work?" he asked.

"She denies everything," said his aunt.

In 1848 Lord Shaftsbury said: "Nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck." In 1849 Disraeli said: "In industry, commerce and agriculture there is no hope." In 1852 the dying Duke of Wellington said: "I thank God I shall be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering about us." In 1801 Wilberforce said: "I dare not marry—the future is so unsettled." In 1806 William Pitt said: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK: Living Under Tension (Harper & Brothers).

"About the eggs?" Walter said, confused. "You mean, she denies about the eggs and the phone call and ——"

"Look," Ellen said to Walter, stamping across the floor to look him straight in the eye, "of all the insufferable, conceited, rude, self-satisfied ——"

"What?" said Walter.

"I wouldn't want to marry you," said Ellen, "if—if ——" She stopped for a word, helpless.

"If he were the last man on earth," Walter's aunt supplied obligingly. "I think she's really after your *money*, Walter."

Walter stared at his aunt. "I didn't tell you to tell her ——" he began. He gasped, and tried again. "I mean," he said, "I never thought ——" He appealed to Ellen. "I don't want to marry you, either," he said, and then gasped again, and said, "I mean, I told my aunt to come and tell you ——"

"If this is a proposal," Ellen said coldly, "I decline."

"All I wanted her to do was scare you," Walter said finally.

"It's a good way," his aunt said complacently. "Turned out to be the only way with your Uncle Charles and a Hungarian adventuress."

"I mean," Walter said desperately to Ellen, "she owns this building. I mean, I wanted her to tell you that if you didn't stop—I mean, I wanted her to scare you ——"

"Apartments are too hard to get these days," his aunt said. "That would have been *too* unkind."

"That's how I got my apartment at all, you see," Walter said to Ellen, still under the impression he was explaining something Ellen wanted to understand.

"Since you *have* got an apartment," Ellen said, with restraint, "may I suggest that you take your aunt and the both of you ——"

The phone rang.

"Excuse me," said Ellen mechanically, moving to answer it. "Hello?" she said.

"Hello, may I speak to Walter, please?"

Ellen smiled rather in the manner that Lady Macbeth might have smiled if she found a run in her stocking.

"It's for you," she said, holding the phone out to Walter.

"For me?" he said, surprised. "Who is it?"

"I really could not say," said Ellen sweetly. "Since you have so many friends that one phone is not adequate to answer all their calls ——"

Since Walter made no move to take the phone, she put it gently back on the hook.

"They'll call again," she assured him, still smiling in that terrible fashion.

"I ought to turn you both out," said Walter's aunt. She turned to Ellen. "Young woman," she said, "do you deny that all this nonsense with eggs and telephone calls is an attempt to entangle my nephew into matrimony?"

"Certainly not," Ellen said. "I mean, I *do* deny it."

"Walter Nesmith," said his aunt, "do you admit that all your finagling with cheeses and radios is an attempt to strike up an acquaintance with this young woman?"

"Certainly," said Walter. "I mean, I do *not* admit it."

"Good," said Walter's aunt. "You are precisely the pair of silly fools I would have picked out for each other." She rose with great dignity, motioned Walter away from her, and started for the door. "Remember," she said, shaking her gloves again at Ellen, "not one cent."

She opened the door and started down the hall, her handkerchief over her eyes, and—a sorry thing in such an old lady—laughing until she had to stop and lean against the wall near the elevator.

"I'm sorry," Walter was saying to Ellen, almost babbling, "I'm *really* sorry this time—please believe me, I had *no* idea—I wouldn't for the world—nothing but the most profound respect—a joke, you know—hope you didn't really think ——"

"I understand perfectly," Ellen said icily. "It is all perfectly clear. It only goes to show what I have always believed about young men who think that all they have to do is ——"

The phone rang.

Ellen waited a minute before she spoke. Then she said, "You might as well answer it."

"I'm *terribly* sorry," Walter said, not moving toward the phone. "I mean, I'm *terribly* sorry." He waved his hands in the air. "About what she said about what she thought about what you wanted me to do ——" His voice trailed off miserably.

Suddenly Ellen began to giggle.

Anger is certainly a problem that will bear much analysis. It is hardly surprising that one person may be angry at another, particularly if these are two people who are gentle, usually, and rarely angry, whose emotions tend to be mild and who would rather be friends with everyone than be enemies with anyone. Such an anger argues a situation so acute that only the most drastic readjustment can remedy it.

EITHER Walter Nesmith or Ellen Webster could have moved, of course. But, as Walter's aunt had pointed out, apartments are not that easy to come by, and their motives and their telephone numbers were by now so inextricably mixed that on the whole it seemed more reasonable not to bother.

Moreover, Walter's aunt, who still snickers when her nephew's name is mentioned, did not keep them long in suspense, after all. She was not lavish, certainly, but she wrote them a letter which both of them found completely confusing and which enclosed a check adequate for a down payment on the extremely modest house in the country they decided upon without disagreement. They even compromised and had four children—two boys and two girls. THE END

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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

This month is our real summer. The corn grows while you watch it, the ch redden on the trees and poison ivy, the wicked, "flourishes like a green bay t

THE Farmer's Almanac says "Days are hot, nights are not." This about sums up July in New England, for this month is our real summer, no indecision in the weather. It is bound to be hot, and also humid. But the country is green, the corn grows while you watch it, the cherries redden on the trees, the vegetables are "in."

Cicely, my daughter, is home on her vacation, and she goes currant picking with me. The currants are shining, redder than any maharajah's rubies, and much more useful. I pick the lazy way; I carry a lawn chair to the bushes and sit while Cicely skips around. It was nice of the Lord to invent a fruit that can be picked without standing on your head, I think.

Currant jelly, made the minute we carry the little pails in, is about perfection as jelly goes. It seems to catch the light and keep it, and the rich, slightly spicy smell is wonderful. Cicely makes toast to spread with the leftover frothy part, and I eat the testing drops as fast as they get in the cool saucer. Comes a winter night, how good that essence of summer will taste with roast duckling or pink slices of ham.

The raspberries grow in the upper field, trailing casual canes along the swamp edge. It is hotter there than anyplace on the farm, and has a kind of quiet wildness that is very satisfying. The dogs love to go raspberrying, with side sniffs after woodchucks.

Raspberry shortcake was mamma's favorite, and is mine. Slightly mashed, warmed a little, sugared lightly, a bowlful makes enough for a big, crusty, tender shortcake. Add a blue pitcher filled with heavy cream, or a bowl of whipped cream, and there is the best supper of all. But the shortcake must be a rich biscuit dough, not a dessert cake. You can have a very nice dessert with a spongecake base, but why waste the berries on it, when a real shortcake can be made so easily?

The edible podded peas are ready to pick when the pods begin to plump out. All peas should be picked just before they seem to be ready. It is especially important when freezing vegetables to get them put up at the first blush of ripening. We le this the hard way, by freezing som tronly beans one year. The edible p peas do a marathon from the vines boiling water, then, salted and pe and drenched with sweet fresh butter go to the table and then go fast!

Jill never seems to appear witho spray can slung over her shoulder deaux mixture for the cucumbers, po and tomatoes, spray for the roses, d the squash. When she is resting, s spray the poison ivory, as we call cally. It's strange that the ivory nev eaten up by all the pests that devour thing else. Like the wicked, "it flo like a green bay tree."

Poison ivy should be our state p feel. And I do think a state-finance paign to kill it out would save mo fering than any other single thing. W tle it endlessly, but down the road it every fence post and tree for miles.

Maeve won her Tracking Degree trials at World's End in Hingham, wish everyone who loves or owns could have been there. At present four dogs in Connecticut have r this peak in dog and owner training

We had to get up at five and d the trial, for tracking begins early morning while the ground is fresh. dog has a course a quarter of a mil laid out first on a chart, which loo the plan for a jigsaw puzzle.

The track layers follow the chart, ing two white flags at the beginning trail. They wear leather shoes or boo walk up hill and down to the end quarter-mile stretch, where they small leather wallet or pad. Then th on galoshes and leap away, the the ing the dog does not scent the rubb track is let "cool off" for an agonizi hour while you get butterflies in you ach and your knees knock togeth your Irish looks interested as a Samoyed drives up. The gallery the first flag, but nobody is allowe the track.

he wind blows hard, and you just know
blowing those footprints. It's miles long,
way, and Maeve never practiced except
nd the hayfield at home. Finally, years
, the two judges lift their arms, and it is
to go!

watched Jill and Maeve over the rise of
hill, Jill already tangling the sixty-foot
which would go on Maeve's harness at
irst flag. It's no small trick to keep sixty
of rope clear unless you happen to be a
oy. I saw Jill bend over and poke
ve's velvet nose near the flag and knew
was fiercely whispering, "Go find!"

f they went, the Irish shining in the
sun, her tail like a banner for victory,
eager nose flat to the field. Jill flew after

I sat down on the grassy bank.

he rest of the gallery followed along the
of the hill; suddenly they broke into
ring, and waved their arms. The stew-
blew the big horn. Maeve had won! I
gered up, feeling as if I had been an in-
d for months. Three minutes flat, almost
cord for the quarter mile, they told me.

Jill came along with a green rosette the
of a watermelon, a happy red dog purling
de her.

ll panted for ten minutes, speechless. I
to figuring that if she could run a quarter
mile in three minutes, she could do a
in twelve, and that was good running
a middle-aged housewife, in anybody's
guage. She said Maeve would have
ken the speed record, but she couldn't.

he club served hot coffee, the white
noyed and his owner went off, we got the
l glasses and watched, we talked dogs
the dogs and with the owners; it was
of those hours when you suddenly know
good life is, how precious is a country
t still has room for companionship with
ple and dogs. And what I like best is
lking that it doesn't matter whether the
comes up in a Cadillac or a '31 station
gon, whether the humans wear custom-
de clothes or worn jeans, or what race
y were born into; the spirit of warm
ndliness is there.

All the hours and hours Jill had worked being over, I was not really surprised as we turned down the long road home to hear her thoughtfully say, "Now which cocker should get the tracking degree?"

"Well," I said, "better teach Maeve to drive the car first. She can do all the errands for us. Just build a pedal in that she can reach with her back paws."

When the evening sun goes down, the neighbors drop in and we go down by the pond for supper. Something hot, something cold is my recipe.

I like to begin with Smiley Burnette's famous remolade sauce and a big bowl of chilled shrimp. If I use canned, I try to get the big ones. There are shrimp and shrimp. For the sauce, I take 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup catchup, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce (we call it "woostr"), 1 teaspoon sharp prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of Tabasco, half a small onion. I dump this in the blender (what a friend a blender is in summer!). Then the shrimp can be dipped in the sauce at will.

This remolade is wonderful in deviled eggs with a bit of crisp bacon. With sour cream (which I never should eat and do adore) added to mayonnaise it is an elegant dressing. Good spread on bread for sandwiches. It's really a kind of all-purpose sauce and keeps beautifully.

Tall, cold drinks go with the shrimp; spiced tomato juice is very good. Then for the hot dish, I either bring down a casserole or a meat pie or we fire up the barbecue and let everyone grill his own frankfurters. Top off with cool raspberries and cream, and add rolls for the franks, and everybody gets rid of the garden aches.

Afterward we wander up to the quiet garden where the delphinium is still blooming, the pinkish-blues that have such a serene twilight color. The thyme between the flagstones smells sweet when you step on it, and the air is cool now and soft as a dream. The night is an island in time.

A happy island in time is the moonlit garden in summer!

SCHWEITZER VS. STALIN

(Continued from Page 37)

shevik Party. Then in October, 1917, on very eve of the Bolshevik Revolution, lin was elected to the Communist Polit-o, which at that time had only seven mbers. With the revolution a success, in next appointed him People's Com-ssar of Nationalities, from which position slowly consolidated his power, and on ril 3, 1922, he was elected General Secre-y of the Central Committee of the Com-nist Party.

When Lenin died on January 21, 1924, a umvirate consisting of Stalin, Kamenev d Zinoviev took over. But Stalin gradually placed Kamenev and Zinoviev, and finally, the purge trials of the 30's, both of them were uidated at his com-nd. In the spring of 35 nearly forty men of own bodyguard were ed in secret. Two were ecuted and the rest re sentenced to long son terms. Toward close of 1935 the mingly endless purge trials began, during course of which nearly all Stalin's earliest sociates in the Communist movement were ecuted, among them one former prime nister, several vice prime ministers, two chiefs of the Communist International, chief of the trade-unions, the chief of the neral Staff, the chief political commissar the army, the supreme commanders of all portant military districts, nearly all the viet ambassadors in Europe and Asia, and o chiefs of the political police. One of these s Yagoda, who had provided the evidence the trials of some of the first purgees, and shov, who gathered the evidence for the er major trials.

DESTINY, n. A tyrant's authority for crime and a fool's excuse for failure.

—AMBROSE BIERCE:
The Devil's Dictionary
(Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.).

Stalin's face mirrors a personality that combines hardness, cynicism, deception, strength of will and utter ruthlessness.

Albert Schweitzer is the son of a Lutheran minister. He began his study of the piano at five and the organ at eight. By the time he was nine he was able to substitute for the parish organist at the church services. He attended primary school at Gunsbach, secondary school at Münster, and in 1893 entered the Theological College of St. Thomas at the University of Strasbourg and soon thereafter began the study of the organ under Charles Widor in Paris. In 1898, at the Sorbonne, he began to write his dissertation on the religious philosophy of Kant. That completed, he was a preacher at the Church of St. Nicholas in Strasbourg, and in 1901, then twenty-six years old, he became the acting principal of the Theological College at Strasbourg.

But because works as well as faith seemed important to him at the age of thirty, he decided on an entirely new career. He would study medicine in order that he might go to Africa as a doctor for the natives. Eight years later he was a doctor of medicine, and had become a master in four major fields of learning and a skillful writer as well. He was a Doctor of Philosophy at the age of twenty-four, with an important study of Kant's religious philosophy as his main work; at twenty-six he published a book on the Last Supper, which won him the degree of Licentiate in Theology and gave him the right to serve as a *Privatdocent* at the University of Strasbourg; when he was thirty-one, he published his celebrated book on Bach and a re-



REWARD!



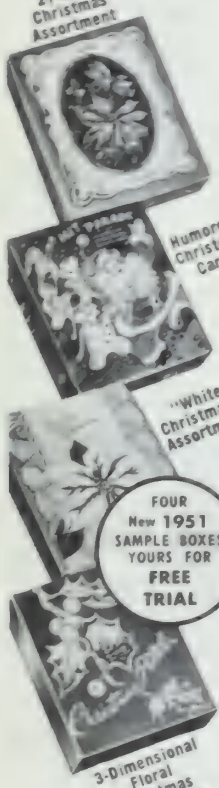
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markable volume on organ construction. In 1913 he and his wife left for the station of the Paris Missionary Society at Lambaréne in French Equatorial Africa, and there he built this jungle hospital on the edge of the primeval forest, which now for thirty-six years he has operated.

Albert Schweitzer's face reflects kindness, sensitivity of feeling, sympathy, deep moral strength and genuine humility.

The ideas of the two men have the deepest significance. During his years in Africa, Albert Schweitzer, to a greater degree than any other man, has thought through to the means of translating into action and conduct the ideas that for centuries have formed the stream of philosophic thought behind our Western way of life, and what Doctor Schweitzer has found he has set down as a guide for civilization.

His philosophy appears principally in two volumes, The Decay and Restoration of Civilization, and Civilization and Ethics, which are Parts 1 and 2 of his projected four-volume Philosophy of Civilization. The core of his ethical concepts is expressed in his phrase "reverence for life." He discusses the will of each to live, and the nature of an existence in which each is surrounded by others with a will to live. These words express his belief in life itself better than any others that I can quote:

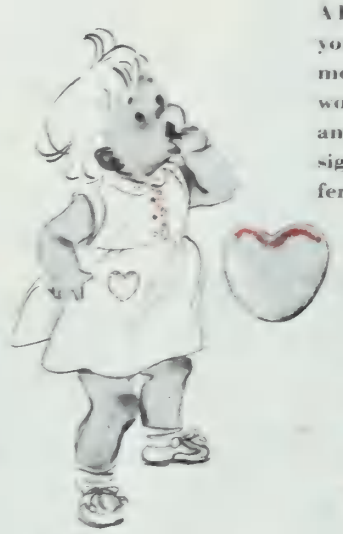
"True philosophy must start from the most immediate and comprehensive fact of consciousness which says, 'I am life which wills to live in the midst of life which wills to live!' . . . Ethics consists, therefore, in my experiencing the compulsion to show to all will to live the same reverence as I do to my own. . . . It is good to maintain and to encourage life; it is bad to destroy life or to obstruct it."

Thus he insists on "reverence for life" as the guiding principle by which all social, economic and political systems should be developed. The clear and close similarity between his concept and the belief in inherent human rights that characterizes our way of life in America, between his ideals and ours, whereby we respect the dignity of fellow men and recognize their brotherhood with us, is at once apparent. His entire personal life is a reflection of his own deep "reverence for life!"

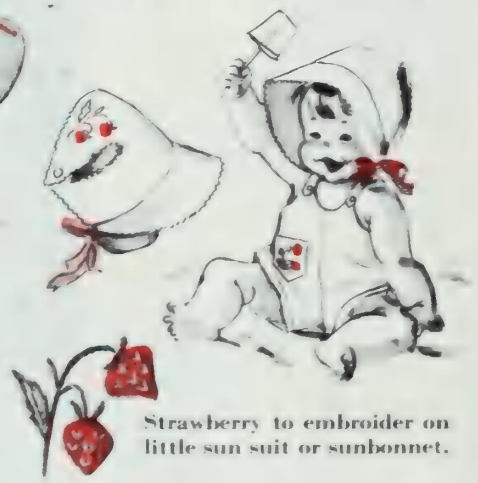
My talks with Doctor Schweitzer occurred in three sessions. The first took place shortly after our arrival. We had been taken to the main staff dining hall, which is a room approximately fifteen by twenty feet, constructed on a platform raised about five feet

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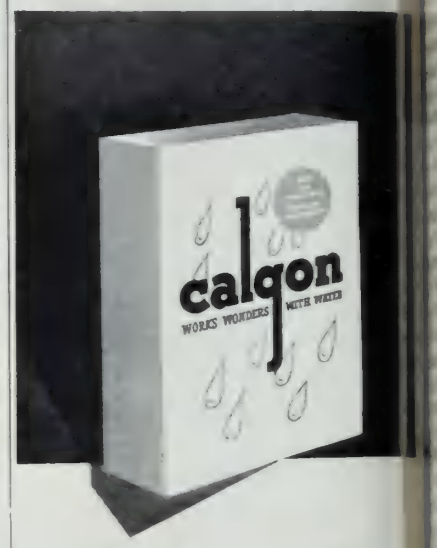


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Turn to Page 24 for information on how to order this pattern.

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...e ground on timbers, to protect it ...s and other vermin. Screened open... two sides face toward the hospital ...ard the river, and it has a long cen... ...ble, adequate for seating approxi... ...wenty-five people, and plain wooden ...An old piano in one corner, and a few ...and extra chairs and small tables in ...osite end of the room from the en... ...complete the furniture. Lighting is by ...of kerosene lamps. Here we had tea ...n we were taken to our rooms.

...shown to a room which one of the ...had temporarily vacated. Its furnish... ...re a simple and reasonably comfort... ...completely protected with mosquito ...a washstand with washbowl and a ...of water, a chair, a stool, a bench, a ...cot and a small table. The walls were ...ashed and all was neat and clean.

...ly after I reached my room, Doctor ...zer, accompanied by Nurse Hauss... ...who acted as interpreter, came to ...there. Robert Matteson also came in ...began an earnest discussion which ...ted for close to two hours.

...or Schweitzer next took us on a tour ...hospital, accompanied by Dr. Emeric ...a twenty-eight-year-old Hungarian ...rgeon who had met Doctor Schweit... ...Switzerland, ...r. Jean Pierre ...e, a thirty... ...d Alsatian doc... ...o was a gen... ...actitioner.

...four hundred ...patients were ...being cared for ...hospital. The ...wards were for ...y, accidents, ...ery, tuberculo... ...leprosy. One ...well-filled nurs... ...surgical ward ...ecially active. ...9 over five hun... ...major opera... ...were performed. ...patients were ...pally of two ...—the Galoas, a ...tribe, and the ...or Pahouins, ...nterior tribe. ...had traveled ...gh the jungle ...eeks to reach ...spital, and most ...m were accom... ...d by some of ...embers of their ...es, who lived in a temporary village ...rt distance from the hospital. Dur... ...e day these families of the patients and ...patients strong enough to help gathered ...broke up rocks for future hospital con... ...ion, gathered firewood, and assisted in ...for the patients, cooking food for ...on small fires near the various wards ...n other ways helping out as they could. ...le to make other payment, they give ...services to the hospital.

...hospital itself stands in a grove of ...gany, *okume* and oil-palm trees, and off ...north is a plantation of mango, orange, ...n, avocado, *pomme de cythre*, banana ...ther fruit trees. The hospital also main... ...a garden in which are grown maize, ...oc, tomatoes, beans, cabbage, lettuce ...even coffee. In addition, the natives ...fish in the river for the hospital, and ...f the great delicacies is the tail of the ...dile. Over one hundred goats roam ...t the hillside and are a bountiful source ...ilk.

...llowing the hospital tour, we all ...ered for dinner when the gong rang at ...-thirty o'clock. Doctor Schweitzer ...d a blessing and then about twenty-five ...le sat down to a meal of vegetable soup, ...and cheese and gravy, bread, a large ...d banana, and a compote of fruit made ...f mangoes and bananas. After the meal ...or Schweitzer sat down at the piano and ...he group in the singing of Abide With Me, in French, and then pronounced a benediction.

My second discussion with Doctor Schweitzer followed. Drawing us all to the far corner of the room, he sat down on a bench behind a small table and invited me to sit next to him. Tea was served, and then for two hours Doctor Schweitzer answered my questions on a wide range of subjects, with Governor Pelieu and Nurse Haussknecht acting as interpreters and the entire staff and visitors seated in a semicircle listening. In the midst of the dialogue, Doctor Schweitzer commented with a chuckle that our talk reminded him of the salons of Paris in years gone by.

THE following morning, after breakfast, I accompanied Doctor Schweitzer to his office. Here we had our final discussion. It lasted about an hour and a half and came to an end only because it was time to take the launch back to the airport. During this final talk I referred to a copy of his book, Civilization and Ethics, which I had carried with me, and he thoughtfully autographed it in French, "To the students of the University of Pennsylvania with best wishes for their future studies. Albert Schweitzer."

The range of his knowledge of what was happening in the world was amazing, and his constant interpretation of the world's problems by relating them to his basic philosophy of "reverence for life" was very stimulating.

"History is a stream of events shaped by the human mind," Doctor Schweitzer said to me as we sat there in the office of his jungle hospital, "and not by forces over which man has no control. The solution of our present problems lies in combining again, as was done in the eighteenth century, analytical thought with affirmative religious concepts based on humanitarianism. There is a great need," he continued, "for rational humanitarian and morally responsible individuals."

"And do you think that such a need will be filled?" I asked.

Doctor Schweitzer looked out over the river before answering. Then he said, simply but firmly, "I look to the future with hope."

Quite obviously, Doctor Schweitzer does not believe that freedom alone should be the goal of mankind. He earnestly emphasized this point in his conversations with me, and the same warning runs through his writings. Liberty without moral responsibility can lead only to individual excesses, to the use of force by one free man against his fellow men and the ultimate destruction of freedom. Thus he emphasized the need for combining a personal ethic with freedom; or, in other words, of submitting to the restraints of a civilized freedom.

Perhaps another way to express it is that if the individual has complete freedom but lacks a sense of moral and ethical values, the absence of self-restraint will produce social chaos as it did in the French Revolution. Then the only method of restoring stability to a society shot through with utter licentiousness will be for a tyranny to prescribe conduct, with rules and laws down to the most minute detail, and to enforce those rules and laws by ruthless power.

It is only with a humanitarian code of conduct, such as that which springs from the basic religious background of our country and which causes the vast majority of people to conduct themselves with respect and consideration for their fellow men, regardless of

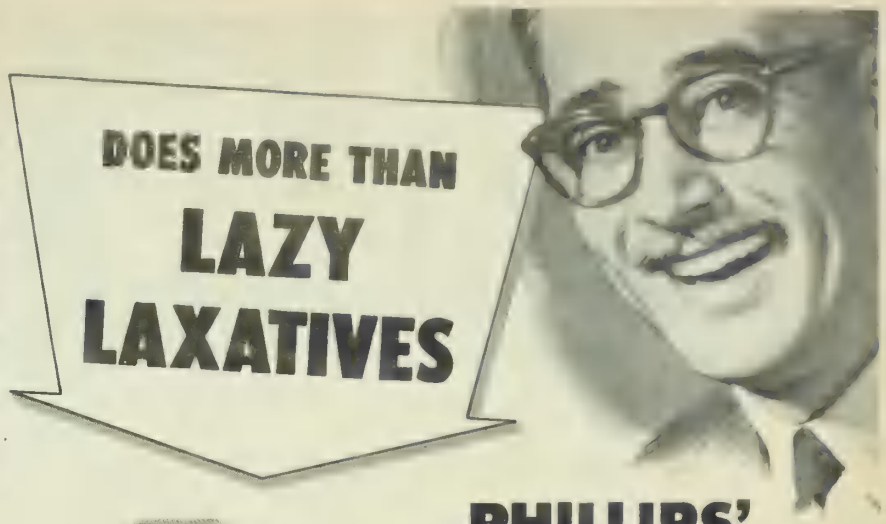
Fifteen

By POLLY TOLAND

Why does love not begin when life does
So that youth still pliant and green
Could bear its fruit in its springtime,
Before brief summer had been?

For then the heart that is rich and tender
Need not dread September's frost,
Having borne its heavy harvest
Before it was injured or lost.

How long must I wait, oh, how long
For the moment which should be now—
Till my heart is withered experience
And the leaves dry red on the bough?



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what the laws may be or even without knowledge of the laws, that a free society can successfully function. When such a code is generally accepted and is passed on from generation to generation, only a minimum of restrictive laws is needed to interpret that code of ethics to the people as a whole and to enforce it upon the small minority who do not by their own understanding and nature respond to it. In short, with such a code a free society can function successfully.

If Doctor Schweitzer is correct—and no one who has felt the spell of his personality can doubt it—the realization of the truth of his beliefs should result in much greater stress upon moral and ethical and spiritual values among the free nations of the world. It should also result in a clearer realization that the ruthless cruelty of the Communist imperialism is the almost inevitable consequence of the lack of a humanitarian code of conduct and a lack of respect for the lives and welfare of our fellow men.

If one phrase could be used to characterize Stalin's philosophy, it would be "disdain for life." The ruthless sacrifice of the lives of others, the cruel oppression, the use of might to force other men to conform, are all the exact antithesis of what Albert Schweitzer stands for. The advocacy of godlessness by Stalin is at the opposite pole from the devout worship of God by that great-souled man with whom I talked in the hospital that he had built in the African jungle.

If you think it through, you cannot escape the conclusion that if men do not adopt an ethic which carries with it a respect for the dignity of others and hence the submission to a personal moral restraint, then the only two other alternatives are anarchy with inevitable chaos and demoralization, and rule by might with decrees and an order established by ruthlessness, as is done by the Communists. Thus Stalin, by attempting to destroy religion, perpetuates in his totalitarian system the need for terror as the principal tool of government.

Schweitzer's emphasis on "reverence for life" leads to a truer definition of liberalism than the outright materialist will accept. By this definition, liberalism is the endeavor to win for each person the enjoyment of the maximum freedom of a social, economic, civil and religious nature consistent with the enjoyment of the same degree of freedom by his fellow men. "In a society imbued with true liberalism," Doctor Schweitzer remarked near the close of our last conversation, "a highly developed state of civi tion occurs and can be maintained. A n ability to be a pioneer of progress dep therefore, on his being a thinker and o being free. And he must be free if he launch his ideals out into general life, added with evident conviction. His looked earnestly and directly into mine said, "A genuine state of civilization supposes that free men and material spiritual freedom are closely bound up one another."

Schweitzer, a man who has enjoyed little of material wealth, living with an the ill and injured natives in his cro hospital, is the one eminent man of the n with whom I have talked in foreign lands expressed a sympathy for America an understanding of the difficulties and p lems and responsibilities which Am faces in its position of wealth and leade and success. He understands the prob and burdens which come to Americ the wake of, and as an essential part o success in attaining high production, terial welfare and an eminent world posi

Stalin, on the other hand, in personal mand of infinitely greater wealth and sessed of dictatorial powers over the of more people than any other individu the history of the world, revealed to jealousy of America's position, an envy accomplishment, and the hopeful exp tion that an economic crash would t both it and the capitalist system.

Stalin adheres to Lenin, and it was I who said, "But I can't listen to musi often. It affects your nerves, and make want to say stupid, nice things, and s the heads of people who could create beauty. . . . And now you mustn't s anyone's head . . . you might get your bitten off. You have to hit them on the h

But Schweitzer said, "Music is an worship," and speaking particularl Bach's music, "It belongs not to the c but to religious humanity."

Which concept will ultimately prev our world of conflicting ideologies—di for life or reverence for life? The answ that lies in the question: What is the n of man and how was he meant to live?

I believe man was meant to be free. lieve man was intended to respect other I believe there is a God. I believe that half century ahead the philosophy of A Schweitzer will be victorious and th Joseph Stalin will fade. THE



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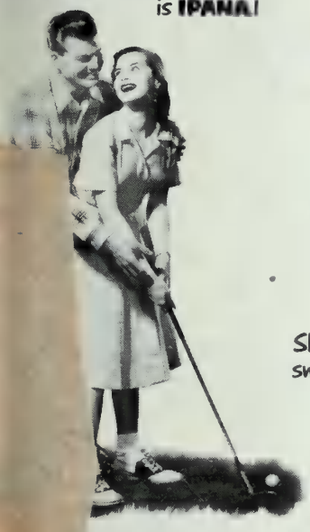
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Journal Contents

KVIII NO. 8 August 1951

Journalities

Memo from LAURA RENDINA: "My ›n, Gigi, says (hedging for five more inutes before bed), 'Tell me the story of ›ur life.' One word sums it up: *family*. I ›ve five children, from twenty-four to seven years old, two boys and three girls. When adolescence attacked the family I began writing in order to preserve my sanity and sense of humor. Adolescence is wonderful and tragic and preposterous—and almost impossible to live with." (See ***The Biggest Flounder***, Page 42.) • The ›an who did the cheery nun for Dorothy Black's ***Let the Secret Die*** (Page 34) is ROBERT G. HARRIS, whose home and tudio is in Westport, Connecticut. First ›n his life are his wife and their two children, Craig and Marcia; second is an English bulldog, who growls that the "bulldog" whose photo appeared recently in this column was in fact a boxer. Artist Harris sometimes escapes conversations with the dog and children by dallying around in he sky in his own airplane. ▪ Readers—lso writers—who suspect editors of be-ng ogres will be pleasantly surprised to ›eet our ANNE EINSELEN, Assistant)gre in charge of discovering and de-eloping new writers. In the past five years her "discoveries" have averaged six a year for fiction, plus twenty-two articles and many miscellaneous items. Anne takes tender interest in every manuscript submitted—and an intense personal delight in every purchase. She herself is the uthor (under the name Anne Paterson) f three novels, ***Queen Street Story***, ***Sleepless Candle*** and ***Take These Hands***. And she is just about the sweetest irl we know.



aura Rendina



bert G. Harris



nne Einselen

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Lullaby . . . . . *Elizabeth McFarland* 143

Cover Photograph by Eve and Edwin Bower Hesser

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H, No WIPE

r! New DREFT does both and dishes SHINE

Self-Washing Dreft Means No Work Left No Wash, No Wipe Tonight!



OU do is RINSE! nd pans glisten!

d of k in Dreft way. ater. shes, ded,

elf- ilm. ean,

pots reft's nder rinses

ds ds

It's magic...sheer magic ...it's self-washing!



No rice but the Eating

Chilled Wesson Salad and Stir-N-Roll Refrigerator Pie



These two summer-tempters prove you save time and beat the heat when Wesson Oil is your helper.

Folks cool off just looking at this lovely Wesson Salad. And your homemade Wesson Dressing takes only a small minute—gives a big, BIG sparkle to salad flavor. Reason: Wesson is *so mild*...Wesson is *so delicate*. It never adds strong oily flavor as some other oils do.

Fix a pie the sensational new way—STIR-N-ROLL. Easy does it! No cutting in shortening, no guessing about liquid. You measure Wesson and milk together. And you *stir* the dough, then *roll* between waxed paper. No muss!

Reach for Wesson Oil and start these happy summertime dishes *now*.

BUSY-DAY DINNER . . . IN 15 MINUTES

Cubed Steak Dinner Plate. Start dinner late, but get it *on time!* Wonderful, speedy Minute Rice helps you. Like this: Prepare 1⅓ cups (5-oz. package) Minute Rice as directed. While the rice is getting ready, julienne carrots, and pan-broil cubed steak. Add a dash, season the carrots with chopped mint and butter in melted butter.) All done—and *delicious!* Rice turns out white and fluffy with no trouble.

MAN-WINNER TOMATO SALAD...

Cut 6 red-ripe tomatoes into wedges or slices. Top with *1 mild onion* chopped, *parsley* to taste, and *2 tablespoons capers* (optional). Your dressing is 1-minute quick—and you can vary it so easily. So even this simple tomato salad has new surprise-flavor every day.

WESSON'S 1-MINUTE FRENCH DRESSING

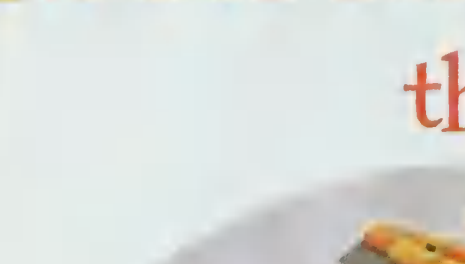
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. sugar
⅛ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. paprika
2 tbsp. vinegar (or lemon juice)
⅓ cup Wesson Oil

Shake together in a covered jar. Shake before serving. Makes ½ cup dressing.

EASY-DO VARIATIONS

Celery Seed Dressing: To ½ cup of Wesson Dressing (left), add 2 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. celery seed, and 1 tbsp. catsup. Rub 4 butter-type crackers with garlic and crumble into dressing. (For fruit or green salads, too.)

Chili Dressing: To ½ cup of Wesson Dressing, add ½ tsp. sugar, 2 tbsp. chili sauce. (For greens, meat or seafood salads.)



Put it in water, bring to a boil. No more cooking's needed! With Minute Rice you get fluffy, snow-white perfect rice *every single time!*



Fix Minute Rice with vegetables, meat, or fish. And *taste* that heavenly rice—with the full flavor of the other foods in every single grain.

★ NO WASHING! ★ NO RINSING!

For perfect rice without the work ★★★ pre-cooked

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Wesson Oil

America's No. 1 Salad and Cooking Oil

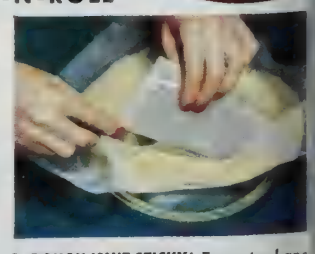
SEE HOW EASY! EVEN BEGINNERS SUCCEED WITH STIR-N-ROLL



1. NO CUTTING IN SOLID SHORTENING! Pour Wesson Oil and cold milk together in measuring cup without mixing. Pour all at once into flour and stir lightly.



2. NO MESSY FLOURED BOARD! Place rounded dough between sheets of waxed paper. Gently roll out dough to edges of paper. Peel off top sheet.



3. DOUGH ISN'T STICKY! *Easy to hand* Hold paper over pan. Dough clings til you gently loosen it into pan. T near edge, fold under and flute.

Our Readers Write us

›im View of Motherhood

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: Who says motherhood is › wonderful? I say "Nuts!" It's the ıost dreary, monotonous routine a woman ın have. My childless married friends ›ok at me with tears in their eyes—and I ›ok at them with the same feeling. No, I on't love my child. But he's here to be ıken care of. Sincerely,

MARY CUNNINGHAM

Editors take letters from readers seriusly—so seriously that we feel other readrs should share the* JOURNAL*'s answer to Mrs. Cunningham, which follows. ED.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Mrs. Cunningham: We pick your ttter up and think about it. There is much ıat we wish we knew. We wish we knew hat made it so, and why you wrote it.

Let us begin by saying that you are not lone. More than one mother has disliked er child.

At least you face the facts. Your child ıay suffer less than one whose mother ıkes her own confusion out on him. But hat has made it so? Perhaps the way for ou has been a hard one—and now this ıdded burden.

It may be that you are young. It's all a art of growing up, you know, this thing changing focus. A child is centered all "I." But with the years come thoughts others. The same is true of nations too. Ve leave the problem in your hands. We ish something we could say would help. Ve only know there's little chance of hapıess within one's personal boundaries.

Sincerely,

ERMA W. KELLEY

Editorial Assistant,

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ire-Trap Costumes

Downingtown, Pennsylvania

Dear Beatrice Gould: A seven-year-old rl, the daughter of a neighbor, came back om ballet class, pirouetted from living om to kitchen, did a triumphant whirl ext to the stove, and became a flaming rch. The lovely bouffant netting, which is ttle more than mosquito netting, sized and nted, burned like a wick, and the perfect ttle-girl body was all but consumed in the ame.

Hundreds of children will step into allet costumes made up of this theatrical uze. Will their mothers be sure to buy tting which won't go *whoosh* if someone cks a cigarette at it? The casual sale of aterials which *could* be impregnated so at they are flameproof, but just aren't, ıould be prohibited.

Sincerely yours,

SYLVIA L. DECKER

on't Mention It

Elizabeth, New Jersey

Dear Editors: Many of my friends in igh school have defective speech and we l have a common problem. Most adults, ven some teachers, feel that since we ren't babies there is no reason to overlook ır handicap. To them, constant remindrs about our stuttering, stammering and ast speech are the best and only cure. hese "reminders" in many cases make ıe situation worse.

For the most part we want others to rget our handicaps. *We are aware of em.* Most folks seem to think we aren't.

Sincerely,

EVELYN COSKEY

Toys From Junk

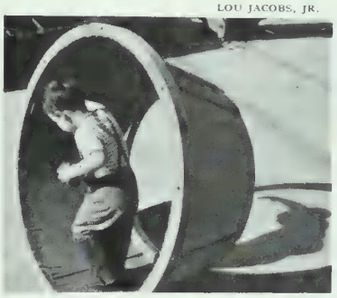
Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors: There are "toys" to be found in every junk yard, if parents will only use as much imagination in finding them as the children do in playing with them. Here are pictures of some of the "toys" children play with here at the Modern Play School. They come from war-surplus stores, lumber and junk yards, builders' supply houses.

Mrs. Phyllis Fleishman, the school's energetic founder, reports that the children prefer these toys. Play with real things is a constant challenge to their inventiveness. Sincerely,

LOU JACOBS, JR.

LOU JACOBS, JR.



Rolling a hoop from the inside is fun.



The real thing is cheaper than a toy.



A man likes a man-sized wheelbarrow.



Well—who expects them to keep clean?

No Wash, No Wipe Tonight!

New DREFT does both and dishes SHINE



. . . . . *All YOU do is RINSE!*
Even pots and pans glisten!

You don't wash . . . Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands barely touch the dishwater. All *you* have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

You don't wipe . . . New Self-Washing Dreft leaves no dishwater film. It washes dishes and glasses so clean, they shine—even without wiping.

You don't scour . . . Even pots and pans practically *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "floataway" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without hard scouring.

It's magic . . . sheer magic . . . it's self-washing!



BEAUTY TIP!

New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!



You, too, could be more

charming, attractive, popular

Know This Secret of Summer Charm:

- **Odo-Ro-No is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.***
- **No other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.**
- **No other deodorant is safer for skin.**

**Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.*



New

ODO·RO·NO

CREAM or SPRAY

GUARANTEED *Full 24 Hour Protection*

SEND FOR

7 Secrets of Popularity



written under the direction of

Laraine Day

Get this wonderful book now – prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. Regular $1.00 edition, it's yours for only 15c (to cover postage and handling) . . . see the coupon. It gives dozens of valuable tips that will help fill up your date book, make you happier, more popular—all in one book for the first time! Clip the coupon now!

Find Tips Like These In This Amazing Book:

12 questions to ask yourself about your charm

How to be your real self

How to talk to a date

Some tricks for forgetting self-consciousness



NORTHAM WARREN, Box No. 1500, Dept. A-1, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose 15c in coin (to cover postage and handling) and the word "Odo-Ro-No" from the cardboard container of an Odo-Ro-No Spray or Cream package, for which send me the new book—"7 Secrets of Popularity."
(Offer good while supply lasts.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Old Lovers Never Die

Kansas City, Missouri

Dear Editors: I can be on the brink of verbally tearing my patient spouse to pieces, but after reading your column, Ask Any Woman, my bad temper dissolves in a series of ever-increasing chuckles, till I find myself in love with him all over again. Yours truly,

MRS. FRED HARRIS

Good Neighbors First

McMinnville, Oregon

Dear Mrs. Bass: I am sorry Mary G. ever asked Dorothy Thompson the question, "What is a world citizen?" I am sorry in the same way that I am when I hear someone bluntly say to a child, "There is no Santa Claus."

I am just an average housewife with just an average education; however, I do have a daughter and this is what I would say to her if she asked me the question Mary G. asked:

"My dear, there are many, many world citizens. They are not easy to find because they wear no label; they may be white or black or yellow; they are members of all races and ideologies; they are loyal citizens of their own countries and they are good neighbors. World citizenship is a state of consciousness. A world government will appear, not as the result of a conflict between two world powers, but when the hearts and minds of mankind are ready for it. Achieve your own world citizenship by being true to your highest concept of equality and brotherhood."

Very sincerely,

USONA H. KNICKERBOCKER

Selling America—Out

Paris, France

Dear Editors: Some of the social stratifications among Americans working for the Government here would make wonderful material for Marquand to probe. Everyone is very, very social; the homes they live in are exquisite, help is cheap and hired and fired often. Most of the little children have nursemaids; the older ones go to private schools. The conversations about "personal wine merchants," the exactly right moment to eat Brie cheese, etc., is like a parody on a small-town country club on Saturday night.

In Germany, the new "American social class" was even more obvious. Many behave with grace and integrity. Others just go wild. The Army and occupation personnel have shipped home (also crated without charge) anything that can be classified as "household goods." In Berlin, one couple told us they were just completing their third set of Meissen china. A woman in Bavaria mentioned that she had already sent home nine crates of things she had bought—still waiting to be crated and shipped were the portraits of her three children, painted for about $25 each by a good, but very poor, German artist. We heard representatives of America say that one of the things they would miss in the States was "the little artisan that one can hire for the day for just nothing." A very frequent bit of patter is the phrase, "These people have no respect for the individual." But when an American hostess took us, with other women guests, to stare at the kitchen in her requisitioned house after a big party (the low sinks, bad lighting, etc., all put in twenty years ago, were presumably indicative of German philosophy), there were five German women still cleaning up at one o'clock at night. The impression some Americans make is bad, I'm afraid; the hate engendered, deep.

Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request)

For Helpers in Mental Hospitals

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Editors: Along with the stepped-up volunteer activity in mental hospitals came a need for guidance in introducing the volunteer to his responsibilities and opportunities. For this reason, the University of Minnesota Press has published a practical, simply written booklet, Handbook for Volunteers in Mental Hospitals, by Ida J. Davies. Volunteer groups may order the booklet in quantity lots from the University of Minnesota Press.

Sincerely,

JANET SALISBURY

(Continued on Page 8)

Meds Meds Meds Meds

Like to swim?

IT'S SAFE ANY DAY WITH MEDS TAMPONS!



4 out of 5 doctors report it's safe to swim on "those days" (according to a recent national survey of 900 leading gynecologists and obstetricians). Naturally, the water should not be too cold . . . and you should use Meds, the sanitary protection that's worn internally. With Meds you can swim, bathe, dance in perfect comfort.

Can single girls use tampons?

YES! Hundreds of thousands of single girls use Meds every month. Each Meds has an improved applicator for easy, quick use. Meds eliminate pads, pins, belts and end chafing, odor. Three absorbency sizes for extra comfort . . . Regular, Junior, Super.

We're so sure you'll like Meds better, we want you to try them at our expense.

FREE! Send your name and address for a free sample package of Meds in plain wrapper. Write Miss Olive Crenning, Personal Products Corp., Dept. LH-8, Milltown, N. J. Check desired size: Regular ( ), Super ( ), Junior ( ). One package to a family. U. S. only.

Meds Meds Meds Meds

YOUR HAIR STAYS exactly the way you arrange it



Around the clock, around the calendar, and all around the country – Venida Hair Nets *rule the waves.* Hand made of finest human hair. Styles for every hairdo in perfectly matching shades.

Colors 20c 12 for $2.25 single or double mesh Grey, white 25c 12 for $2.75

At drug and dept. stores



VENIDA *The Guaranteed* HAIR NET *rules the waves*

TISTIC MRS. RALPH HAMMERAS SAYS:

"You shop *Comfortably* at Stanley Hostess Parties"

MRS. HAMMERAS, charming wife of a movie studio director of photography, and herself prominent in artistic circles in her city, is an enthusiastic STANLEY Party hostess. She has held many of these parties and says she intends to hold many more. "You can't match the comfort and convenience of shopping at your own STANLEY Party," Mrs. Hammeras declares. "Just imagine! No fighting through traffic! No elbowing through crowds! Instead, you enjoy a sociable hour or so with your guests right in your own living room. And, while you're having this fun, your friendly STANLEY Dealer demonstrates for your selection STANLEY'S many QUALITY PLUS Products! Products to improve personal grooming! Products to save time and work in practically every housekeeping task."



Mrs. Ralph Hammeras, in her beautiful, Spanish-type home, 1560 North Avenue 46, in the Eagle Rock section of Los Angeles, Calif.

It's Fun to Hold Your Own Stanley Hostess Party



You just invite in your STANLEY Dealer with a group of your friends and neighbors.



ur friendly Dealer, as one of ir guests, sees that every has fun, gets welcome gifts.



While your Dealer demonstrates STANLEY QUALITY PLUS Products, you all shop for those you need.



ur Dealer presents you, in urn for your cooperation, a endid Hostess Dividend Gift.

hy not learn for yourself right away why a STANLEY Hostess rty is so popular with guests and so rewarding for the ostess? In the United States and Canada, more than 10,000 these fun-filled shopping Parties take place each day. For formation about how to arrange for your own STANLEY ostess Party . . . or for any information about STANLEY . . . nply do this:—Phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your arest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or communicate direct with STANLEY'S Home Office in Westfield, assachusetts.

STANHOME
A STANLEY HOME PRODUCT

Originators of the famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, INC., WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario



STANLEY LEADS
with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products to save women time, work, money:— (1) Polishes and household cleaning preparations (2) Dusters, mops, brushes, etc. (3) Products to improve personal grooming.

Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1951

(Continued from Page 6)

Teaching That Counts

Cheney, Washington

Dear Editors: I have lived in the Southern States all of my life until recently, and it is my opinion that See How They Run, by Mary Elizabeth Vroman, is the most sincere, intelligent picture of the Negro problem in that section that I have seen. Many teachers, regardless of race, would do well to note Miss Richards' teaching methods in dealing with her "mice."

Sincerely,
MARY TAYLOR

Toward a Better World

Ishpeming, Michigan

Dear Editors: I am a white person, but I do think if more people in today's world would think and act as the Jane Richards and her pupils in the story, See How They Run, we would have a more secure and safe world to live in. Sincerely,
MRS. S. P.

Talk's Cheap

Woodsville, New Hampshire

Dear Editors: There seem to be too many people willing to say American schools are no good, as did a reader from Albuquerque, New Mexico. If he is dissatisfied with the American school system, why doesn't he make a study of it—see its tremendous progress in the last one hundred years—and decide for himself what positive action he can take in his community to keep American education growing? Sniping and griping is an American privilege, but positive action is an American responsibility. Sincerely yours,
DORIS E. DEMICK

The Sun Stands Still

The Duke's Cottage
Rudgwick, England

Dear Bruce and Beatrice: On one of our fine days, I went to visit the South Bank Exhibition, which I am sure is all very imposing and a cross between a school classroom and Coney Island (but not so gay). The page that interested me most in the catalogue was the one that said How to Get Out. I am not exhibition-minded, and anyway I was frustrated because what I really went to see was the gardens, and a thing that showed you how the solar system worked. The gardens were not yet open, and the thing that showed the solar system was not working.

I thought the Festival Hall hideous, embodying all that is worst in contemporary art, but I did not like to say so, until Sir Thomas Beecham announced he considered it repellent also. However, to pluck some bright consolation from this curious undertaking, it has not made the South Bank of the Thames look any worse.

Here in the village we have celebrated the festival by opening, at long last, the War Memorial Hall. It has been in the building six long years, whilst we have battled with authorities, weathered endless frustrations from government departments, and driven off hordes of gypsies who filched our timber in the night watches. There was a lot of disagreement, too, about what sort of hall we would build. I wanted a black-and-white barn affair, that would cozy down on the landscape and fit in amongst the surrounding cottages, but in the end a truly amazing structure went up. It looks like a *mésalliance* between the village school and a rackets court, and could hardly be more hideous, but it is nice inside, with a good dance floor and a proper kitchen.

Another thing worthy of mention is that the committee brought this curious monster to birth without a single quarrel among themselves. I don't know how rare this is in America, but it is a state of things practically unique in an English village.

Any number of people have written me asking for the address of a reliable baby-sitter agency over here, with whom they can leave children while they go out nights. I did not think there was such a thing in England, but I went around and made a few inquiries, and have now unearthed a wonderful institution in London, calling themselves Universal Aunts, Ltd. They, it appears, are ready to go anywhere, and do anything, at any moment, for a quite reasonable fee, and it would be well worth the harried traveler contacting them. With love to you all.
DOROTHY BLACK



First *luxurious complexion treatment for hands and body...*

Revlon's *new Aquamarine Lotion*

A miraculous blend of balms scented with costly imported perfumes... smoothes you head to toe... wraps you in fragrance... keeps hands velvet-smooth. *Never* before a rich, creamy-blue lotion with such a genius for fondling every blessed inch of you!

NOW! Aquamarine Lotion-Soap

The *only* soap made with Aquamarine *Lotion!* Same skin-smoothing ingredients, same jewel-color, same fragrance, 3-in-a-box, in your choice of complexion-size or larger bath-size.





5 words of advice for the wife who worries when her husband travels

Ask him to Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!



COPYRIGHT 1951, THE PULLMAN COMPAN

THE WEEKEND GUESTS



US CHUM (Jan. 7): "Hm, real luxury Don't mind spoiling yourself, do you?"



TER (Feb. 25): "G'wan! Honest—you ford to use Cannon Percales on every No! Honest?"



NG MAMA (May 6): "Ha-ha! They do annon Combspun Percales are lighter— to wash!"



GETTER (Aug. 4): "What's for today? Golf... ...swimming...and of course a shopping r my Cannon Combspun Percales!"



DOG LOVER (Jan. 21): "So these are Cannon Combspun* Percales! Fifi loves her comfort!"



MA-IN-LAW (Mar. 18): "My little boy's wifie is smart! Cannon Combspun Percale is today's best sheet buy!"



HELPFUL (June 3): "Pooh—bedmaking's nothing! These are so fine and lightweight!"



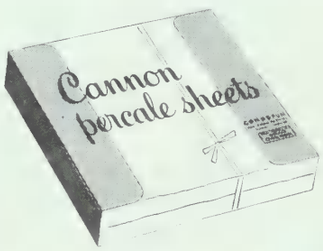
SOUTHERN COUSIN (Feb. 11): "Sho' 'nough, it's the combin' of the cotton that makes Cannon Combspun Percales so soft!"

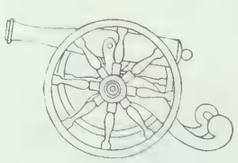


NOSY TYPE (April 8): "Oh, 'scuse! Those sheets are so smooth, I knew they'd be Cannon Combspun Percales!"



DEMON NEPHEWS (July 15): "Gosh, our sheets at home aren't this strong!"







TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON *Combspun* PERCALE SHEETS

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CANNON TOWELS ▪ STOCKINGS ▪ BLANKETS ▪ BEDSPREADS ▪ CANNON MILLS, INC., N. Y. 13, N. Y. COPR. 1951, CANNON MILLS, INC.



There's never been such a charming, easy way to pretty up, anytime — anywhere!

Angel Face

by POND'S



Look! A mirror, puff and Angel Face! Everything for a glamorous, mat-smooth complexion. This is Angel Face in its adorable new Mirror Case!

"MIRROR CASE

— Velvety foundation and powder in-one . . . now in a sweet, slim case for your handbag

"This is for me!" That's what every girl *knows* the moment she spies Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case! Golden-etched . . . ivory-smooth . . . it holds the *perfect* take-it-with-you make-up!

Tuck it in your handbag—and you're carrying real beauty insurance! With just a touch of the Angel Face puff, your complexion is soft-tinted, smooth as velvet! Angel Face stays on *much* longer than powder—and *can't spill!*

"It's the most useful bit of prettiness I've ever owned!" says Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke. Get *your* Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case today. 6 heavenly skin tones. Just $1*—the most successful beauty dollar you ever spent!



Also in the familiar blue-and-gold boxes—89¢, 59¢ **plus tax*

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould Editors



FLOWERS AND BUTTERFLIES ON PAPER, CHINESE COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART

You, The American Wife

Generally speaking, it is not wise to generalize emotionally about women, especially married women in the United States. If it must be done, it had better be done from a good, safe distance, as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has done it, and then only in nice round figures.

In numbers, married women in the United States are gaining rapidly. There are now about 38,000,000 of you, an increase of some 8,000,000 since 1940. This is a record high, not only in absolute numbers but in relation to the adult population as well.

American wives are relatively young—two fifths of you are under 35 years of age and only one sixth are over 55 years. In three fourths of all families the typical wife is somewhat younger than her husband. In only one eighth is she older.

College women have always noted with chagrin that one of the factors influencing a girl's chances of becoming a wife is her educational attainment—the more schooling, the lower are her chances for marriage. This is hindsight, though. Statistics always are. In 1947 the proportion ever married among women at ages 35–40 was almost 95 per cent for those who had completed less than seven years of school—only 83 per cent for women with at least one year of college. But this does not prove the 95 per cent figure would be attained if no women attended college. Besides, the girls with higher education who do marry generally get the men with the greater amount of schooling, and their percentage is increasing.

You, the American wife, can look forward to many years of married life (barring divorce). When a woman 25 years of age marries a man of 30, their joint expectation of life is 36 years—substantially greater than the expected joint lifetime at the turn of the century. When a marriage is dissolved by death, it is the wife who is likely to survive; currently the odds are two to one that the wife will outlive her husband.

Divorces are Not Crimes: They are Tragedies

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

More American marriages end in divorce than any others in the Western world, and the dissolution of marriages contributes to a vicious circle. A majority of juvenile criminals are children of divorced parents; in 40 per cent of divorce cases the parties have had previous contacts with juvenile courts; a huge number of divorces occur among adults who are, themselves, the children of divorcees. Second and third divorces, sometimes with new families of children involved, often follow first ones. There is hardly a psychiatrist, judge or sociologist of experience or repute who does not realize the intimate connections between the broken home, mental and character disturbances, and emotionally immaturity—the accompaniments of crime.

Three years ago Judge Paul W. Alexander, of the Court of Common Pleas of Toledo, Ohio, presented to readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a summary of the report of the Legal Section of the National Conference on Family Life, which had been held in the White House the previous May (1948).

We thought this report the most important analysis of what is, perhaps, America's leading domestic problem, to have been put out in our lifetime. Prepared by Reginald Heber Smith, distinguished Boston attorney, for a committee of the American Bar Association, it made revolutionary recommendations for an entirely new philosophical and legal approach to the divorce problem.

The most remarkable things about this report were, first, that it was prepared and endorsed by lawyers, many of whom receive a large part of their income from the operation of the existing divorce laws (or lawlessness), and, second, that it was welcomed and approved, as a whole or in part, by American groups who are often in sharp divergence. American Catholics, for instance, who hold that marriage is indissoluble, nevertheless greeted the recommendations as an improvement of existing practices and an approach which would diminish the number of divorces and contribute to the stability of American family life. The Tablet and The Catholic Mind, both distinguished Catholic publications, so commented, while practically all Protestant bodies greeted the report as a great step forward.

Following the White House conference, and the publication of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL article, the Interprofessional

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Commission on Marriage and Divorce Laws was set up under the chairmanship of Judge Alexander, with an advisory council composed of eminent lawyers, churchmen of the three leading faiths, psychiatrists and sociologists, to further this reform.

Among professional groups who are dealing directly with problems of family relations, the movement has been snowballing. But to reach the point where it will affect legislators, far wider public interest must be enlisted, and we think that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is again the place to appeal to public opinion, especially that of women, whose power we, like our publishers, never underestimate.

The forty-eight states have divorce laws that so differ among one another in important respects that a citizen may not know what his marital status in one or another state is. This fact is of concern to members of the Interprofessional Commission. They quote Justice Jackson, of the U. S. Supreme Court, who once remarked, "If there is one thing that the people are entitled to expect from their lawmakers it is rules of law that will enable individuals to tell whether they are married, and if so, to whom!"

But a uniform divorce law would not of itself contribute anything substantial toward achieving what must be a primary aim of any civilized society—the protection of the family, as its basic social unit.

The problem is much more fundamental. The trouble is the legal philosophy which characterizes the laws of all states, whether these be as "liberal" as those of Nevada, or as "reactionary" as those of New York. This philosophy assumes that one or the other of the parties is "innocent" or "guilty," and that the granting of a divorce is an award to the party wronged, thus making a divorce action a quasi-criminal proceeding. There is no premise in such laws that the end of a divorce action should be diagnosis and therapy to accomplish what is best for the family and hence for society.

And although 85 per cent of divorces are uncontested, the idea that divorce is an antagonistic proceeding demanding defenses and recriminations is upheld in law, while it does not exist in reality.

The concept of innocence or guilt opens the way for every sort of vilification, vindictiveness and outright perjury, all these being winked at by judges who fully realize that the law itself is unreal and even nonsensical, and the same concept opens the way to extortion and blackmail.

THE present divorce laws derive their premises from medieval ecclesiastical courts which once exclusively dealt with problems of marital relations. Our laws governing domestic relations spring from the canon (church) laws of England. The early English secular law was one of the few legal systems which forbade, without qualification, an absolute divorce. Until 1850 English couples desiring divorce had to get it by a special act of Parliament, and until about 1840 Americans had to apply to state legislatures. Not until then were divorce requests turned over to the juridical branches of state governments.

But these courts took over procedures which the medieval courts had employed in litigating cases for separation, not absolute divorce. They accepted the procedures of these earlier equity courts, but not their premise—that marriage is not dissoluble. Thus American civil action for divorce developed into an action both for breach of contract and for personal wrong, the plaintiff having to prove the defendant guilty of one or another form of misconduct, the defendant being able to bring countercharg The result: if each could prove the misco duct of the other, the court would have sustain the marriage—a final *reductio absurdum!* To that must be added the oth absurdity: that if both parties, witho charges of misconduct, desire a divorce whatever reasons, no court can grant For that is "collusion."

NOW, it must be said for the medie courts that they always operated on premise, not of punishing the guilty but upholding the family. They allowed sepa tions—of a suffering wife from an intole ble husband, or vice versa—because family could only thus survive. Most Am ican divorces are in fact granted today the sake of the real or imagined happin of the parties, without regard to the fam or community.

The Interprofessional Commission p poses to abolish the whole quasi-crimi nature of divorce proceedings and put th into entirely new courts, modeled on juvenile courts, whose purpose is not "punish" a "guilty" child, but to rest him as a normal member to the commun

The courts they propose would seek ascertain the *cause* of a broken marri For marriages are broken by divo divorce merely le izes a break w has already occur And the misbeha of one or the party, where it tually exists, is al invariably the r of the break, no cause.

The proposed Family Court, accurately descr as an Administr Tribunal, would talents outside legal system—ps atrists, clergy, t ers—in an att to conciliate ma couples before are *permitted* to file an action for div There would be no public charges countercharges of a quasi-criminal na The judge would have the complete f record before him. If he allowed a ma to be dissolved, it would be for th reasons, not trumped-up ones, reaso certained in private, and judgment with family welfare in mind.

The American Bar Association's also stresses that "the cure of marria does not lie in easy divorce, but in marriage." . . . Nothing will cure th resulting from broken homes "unle parties are inspired with a desire, a nial urge, to make a go of it." Th indeed much that should be acknowl (and copied) by non-Catholics, in th nuptial instructions and posting of required by the Catholic Church to p hasty marriages and to inspire the with a sober sense of the responsibilit are assuming.

"Marry in haste, repent at leisu no less true because it is an "old s but the saw suggests leisure in r ance as well as in decision to "Marry in haste, repent in haste" means rushing into legal action aft first few tiffs and disappointments. of American divorces occur before t ties have been married three yea marriage, in our opinion (and in Alexander's), should be legally anc lutely dissolved before it has existe certain number of years, and until "cooling off" period.

Divorce (like marriage) is a huma tional and psychological problem. only a few states set up family co the model recommended by the In fessional Commission, the results w most certainly lead to a nationwide A broken marriage is not a crime human and social tragedy. TH

Unless old men dream dreams, the young men who are their children will rarely see visions. The spiritual poverty of one generation often roots in the failure of the preceding generation to leave any great legacy of unfulfilled dreams. The venerable company at the Wailing Wall, who so loudly condemn the "lack of idealism" in the new breed of youngsters, also condemn themselves. When old men have not handed on to their children the disturbance of high dreams, it is hard for the children to discover the atmosphere in which seeing visions is natural. —HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK: from Today is Mine, compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark (Harper and Brothers, 1950, used by permission).

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hair gleams
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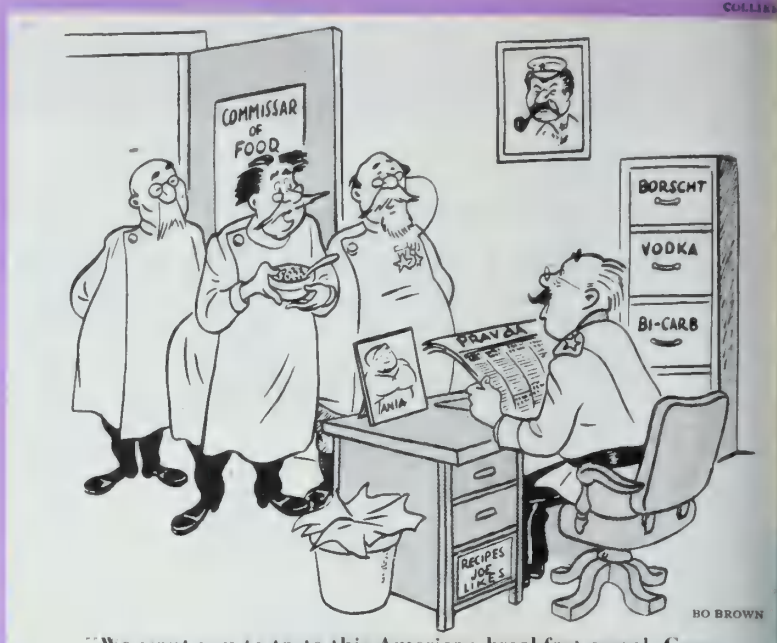
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"We want you to taste this American breakfast cereal, Commissar, before we decide whether or not we invented it!"

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

AN excellent book that we got at late is **JOURNEY FOR OUR TIME.** This is made up of the journals of the ***Marquis de Custine,*** written during his travels in Russia in 1839, and so surprisingly like the accounts of reporters in Russia today in its estimate of the Russian people and what they will take, that it has profound significance. This really is a book not to be missed! Wrote De Custine:

"They wish to rule the world by conquest, they mean to seize by armed force the countries accessible to them, and thence to oppress the rest of the world by terror."

"The observer cannot visit places or look at anything without a guide."

"Here, to lie is to protect the social order, to speak truth to destroy the state."

"The diplomatic corps and Westerners in general have always been considered by this government, with its Byzantine spirit, and by Russia as a whole, as malevolent and jealous spies."

"Russia sees Europe as a prey which our dissensions will sooner or later deliver up to her; she foments anarchy among i in the hope of profiting by a corruptio she promotes because it is favorable to h view."

"I do not blame the Russians for bei what they are. I blame them for preten ing to be what we are."

It doesn't seem possible, does i that this was 1839! The book is ar fully translated by *Phyllis Pen Kohler,* and there is a good introduc tion by *Gen. Walter Bedell Smith.*

•

When we dropped out of the a onto the equator in East Africa, w expected to be dodging lions an expiring with the heat. But we wer never hot. We slept under two an sometimes three blankets every nigh And we never saw a lion.

Imagine a wide, wide plain, and out it a vast mountain rising to 19,590 fee eternally snow-covered on the equato The plain is Amboseli, and the mou tain is Kilimanjaro, the most beautif

(Continued on Page 16)

One of Africa's rare sights: a tribe of Pygmies deep in the forest.



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Hear the waves of applause, the oceans of compliments. I'm the luckiest mermaid ever—with a Maidenform bra to give nature a lift! The lure of the sea? Just look at me . . . the dream of young salts and ancient mariners in my beautiful Maidenform bra!

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette in white satin; also available in broadcloth and nylon taffeta . . . from 1.50. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N. Y. 16.*

There is a ***maidenform*** *for every type of figure.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc. Costume: Cacciola-Brouillet



(Continued from Page 14)

thing in Nature we have ever seen. Across the plain roam wild animals at large—the last reminder of what life was once like on all seven continents.

•

We didn't see a lion. No. But the grass waved not seven feet away, and through it walked a family of lions, seen by our sharp-eyed native spotter.

And we saw everything else: long, lanky, leaning giraffes; neat, tidy zebras prancing in herds; evil-looking black buffalo, the most dangerous animal in Africa; dik-diks, little antelopes a foot high; gazelles and topi and bushbuck; wart hogs; baboons; colobus monkeys wearing shaggy white shawls; a rhinoceros that stared at us too long for comfort; hippopotamuses by the hundreds standing in the shallow water, yawning; *and* elephants.

Everybody who knows elephants likes them. "I've been gouged by them more times than I'd like to say," an old-time hunter told us. "But I love 'em."

All the natives of East Africa that we saw were fine upstanding people and, from everything we heard about them, able, practical and independent. This is *their* country. *They* are not a problem. Maybe the whites are, but they didn't seem to be—in Uganda, Belgian Congo or Ruanda-Urundi.

In Kenya the whites have made inroads. The British have taken to Kenya like ducks to water. They don't want to leave and why should they? The land is spacious. The climate is delicious. Food is plentiful. Servants are cheap. This is the country of ***Isak Dinesen's*** beautiful OUT OF AFRICA, ***Elspeth Huxley's*** WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY. It's where *King Solomon's Mines* was filmed.

We saw many missionaries, and many natives that the missionaries never found. Government workers cadaverous from constant bouts of malaria (but not in Kenya). White hunters of fabled charm. Giant aristocratic Watusis, and Pygmies living in the deep forest. Live volcanoes smoking, and lakes in the craters of old volcanoes. Native women with babies on their backs bending over a hoe. And a Russian countess far away in the hinterland. . . . We could go on and on and on.

•

Churchill, like many a good man of his age, is a bit hard of hearing. So was Roosevelt, and so is Mrs. Roosevelt. The last time that Churchill was in Washington, Dick Rodgers (of the famous Hammerstein-Rodgers team) and Mrs. Rodgers found themselves in the same house with the illustrious ex-prime minister.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



Richard Rodgers

"I'd give anything to meet Mr. Churchill," breathed Mrs. Rodgers, and was promptly told that nothing

(Continued on Page 18)



"I'm going to swim every day of my precious two-week vacation . . .



"and play tennis every day until the score is Love-Love . . .



"and dance every night until the stars are tired . . .



"but first, I'm going to buy me a brand-new girdle and a knockout new swimsuit — both of them made with

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RECK HAIRDRESS KEEPS HAIR SOFT AND IN PLACE

ck Hairdress leaves hair soft, lustrous and manageable. ck Hairdress is especially helpful if the ends of the hair ome dry and brittle. Used daily as a hairdressing, fragrant Breck Hairdress keeps hair in place without an oily appearance. Diluted and used as a final rinse after the shampoo, Breck Hairdress leaves hair smooth and silky – easy to arrange.

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1. *"You'd think my clothes were washed by a fine hand-laundress. White things gleam, colored things sparkle."*

Yes, like gentle washing by hand, G-E Activator® Washing Action is thorough. Each piece is passed through 3 zones of washing action—vigorous, medium, light.



2. *"General Electric thorough washing is just what the heavily soiled pieces in my wash need."*

Each piece of your wash is dipped, flexed, and gently scrubbed individually—just as in hand laundering. NOT just sloshed around in a tangled mass.



3. *"I get such a wonderfully fresh-smelling wash, each and every piece so sweet and clean."*

G-E complete rinsing—a spray rinse to kill suds and then a deep rinse—removes loosened soil and hidden soap film, leaves clothes clean-looking, clean-smelling.



4. *"Fluffy-dry! That's the way my clothes actually feel, they're spun so thoroughly in my new G-E."*

Spin-drying is most important. Unless rinse water is removed thoroughly, some dirt stays. The drier clothes are spun, the cleaner they are.

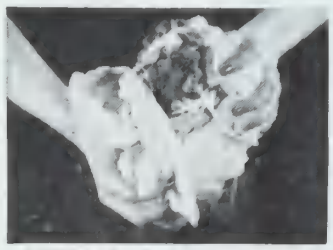
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And when you take clothes out of this wonderful G-E, how pleased you'll be with the "hand-done" perfection of every piece.

NOT THE OLD WAY!



NEVER do clothes come out of this washer tangled, matted, soggy, dripping!

BUT THE NEW WAY!



CLOTHES are washed individually and many pieces come out dry enough to iron.

Your G-E dealer has the new Activator-Automatic now.

Go in and see him today or tomorrow, look it over thoroughly. And while you're looking, remember that there is one outstanding feature you can't see.

That is General Electric dependability!

You'll find your General Electric dealer listed under "Washing Machines" in your Classified Telephone Directory. *General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.*



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You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 18)

dangerous, all underlined with spying, suspense, sex.

THE FACE OF INNOCENCE, by *William Sanson*, a bit more psychological, less active physically, is about another dangerous young wife who is a pathological liar, making up romance, until, on the French Riviera, she finds the real thing.

BLOW HOT, BLOW COLD, by *Gerald Butler*, is more in the line of typical whodunits, but way ahead of most. Fast, plotty, glamorous. Again French Riviera. (And how is it that the Riviera always manages to get the bad eggs in literature? Why not Miami? Or occasionally Bermuda?)

•

"ALL THE LIES YOU HEAR ABOUT THE OZARKS ARE TRUE." (Sign in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.) "There's ghosts in Texas, an' maybe in Oklahoma, but not here. This country is just naturally too rough for ghosts." In the summer: "Even the rabbits was pickin' up their feet, an' blowin' on them. You know these big lizards we have down here. Well, every one of them lizards was carryin' a white-oak chip in his mouth. Why should a lizard carry a chip? To put under his tail, in case he wanted to set down."

All this, and more, you'll find in WE ALWAYS LIE TO STRANGERS: Tall Tales From the Ozarks, by *Vance Randolph*.

•

The British, bureaucratic to a degree, have their 1950 census all neatly tied up in a newly published Classification of Occupations. In it there are 983 occupation "codes," including Wuzzer, Plonking Machinist, Umbrella Translator, Getter's Helper, and ending, exhausted, with "X." "X" covers "Other Persons (no gainful occupation stated) like Baronets, Gypsies, Legislators, Pages of the Back Stairs, Paupers, Peers, and Vagrants."

•

Paul Gallico, author of* THE ABANDONED, *writes in that we were right about him. "I was indeed a cat," he says, "many generations ago."

WALTER CHANDOHA



Could this be Paul (The Abandoned) Gallico in an earlier incarnation?

The most alluring book about London, for armchair or transatlantic voyage, is IN SEARCH OF LONDON, by *H. V. Morton*. It is London today, yesterday, and through all the years of her long, slow, tremendously important growth. (H. V. Morton you will remember as author of IN THE STEPS OF THE MASTER.)

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s only part of the
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It's a 4 in 1 product!

1 AN *extra-gentle* BLEACH

Clorox gives you gentler bleaching, conserves costly linens, because it's free from caustic and other harsh substances . . . made by an exclusive formula developed by x and protected by U. S. patent!

2 A *dependable* STAIN REMOVER

Clorox is the favorite in millions of homes for removing stains from cottons and linens, and from various household surfaces. Let the Clorox label help with *your* stain problems.

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It's so important that your routine cleaning leaves kitchen and bathroom *fresh* as well as clean. Clorox gives you this big benefit because it deodorizes... in cleaning... in laundering, too!

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CLOROX BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS
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CLOROX-CLEAN means
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America's proudest cooks...



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Mrs. Mabel Wermersen, 2000 S St., Sacramento, is rightly one of America's proudest cooks. Top prize winner in the Home Economics Exhibit at the 1950 California State Fair, Mrs. Wermersen always uses S. O. S. to clean her many pots and pans. Says she – it's faster and easier!

...always reach for S.O.S





use S.O.S for all your pots and pans

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easily removes BURNED-ON GREASE!

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When you've been in and had a swim,
A cigarette tastes great.
But Luckies taste the best of all,
So, friend — why hesitate?

(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)

Be Happy— Go Lucky!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

Fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—can gi
you the enjoyment of a better-tasting cigaret
And L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike *means* fi
tobacco. That's why you'll find that Luck
taste better than any other cigarette.
Be Happy—Go Lucky! Get a carton tod

At Anacostia Station, folks,
There is a favorite brand —
It's Lucky Strike that we all like,
The smoke that sure tastes grand!

(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)



LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE because...

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMP

L.S./M.F.T.-Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacc

there's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER

I half decided to install running water and washbowls in a couple of our bedrooms, to reduce the bathroom traffic. But when I examined plumbers' estimates I concluded that for the time being we'd better be content with old-fashioned water pitchers, and bowls to match. Cheap and picturesque too!

Our little group of deep thinkers agrees that snoring is less likely if you sleep face down. But there ought to be pillows and mattresses with holes in 'em so a man can breathe. . . . Anyhow, no gentleman ever admits to his wife that she snores.

After years of hesitation and delay we finally got part of the south wall of our house painted, under the sleeping-porch windows, where the sun hits it so fiercely all day. . . . And alas, it makes the rest of the old homestead look shabbier than ever.

Our neighbor in the white brick villa complains that almost the only women he sees at his house for dinner are wives of men who make quite a fuss about his wife.

June's newlyweds in our neighborhood are drifting back from their honeymoons, and wishing they'd funneled part of that money into a room cooler for at least one bedroom. On a hot summer day a clever girl can eat all her meals and do most of her work in a bedroom that's air-conditioned.

"One of the most baffling of modern types," broods Peter Comfort, whacking away at the ragweed near his rock garden, "is the bright little woman who wears herself to a frazzle being so nice to other people that she's too exhausted ever to smile with her own family."

This summer's mosquitoes have been the worst since the war. A few of us clear-eyed citizens chipped in $4.50 apiece to get our block sprayed against 'em, but then they flew right over from the next block. . . . Our city fathers seem to be immune to mosquito bites, but maybe not to votes.

My Dream Girl and I are rehearsing a new argument: I want to install a big "picture window" in my den, to eliminate three screens and three storm windows. "But it'll ruin your ventilation!" she argues. "I have four other windows to open," I reply. But I don't seem to be as convincing as I used to be.

If I were a newlywed I'd borrow money (on a twenty-year mortgage, if necessary) to buy at least an acre of land for my bride's dream house. . . . Our hikes around our town confirm my suspicion that houses on fifty-foot lots tend to become slums while your back's turned.

How excellent are the acoustics in our block! I can hear the tender words and tones of the girl across the street to her young man late on a deep summer night. And a few minutes later I can hear what she says to her mother, and what her mother tells her, not tenderly.

A few of our up-to-date friends who want to see everything (but clearly!) are already wearing trifocal glasses, while most of the others are still being coy and silly about bifocals. "Oh, I'm too young for bifocals!" one woman exclaims, and wonders why everything ten feet away looks fuzzy.

Another foible that vexes my ultramasculine neighbor in the enameled-steel house: his wife's ultrafeminine habit of strewing small useless pillows on their living-room couches. Guests surreptitiously toss 'em on the floor, but if he moves 'em it ignites a skirmish.

My gift to the 1951 crop of young husbands is merely a ten-word sliver of personal discovery: The less I say, the more family arguments I win.



Our neighborhood's fathers go to a lot of trouble to kidnap our small sons and take 'em to the pasture to play baseball. But we don't fool 'em; most of 'em, like their mothers, know we want to play ball more than they do.

My jubilant neighbor with the ball-bearing checkbook boasts that he has now concealed his record player, radio and TV sets in the bookshelves. (Except, of course, when, a little embarrassed, he has to expose the TV screen.) Why conceal 'em? They never hide the New York Symphony Orchestra, do they?

One of our town's most advanced thinkers has built a master bedroom in his house with four separate compartments for (1) his shower bath, (2) his tub, (3) his washbowl and medicine cabinet, and (4) his toilet; with four separate doors, too, arranged in a cluster. He claims it's the equivalent of two or three complete bathrooms.

Every time I visit New York I hear about more and more people (including taxicab drivers) paying $25 an hour to psychoanalysts. . . . What most of 'em really need is a pair of rocking chairs and a trusty confidante.

I've argued against glass tumblers in the tiled bathroom for years, without a dent on my Dream Girl. "Plastic cups won't break and cut our feet!" I roar with tender ire. She merely murmurs that when glasses break in the bathroom I'm the one who breaks 'em.

Recently I took Junior (who's eighteen) for a week-end whirl around New York, as a sort of refresher for myself. . . . A drizzly two days, and we went in rather heavily for indoor culture; almost set a world record by marching through the Whitney, Modern and Met galleries in one day. (But he liked Eddie Condon's better!)

After this summer's long motor trip I'm insisting again that we ought to paper a room with road maps. . . . In a singularly gracious and yielding moment my Lady Love agrees; she suggests I paper the basement storage room with 'em.

Some of the girls at the bridge table argue that if husband and wife sleep in one single bed it proves they love each other more than people who have two big double beds side by side. . . . Shucks, all it proves is that the double-bedders have more room and more money.

The man next door borrowed my stepladder and observed that henpecked husbands earn less money than dominant husbands. . . . But he isn't sure whether they're henpecked because they earn less or earn less because they're henpecked.

One of my well-informed friends knocked my hat off with the news that those two long low new "ranch houses" on the road to the airport cost more than $40,000 apiece. They look just as modest and unobtrusive as the $7000 bungalows did when we were newlyweds.

I'm lavishly rewarded for the complexities of family life ——

When my daughter volunteers that this summer she'll arrange and tidy up all four of my home desks and filing cabinets . . . and when Junior, without any particular urging, gives up a week-end dance at a girls' school for a week-end expedition with me . . . when our youngest, at age eleven, crosses our guest-filled living room in the middle of a hot argument and casually drops the wittiest opinion of all . . . and when my beloved wife ignores all my faults and in an inspired moment finds something still admirable in me ——

Then, in fact, my cup runneth over.



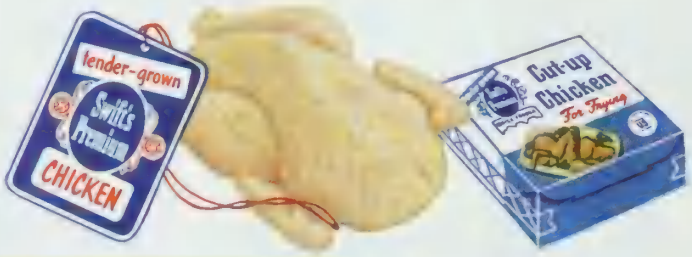
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- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup Swift's Brookfield Butter
- Shortening
- 2 teaspoons salt

Put flour and seasonings in paper sack. *Shake* 3 or 4 pieces of chicken at a time in sack to coat. *Heat* butter and enough shortening in a heavy skillet to make ½ inch layer. *Brown* chicken on both sides in hot fat. Cover tightly. *Reduce* heat and cook 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold in napkin-lined dinner basket.

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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Are wives more guilty than husbands of invading personal privacy? Here are four easy ways to alienate your husband.

Respecting His Privacy

"WHAT can you do with a woman who never lets you alone? Every night my wife cross-examines me about what I have done, whom I have seen, and how much money I have spent. She goes through my pockets, my wallet, even my mail, as though she were seeking proof that I had done something wrong. My very soul is no longer my own. To save what self-respect I have left, I ought to walk out on her."

Deep within every human being is an innate sense of his own special individuality, an awareness of the personal self which is unique in the world. Personality, integrity and self-respect depend on the protection of this inner self from interference and intrusion in even the most intimate relationship. That is why regard for personal privacy is vital in marriage.

In too many marriages, one mate deprives the other of all sense of privacy. While husbands are sometimes at fault, it is more often the wife who intrudes too far and too often in her husband's affairs. Her efforts to share his every thought, deed and emotion force him to retreat ever further.

Invasion of personal privacy takes many forms. But there are four major types which are especially irritating and harmful. Some wives are guilty of all.

Interference with personal belongings. Opening his mail, looking through his files or personal papers, examining his wallet, searching his pockets—all are intrusions which he has a right to resent, and probably does. Equally irritating are such things as borrowing his pen or other equipment without asking, rearranging his belongings, and using his stamps and loose change. Slight as these offenses may seem, they breed resentment because they reflect the wife's assumption that her husband's affairs and possessions are also hers.

Prying into his job or business. Almost any husband is annoyed if he gets frequent telephone calls from home, whether on business or personal matters, because they are unwarranted interruptions. He is sure to resent attempts to check up on him by questioning his fellow employees or—and especially—his superior. The wife who is an intelligent, sympathetic and attentive listener, and who can be trusted not to repeat what she has heard, will have no need to check up, for her husband will confide in her.

Supervision of personal behavior. Every man (and woman) has certain small mannerisms and preferences which seem valueless or even annoying to others, but which *belong* to him. Harmless peculiarities should be indulged. You may get tired of hearing him whistle the same tune—but aren't you glad he feels like whistling? Perhaps you think he spoils his cantaloupe by putting pepper on it—but it's his cantaloupe.

Monopolizing his time. Some wives feel they are entitled to share all their husbands' leisure. They resent and resist dates for bowling or poker with the boys. And should the husband succeed in getting an evening off, his pleasure is marred by the inquisition he must face when he gets home—who was there, what did they talk about, how much money did he spend, and on and on.

If you deny your husband privacy, you are denying your faith in him. Unless you know—and show—that you trust him, soon you may have reason not to.

His First Job

FOUR years ago, shortly before their graduation, two engaged couples came in to discuss the job each man should accept on the eve of marriage. This record of their problems and of each couple's decision is taken from our notes.

Couple 1, the man: "Although I have a technical degree and have been offered a junior-executive job at $70 a week, I'd like to start in a filling station and work up to managership of an automobile-supply store. But the salary is only $35 a week. Jean would have to work until I get my first promotion. I don't think it's fair to her, but she wants me to take the second job. What do you think I should do?"

Couple 2, the girl: "Bill's been offered a job at $40 a week in a business he thinks has a future. He likes the idea, but we'd have to postpone marriage. He can get another job more in line with his training at $65. He isn't keen on it, but it's with a good company and we could get married right away if he took it. Don't you think he should?"

It is not the counselor's function to answer such questions. Instead, we encouraged each couple to evaluate the facts, and then to make their own decisions. In the end, Hugh (Couple No. 1) took the job of grease monkey and car washer, and Jean went to work; while Bill took the better-paying but, to him, less-interesting of his two offers.

Now, four years later, Hugh is manager of an automobile-supply store at $8000 a year, and looks forward to the future with eagerness and confidence. He and Jean have two children and are very happy together.

Bill and Althea also have two children, and his income of $5000 is adequate for their needs. But Bill is restless and dissatisfied and wishes he had chosen the other job, where, like Hugh, he would have been a big figure in a small business instead of a small figure in a big business.

In time, Bill may catch up with Hugh in earning power. But Hugh has the priceless satisfaction of work he likes in the field he wanted. His wife encouraged his choice, even though it entailed hardship for her; whereas Bill sacrificed long-term prospects and his own preference for the sake of immediate benefits.

In both cases, the girl really made the decision—as she often does, whether consciously or unconsciously. If your husband, or fiancé, is faced with such a decision ——

- Think of the future as well as the present, and encourage him to do so.
- Whatever the job, make sure he likes it, or sees it as a necessary step toward work he will like.
- Once the minimum living standard is assured, immediate earnings should be a secondary consideration.
- Emphasize ultimate possibilities rather than present prestige.
- Try to decide the matter on its own merits, independent of temporary considerations, such as the wish to buy a house or change locality.

Much of your husband's success in his job depends on his attitude toward it. It is to your advantage, as well as his, that he choose work which appeals to him.

Are You a Creative Wife?

The zest of marriage largely depends on the understanding and imagination of a thoughtful, creative wife. Your answers to these questions may provide encouragement, a challenge—or a warning.

Within the past month, have you

1. **Bought a little gift for your husband?**
2. **Checked and repaired his wearing apparel?**
3. **Served a new dish he liked?**
4. **In some way made home more comfortable for him?**
5. **Tried a new dinner arrangement?**
6. **Done anything to make your appearance more attractive?**
7. **Shared several new stories with him?**
8. **Given him several unexpected compliments?**
9. **Performed some unasked favor for him?**
10. **Told him how much you love him?**

***Within the past month, have you* two**

11. **Eaten out at least once?**
12. **Had some friends in for the evening?**
13. **Gone to one or two shows together?**
14. **Visited some new acquaintances both liked?**

No one of these answers decisively influences married happiness, but the implications behind them do. If your score is 10 or less, review your daily routine to see how you and your husband can add variety and sparkle to your association.

Do You Agree?

My husband criticizes me for taking afternoon naps. Is he justified?

I don't know, though in general women need about a half hour's more sleep than men. His criticism may indicate that he gets too little sleep and feels you are responsible. Are you?

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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

aphne pushes bolts aside with her paw. Maeve manages hooks and knobs. othing stops the wise Irishers from finding the softest spot on the sofa.

E pond is full of the sky—little white ouds float across it—the trees are so with leaves I wonder how the small- anches sustain them. The goldfinches like spilled bits of sunlight, the or- orioles wear their sunset color proudly. vrens are busier than anybody.

e whole edge of the pond is a dwelling for the bright green frogs. I have before been intimate with frogs, but in to think they have a good deal of They chunk into the water when the Irishers, Daphne and Maeve, circle around, but they come right out Daphne is always falling in when she to see just where that strange thing Then there is great scrabbling and ng and she rushes wildly to shake a mud on anyone near. She has a won- attitude toward life, so eager, so ful.

far we have not figured a way to keep the run when she should be. She s bolts aside with one paw. She opens with her mouth. Her nose does well hooks. The electrician watched her the screen door to the kitchen, turn nob on the main door, go in and close oor behind her. "How smart can a et?" he asked.

ntry life is always filled with sur- George has several young calves, pretty with their black-and-white ngs, and awkward leggy gait. They ust like other young calves, but they *ot* lie down in the out-of-doors. They up all day long and George has been ng with them; they should lie down nd then, he says. I hang out the win- o watch George persuading a calf to wn, and I ponder on the infinite mys- f life. They lie down in the barn at But outdoors, no. They are just ent!

d then a card came in the mail today the nice young man who was sup- to work yesterday helping in the n and with the lawn, which resembles ied hayfield at the moment. The card "Tried to call—line busy—company stayed late—car refused to start—and ducks caused accident—will be over Thursday." I feel we cannot wait until Thursday to find out about the ducks causing accident, we shall drive over.

This is the month of canning and freezing. We have finally used up all the old paper containers, and have moved into the glass ones. They pack so easily and stack neatly, and you can see what's in them. Then I like the aluminum boxes, they are light and can be heated with the contents right in them. Plastic bags are good for corn on the cob. Freezing is really fun, it goes so fast and the baskets heavy with filled containers have a comfortable look as they are carried down to the freezer.

We still can most of the tomato juice, all the tomatoes and a few mixed vegetables. Mixed vegetables are so good in stews in January! We process them by the time for the vegetable that takes the longest, usually potatoes. I like to fit in a handful of the small rosy potatoes that are really too small to be dug. Cabbage wedges, carrots, beans, little onions and tomatoes fill the jars.

We cook outdoors most of the time, which makes every meal a picnic. One of my favorites is broilers done in the grill and basted with barbecue sauce (Cicely's), fresh country sweet corn in season and scalloped potatoes (they keep hot while the chicken cooks). Fresh berry pie for dessert and coffee. If corn is not in, we may have scalloped broiled tomatoes or fresh green peas.

There are hundreds of ways to cook hamburgers. I like mine just well seasoned and grilled. A bowl of very finely chopped onion on the side, plus two or three kinds of mustard and a dish of sweet-pickle relish, and with very fresh flat rolls, that is about right.

I can remember when eating outdoors was not the fashion except for the church strawberry festival, when under the delicate papery glow of Chinese lanterns the congregation simply gorged. But now, I am thankful to say, there are few parts of the

(Continued on Page 116)

The Secret of Lovelier Hair for More Than a Century



Photograph by Horst
Hair Styled by
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Lovely hair crowns today's smart miss with shimmering glory, thanks to a secret her great grandmother knew—the magic softness of pure Castile shampoo.

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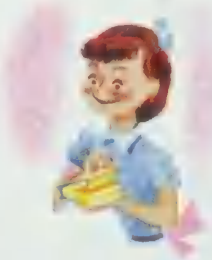
1 BETTER FLAVOR! PERFECT SLICES!

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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY **KRAFT**

Journal about Town

50 Years ago in the Journal

ugust, 1901, New York ran nd in size to London, but had legitimate theaters than any city in the world. Maude was capturing the heart of way as Napoleon's son in the 'Aiglon. The most popular dog in the United States was the aggy Newfoundland; the av- life expectancy of Americans rty-nine years.

ugust, 1901, JOURNAL *gives ints for Keeping a House Cool Dog Days: "A gas student lamp ff less heat than any other kind o. Candles should be sufficient for room. Cover the window screens bet flannel. Spray the grounds des of the house with cold water nd morning."*

ild's Food in Summer: It is o avoid meat and uncooked luring a child's second sum- Orange juice may be used little scraped baked apple if igestion is in good order."

ge wardrobe: "The short skirt, just brushes the shoe tops, is ensable for a rain skirt or golf or for attending classes."

eather menus: "Nuts may ed instead of meat, which is ult to keep in hot weather. l with rice or hominy, nuts ne mock chicken or mock

Boston Cooking School suggests llowing for the picnic basket: igeon pie, pressed chicken and baking-powder biscuits, ban- arts, and chocolate layer cake.

g in Canada: Some food costs family of five and one servant: 12c: lobsters, 50c: chicken.

on: "A great novelty is the ki- wrap, especially in sable."



Gossip about people you know Editors you like and what goes on in New York



Barbara Bel Geddes keeps cool in her air-conditioned dressing room.

THESE are days when a walk through the Workshop discloses how editors keep cool. Under a scarf, at the nape of her neck, one wears a neat flat little ice pack filled with powdered ice. Another in surreptitious moments goes and stands deliciously in front of an open freezer. Bottles of each one's own favorite toilet water, for dabbing on with ice-cold cotton, crowd the refrigerators. Editors who lunch here eat vichysoisse, borsch, Hungarian fruit soup, yoghurt. *Dawn Norman*, toward late afternoon, starts nibbling on iced grapes. . . . Personally, we've discovered nothing more delightful than dashing over to the Henry Miller Theatre to visit with *Barbara Bel Geddes* in her air-conditioned dressing room, and watching her play Patty O'Neill in The Moon Is Blue.

One of the fashion staff was scanning the elevator banks across in the RCA Building for pretty secretaries to interview for this month's Career Girl wardrobe article. She told the starter what she was doing. "Oh, you're in the wrong building," he advised. "You should look over there where the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *office is!"*

Wilhela Cushman was describing a recent fashion opening held by ***Hattie Carnegie***, the distinguished dress designer who has just been honored by

PHYFE



Hattie Carnegie—she dresses herself.

the American Women of Achievement award. Seems that early editors at the opening, peeking behind the scenes, were astonished to find Miss Carnegie, who had been for hours directing the preparations, in a costume to which only she could have given such distinction. For there, giving the show its finishing touches, was the great *couturière* wearing no dress, but, fronting her slip, a faded old apron.

We have a friend at the Berlitz School here who keeps us up to date on the foreign-language situation. Quite a few new students coming in for Hindustani and Persian, and many more for Chinese; but the classes that are really zooming, he told us, are the ones for Russian—quadrupled in the past several months. Used to be a lot of people learning Korean, he said. Hardly any now. But no matter what happens to the world, he added reassuringly, the one steady all-time favorite is French—frankly for culture.

Vocabulary is the best-known single clue to thinking ability. . . . Tests made in the West Indies lead researchers to conclude that mosquitoes prefer to bite adult males, asleep, unwashed and wearing rough clothes. . . . A five-minute test for pregnancy that can be performed in any doctor's office was announced recently. . . . Between 1946 and 1949, 48 per cent of Americans never read a book and 17 per cent read fewer than four. Of these 99,000,000 people, 60 per cent never opened a magazine and 16 per cent never glanced at a newspaper. . . . U. S. money actually in circulation amounts to $177.29 per person. . . . Thoroughbred race-horse blood actually differs from that of ordinary horses. Red corpuscles in the Thoroughbred are smaller, more numerous and contain less hemoglobin. . . . Climatologists consider the most healthful zone one in which the average temperature varies at least three degrees from day to day in the summer and seven degrees in the winter. . . . A fresh orange has the same number of calories as a piece of angel-food cake.

Editors-are-human-too Department. **. . . From an embarrassment of riches in our homemaking department a year or more ago, *Mrs. Gould* picked out what seemed to her the perfect coffee maker for her tiny personal kitchen here. Asked the other day how she was liking it, she confessed that the very first morning, something she did wrong had caused the pot to explode. "Had to have one whole wall of the kitchen redone," she remarked rather remorsefully. (She'd put the coffee where the water should go, and vice versa.)**

From a search for new ideas for JOURNAL readers, ***Margaret Davidson*** came back the other day looking rather shaken. Seems she'd just heard a demonstration of a new kind of burglar alarm. It's a record that suddenly starts screaming for help. "Haven't I heard that voice before?" Margaret said she asked the man when the screams subsided. "Sure," he told her. "It's *Dorothy Lamour*."



Margaret Davidson.

A girl who has been visiting in Nigeria writes John Morris about an American doctor she met there who gets the* JOURNAL *every month. The minute it arrives, he turns first of all like a starving man to Ann Batchelder's food page; then rushes madly over to the servants' quarters. "This," he points out to his cook, "is what I want for chop tonight!"

Whenever she finds herself in a predicament of practically any kind, ***Henrietta Murdock*** looks for a policeman. Last time was in Detroit, at two one morning. Trying to finish painting a room for a picture that had to be taken a few hours later, she ran out of chrome yellow. Out on the strange dark streets with a cup in her hand, she finally found a cop; got him to open up a paint store. In fact, it was he with his flash who found the can of chrome yellow. Of course not just anyone can talk a policeman into unlocking stores. You've almost got to be Miss Murdock.



The reverend mother



ays had a soft
pot in my heart for
old ones, the naughty ones.
he thought.

By DOROTHY BLACK

Let the secret die

She was seventeen and had never met a man. He was thirty and had met too many girls . . . but never a girl like this one.

THE nursing home was kept by the Holy Sisters of St. Faith, a nursing order. It stood in a shady garden on a hilltop looking down over the town. In the cobbled streets beyond the gateway motor-busses roared, children shrieked, babies bawled in perambulators. Inside the big gates it was very quiet, as if suddenly a hush had fallen, and the querulous voice of people was somehow muted and stilled.

The big garden was overgrown and not so orderly as the reverend mother could have wished. The gardener was growing old, and had not, even in his younger days, been any real good at the job. But the flowers made a gay patch of color, the roses scented the air all summer. Two great chestnut trees made a pleasant shade where the sisters walked two and two at the day's end. They wore white clothes with flowing headdresses that gave them the appearance of busy angels. They were skilled in medicine and nursing.

The lay sisters did the housework and cooking, and lent a hand with the simpler nursing when the home was full. And as they worked, they chattered and sang in the big airy kitchen department, giving the place the air of a forest full of linnets.

Crystal helped everyone. Crystal was seventeen. She had never known any other life than the quiet, orderly one inside the convent walls. No one, except the reverend mother herself, knew the story, or where she had come from. Numerous children had been dumped in the convent during the war, by harassed air-raid wardens who did not know which way to turn and thanked God for the sisters who never said no to the homeless.

Crystal had not come with an air-raid warden. She had been brought in by the police. She was a terrified child of six, and the reverend mother took her on her knee and held her, soothing her, while the policeman told the dreadful story. Just what transpired in there, behind the big nail-studded oak door, nobody else ever knew.

"We will keep her here," the reverend mother had said.

Nobody asked questions. Nobody speculated. In the order it was forbidden. Nobody heard the paper boys crying the horrible news. The sisters rarely went outside the gates, and they read no newspapers.

The other children in the nursing home had parents who came to visit them. No one ever came to see Crystal save old Mr. Mallilieu. He would be closeted from time to time with the reverend mother in her office, and when he came out he would pat the little girl kindly on the head. But Mr. Mallilieu was no relation to her. He was merely a famous judge, and why he took an interest in her Crystal had no idea, and now he came no more.

(Continued on Page 134)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HARRIS


Woman

And where was pride, wondered Elizabeth, that she could love a man who was chained to another man's wife!

t the Window

By Nelia Gardner White

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

ELIZABETH BURKE, new job in the bookstore securely hers for Monday next, sat on the hassock in her cluttered room and celebrated future affluence by eating oyster stew. It was no special job, but in the six years since college it was the first job she had secured on her own, with no help from her sister Anna or a friend of a friend of Anna's. Lollie Parsons, the fat little teacher, sat on the day bed, scooping up stew in companionable silence. Lollie lived across the hall.

Elizabeth scraped the bottom of the bowl. "There, the seven lean kine have eaten up the seven fat kine," she said.

"Something wrong in that analogy," Lollie said.

And at that moment the phone rang. Elizabeth scrambled to her feet. "Hello!" she said in her brisk, sensible, slightly husky voice. When there was an answer, she dropped to the chair, sprawled out a little, her shaggy brown hair bobbing forward against the phone.

Lollie Parsons saw her face as she said. "Oh, *hello*—is anything wrong?" Then Lollie looked away. But she was not deaf and the one-sided conversation came to her with a strange ominousness. Then Lollie heard something that was like a sigh, and Elizabeth said. "Wait a minute. I'll come. Friday—there's a train gets in around six, isn't there? But don't forget I protested. . . . Tell Johnny hello for me. . . . Good-by, Adrian."

The phone being returned to its place was a slow sound, like the sigh of surrender.

"What's up?" Lollie said.

"She's never going to walk again. My sister."

"The one who had the accident? Good heavens!"

"The only one I've got," Elizabeth said. She picked up the bowls, carried them behind the screen where her small electric grill stood. When she came back she stood still in the middle of the floor. "Did I sound heartless?" she asked.

"Stubborn. Don't you like your sister?"

"Like her? Like Anna? I'd die for her. . . . But she wants me to take care of her. It isn't the new job—I suppose it isn't such a hot job, when it comes right down to it. It won't work, that's all. I rub her the wrong way and always have. She's out of another world. Anna. Oh, Lollie—I can't *do* it!"

"I gather you're going to," Lollie said dryly.

"How could I say no? He was so mad he almost hung up on me. . . . But I know what I do to Anna. What she does to me, for that matter. She tries to make me over—I get

(Continued on Page 71)

Copyright, 1951, by Nelia Gardner White. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by the Viking Press.

Adrian put the busybody up. "How enchanting!" Anna said. "I can know everything that goes on in town!"



In October, 1949, General Melville A. Goodwin became man-of-the-hour when news stories told of an incident in Berlin which could have brought war. I, Sidney Skelton, a "well-known commentator," was asked by Army Public Relations to help with Mel's publicity because I'd known him briefly during my Army days. I was the one, in fact, back in 1945, who introduced him to Dottie Peale, head of the Peale publishing house, when she toured the battle areas in France with a group of writers.

I invited Phil Bentley, magazine writer, his researcher, Miss Fineholt, the General and Mrs. Goodwin, and Colonel Flax all up to the new place which Helen and I had bought in Connecticut. There the interviewing could be done in comfort, and Gilbert Frary, my boss, hoped for good publicity for me. The General began to tell the story of his small-town background and military career. He married Muriel, his school-days sweetheart, the day after graduation from West Point, and left for France and World War I in two weeks. There in front-line combat he made an exceptionally good record.

I hated to miss any of Mel's story, but I had to drive Mrs. Goodwin to New York. Then I lunched with Dottie Peale. She was determined to see the General again, determined—in her words—to "help him." I was afraid catastrophe would be inevitable—Mel was a latter-day Samson, and Dottie just the Delilah for him.

IV WHEN I reached Savin Hill, they were still at it in the library. The General was still talking to Phil Bentley, and Miss Fineholt was at the desk with her notebooks, and Colonel Flax was listening.

"Hello, Sid," the General said. "It's a funny thing, isn't it, that Sid can bring himself to go away and see pretty widows in New York when they've been taking pictures of me all afternoon."

"I thought it was about time to call in the photographers, Sid," Phil Bentley said. "We're getting this thing pretty well cleaned up. We ought to be through by tomorrow."

Copyright, 1951, by John P. Marquand.

Melville Goodwin shook his head impatiently. "I don't know why anybody should be interested," he said, "in this stuff between two wars."

"It's very interesting to me," Phil Bentley answered. "Nobody ever knows anything about Army officers in peacetime. They all go underground."

"Listen, son," General Goodwin said, "we have our work and our wives and kids and problems, just like everybody else. How about it, Flax?"

"That's right, sir," Colonel Flax answered. "The General is absolutely right. I hope you'll remember to make that point in the profile, Mr. Bentley."

Melville Goodwin could not list offhand the places he had seen or the sequence of his duties. He had served in Hawaii, the Philippines, China and Panama. He could remember the temples and the blue robes of the Chinese in Tsingtao, but none of this mattered greatly in retrospect. It might be true that if you joined the Army you saw something of the world, and you learned, naturally, about sanitation and the care of troops in the tropics and about insect pests and dysentery, but most of the time you were concerned with a way of life. Most of the time you simply saw the Army. The Army was a closed corporation, and you had to learn its amenities and how to get on with difficult superiors and how not to stick your neck out. No matter how dull the duty was, there was usually someone you could discuss Clausewitz with, or some new idea, confidentially, without sticking your neck out.

Then, too, there was nothing more solid than an Army family. The boys had been a heavy expense at times, even with free doctoring, but he would not have missed having them for anything and neither would Muriel. He could remember Robert in his play pen at Bailey waiting on the square of lawn in front of the veranda. Charlie had come along later when they were out in Oregon just before they went to the Canal. It was always great to get back to the quarters and see Muriel and the kids, especially after someone had been chewing at you. Also there were horses to ride and the tennis *(Continued on Page 60)*

Illustrated by Al Parker

Melville Goodwin

By John P. Marquand



Sid," she said, "what's
going to happen about him
and Dottie Peale?"
She looked at me for a moment.
"Don't you know that
Mrs. Goodwin knows all about it?"

USA

We must pay for our own room on earth

TOM BLAU



IT was a surprisingly balmy day and the members of the British Women's Voluntary Services paraded past the reviewing stand with more than their usual gusto. Prime Minister Churchill watched them in silence, his forehead wrinkled. Finally he turned to Lady Reading, standing at his side.

"But they've all got their hats on at different angles," he said.

"Yes," the WVS chairman said dryly, "they are all women—and therefore individualists."

The remark was typical of her. Like many other great leaders, Lady Reading makes no apologies for her original methods, nor does she have to—her success provides sufficient answer. The war and peace work of the WVS stands as an inspiring monument to what women can do in hours of need, what ingenuity they can summon up, what love of humanity they have to draw upon—but just how Lady Reading brought this organization to such heights she has never satisfactorily explained.

Now, with our own defense needs more critical, it seemed more important than ever to urge her to reveal the secret of success which she and the WVS had tapped. For these reasons, I made the proper arrangements and went to talk to her while I was on one of my periodic visits to England. We met first in the busy stream of activity at 21 Tothill Street, her

At Southease. "Through labors of love we pay for our room on earth—and I know today how many people feel the need to make this payment."

Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret with Lady Reading. "It's strange, but even now nobody thinks an organization like the WVS will work."

KEYSTONE



Never before has the security of our homes been in shadow as it is today. But the defense which lies in the heart and hands of every homemaker is the strongest defense of all. Here Lady Reading tells the inspiring story of England's experience: "Once the women learned what they *could* do, there was no stopping them!"

By Margaret Hickey

London headquarters. After a brisk question-and-answer session, Lady Reading decided that we needed a quieter setting and more time.

And so a few days later I found myself settled at Lewes, her country retreat at Southease, on the South Coast, tackling the question of how millions of women had been persuaded, organized and held on a program of hard service over a long period of years without one penny of the reward most of us are inclined to believe is the motivation of Western civilization, the long green.

Her house is tiny, her study large. On every table and stand were vases of flowers—big bunches, little ones, nosegays from her Elizabethan garden then rich with the purple of phlox, asters and even a bit of thistle, tall and colorful. The desk was strewn with papers; they spilled from the drawers, littered the top, flooded the wastebasket. By the radio lay a detective story; nearby was an open volume of philosophical essays. A sewing basket bulged with her own exquisitely executed needlework. There was an eloquent collection of photographs from family and friends. As candidly as if it spoke out loud, the room revealed its occupant, showing her up as a fond grandmother, an endless worker, an honored friend, a versatile reader, and a woman who never found twenty-four hours long enough to make a finished day.

She herself sat opposite me, her strong face warmed by the sunlight coming through the windows, her brown eyes warm and friendly. She wore a garden smock over a gray tweed suit, and her pepper-and-salt hair was drawn back from her face in soft waves. Her voice was resonant and she spoke quickly. She had that quality the theater calls "presence"—that force of personality and vitality that carries with it an almost electric attraction.

I pressed her to begin at the beginning of the WVS, and without a moment's hesitation she plunged back thirteen years to an April evening in 1938 when she and her maid had returned from a lecture on civil defense (which she had attended only out of a sense of duty) to find the cook grumbling that she was not hired to answer the demanding phone calls of cabinet secretaries.

"It was the Home Secretary calling," Lady Reading said, "and he came to see me the next day. It seemed rather a bother at the time. I was planning to leave to visit a friend in Bulgaria later in the week and I was nowhere near ready." *(Continued on Page 66)*



KEYSTONE

f the Marquess of Reading, formerly Lord hief Justice and Viceroy of India. Lady Reading ys, "He was a happy man, like my father."

The Journal's Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Bass accompany Lady Reading, witness an "incident" shortly after a V2 bomb fell in London, in 1945.

KEYSTONE



Civil Defense Begins at Home

THE best protection for people threatened by modern warfare is to face the danger honestly, with each individual ready to assume his personal responsibility in any emergency. Preparedness must start in every home. Each man, woman and child must be familiar with the part to play should disaster come. Then, backed by knowledge and sound organization, civil-defense plans can be effective.

Our grandmothers gathered their families into the storm cellars of their farm homes when cyclonelike clouds threatened. Just so today's housewife must be ready to act in a practical manner. She can see that safety plans are carefully worked out and thoroughly understood. She can take such simple steps as assembling emergency supplies of food, clothing and medicines. She can help others understand the importance of training in first aid and home nursing—against the day when community services may be disrupted. Most important of all, she can provide the members of her own family with an opportunity to air their fears, which, once faced, may be overcome.

In a knowledge of Lady Reading's work with the Women's Voluntary Services, we can profit by the lessons of Britain's wartime experience. When the existence of Britain's people was most seriously threatened, the WVS proved that every woman, with or without previous training, can work for defense. The WVS was a new organization born out of wartime need. We must ask ourselves if we, too, need a plan to cut across established organizational lines, to simplify the procedure of peacetime groups.

Following Lady Reading's recent visit to the United States, an Assembly of Women's Organizations for National Security was formed, to help through education to bring the leadership of women from the planning stage to actual preparedness for on-the-spot emergency action. Headed by Mrs. Hiram Houghton, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, this assembly will spearhead the national security work of approximately 30,000,000 women. The American Red Cross is now reorganizing its volunteer program to eliminate the formalities of training that prevent immediate service. Local Community Chests and volunteer committees which provide essential health and welfare services are being assisted by the Advisory Committee on Citizen Participation to plan for work under emergency conditions.

Some of the best public planning for civil defense so far has been done in the schools. Air-raid and fire drills have become routine in some of the coastal school systems, and the study of state and national plans for emergency is a requirement for teachers in many cities.

But as a nation we are far from prepared for large-scale disaster. Very few cities and no large centers of population are fully organized. We now have about 500,000 volunteers when 15,000,000 trained civil-defense workers are needed. A large and well-trained army of men and women familiar with the technique of defense is vital if tension is to be lessened and panic prevented.

The inner citadel of our safety still lies in the minds and hearts of our people. Let's all face our danger with understanding and with action.

THE END

The biggest flounder

Sis said he was conceited. Anne said nonse
wasn't in the slightest but he had every r
be, doing such important research at his a
getting written to from South Africa and
thing. Doug said if *his* hair waved like th
get a crew cut, and Anne's brother Jim
with him, and the girls told them not
irrelevant. Mimi said he had no socia
science, none at all—oh, he had beautifu
ners, but he did the darnedest things. Bun
nothing. She was only fifteen and wasn't supp
have any opinion.

She sat in a corner of the porch swing, the dark
that the light didn't reach, in proud and hurt is
Not that she could have an opinion about Chri–
hadn't even seen him. He was part of that other life
ing to Sis and Sis' friends, separated from her by th
Curtain of her age.

Only a year ago her being left out of things
mattered in the least. Last summer she'd gone fishi
the younger boys, kids of ten or twelve, and she'd
for hours on her diving, all alone, never minding

It wasn't love, perhaps. L



She was sure he was Chris.
And she knew he had heard
the others call her The Chil

e small summer colony there was no one else her
e. The past winter had made all the difference,
d it wasn't just her sudden popularity at school
d the part she had in the play and her first formal.
omething had happened to her. She was a different
erson this summer. But not one of the others
alized it or even stopped to notice how different
e was. They had a fixed habit in thinking of her—
d was it any use to say, "I'm not a child any longer;
m grown up"? She smiled a grim little smile.
Anne said that Chris would be arriving on one of
e Friday-evening trains. They might all run up to
asset for a while if he wasn't too awfully late, or
ey might just hang around and dance.

"Why don't we come over here?" offered Sis.
It's the biggest space for dancing, with both the
ing room and the porch."

"Oh, better make it my house," Anne said, very
fhand, not even glancing at Bunny sitting in the
rk on the porch swing, but Bunny knew she
eant, *Then we won't be bothered by the child.*
After all," she added, "Chris is my house guest."

"Yes," Sis agreed with a gay little laugh, "you won that round, didn't you?"

Bunny touched the floor with the foot that hung over and put the swing into gentle motion. Were Sis and Anne scrapping over the famous Chris? It was too silly. Weren't there enough men in the world for two girls? Why did girls have to be so darn possessive, anyway? Why couldn't they just have a good time without saying, "He's mine!" or "He is, is he? That's what *you* think"? Why did people have to belong to other people?

Then the pendulum of the swing moved more and more slowly and stopped. She was thinking of herself tomorrow night watching Sis get ready to go out. She might even have gone to bed and be lying propped on one elbow, watching the infinitely careful preparations: each bit of grooming, the checkup in the mirror after each article of clothing was put on, the searching analyses—"Does this shade of powder ruin my tan, or does it make it look *veiled?* Oh, it's horrible," and she'd wipe it all off—and then the final *(Continued on Page 108)*

as something with a precious ache in it..... by Laura Cooper Rendina



ILLUSTRATED BY Jon Whitcomb



Doctor Hohman lunches with Ellie Simmons, who had weaning trouble; Marian Wilson, whose baby "doesn't like people!"; Dawn Norman, whose daughter refuses to eat; Betty Gray, whose two children are rivals.



JOE DI PIETRO

Diana Norma
"There's nothi
she likes to ea



Clem and Bruce Hoffman. "Should I ever spank them?"

SUZANNE SZASZ

Six young mothers in our young-married group join in an informal discussion with Dr. Leslie B. Hohman, child psychologist, about the problems of the newest—and youngest—members of the Journal family.

our own

CHILDREN'S behavior problems are like chicken pox," mused Betty Hannah Hoffman, settling one of the JOURNAL's Wedgwood coffee cups carefully in its saucer—"you never know at the time which ones are going to leave scars."

The six young mothers in our young-marrieds group who had gathered together for lunch and a round-table discussion of child-behavior problems with Dr. Leslie B. Hohman, noted child psychologist, were full of questions. Betty Hoffman, a JOURNAL free-lance writer, had come into New York from her farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ellie Simmons, also a JOURNAL free-lancer, had made the trip up from Philadelphia. Dawn Norman, our beauty editor, Nora O'Leary, our pattern editor, and Marian Wilson, her assistant, took the elevator upstairs from their offices on the twenty-ninth floor; Betty Gray, assistant editor in the JOURNAL's food department, had come in from the kitchen right next door, where she had been concocting the delicious shrimp mull that was our main course.

As we ate lunch, we had been discussing ways of establishing good behavior patterns in children.

"The theory of establishing habits is based on the principle of rewarding good behavior, and not rewarding bad," began Doctor Hohman. "If a child is rewarded with praise or approbation for good behavior, he will react with more good behavior. He will learn to avoid actions that result in punishment. The important thing to remember here is that the reward—praise or an added treat, for instance—should follow the action, never precede it as a bribe, or the habit will never be established, and your child will never learn.

"Since our group includes mothers of children of from four months to six years, let's go around the table and ask the girls individually about their particular problems," he said, looking around him.

Feeding a One-Year-Old

Dawn Norman began, "My daughter Diana is a year old—and, as my husband says, 'there's nothing wrong with Diana; there are only two things she doesn't like—eating and sleeping.'" We all laughed; it sounded like the old song about *money isn't everything if you've got plenty of dough*. "We have terrible trouble about feeding her," said Dawn, "and have to bribe her to get her to eat. Our pediatrician says it is all right to do this. She's underweight for her age—eighteen and a half pounds, and of course it worries us."

"She's about two pounds underweight," put in Doctor Hohman.



Stevie and Jennie Gray. "He pushes her around."



Peter Wilson almost too young for problems.

F. P. Simmons "was upset about being weaned."

TANA HOBAN



Stephen Smith. "What shall we do about television?"



young marrieds

There's nothing she likes to eat," said Dawn. "For breakfast she ereal, fruit, an egg—she has meat, a vegetable, fruit or custard at h, cereal and fruit for dinner. That is, we try to get her to have , but it doesn't always work, unfortunately."

How do you bribe her?"

By letting her play with her toys, then trying to feed her."

For how long a period has she gone without eating any food?" d Doctor Hohman.

For days," wailed Dawn. We all looked at her nervously. "With- olid food, that is," she said hastily. "She's gone for days on just and orange juice."

Well," said Doctor Hohman, "since your pediatrician says there's ing wrong physically, I'd suggest that when she dawdles, take all away from her. Don't try to bribe her, as what you are doing is rewarding bad rather than good behavior. Wait till her next time. Don't try to coax or force her to eat. If she dawdles over ood again, take it away from her again."

I've never tried that," said Dawn, "but ——"

Do the same at the next feeding," said Doctor Hohman. "In fact, it up for forty-eight hours. Don't show pleasure or displeasure, just remove the food when she is reluctant to eat. My guess is that she will be eating well inside of two or three days." We all must have looked dismayed. "I know it's an awfully hard thing to do," he said understandingly, "harder on the parents than the children, to sit back calmly, cheerfully, if possible, and watch them (seemingly) starving themselves. Don't coax, force, or act impatient or angry. You've got to convince yourself that it will not harm the child, and then have the guts to stick to it, no matter how difficult it is for you. Now, what about her not sleeping at night?" he asked.

"Well," said Dawn, "she goes to bed at six, and wakes up anywhere from three-thirty to five A.M. One of us always goes in to see if she is covered up and all right—my husband and I alternate. It's impossible to sleep if we don't."

As Doctor Hohman asked whether the baby's door was usually open or shut, his eyes had the gleam of a person who already knows the answer to his question.

"Open," said Dawn.

"Try keeping it closed," he said. "If she cries, you might look in on her once and speak to her reassuringly; then, after you're sure she's all right, steel yourself against going in

(Continued on Page 114)

How does she do it..





CAREER girls are notably well dressed. Why? Partly because "dress for the job." But also because they make it their business to f fashion and look for values. They seldom budget. They usually buy or at most two costumes at a time, but they do plan in terms of a robe. For fall and winter, they "put their money" into a good coat suit, and add other things as their pay checks allow.

"One good new suit every fall . . . I wear it two yea

This year: Oxford-gray flannel, brown leather bu sleeves to the wrist, $69.95, by Alan Graham. A with spice-brown—suède-and-calfskin pumps small heel. $9.95, suède beret by Mr. Alf,

"Separates make an extra outfit . . . for little mone

Straight plaid wool skirt with a new kind of p $14.95, wool jersey top in plum color, $10.9 Pembroke Squires. Wear a pin at the nec

what she earns?

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



ersey dress goes anywhere . . . I love it in color."

Wool-and-rayon jersey in autumn gold, with a tucked top and fullness in the skirt, for office, after-office or country week ends, $39.95, by Kenneth Tischler.

coat that will go with everything . . . for two years."

In gray, naturally. An important-looking coat for day or night, fall and winter, fair or stormy weather (it's treated to resist rain or snow). Wear it belted or unbelted, $69.95, by Adele Lawrence. Velvet hat, $7.95.

HAVE asked career girls who make from $50 to $75 a week—working
ng executives and secretaries in advertising agencies, radio, tele-
banks, bookshops, doctors' offices—and find that on an average, they
around $300 during the fall-and-winter season for clothes and acces-
—prorating a winter coat over two years. The JOURNAL wardrobe shown
se two pages totals $282.45, of which $52.80 is allowed for accessories.



"Something black, and covered up . . . for after five."

The fashion of accordion pleats in a rayon-taffeta skirt, with a high-necked wool jersey top, around $23.90, by Isabel Dobson. A velvet belt, a single pin.





the timeless fashion of BLACK

Once again there is the feeling of imp tance and necessity about a black dress will reflect the newest silhouette. It will a fresh change for late summer, and fill a need all fall and winter. This year, will wear it starkly unadorned—even its b tons (if any) are black. Look for fine acc dion pleats and flaring side panels in sk with new width, for simple high necklin and for the return of the long slim sle Daytime blacks will be in wool jers alpaca, wide-wale corduroy and ottoman afternoon blacks in moire, taffeta, vel

By RUTH MARY PACKA

● Wide-wale corduroy, cut on the horizontal, slim coat dress with new high neckline, l sleeves, by Mildred Orrick. Velvet hat by Mr.

GOLD BEADS BY MARKLE, BAGS BY RICHARD K

CARMEN SCHIAVONE



● Black alpaca—lightweight suit for late summer, early fall, by Leonard Arkin. Forward-pointing pillbox by John Frederics.



● Suit with satin touches—black rayon crepe with beige, by Florence Barrack. Side-tilted velvet hat by Braagaard.



● New divided skirt, soft yoke-neckline, rounded sleeves, in black silk faille, by Adele Simpson. Velvet beret by Braagaard.

● Wool crepe, shoulder-to-hemline drape, an Italian import, adapted by Hannah Troy. Pleated hat. Laddie Northridge.



First Fall Dresses

. . . in new and colorful fabrics

Fall sewing logically starts with a good wool dress. You are then prepared for the first cool day, and the dress later becomes an important part of your winter wardrobe. This year, fabrics have taken on new importance. There is much to tell about the new textured and fleecy-surface interests: the rayon and nylon blends in dark plaids and sharkskin weaves which are hardly distinguishable from wool; the novelty jerseys which look like tweed, others in gay Roman stripes. Color, too, is important. Gray is the number one flannel shade, but brown and blue are also good. Purples, golds and reds are new, especially in crisp dress-weight woolens. Co-ordinated fabrics, with checks and plaids matched to a plain color, are particularly nice for two-piece costumes. We purposely selected patterns that are classic in design but with a great variety of detail . . . and . . . a choice of a slim or a full skirt. • By Nora O'Leary



HAT BY MR. ALF, EMILY WETHERBY SCARF

Adaptable gray flannel. A slim sheath (a nice winter dinner dress) topped with a jacket lined in sparkling green. Dress, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design 7441, 12 to 20. "Easy-to-Make" Jacket, No. 6999, 10 to 18.

PHOTOS BY LESLIE GILL



autiful Paisley wool skirt in stained-glass colors. eaterlike top has a choice of sleeve lengths. ouse, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7394, to 20. Skirt, Design No. 7333, 24 to 30 waist.



Lovely red wool classic. The skirt has soft unpressed pleats. Collar and cuffs are bound in shiny black braid. Add braid buttons and a novelty belt. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7476, 12 to 20.

Miniature Black Watch plaid (rayon that looks like wool) tailored in a slim daytime dress. The white linen dickey with gold buttons is removable—the pockets optional. Vogue Design No. 7285, 12 to 18.

SUZY HAT, MATCHING GLOVES AND BAG BY RENEE MONTAGUE





Beige heather jersey matched to flannel in the same shade makes an effective blouse-and-skirt combination. The blouse has a pretty yoke-and-sleeve detail. The skirt can be pleated or not. A good costume to add your gayest accessories to! Blouse, Vogue Design No. 7198, 12 to 20. Skirt, Vogue Design No. 6994, 24 to 30 waist.

BEN KING BELT

MARGARET SOMMERFELD

VOGUE



SUZY HAT

Striped jersey cut on the bias is a pretty detail in itself. The skirt has soft fullness and the dress closes with small covered buttons. Linen collar and cuffs. Vogue Junior Design No. 3425, 11 to 17.

Purple comes in many shades, and this is one of the prettiest. This soft wool dress has a convertible neckline—with a white linen dickey accented with a jeweled pin. Vogue Design No. 7478, 12 to 20.

PIGSKIN GLOVES AND BAG BY RENEE MONTAGUE



Back and other views on Page 144

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order.* from Vogue Pattern Service, Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.
*(*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)*



BABY KILLER could your hospital be guilty?

by ALICE LAKE

If your baby is to be born in a hospital, you should take these precautions now.

MRS. STEVENS had a premature baby. There was nothing to be worried about in that. Science had developed incubators and the kind of care that would insure his growing up a healthy, lusty little boy. When Mrs. Stevens left the hospital she and her husband were happy parents, confident that they would return in a few weeks to bring the new arrival home. She took one last look at him before she left, and smiled when the nurse told her he was thriving, that she had never seen such a hungry baby.

But Mrs. Stevens never held her child in her arms. He died, needlessly, because a hospital was careless.

What happened is a lesson to all expectant mothers. The day Mrs. Stevens left the hospital, a new patient had arrived, a six-week-old infant suffering from diarrhea, and was admitted to the pediatrics ward. Although the sick baby and Mrs. Stevens' little boy never saw each other, their lives touched, through the hands of the nurse who tended them both. And a chain of death was started.

At night, when the hospital was short on staff, young student nurses moved wearily from duties in the pediatrics nursery to care of the premature babies. One sleepy nurse diapered the sick baby, then hurried down the corridor to feed the "preemies." Perhaps she forgot to wash her hands, perhaps she washed them carelessly (for she was very busy that night). No one knows exactly what occurred—but brokenhearted parents soon knew the result.

A few days later Mrs. Stevens' baby had several watery, explosive stools. He became listless, his tiny face ashen. He refused food. Within a few days he was dead. *So were three other premature babies in the same nursery!*

The epidemic moved on—silently. Soon Mrs. Brown, unaware of the trouble, entered the hospital and was delivered of a robust seven-pounder, a baby girl who roomed with forty-seven other infants close to the premature nursery.

At night there were only three nurses to care for the babies. One of them became mildly ill—just a slight case of diarrhea, not enough to keep her from her job. One of her duties was to place the sterilized nipples onto the bottles just before feeding the infants. Several times she had to interrupt the job for a trip to the bathroom. In her hurry, perhaps, she too forgot to wash her hands. It was hard to remember when the doctors asked her later.

Mrs. Brown's little girl had usually howled for her bottle, now she refused food when it was offered to her. She seemed lethargic and her cry was feeble. That day she had five watery stools; the next day it was seven. Her tiny belly was distended and she was seriously dehydrated.

Alerted by this time, the hospital opened an isolation nursery, where the little girl was soon joined by other babies with the same symptoms. But isolation was a farce. The same nurses continued to care for the sick infants and the well newborns. When the Brown child died, her bassinet in the isolation nursery was not long empty. The epidemic was gaining momentum.

Opportunities for the spread of infection were endless. The infants were all bathed on the same table and taken to their mothers in the same carriers. Their thermometers were stacked in a single container filled with a solution too weak to kill germs. Their nurses were overworked, undertrained, unaware that their hands, which cleaned the soiled buttocks of one infant just before *(Continued on Page 143)*

MYRON DAVIS



Here is a hospital nursery as it should be, clean, roomy, antiseptic. The nurses are not overworked. Will your child get equally good care? Or will he be crowded into small, insanitary quarters? Will his nurse be trained, careful, in good health herself?

A healthy baby being fed under proper conditions. Other babies are born healthy too. But suddenly they begin to refuse food, to sicken, and to die. What is the scourge? Diarrhea epidemic in infant nurseries!

WAYNE F. MILLER



MENU I

Corn-and-Celery Soup

Curried Chicken Salad
in Tomato Petals

Stuffed Eggs with Chicken Liver

Melba Toast

Watermelon Sticks

Iced Tea

(Planned for 6)



MENU III

Chicken Soup with Scallions

Salmon Mousse
Avocado Dressing in Lemon Cups

Cucumber Salad Latticed Potatoes

Croissants

Peach-Melba Meringues

Iced Tea

(Planned for 6)

Blowing hot and cold

By ANN BATCHELDER

NOW comes the loveliest month—maybe in all the year. Spring is a promise of beauty to be, but summer fulfills that promise with a lavish hand on the cosmetics. Like all beauties, August can be temperamental and she loves drama. So look out. From thunderstorms to sudden frost, she is likely to spring all kinds of weather on us.

But weather is another thing I'm prepared to offer help on—not only now but all the year round. All you have to do is watch the last Friday in the month. I've told you this before, and those of you who have remembered my advice have, I am sure, profited by it. Especially the farmers, the dealers in galoshes and the homekeepers who hang out the wash on Mondays. No matter what the evening paper prophesies, watch that last Friday. What the weather is on that fateful day sets the pattern for the following month. It is as inexorable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and as inflexible as the decision of a road commissioner in Vermont.

(Continued on Page 116)

STUART-FOWLER



MENU II

Tomato Soup

Cold Meats — Pickle Ring

French Bread — Pumpernickel

Fresh-Fruit Compote with Coconut

Iced Coffee

(Planned for 8)

This is your Home

By ANNE HOMER WARNER



ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

ELLEN said to her baby daughter, "Any minute now, and Tony will be here!" The little girl threw some colored blocks out of her play pen onto the grass, and immediately started reaching for them. Seeing that, Ellen laughed and tried to relax. Now that the two months were over she could face more easily the dreadful strain of having Tony in France, visiting a father he scarcely remembered. It had seemed, on the surface, a matter-of-fact arrangement. But Bill had understood. Even before their marriage he had had that knack of understanding her. And so he had known how strange, and almost terrifying, it had been to send her child out into a world over which she had no control.

"Just think," she said (for at least the third time) to Kate, "Tony had a birthday last week. He's ten years old now!"

But the baby was absorbed with a tiny speck of green leaf that had drifted onto the floor of her pen. Ellen watched her move it happily from place to place. Kate was that sort of child—quiet, contented, with very little of Tony's exuberant restlessness. But then, Kate was Bill's child, uncomplicated, easy to live with. Whereas Tony ——

In spite of herself, Ellen thought of Dirk, her first husband and her first love. Dirk Hammond was a foreign correspondent now, and his third wife was a wealthy Austrian girl. She hadn't seen him for six years, and she hardly ever thought about him. That much she was convinced of. Her life was full and happy, and she never thought about Dirk if she could possibly help it.

She wasn't thinking about him now. She was planning Tony's favorite supper—rare hamburger, corn pudding and apple pie. She was picturing the three of them, sitting down together at the table. She was wondering if he had changed.

Dirk had cabled that he was sending their little boy back with a newspaper friend, and Bill had driven the thirty miles to the airport to meet him. But it was still hard to believe that Tony should be having those experiences—flying the Atlantic, for instance—apart from her.

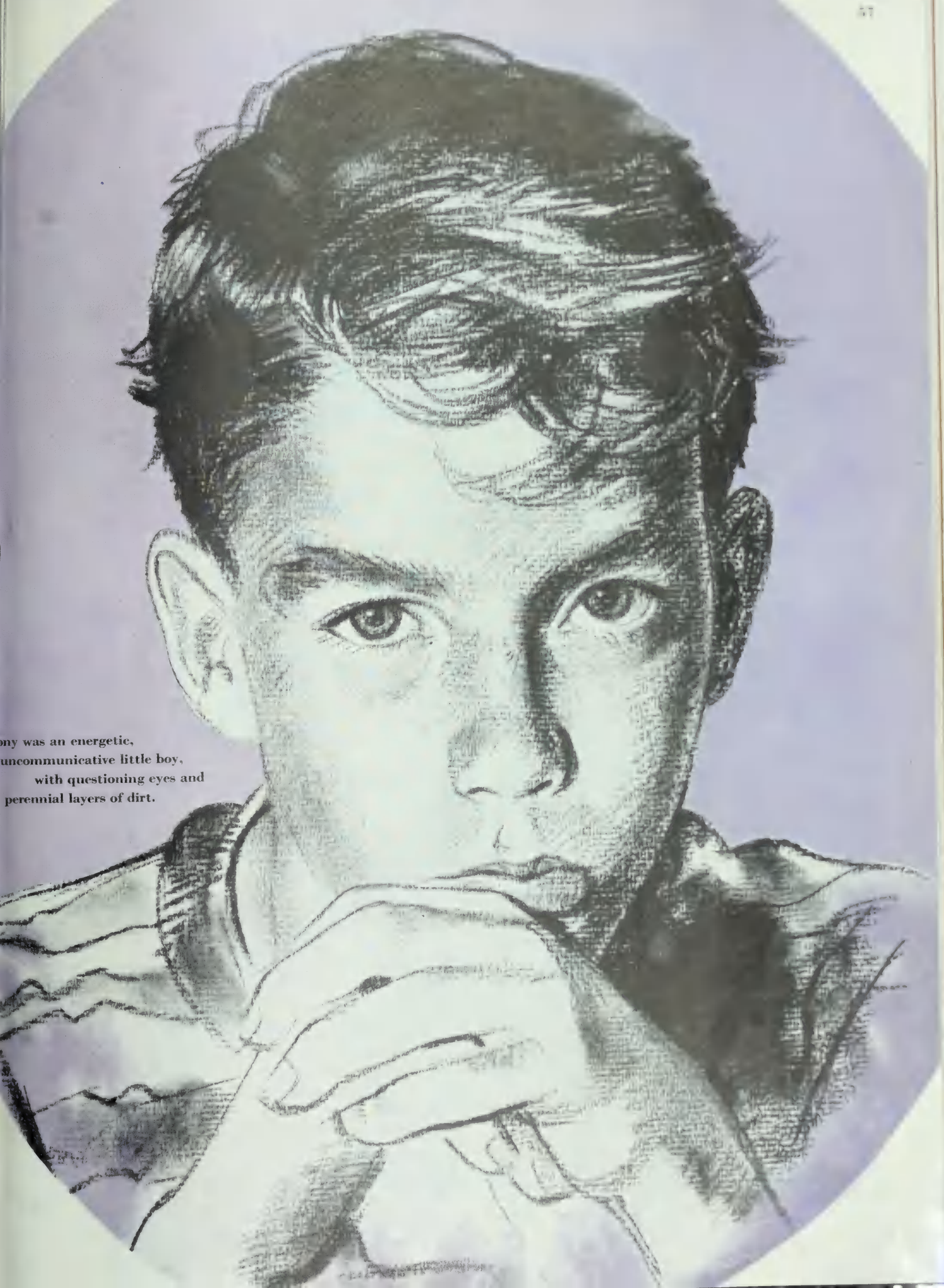
The late-afternoon sun slanted through the hydrangea bushes onto Kate's silky brown head, and Ellen was aware of a vague uneasiness. Fortunately, Dirk had no legal rights to his son. When he had left her he had relinquished the custody, and of course the responsibility too.

Even now she could remember that final letter, which, by its flippant tone of mild regret, had been as devastating as anything he could have devised. "I'm afraid it's no go, Ellen," he had typed carelessly on a piece of hotel stationery. "I'm a rolling stone, and we might as well face that fact."

When she had tucked Tony into bed that night she had thought, with lonely despair, *You and I are just the moss in his life, darling. And that doesn't count for much, does it?*

After the divorce she had been dazed by lack of confidence, and wearied by a persistent effort to make her point of view match with Dirk's casual cynicism. Bill had tried to dissuade her from that. In his mild, cheerful way he had probed again and again into the tangled confusion of her lost values. He was a surgeon, on the staff of the Weldon hospital; he had come into her *(Continued on Page 130)*

Too many cooks are bad,
they say. Tony's trouble
was too many parents—
a real mom, a stepfather, a real dad,
and a mother by courtesy.



ony was an energetic,
uncommunicative little boy,
with questioning eyes and
perennial layers of dirt.

WAYNE ANDREWS



Congregational Church, Madison, Connecticut.

LINE A DAY

1 If you've been auctioning this summer, you'll like a little book I've been rereading. Title, I RECALL, and it's by Jim Hall, who tells all about those "finds" we've all fallen for. In fact, my favorite man is one by the name of Jim. Occupation, auctioneer.

2 To make a canned clam chowder taste as if you had just dug the clams, add cubes of crisp, fried salt pork.

3 To keep peanut brittle out of little boys' pockets, crush it very fine and sprinkle on vanilla ice cream. Be liberal.

4 Rice swells up like a small boy in a cowboy suit. So sometimes you may have some left over, cooked, you know. Add a quarter of a cup to your griddlecake mixture. The rice version is marvelous.

5 When the weather suddenly turns cool, heat canned tomato juice just to a boil. Add a teaspoon of butter for each serving and stir until the butter melts. Serve very hot in small glasses with a thick slice of lemon.

6 Are you a curry fan or fanette? So am I, in moderation. And this quick curry trick suits me fine.

7 Take a can of cream-of-chicken soup and the same amount of light cream and mix them well. Mix a teaspoon of curry powder to a paste with a little milk. Add it to the soup. Beat it well and add seasonings to taste. Heat to *hot* and serve in cups garnished with minced chives.

8 When we have our fish fry, we'll have Squabs of the Sea. They look like a lot of other sea dwellers and have fooled everybody for years, thus escaping the frying pan. The truth is, Squabs of the Sea are blowfish—nothing more. But they are delicious.

9 Your folks bored with scrambled eggs? Well, drain a can of minced clams, really *drain* them. Broil crisp and break up some thinly sliced bacon. Add both to the eggs. Season, scramble, and, when done, serve on toast. Garnish with green-pepper slices.

10 The maligned, the abused, the most cast-aside dish on the whole menu is *hash*. After eating some so-called hashes, I'm inclined to think I know why. The whole thing hinges on that intangibility known as *seasoning*.

11 Herbs must be used with care. Seasonings—or flavorings—with discretion. "Hold your hand when you have it in the herb bed."

12 When you see a pink-frosted cake, it's usually a kind of cake that has surprises like wedding rings and baby rattles. But no matter, there's a pink cake frosting—a newish one. Good on any occasion.

13 Here it is: Soften 1 package cream cheese with 4 tablespoons cranberry jelly and then add gradually 1 pound confectioners' sugar. Work it all to a fine smoothness. It will frost a 9" cake, layers and all.

14 *Note for young brides:* Dip out scoops of vanilla ice cream and grate fresh nutmeg over it. This will be pleasing to husband and to wife and other people's husbands and wives. Try it out.

15 Hot weather's fine for picnics in the shade and such goings on, but for me cooking at the out-of-door fireplace belongs to cooler weather.

16 For any outdoor meal, a huge bowl of salad is a must. Potato, properly made, is dandy. Mixed greens, if you can keep them crisp, are fine. Both eat well with cold ham, fried chicken or cheese.

17 *Reply to query:* No, Gertie, dear. *Orégano* has nothing to do with Oregon. Nor with organ. Nor with apes. It's an herb. In fact, it's wild marjoram—the Spanish call it "joy of the mountain"—and the marjoram family, both wild and sweet, are excellent seasoners.

18 Then there's Rosemary. This herb has what it takes. She's terrific in the wrong role. But she's a honey in the ham-'n'-eggs class, to mention only one.

19 Now I shall tell you about potato salad. For a large party, boil 6 firm white potatoes, but not to a mush. Just done, that's all. When cold, peel them and set aside. Have plenty of peas cooked, well drained and set to be cold. Peel 3 or 4 smallish onions, or 2 or more Spanish ones. Slice them very thin and do the same with the potatoes. Don't hack them in chunks. Marinate them all in a sharp French dressing. Drain thoroughly and keep very cold.

20 *Second chapter:* Have ready, and cold, about 6 (4 will do, 6 is 2 better) hard-cooked eggs. Keep out a couple for use later and slice the rest. You might even use 8 or more. No more flexible ingredient was ever known than these in a potato salad.

By Ann Batchelder

21 *Third stanza:* Now, put your potato, onion and egg slices together in layers with the peas and an old-fashioned "boiled" dressing. Handle it *carefully*, so it won't be mushy. Fill ice-cold lettuce cups with the mixture, set out on a large platter, top with swirls of dressing and garnish with sliced cucumber, quartered eggs, quartered tomatoes, tiny pearl onions and split sardines. Have all cold. Serve with cold ham and/or sliced cold chicken—and don't forget the hot rolls and coffee.

22 By the way, a mixture of honey with half as much orange marmalade gives baked ham an elegant glaze.

23 For your visiting nephew, change your pitch and make your toasted cheese sandwiches with raisin bread.

24 Caraway or anise seeds added to well-seasoned cream or cottage cheese makes a simple but good spread for whole-wheat crackers or pumpernickel.

25 Quick August dessert: To 1 cup fresh applesauce, add 1 cup light cream, ⅓ cup sugar and ¼ cup lemon juice. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Freeze until firm. Turn into a chilled bowl and beat. Freeze again.

26 Sour milk or buttermilk makes an elegant French toast. Serve with a tart jelly or jam.

27 This is the time to serve lemon or lime sherbet in a fruit cup of melons, peaches, blueberries or what have you. Good as a first or last course.

28 *Quick snack for any occasion:* Cheddar cheese cut into small cubes and supplied with a toothpick for dipping into a sauce made with ¼ cup catchup and 1 teaspoon horse-radish. Have some crackers handy.

29 Our watch-your-weight crew came up with this special salad dressing for reducers. Put ¼ cup water and 4 teaspoons vinegar into a quart mixing bowl. Sprinkle ¼ cup non-fat dry milk and a pinch of salt over this. Beat until stiff. Then beat in ¼ cup chili sauce. Chill and serve on head lettuce—or on tomato salad. Said to be very satisfactory, but must be made fresh each time used.

30 *Good luncheon dish:* Well-poached eggs on toast with creamed chipped beef served over them. A watercress salad would be indicated with this.

31 *August has no winning ways, just long, drowsy, lazy days.*

Bumming with the bumblebees, I would be the same as these.

Summertime is Salad Time ... and SOUP Time, too

-- *time for the* ONE HOT DISH *everybody loves*

BY Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

TODAY let's be frivolous! Or at least let's *seem* to be!

Let's plan meals that are gay, appetizing and *nourishing!* Meals that let us off "kitchen-duty" *quickly!* That means, of course, salads—lots of 'em. But it means something else, too! And here's the news:

Good soup can be just as satisfying on hot summer days as the crispiest of salads . . . the coolest of drinks.

You can prove it *yourself!* Put bowls of delicious soup on the table with your cool summer foods. You will get most pleasing rewards. By contrast, hot soup makes cool dishes taste better. It helps your stomach to relax—to digest the meal—because your stomach works best in a warm environment.

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A Summer Meal to Perk You Up

Perfect eating! Cream of chicken soup . . . *rich* chicken stock, heavy cream, tender pieces of chicken. Just *right!*

Cream of Chicken Soup
Summer Tomato Aspic **Potato Chips**
Iced Coffee

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Put into a quart jar, then cover and shake well together:

1 can of Campbell's Tomato Soup
½ soup can of salad oil
½ soup can of vinegar
Salt, pepper, sugar to taste

(Add onion, dry mustard or blue cheese, if desired.) Keep a jar of this dressing in your refrigerator, *always* ready! Especially good with green salads, fruit salads.



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Vegetable-hungry folks love vegetarian vegetable soup. Fresh-cut garden vegetables in zesty vegetable broth. M-m-m!

Vegetarian Vegetable Soup
Summer Fruit Salad **Cheese and Olive Sandwiches**
Iced Tea



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So easy to get—so good to eat! Flavorful beef noodle soup—rich beef broth, golden egg noodles and pieces of beef!

Beef Noodle Soup
Summer "Veg" Salad
Berry Pie **Cold Milk**

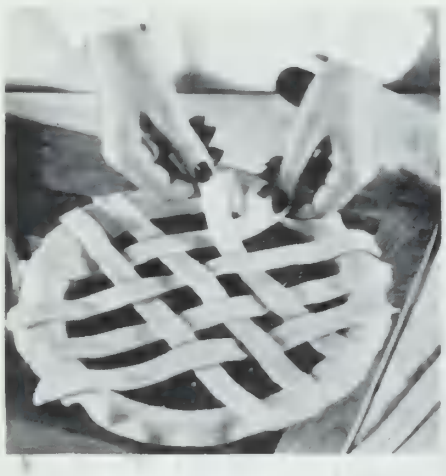


How to weave a perfect lattice to top a fruit pie



—a pie-baking hint from MARIE GIFFORD, *Armour's famous home economist*

Cut pastry, with a knife or pastry wheel, into strips three-fourths inch wide. Place the two longest strips diagonally across center of pie. Then, working from the center to the edge, add other strips—one down and one across—until half the top is covered. Repeat for the other half of the pie. Press edges firmly together. Crimp edge—and you have a lattice-top that's perfect!



And to make your pie crust perfect—rich, flaky and tender—always use Armour Star Lard! It's America's perfect pie lard—the lard of pie-baking champions. Try Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe, too. You'll find it printed on the handy self-measuring Armour Star Lard carton. It's an easy, can't-fail recipe—you mix all ingredients at *room temperature*. Use Armour Star Lard for deliciously tender hot breads and biscuits—makes fried foods more digestible, too!

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 461, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois. She will help you with any pie-baking problem you may have. Write to Marie Gifford, too, for an interesting free booklet of her favorite baking recipes.



Armour Star Lard

—the all-pure lard that stays fresh without refrigeration. Remember, lard saves you money, too!

MELVILLE GOODWIN USA

(Continued from Page 38)

courts and the golf links and the Saturday nights at the club. It was not a bad life, the peacetime Army, if you did not stick your neck out. A lot of it ran together now in his memory, but there was one thing you never forgot and that was your first post. It was the beginning of your life more than any war, and he and Muriel started together at Bailey.

Some of his oldest and dearest friends were among the younger officers who were on the post at Bailey with him. It was his good fortune, too, that he had been able to meet and converse with some of the ablest infantry officers in the Army who came there to the school. He could name them all now if he had to, but then what did names mean? He might, however, mention A. C. Grimshaw, and even civilians ought to remember Grimshaw's name in World War II. He came to the school for two weeks once to deliver a series of lectures. They called him "Foghorn" Grimshaw because he spoke in a low, deferential voice.

Melville met him first over a chess game at the club, and he took one game from Grimshaw, too, which may have been why Foghorn took a liking for him. It was possibly due to knowing Grimshaw at Bailey as much as to his record in the War College that Melville got a staff job under "Tweaker" Beardsley in the middle thirties. It may have been Grimshaw, too, as much as his record that finally got Mel Goodwin into tanks and to North Africa.

There had been quite a ripple of excitement when Foghorn Grimshaw had appeared at the school. The word had gone around that both "Black Jack" Pershing and Peyton March had said publicly that Grimshaw had one of the finest tactical and organizational brains in the service. He had been one of the youngest regimental commanders in the AEF, serving with the Ivy Division and then with Corps and finally at GHQ. There was nothing he had not read and nothing he could not do. Put him anywhere, even in a soap factory, and he would have been running it in the end.

When Mel Goodwin took a game from him at chess and played another to a draw, he did not realize at all what this might mean to him until he happened to be standing outside his quarters one day after retreat. Melville had just bathed and changed into fresh khaki and had gone out to look over the square of lawn that was drying up when Major Grimshaw rode by on horseback with an orderly.

"Why, hello, Goodwin," he said. "Is this where you're living?"

"Yes, sir," Melville said.

"Have you a chessboard handy?"

Melville was very lucky. He had bought a pegged-in chess set when he was in Cannes and he had it in the house.

"It looks cool on that veranda," the major said. "How about a game if you've the time?"

IT would have been conspicuous and out of line to have invited anyone like Grimshaw to his quarters, but it was different now that the major was inviting himself.

"Take my horse back to the stables, please, Murphy," the major said, "and thank you for a very pleasant ride."

He never forgot an enlisted man's name, and when he spoke to enlisted personnel, you were never conscious of rank. Muriel was out on the veranda as soon as they were up the steps, and Melville was proud that she did not look surprised or flustered.

"I've just made some lemonade," she said, and then a while later, after they had finished a game, Muriel asked if Major Grimshaw would not like to stay to supper. They weren't going to have anything but cold chicken and salad and iced tea, but then perhaps it was too hot to eat much.

Right from the beginning Muriel was pretty good at things like that. He would not have dreamed of asking the major himself, and he nearly dropped through the floor when Muriel spoke of chicken, but Muriel had run out in back and had borrowed it from the Cromleys, and Muriel had also borrowed cigars. She had heard that Major Grimshaw liked them, and she had run all the way up the row to borrow some. She had also borrowed after-dinner coffee cups and had asked Colonel Jones if she could pick a few of his begonias.

During supper they began talking about the war, and Major Grimshaw apologized once, saying he was afraid the talk might be boring to Muriel, but Muriel said she had to learn about those things, being an officer's wife, and Melville simply would never tell her about them.

"Melville knocked out two German machine-gun nests," Muriel said. "He threw pineapples into them—isn't that what you call them, dear?"

"Now, Muriel," Melville said.

"That's just like Melville, Major Grimshaw," Muriel went on. "He never wants to talk about himself. Melly, dear, aren't you going to smoke your cigar?"

MOTHER TO SON

In this world you will have to make your own way. To do that you must have friends. You can make friends by being honest, and you can keep them by being steadfast. You must keep in mind that friends worth having will, in the long run, expect as much from you as they give to you. To forget an obligation or be ungrateful for a kindness is a base crime—not merely a fault or a sin, but an actual crime. Men guilty of it sooner or later must suffer the penalty.

In personal conduct be always polite, but never obsequious, no one will respect you more than you esteem yourself. Avoid quarrels as long as you can without yielding to imposition. But sustain your manhood always. Never bring a suit at law for assault and battery or for defamation. The law affords no remedy for such outrages that can satisfy the feelings of a true man. Never wound the feelings of others. Never brook wanton outrage upon your own feelings. If ever you have to vindicate your feelings or defend your honor, do it calmly. If angry at first, wait till your wrath cools before you proceed.

From Andrew Jackson's last letter from his mother.

He had smoked one only once, near Hill 302 in the Argonne. Still, he could not very well pretend he did not like cigars when Muriel put him in that position.

"It was north of Château-Thierry, sir," he said, "near a little town named Cerey, and Muriel shouldn't have brought it up."

"I've been through Cerey," the major said.

"Now, Melly," Muriel said, "don't change the subject."

He had to go on and tell about it after that, and as he did he grew interested in the tactical problem and then the major began talking about tanks.

"I wish we had a sandbox here," the major said.

"Melly," Muriel said, "get a baking pan and get some sand from the Crosby baby's sand pile."

It turned out to be quite an evening when they mixed a little water in the sand. There were some things that were chores, such as paper work and language and administration, but he always did have an instinctive enthusiasm for terrain. He began to forget who Grimshaw was as they moved from one subject to another, and he began criticizing things more freely than he should have.

When Major Grimshaw left it was almost midnight, and Melville did not realize how much he had been sounding off until the major looked at his wrist watch. He could imagine Foghorn Grimshaw's telling how he had spent an evening listening to a c kid lecturing on logistics and fire po Muriel was the one who had started him and he told her it was pretty flat-footed o after the major had left. It did no goo have her say that the major enjoyed the ning or he would not have stayed so lon

"You made me sound like a divisi commander," he said, "right in front Grimshaw."

They were standing alone in that living room filled with all the furniture no one else on the post wanted, becaus course they were kids, and almost any could rank them out of anything.

"But, Melly dear," Muriel said, "yo going to be a general someday." The fu thing about it was that Muriel had n seen a general then, except at his gradua from the Point.

SOMETIMES he wished that Army w were not always watching and worry about their men, but then there was not else much for them to worry about. T future was inseparable from their m future, and they had only one horse to their money on. When things went sour could not blame a lot of them for wis they had married someone else. Ma Muriel wished she had sometimes, but very seldom showed it.

When he got promotions she never loo complacent like some of the other wives, when he got passed over for something g she did not complain. Those years had like a moving belt on the production and Melville Goodwin and his contempo ies had taken their places on that belt the numbers. Some of them left to go business in the twenties. Others had with death, accident and illness, and on two had been pulled off by the high c mand. The rest of the crowd had stayed the belt until the very end, to be so shi tightened and tested that they stepped o logical candidates for a star, and even som these end products broke down when a and not a theoretical strain was placed them. No matter what the simulation combat was the final test.

Melville Goodwin was still a major b in 1940 and only a lieutenant colonel at time of the maneuvers in '41. It was inter ing to remember how things started to cl up in the service when there began to b little distant gunfire in the world. When Germans marched into Poland and French sat still without a single move, could see that it was a new kind of war the exciting thing about it was that a lot o was going the way he had figured. Mechani equipment gave you plenty to think abo and a lot of brass had to revise their id He had to revise some of his own in spring of 1940, when the Germans kni right through at the Ardennes hinge. In f after Dunkirk it looked as though the wh show were folding up. It made him v restless and he found himself short of sle They were at Benning—he was on the fantry School staff as tank instructor—a there were new ideas every minute, a there was also the tactical-aircraft an

"Melly," Muriel asked him, there Benning, "have you heard from Fogh Grimshaw lately?"

Of course, as everyone knew, Gene Grimshaw was in the office of the Chief Staff in Washington.

"I suppose he's still living in Georgeto isn't he?" Muriel said. "I haven't writt Ellen Grimshaw a letter for a long while, a they sent us a Christmas card. I don't lieve they even know that Robert has tered the Point."

When he got orders to go to Washingt to attend a conference of observers b from Europe, he was sure that Muri letter had nothing to do with it. He certain that Foghorn Grimshaw would h thought of him anyway, and the general very glad to see him and asked him to co

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TOPNOTCH QUALITY ...COSTS LESS!

(Continued from Page 60)

to Georgetown for the night. The truth was that things were chirking up. The general said he might be wrong, but confidentially he did not see how we could keep out of that show in Europe eventually. There were going to be a lot of chances for bright young men. The general was not as young as he had been back in Bailey, and neither was Melville, though he hadn't a gray hair in his head, but he was still a bright young man to Foghorn Grimshaw.

Somehow I found myself gazing at Melville Goodwin not as a friend but as a useful piece of material, as Foghorn Grimshaw must have. It was after eleven o'clock when he had reached those prewar months in Washington. He stopped and looked slowly around the room. Then he smiled at Phil Bentley.

"Say, Bentley," he said, "right out of the horse's mouth, have I made a fool of myself up to date or haven't I?"

I could see that Phil Bentley liked it. The General had learned how to handle Phil.

"No, sir," Phil said. "On the contrary, you've made a lot of sense."

Obviously Mel Goodwin was pleased, but his glance did not leave Phil Bentley's face.

"In the Army," he said, "you've always got to take loyalty for granted from the top down and from the bottom up. There's no reason why you should be loyal to me, but I'm trusting you, son, and I've got my neck way out. You can raise Cain with me if you want to, and maybe there are some people around who would enjoy it if you did."

"You're going to see everything I write," Phil Bentley said, "and if you think any of it raises Cain, I'll change it."

Coming from Phil Bentley, this meant a great deal, and I wondered if the General realized it. His eyes were still on Phil.

"You see, I'm just a simple guy," he said. His using that expression surprised me, because I had applied it to him so often myself. "You've got to be a pretty simple guy if you lead troops in combat, because combat's elemental."

"You're not as simple as all that, sir," Phil Bentley said. "You're complicated sometimes."

"Listen," the General said, "I know where I stand. I'm a pretty simple guy, Phil."

It was the first time that Mel Goodwin had called him "Phil." As I have said before, calling you by your first name was one of the beguiling habits of big brass. I remembered that he had called me "Sid" much sooner. He showed perspicacity by waiting so long with Phil.

"Just the same," Phil said, "I'd hate to meet you in a poker game."

Phil Bentley knew something about the brass himself. Nothing ever pleased them more than being told they were good at poker, and Mel Goodwin laughed as though Phil had said something very funny.

"Phil," he said, "we'll really have to try it someday."

He had called him Phil again to show it was no mistake. I was looking at Mel Goodwin again, as Foghorn Grimshaw must have looked at him in Washington. He had no excess weight. He was trained down like all the good ones, with just the right facial lines and a cheerful, extrovert look that you often see on a good competitive athlete. Yet somehow he had the correct facial lines without being a rubber stamp like so many of the others.

THE General flicked up his wrist to look at his watch. "Well," he said, "just a few yarns about North Africa tomorrow morning and then you'll have the old man pretty well squeezed out."

Colonel Flax laughed at the General's little joke, and General Goodwin stood up.

"Let's plan to end this by lunch tomorrow if that's all right with you, Phil," he said. "Good night, bright eyes." He smiled at Miss Fineholt, and then turned to me and punched me softly on the chest. "Sid," he said, "stay down here for a minute and explain me to them, will you, and you'd better come along with me, Flax. They might say something that will hurt our feelings; and, Sid ——"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Stop in and see me before you turn in, will you?" the General said. "Come on, Flax, and let's get out of here."

After they left, Phil Bentley took off his glasses and polished them carefully. "Sid," he said, "he really seems to like me, doesn't he? Maybe I'm learning about the Army."

Perhaps we were all understanding the Army better than previously. Phil had seen something of it before as an overseas war correspondent, but he had been exposed to the products of that great organization more than to its way of life.

"There's one thing that interests me," Phil Bentley said. "Generals' stories are almost interchangeable among generals. Have you ever noticed that?"

"Yes," I said, "that's right. They're uniform."

Phil Bentley swung his spectacles like a pendulum between his thumb and forefinger. "Then why do you suppose they keep on telling them?" He was obviously working out the structure of the profile.

"Sometimes I've thought it rests them," I said. "They convey some private meaning that we don't see. They're a sort of narrative shorthand."

"Maybe they haven't got anything else to talk about," Phil Bentley said. "Take someone like Goodwin. Take his humdrum, stultifying little life, all that spit and polish and all that competition and all that existence by the numbers. Then suddenly he gets more power than anyone ought to have and an automobile and a plane and a permit to kill off people. I don't see anything in the life he lived that made him capable of using that power intelligently. There's a gap somewhere. I wish I could find the gap."

I could see it if he didn't. I had gained some sort of glimpse of it behind Melville Goodwin, but it embarrassed me to point it out to realists like Phil Bentley and Myra Fineholt.

"Don't you see, Phil?" I said. "You ought not to treat him as a materialist. Don't you see he's a hero? It's the power and the glory. Now you and I wanted to be heroes once, and Myra wanted to be Joan of Arc, and we've got over it, but Goodwin still has the virus. It's catching around there at West Point. I don't say that I approve of heroes. I don't say that they look so well in peacetime, but he's a hero and he help it."

I saw Miss Fineholt gazing at m erantly, but Phil Bentley looked startle

"Listen, Sid," he said. "Don't you you're going off the deep end?"

"No," I said. "The trouble is we like to admit there are heroes any outside of an epic."

"Any more than there are fairies bottom of my garden," Miss Finehol

"Just the same, Myra," I told "you've been listening to a hero to perhaps not Grade A but Grade B. have to eat and get along and have pulsions like you and me. If you thi Goodwin that way, everything fits tog He wouldn't have put up with what he through if he didn't have the powe the-glory vision."

PHIL BENTLEY put on his glasses. wait a minute," he said. "Are you try make me believe that every officer in th ular Army is a hero? Let's get down to f

"All right," I said. "The fact is that of them have never got over that fantasy. A lot of them think they m heroes someday, and that's why the the life. Why not face it instead of ga over a word?"

There was something behind all Melville Goodwin had said that was cated and magnificent and impossi rationalize. Perhaps a psychiatrist call it immaturity, but whatever th tribute was, it had its own splendor.

"Let's get it straight," Phil Bentley "instead of kicking it around. Just wh hero?"

I walked to the bookshelf and look The Shorter Oxford Dictionary, and h the first volume to Phil Bentley. "L up," I said.

Phil Bentley turned the pages over s "Well," he said, "well, well. Take this will you, Myra? Here's an Oxford defi of a hero. Quote, 'A man who exhibi traordinary bravery, comma, firm comma, or greatness of soul, comm connection with any pursuit, comma, comma, or enterprise,' close quotes."

"You can't use that about Goodwi you?" Myra Fineholt asked.

Phil Bentley closed the dictionary took off his glasses. "Why not?" he

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CHRISTINE REED

North Hollywood, California



CHRIS REED is now a Senior Bee at North Hollywood High. ("A Senior Bee is a B12," she explains to those not in the know about high-school terminology.) She is also head cheerleader, a seal-bearer, the only girl on the sports staff of the paper, the vice-president of the Masquettes, and a member of the drill team, the Jourdaines (YWCA), and of Job's Daughters.

Besides, Chris is an ardent baseball fan (Dodgers), makes all her own clothes and "a reasonable noise" on the ukulele. She has been invited to every senior prom since she entered high school. After a dance her favorite snack is cherry root beer, and French fries sprinkled with vinegar. . . . Incidentally, the man with her in the small cover photo is her father, not a boy friend.



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HOMEMADE Jams and Jellies can't be beat, can't be bought!

(Continued from Page 62)

"Anyway, I'd like to think it over. I think I might use it in the lead."

"You know better than to do that, sweetheart," Miss Fineholt said.

Phil Bentley sighed and looked at the empty armchair where Melville Goodwin had been sitting. "Well," he said, "maybe all this has put me a little off the beam. I don't go with it all the way, but still the definition almost fits him, doesn't it?"

As I walked upstairs after putting out the downstairs lights, I was still thinking so intensely about heroes that I almost forgot that Melville Goodwin had wanted a word with me before I went to bed. I experienced a short sense of anticlimax when I saw him in the main guest room in his undershirt and trousers with his shoes off, but he still looked as though he could slip back into everything if a whistle blew. His shoes were in perfect alignment at the foot of his bed. His coat was on its hanger in the clothes closet. His military brushes were in the exact center of the tall bureau. There was only one detail that I found disconcerting. He was wearing steel-rimmed glasses, and it had never occurred to me that he might need glasses for reading. He was wearing them, I saw, because he was examining a pile of photographs.

"Sit down and look them over, Sid," he said. "I think the boys did a real job on me. What do you think?"

He watched me anxiously when I sat down and examined the pictures. The photographers had obviously struggled for informality, but the strange thing was that not one of them showed him in a grotesque or awkward pose or off balance. Smiling, frowning or smoking a cigarette, talking, laughing or tight-lipped, he was as photogenic as a Hollywood star. The uniform may have helped, and the instinctive correctness with which he wore it, but still there must have been some sort of subconscious watchfulness inside him that not even a candid photographer could penetrate.

"You certainly look sharp," I said.

He accepted it as a fact. "You learn to," he said, "with troops looking at you all the time. I'm used to having the privacy of a goldfish. I'm trying to pick out the best one to pass around."

I knew what he meant by "passing one around." They always made a specialty of signed photographs in the service. I thought of the rows of them I had seen on walls or bookshelves in officers' quarters.

"Muriel collects them like postage stamps," he said. "She always carries a collection with her. Maybe it's not artistic, but it's good to look around and see your friends. I think I'll use this one."

"That one looks fine," I said.

"Muriel said to be sure to get one of you, Sid," he said. "Preferably a picture of you and Helen together. We want you in the gallery."

"That's where we want to be," I said, "permanently in the gallery."

He took off his glasses and put them in their small black case. "Sid," he said, "I can't tell you what your seeing me through this has meant to Muriel and me. Muriel said she liked you as soon as she saw you. She knows a lot of people, but she doesn't like so many."

"Helen and I have enjoyed having you here tremendously," I said. "Helen loves company, and this has been quite a build-up for me. They always like it at the studio when I associate with Very Important People." I laughed to show that this was partly a joke, though basically serious. "I feel I've come to know you as I never would have otherwise, with all this personal history and reminiscence. I've always thought a lot of you, just seeing you around, the way you do see people, and it's nice to know I had sound judgment."

"I'm glad if I've made a hit with you, Sid," the General said. "I guess everybody likes to be regarded favorably in the right quarters, and I admire you personally. You've got a lot on the ball. Say, without pulling punches, how do I rate with Phil Bentley and that research girl?"

"You ought to know," I said. "The mire you, Mel."

"Well," he said, "that's fine. Say, S me my fountain pen, will you? It's i coat pocket in the closet."

It was an order, but it was not o place, because his asking me showed he considered me a member of his g

"Here you are, sir," I said.

I had just called him "Mel," but n was correct to call him "sir" and we knew it. He picked up a photograph the floor beside him, and wrote acr diagonally in a firm bold hand.

"Here," he said, "from me to Across the photograph he had written, Sid with admiration and affection, Me

"Thanks, sir," I said. "I'll value always."

Again, it was correct to call him because the moment had been formal, ir ing a presentation, an award of merit the pinning of a medal, and all our tal led up to it, but now the formality finished and we were out of formation

"Oh, forget it, Sid," he said, "but I every word of it." He coughed and c his throat. "So you had lunch with I New York, did you?" The elaborately way he leaned back in his chair and his ful unconcern were faintly amusin cause subtlety was not one of his points.

"She called you up, didn't she?" Without meaning to, I was adopting h unconcern—talking casually about a both knew slightly, named Dottie Pea

"That's right," he said. "I'm having with her tomorrow night. It really nice to see Dot again. I sort of though forgotten all about me. She never an my last two letters."

There was no use warning anyone things like that. Instead it was alwa visable to get out from under, and th eral was old enough to take care of h and I was probably taking the whole too seriously—but I felt that I had something.

"Oh, that's the way she is," I said off with the old and on with the new don't want to take Dot too seriously, It was about all that I had any right

"Thanks for the briefing, son," he s guess I wouldn't have had that invita I hadn't spanked that Russkie in Berl not taking Dot seriously, but all the it will be nice seeing her again."

"Dot's pretty good company," "and she has a whole suit of armor front hall."

Melville Goodwin still looked very "I certainly want to see it," he "Maybe I need a little relaxation— record, Sid."

"Well, don't forget you have a rec said.

"Oh," he said, "everything doesn into a two-o-one file."

"Perhaps not," I said "I was just th of Ulysses when he was coming hom Troy."

"What has Ulysses got to do with it General asked.

"You recited a poem about him the Ritz in Paris," I said. "Remembe

He looked at me hard, as thou wanted to pull his rank, but then h have realized that he was out of the m zone.

"Well," I said, "when he was sailin to Ithaca to rejoin his wife Penelope, wax in his ears so he couldn't hear the sing."

Melville A. Goodwin's face grew r suddenly he laughed. "It hurts me to educated boy like you fall down on m ogy," he said. "He put wax in his crew son. He didn't use any wax on hims had his men tie him to the mast." Mel Goodwin had an almost flawless m "And anyway, there aren't any Ci Calypsos or sirens around either, son. only Dottie Peale, and I don't take h ously."

Even in his undershirt, surrounded photographs, Mel Goodwin possessed

which I needed to believe. That must
een why I let myself go further.
right, you're not exclusively Ulysses,"
"You're Major General Melville A.
in, USA, graduate of West Point, the
ry School, the Tank School, Com-
and General Staff School and the War
e, but what's more, you're a combat
l. I've even heard the boys call you
dy Mel.'"
n," he said, "you ought to write cita-
. Go right ahead and lay it on. Don't
stop you."
d what's more," I said, "you're Hora-
t the Bridge."
thought you were just telling me I was
es," Melville Goodwin said.
ell, you're Horatius too," I said.
d how can man die better than facing
l odds for the ashes of his fathers and the
es of his Gods?'"
had been smiling as he listened to me,
uddenly he stopped and his forehead
led. "No kidding, Sid?" he asked.
o," I answered, "not in the strictest
."
face was graver and sterner and sadder
it had looked in any of those candid
graphs. "That's right," he said, "it
entirely kidding. Maybe I've got a little
at stuff. You need it in the show, and
he whole show's over. There's one trou-
with acting in those shows. You get
d up to them, and I'm not dead. That's
rouble with it—I'm still alive. You've
ed me a pretty fast
son, and maybe old
tius Ulysses Goodwin
better turn in now
get some sleep. Good
, Sid."
Good night, Mel," I

The happiest man in the world is the one who has a good wife. —JOSH BILLINGS.

Here," he called, "come back here. You
t your photograph."

had thought that Helen would have been
p long ago, but she called me as soon as
s in our dressing room. She was sitting in
reading.
I haven't seen you all day," she said,
cept to look at you across the table at the
ers' mess."
Don't be bitter," I said. "We've got to
ld War II, and the circus ought to break
fter lunch tomorrow."
I'm not bitter," she answered, "but I
't know you could be so military. Well,
me I've been wonderful through it all. I
d a little encouragement."
told her, of course, that she had been
derful through it all.
I wish the General didn't make you so
less," she said. "What were you doing
o late?" she asked. "I heard everyone
e upstairs."
Oh," I told her, "just saying good night
Horatius Ulysses Goodwin."
Sid," she said, "what's going to happen
ut him and Dottie Peale?"
Now, Helen," I said, "what makes you
k anything is going to happen?"
he looked at me for a moment and then
shrugged her bare shoulders. "Some-
s you're awfully obtuse," she said.
on't you know that Mrs. Goodwin knows
bout it?"
Now, Helen," I said, "there isn't any 'it'
her to know anything about. There was
Paris, and I told you about Paris. What
she say to you that makes you think so?"

H, Sid," Helen said, "of course it
about Paris. It's about now, and of
se she didn't say anything. How could
"
You ought to put something over you
the window open or you'll catch cold,"
id. "If she didn't say anything, how do
know she knows anything?"
Oh, Sid," Helen said, "really. Anyone
see she knows. You only have to look at
dwin. I'd know if it were you."
Well, it isn't me," I said.
I know it," Helen said. "Of course I
w. Dottie's never worried me."
Then why did you bring her up?" I
ed

"I didn't," she said, "but now we're on the subject, I wish there were something we could do about it. Do you know what I think? I think she wants to marry him."

"Now, Helen," I said, "what should make you think anything like that?"

"Oh, Sid," she said, "anyone can see she's looking for a man."

"All right, she's looking for a man," I said.

When she spoke again I was half asleep. "Sid," she said, "another thing."

"What other thing?" I asked.

"GILBERT FRARY sent me a big box of orchids this afternoon—not purple ones, yellow ones."

"Well, he was here the other night," I said, "and Gilbert always likes to send things."

"But he's never sent so many," Helen said. "There are twice as many as he's ever sent before. You can look at them tomorrow. They're in the icebox. Good night, darling."

"Good night," I said.

Gilbert Frary and the orchids and Melville Goodwin and Dottie Peale tangled restively in my thoughts as I fell asleep.

Women were often more realistic than men in their analyses of other women, especially certain women. I had not taken certain aspects of my luncheon with Dottie Peale seriously until after those remarks of Helen's. They opened a new and curious vista of odd little possibilities. Of course Dottie Peale was one of those people who were always being talked about in the chromium Latin Quarter that had its center near the night clubs and the restaurants of the Fifties. I had never cared much for this area, but I did know something of it professionally.

Everyone in this area had been wondering for a long while when and whether Dottie Peale would get married again. She was the sort of person, everyone said, who certainly ought to get married, and there were plenty of prospects with whom her name had been connected. I had not thought much about Dottie's private life for a long while, and Helen's theory that Dottie had selected Mel Goodwin as a prospective husband did not seem wholly convincing. Still, I could not help remembering Dottie's wistful remarks about not having anyone, not even me. If Dottie had been thinking along these lines about Melville Goodwin, at least I had come first and somehow the idea made me quite cheerful.

These reflections returned to me as soon as I awoke the next morning. The Army had taught me to set my mind like an alarm clock, and the General would be down for breakfast at eight sharp prepared for his final session in the library. I immediately woke up Helen. She could not believe it when I told her it was half past seven.

"And what if it is?" she asked. "I've just gone to sleep."

"It's his last breakfast," I said, "and we both ought to be down."

"How do you mean?" Helen asked. "He isn't going to be executed or anything, is he?"

"The last officers' mess," I said. "And I think you're all wrong, Helen. I don't think Dottie had any idea of marrying him. Why should she?"

"Oh, you're thinking about that, are you?" Helen said.

"It just crossed my mind," I said. "Of course she doesn't want to marry anyone."

"Well, why are you so cheerful?" Helen asked. "You're usually cross at this time of the morning."

"I was just thinking about you and your shape of things to come," I said.

"Darling," Helen said, "don't you see the General's new? He's different from all you other boys. Can't you put yourself in Dottie's place?"

"No, I can't," I told her.

"Well, I can," Helen said.

The General and Colonel Flax were already in the living room waiting for breakfast, and Melville Goodwin also looked cheerful. He must have been telling Colonel



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Flax some anecdote, because I heard them both laughing before Helen and I arrived.

"Good morning, my dear," he said. "Did Sid make you come down here on account of me?"

"Oh, no," Helen said. "I love to get up early."

"So does Muriel," the General said. "It's nice we're getting Helen in the groove, Sid, and we've really got to get activated this morning. I want to leave for New York this afternoon. Where are Bentley and Fineholt?"

"I'll send Oscar upstairs after them," I said.

"That's all right," the General said. "Flax has been up after them already. They answered you, didn't they, Flax?"

"They're rising and shining, sir," the colonel said. "They ought to be right down."

"Oh, Mel," Helen said, "Sid showed me your photograph and what you wrote on it. I love it."

"I meant every word of it, my dear," the General said. "I'm proud to think I'll be somewhere in this house."

"I'm proud, too," Helen said. "It's all been lovely, and sometime soon you and Muriel must come again without all this interviewing. I love Muriel."

"That goes both ways," the General said. "You ought to hear what Muriel said about you. She said she wished you had married someone in the service. You know what she means, Sid. Muriel couldn't say anything more than that."

"That reminds me," Helen said. "I have a little present for you to take to Muriel. I want her to have my box of orchids that are in the icebox. As long as they're cold they'll keep until you get to Washington tonight."

"Why, that's very kind of you, dear," the General said. "There's only one little hitch." He frowned. "It may just be," the General said, "that I won't be able to get to Washington tonight, and I wouldn't want to have those orchids spoil."

"Oh, dear," Helen said, "they're yellow orchids. As soon as I saw them I thought of Muriel."

"The difficulty is, dear," the General said, "I have a few duty calls to make in New York. I ought to drop in at First Army Headquarters as a matter of courtesy and see Bud Hodgkins there. We were at the Point together, and Bud may ask me to dinner and spend the night. That's why I can't be sure about the orchids."

"Oh, dear," Helen said. "I'm sorry."

The ranks were forming already, and loyalty was starting from the bottom up. "I'll be going down to Washington tonight, sir," Colonel Flax said. "It will be a pleasure to leave the flowers for Mrs. Goodwin."

The general smiled. "Good," he said; "thanks, Flax. That's the best way out of everything."

I knew that Helen was looking at me, but I did not want to look at her.

"Let's go in and get breakfast," I said. "There's no use waiting."

"No use at all," the General said. "We've got to get moving."

Once I heard someone say in France that any general above the one-star rank carried his headquarters around with him mentally, even if he was not attached to anything. General Goodwin had developed an instinct, of course, for imposing order wherever he went, and all the rest of us had instinctively fallen into our proper echelons. Breakfast at the stroke of eight was part of the system, and following breakfast came the brisk ten-minute walk. The General simply said, "Come on, Flax," or "Come on, Sid," according to his desire. This last morning Melville Goodwin pushed back his chair and thanked Helen for a delightful breakfast. Then he did not even say, "Come on, Sid." He simply said, "Sid." Everything was running like clockwork at headquarters, and in thirty seconds we were outdoors in the fresh October morning. He had set a course for himself down the drive to the main road, then diagonally across the field to the deserted stables. We started down the drive in close-order cadence.

Elephants are almost invariably led by a female. —ANON.

"There was a wind last night," he said, "but no rain. This is good maneuvering weather."

"Yes, sir," I said. "The ground's solid underfoot."

When he looked at me I felt like a young officer who had made a flip remark. "Don't kid me, son," he said. "I'm not in a kidding mood. Those orchids! What made Helen ever think of sending me down to Washington with a bunch of orchids?"

"Well, you see," I said, "Gilbert Frary—he's the one who runs the program—sent them to Helen. They're a very rare variety. It's what Gilbert would call a gracious gesture, and I suppose Helen wanted to make a gracious gesture."

"If anyone sent Muriel a lot of orchids," the General said, "I'd put an interpretation on it."

"Maybe there is one," I said, "but Gilbert's always making gracious gestures."

"Now there was a colonel when Muriel was at Baguio," the General said. "Some people always have woman trouble. You can always pick the Fancy Dans." I waited expectantly for Melville Goodwin to go on, but the General was silent, and we walked for a while in cadence. "Muriel was really a sharp-looking gal," the General said, "in Baguio, but she never did have man trouble. There's only one thing wrong with Muriel."

The General was thinking out loud, but I wished he would not think out loud quite so confidentially.

"I wouldn't say this to many people, boy," he said, "but there comes a time when a man has to talk to a friend who has a broad-gauge, tolerant view. I don't know how to lay it on the line exactly, but you're about the only one I know as an intimate friend who is on both the inside and the outside."

"On the inside and the outside of what?" I asked.

"The service," the General said. "You have a service-type instinct and a service-type loyalty. I observed it the first time I saw you. Now let me make my point. There's only one thing wrong with Muriel. She's always taking over. It may be—I don't know—that I'm not quite as adjusted to Muriel as I was, because I've been overseas for quite a while and sort of on my own. You know—compelled by circumstances to work out a few ideas by myself. I know Muriel can't help it. She's got it in her mind to get me a desk somewhere at the Joint Chiefs. I don't seem to be adjusted any more. You see what I mean?"

"Yes," I said, "I see what you mean. Now take Helen." But I stopped. There was no need of bringing Helen into it, and after all, a lot of other men had found they were not adjusted to their wives when they came back from overseas.

"That's exactly what I mean," the General said. "Everybody has personality problems. But there's one thing I'd like to get straight. I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that you had a sort of stricken look when I said I was going to have dinner with your friend and my friend, Dottie Peale, tonight. Now what is the matter with it? Why did you give me all that talk about my re just because I'm having dinner with D Peale?"

I thought for a while before I answer might as well have tried to stop a fire l running to a fire. "Never mind it," I "but just take it easy, Mel."

He looked at me and I looked back at It was another of those rare moments he did not have the rank.

"Say, Sid," he said, "has anything pened between you and Dottie since Par get the idea that you don't seem to like any more. You don't seem to understand charm, her sympathetic quality or anythi

"Oh, let's skip it, Mel," I said. "I like in a different way from you, that's all." of course he did not want to skip tal about Dottie Peale.

"There's one funny thing about me, S he said, "that I don't understand. Any I dance with a pretty girl twice on Satu night, there's always a general air of di proval up and down the scale, a raisin eyebrows and a lot of kind advice. There a lot of high-ranking nonmonogamis you'd be surprised—but when it comes t taking a day off, Eisenhower or Clar Bradley or somebody gets me on the ca The whole Army wants me to be tru Muriel. . . . What are you smiling about you think that's funny?"

"Yes," I said, "a little funny."

We had reached the stable, and no turned right oblique to the house.

"You ought to get some horses, Sid, said, "but let's get this straight. I k where I am and what I'm doing. Do yo derstand?"

"Of course I understand," I said.

"I just want a few moments off," the eral said, "just a few moments out of a tic life to talk to someone who listens t ideas. Dottie always listens. She even some of my ideas."

"That's right," I said, "Dottie al listens," and I wondered if he knew tha had opened himself like a book and guilelessly turned page after page.

The General drew a deep breath cleared his throat. We had almost rea the house. "Well, that's all there is to it, said. "I just wanted to give you a briefing, Sid, so you'd see there's no serious about this at all. Come on, I wa get this over. One thing at a time, son, thing at a time."

(To be Continued)

WE MUST PAY FOR OUR OWN ROOM ON EARTH

(Continued from Page 41)

The meeting had a curious urgency about it, she continued, which went unstated, but not unfelt. It was well known to everyone that war was brewing in Europe, but in England there was little of the mental and physical preparation that was to prove so strong only a few months later. Lectures on civil defense were numerous, but they carried little fervor and there were many who called them outright warmongering. Hitler was a man with whom the English could do business; the Nazi ambassador was a charming addition to London society. The Home Secretary spoke of none of this, however; he confined himself to the problem he wished to present to Lady Reading, and in his manner of taking it for granted that it was vital won her over, body and soul, to his idea that it was up to her to think up something new that would successfully recruit women to work with the Air Raid Precaution services.

"But I'm off to Bulgaria for a month," she said, unable to explain that only patriotism could make her even attempt such an awesome task.

"Make it fourteen days—and think about it in the meantime," he said, leaving her no way out.

Fifteen days later, Lady Reading was back with a memorandum. The idea of the WVS had been born on the Orient Express as it sped across Europe, carrying the Dowager Marchioness of Reading to visit her old friend, the wife of the American minister to Bulgaria—and had been summed up in memo form on a typewriter of the American legation in Sofia.

That memorandum, precise, efficient and brief, stands today as a masterpiece of understatement concerning the WVS. In it, Lady Reading listed the aims of the service to be, first, the enrollment of women in the Air Raid Precaution services, and second, to bring home to all women, especially women at home, what air raids meant, and what they could do to help their families and themselves, in the event Britain was attacked.

For out of this acorn a great oak grew. Once the enrollments were stepped up in the ARP to the satisfaction of all concerned, once the women were educated on what they could do, well, there was then no stopping them. To a woman they took up as their slogan "The WVS Never Says No"—more discreetly phrased in an official bulletin as "No task is so slight that it falls below our notice—no effort so great it lies beyond our strength"—and after one year of prewar, and six years of war work, it took a fact-packed, 276-page book simply to outline their accomplishments. This list of activities ranged from the early and relatively simple days of motor transport, billet surveying (in case of London's being evacuated) and salvage work, through the fierce years of the London bombings, when the WVS worked hand in hand with firemen, servicemen, dockyard workers and bombed-out families, ignoring such mundane matters as rest, regular meals, fire, flood and explosives.

Those in the food services prepared, kept hot, delivered millions of cups of coffee, soup, tea, sandwiches, carrying them into bombed areas before the bombs had stopped falling and the fires died away; delivered them to the fire fighters, ruin diggers, trapped families, school children, invalids, British servicemen going abroad, American men arriving, war plants without lunchrooms, homes without gas or electricity, refugees from abroad, evacuated mothers and children—anyone who needed them, wherever and whenever they were needed.

Women in the clothing units knitted, sewed, sorted, demothed, classified, washed, deloused, disinfected, stored and distributed coats, blankets, socks, shoes, boots—anything that might be needed by the bombed-out families, the servicemen, the refugees. They "adopted the feet of the army" and darned all their socks. They handled the endless stream of clothing that went from American homes, largely through the American Red Cross, to the British people. They saw that the kids evacuated in the summer in play suits had sweaters to wear in the winter, that men bombed out in pajamas had work clothes for the following day.

They staffed rest centers for the home ran nurseries for babies, hotels for refu homes for the aged—scrubbing, mop doing the laundry, getting the m They worked in hospitals when the n were overburdened, served as subst housekeepers and baby-sitters and c when mothers were wounded or ill. established dormitories in the railroad tions for the men on leave in transit nowhere to rest. They made camou nets—collected bones, rags, scraps of p no bigger than bus tickets—and shi books overseas. They set up Welcome C for the American troops landing in Engl gave parties for the Dutch, Polish, Be refugees, gave aid and guidance to fo visitors. They manned air-raid inquiry p where thirty minutes after a bombing could find out whether your family had hit—or where you, the homeless one, c go now for lodging, food and clothing. served overseas in canteens, clubs and l centers for the troops.

At their peak, they were 2,000,000 st

And, women always, they gave more just muscle and sweat. People who saw in action remember them for the sp things: the finding of a pet canary small, stricken boy standing in front o bombed ruins of his home; the Americar of hot coffee handed to the Yanks in

(Continued on Page 68)

osition, or possession, I thought, then ad- antage would be taken all along the line, nd where would we be? The job-first ap- roach had to start with me, or I couldn't xpect it to start anywhere. I've stuck to hat attitude throughout.

"Today our job-first attitude is so much part of all of us that we at headquarters onestly feel ourselves very humble. We feel ve learn from the regional workers—not hey from us."

Stressing the job, eliminating the rank, hrowing out fund collecting and cash hold- ng had other influences. With rank non- xistent, uniforms and insignia were a sim- ple matter of useful and attractive garments: greenish-gray jacket and skirt, a bright louse ("I thought of the time it takes to vash and iron a white blouse and decided n a cheerful winy red," Lady Reading said), hat, of course, in order to be tidy and eminine—but not a cap, and no rules on what angle to wear your hat, either. ("Every woman is an individual in the WVS.") And he whole costume done by the best de- igners at the lowest prices—$8 for the basic outfit, and nothing obligatory about buying ne if you don't want to.

No fund collecting and no cash holding eliminated tiresome budgeting, as well as doorbell pushing. But, more important than hese, it threw each local unit back on its own resources: it meant an increase in inge- nuity, enterprise, neighborhood co-operation, nd a freedom of action that they would never have had were the government footing a huge bill, or patron- esses and patrons clam- nering that their do- nations go for this or hat pet project.

I had now reached, I felt, the heart of the WVS—the focal point around which it re- volved, the quality Lady Reading likes to call "purity of motive." But I was still dissat- isfied. Clearly, it seemed o me, although Lady Reading hotly disputed t, the story of the WVS was not complete without the story of its eader. What was it hat Lady Reading had which distilled—or in- stilled—the spirit that motivated the WVS? The subtle infusion of her own personality, her philosophical values, these were apparent in every job the organization approached, as important as tea leaves in a pot of tea, with- out which it would be mere hot water. With- out Lady Reading, I felt, the job of defense and reconstruction the WVS had done would still have been done—but it would not have been done the same way, with the same spirit, the same richness and generosity, the same staying power.

It is not easy to discover what makes a person tick. But in every life, a certain pat- tern of character stands out, for better or worse, a way of reacting to common situa- tions, of meeting common problems. In most of us, these "characteristic" things begin to grow when we are very young: determined by our circumstances, or heritage, or en- vironment.

There were three strong influences in the young life of the present Lady Reading. The first probably was religion, but perhaps her illness was of equal importance. There was also a strong love for her father, and with it a desire to please him and be like him.

STELLA READING was born Stella Charnaud on January 6, 1895, in Constantinople, where her father was stationed with the British Foreign Service. Because she was born on the Feast of Epiphany, when Christ was revealed to the Gentiles, her mother chose the Latin for "star" as her first name. She was descended from French Huguenots who, some 350 years before, had forsaken their homeland and sacrificed everything for their religious beliefs, fleeing France to join the Church of England

A deep loyalty to the church persisted in the family descendants, coupled with a strong patriotism, and their life in foreign lands strengthened these traditions. Family prayers were a regular part of each day; church attendance on Sundays and holy days was obligatory, and Sunday was kept very faithfully indeed.

"There were nine of us children," Lady Reading said. "Four older than I, four younger. On Saturday night, our dolls were put to bed, and they did not get up until Monday morning. On Sunday, our only pas- time outside of the church was coloring texts. Religion was thus a part of our life, like eating three meals a day.

"IT is very difficult to talk about religion. It is a personal matter. But my faith in God has always been very real. I believe deeply in prayer; time spent in church is a time of withdrawnness—a time when one searches for perspective on the real values of life. And it is true this has influenced my work with the WVS.

"There is a poem I've always liked, by Rabindranath Tagore. It's about a man who was searching for the touchstone. He had an idea where it was, and he decided to devote his life to finding it. He set out, clad only in a loin cloth and a girdle of chain, and picked up stone after stone, touching it to his girdle. Years went by, then one day he chanced to look at his girdle—and it was gold. He had picked up the touchstone, but he had tossed it away, not recognizing it. It is something that happens to so many of us. We come upon our own touch- stones, but life is mov- ing so fast, there is so much to do that we pass by the things which are the most im- portant to us without always noticing their importance. In the WVS work, I have hoped so much that this would not happen, that we would not throw away our touchstones, that I have deliberately set aside certain times in which we can examine them. Each year I have sent out a Christmas message—a sort of gath- ering together in words of the spiritual values in the work we are doing. And at work con- ferences, we have special hours devoted to the philosophy of volunteer work.

Boston is noted for its winding, picturesque, and often confus- ing, streets. An English visitor arriv- ing late at a reception at Henry Cabot Lodge's house complained of getting lost: "I don't see how any- body finds their way around these crooked streets." "It is rather diffi- cult," Lodge cheerfully admitted. "Why, I remember a friend—lived all his life in Boston—who once took a cat he wanted to lose down to the river." "And did he lose it?" asked the Englishman politely, but some- what confused at the turn of the conversation. "No." Lodge replied, "and he would never have found his way home if he hadn't followed the cat."

"When my own faith and strength falter, I replenish them by going out and learning from people who have really made something of their work with a devotional belief. A good volunteer must feel she is out to give some- thing—but one of the most difficult things about handling volunteers is that often they do not know the value of what they have to give. A shocking lot of people are unaware that they have anything worth giving to anyone else. You have to help them find themselves.

"Too often we tend to think that the best workers—or even the best people—are those with skills, with highly developed intellects. These are nice extras—but the most im- portant qualification for the best volun- teer is to be good in the true sense of the word: in character, outlook, belief, life and faith. There is more generation of good work by giving confidence to other people, than in doing the work oneself. The person whom I would cheerfully hang is the person who says, 'I always do it myself because then I know it is well done.'"

As Lady Reading said this, she laughed, but I was struck strongly by how precisely she had captured a trait of her own, although whether she knew it or not I was not impu- dent enough to ask. When you are with her, and for hours, days, even weeks afterward, you are buoyed up by a sense of well-being, of strength, of confidence, not only in what *people* can do, but in what you yourself can do. It is a great gift some people have to give; Lady Reading is one of those who give

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



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it. It is a gift that cannot be manufactured; it must come from the heart.

Perhaps this grew out of her religion, perhaps from her illness. She suffered as a child from what she now thinks was a curvature of the spine, but which at the time was not diagnosed. It caused days of staying in bed, of pain, of weariness. But it had its own compensations. She learned early that people like others to be cheerful, to cover up their troubles. She learned to live vicariously—with her own life limited, the pleasures and activities of others were of very real interest. She learned to love books, all books, any books, and to speak many languages as the family moved around the blue waters of the Mediterranean, from Turkey to Mesopotamia to Greece.

Frequently they went home to England on visits, but because young Stella was delicate, she was not sent there to school, but was instead taught by tutors and governesses. It was a haphazard education, for her father believed that girls should learn only what they wanted to, and not too much of that. Young Stella, happily, wanted to learn everything, and, as a reward for not biting her nails, he permitted her even to learn Latin and Greek.

"I was a pasty-faced, pigtailed, serious youngster," she recalled. "And how much I wanted to be a butterfly! I remember once hearing an aunt tell a friend that one of her daughters was soon coming home from England. 'But what difference does it make?' the woman asked. 'You have so many daughters.' 'Ah,' my aunt replied, 'but she is the gay one.' And how I wished someone would describe me that way!"

There was something else Lady Reading learned, however (and gaiety was to come later, when she had grown into health and vigor), and that was the value of being "the one who is always there"—the nerve center. Bedridden, homebound, she was the one who took messages, heard confidences, held hands in small sorrows.

"How much you miss if you are not there when someone has something they want to say—right then," she said. "I suppose that is the thing which has kept me at my desk, day in, day out, for so long. There has to be a nerve center, I think, in any organization, and it is, I think, my job in the WVS to be it as much as I can. A mistake is made somewhere, everything is all confusion, nobody knows what has happened—and then I remember that the organizer two regions away wears pince-nez and they are always slipping off her nose, and probably she has not read the last paragraph of her work instructions. Details are important; little details—how a telephone switchboard works can affect how a whole office functions. These are the things you don't know if you're not there."

As she grew up, because she was always there, she was also sometimes called upon to take over the running of the house. With a large family, generously staffed, it was a small organization in itself. She made mistakes, but she learned. Then came another important learning period—of a very different variety. For in her late teens, the family income suffered reverses, and loving her father deeply, wanting to help him, young Stella decided she would get a job. It was not her father's wish; he did not believe in women's working, especially not his daughters, and, quite candidly, he did not believe that she had very much to offer. But without his approval, she made her decision, and went to London to find a post as secretary.

To both her amazement and his, she proved to be an excellent one, and in her thirties was asked by Lord Reading, then Lord Viceroy to India, to join his staff.

This work, and her subsequent marriage to Lord Reading, added another tremendous influence to her life. Like her father, Lord Reading was a happy person, despite the heavy burdens of state which he carried. He was also selfless, she felt. Marrying him late in his life, he had only five years with him before he died—but to Lady Reading "it was five years of such bliss for me that I would work my fingers to the bone the rest of my life to pay for it."

As the wife of a statesman, Lady Reading shifted her energies from business to volunteer work. Because of family training, she had been long in the habit of doing some sort of civic work; now she became a voluntary magistrate, an organizer of a group to aid the unemployed, and an important figure in charity work.

Thus when the Home Secretary called upon her to organize the women of Britain to meet the challenge of war, she was prepared not only as the holder of a great name but also by life, by previous experience, to be of service.

Today she works from nine-thirty to six-thirty in the WVS offices on Tothill Street from Monday to Friday. On Fridays she drives down to her home in the country, and Saturdays and Sundays, before she gets out of bed, she goes over her mail for the week, dictating to a machine her letters, suggestions to fellow workers, orders to herself. This dictating machine is one of three—the office one, the London house one and the country one. It is another way of "being always there."

She also uses her week ends to keep in touch with new laws and to inform herself on old ones. Although she used to twit her husband that laws were made by men to be broken by women, she holds that civic work has now become the handmaiden of governments, rather than of private interests, and that it is vital that volunteer organizations work with a knowledge of statutory law. It is not a knowledge which she enjoys seeking, however, the reading of law being a dull occupation and one which she cannot do while she is gardening—her favorite recreation.

Now and again, she takes time out for an evening at the theater, dinner with old friends, and she is never too busy to see her step grandchildren or step great-grandchildren. Most years she comes to America, partly to see old friends here, partly to meet other leaders in her field, and partly just because she loves this country. Several times she has traveled even farther abroad to see her far-flung WVS units in India, Japan and the Near East.

Currently, the WVS is faced with another change in its program, this time a reversal. Once again, it is being called upon to recruit workers for the defense of the country.

Soon Lady Reading will again take to the stump and go through Great Britain talking to various women's groups about the work to be done, the work that is needed. The WVS has never sought admiration—publicity, says Lady Reading, sullies the quality of the work you perform—nor have they exhorted and beat drums to gather in workers. But this time they expect to be even quieter about enlistments.

"I have learned a lot about voluntary work by now and why people do it," Lady Reading summed it up. "It is through such labors of love that one pays for his room on earth—and I know today how very many people feel the need to make this payment.

"I used to say, 'We need you.' Now I know that we all know every hand will be needed in the next great conflict. This time when we seek new workers we will simply present the job that has to be done and say, 'It's up to you whether you do it or not—you're the one who has to face posterity.'"

She leaned back in her chair, and spoke slowly.

"The days ahead of us will not be easy," she said. "They will be harder, in all probability, than the ones behind us. But we cannot quit. In order to accomplish anything, one must have, first, the vision of how it can be done, second, the stamina to carry it through.

"There is a prayer that says it much better than I can—the prayer of Sir Francis Drake on the eve of the Battle of Cadiz. 'Lord God,' it goes, 'when Thou givest to Thy servants to endeavor in any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same, until it be thoroughly finished, that yieldeth the great glory.'"

THE END

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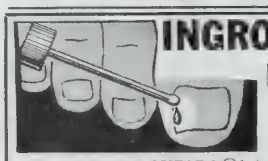
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WOMAN AT THE WINDOW

(Continued from Page 37)

bristles all over me. . . . Anna's special and I'm run-of-the-mill—I know that. I knew it when she was nine and I was six. But accepting it is something different. I was just getting so I did. . . . Of course I have to go. Since mother died, there hasn't been any family but us. . . . I couldn't imagine it, that she won't walk again. Graner—he did the operation—he was so hopeful. I can't *believe* it."

"Relatives shouldn't look after each other. You're right," Lollie said.

"I am right—but of course I must go. But look, Lollie, I want to keep this room. I want to hang onto it awhile. Could I borrow two weeks' rent from you? They're going to pay me something, I don't know what, but if I settle up things here, get my ticket and all, I won't have much left."

"I'll take care of the room till you let me know otherwise," Lollie said. "I would make it for a definite time—two weeks, a month."

Elizabeth gave her a quick, grateful smile but did not answer, and presently Lollie went to her own room.

In the morning Elizabeth went to the bookshop and said that she couldn't take the job. She paid her bill at the cleaner's, took her library books back, bought a present for Johnny, finally one she couldn't afford for Anna. She went home, packed.

Next morning it was raining. Elizabeth rose at seven, put coffee on, went to Lollie's door, called, "Come have coffee with me!" Lollie came very soon, in the blue suit which was her school uniform.

"Look, Elizabeth," Lollie said, "I'm worried about this. Can't they get a nurse?"

"Adrian says not—they have one, but she's no good. I'm all right." She got up from the card table she had set up for their breakfast, went to a book, took out some snapshots and brought them back to Lollie. "That's Anna," she said. "She's always gay and generous as well as lovely to look at. But, Lollie, she's *never* needed me. And now she does and I was reluctant. I'll be ashamed of that forever—but, oh, I can't explain myself."

Lollie's round face was sober. She got up and said, "I've got to go," then put her hand on Elizabeth's. "Make it two weeks, definitely. . . . There's a boy, isn't there?"

"Yes, Johnny. Five years old."

"Don't get to feeling too sorry for him and stay on." She hesitated as if wanting to say more, but picked up her books, bag and car keys, and departed.

Elizabeth called a taxi to take her to the station. She looked around her room before she picked up her suitcase—looked at her rows of books, her desk, so unfamiliarly tidy, the worn carpet on the floor. It looked beautiful to her, dear, her own. Then she picked up her suitcase and went out fast.

It was a dreary ride in the train. Half the time you could not even see beyond the veil of the rain against the windows. When you could see, there were only sodden fields, dreary farms with rutty drives, and machinery rusting in the farmyard.

SHE kept seeing Anna in the hospital, flowers all around, so absolutely sure that this was just a silly interlude between fun and fun, making even this fun. And other people coming in so that there wasn't much time to talk.

I've always wanted her to want me till I've almost died of it, she insisted to the streaming window. *And now she wants me. She says. She won't want me long, and then I'll have to start getting myself whole and free all over again. That's what bothers me, I suppose.*

The mournful sound of the whistle echoed through the train, out into the early night, and the conductor called out, "Lakeville! Lakeville!"

She saw Adrian before she came down the steps. Then he was reaching for her suitcase, saying, "Hello, Liz." Someone said, "Hi," and Adrian said, "Hellow, Hux," did not pause. Hux—he was the one who had flooded the hospital room with flowers, the one who had been driving the car when —— Adrian put the suitcase in the back, opened the front door for her.

In the car they said nothing till they were out of the big graveled place by the station. Then Elizabeth said, "It's understood—this is a mistake, Adrian. But here I am."

"If that's your attitude, of course it will be a mistake," he said without friendliness.

HE didn't speak again till they came to No. 7, till he'd stopped the car.

"Wait a minute, Adrian," she said then. Her heart was pounding unaccountably. "We can't start like this. All I meant was . . . some people you don't want with you when you're sick. I'm one of those for Anna. Does she know?"

"Yes, she knows."

"She was so sure—Doctor Graner was so sure," she said helplessly. "He said, 'Your sister's going to be all right.'"

"Damn Graner," Adrian said tonelessly. "But—did something go wrong?"

He did not answer, but took her suitcase and together they went up the stone steps of the old house. Adrian opened the moss-green door, and they were inside the hall.

Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

—GEORGE ELIOT:
Bits of Burnished Gold
(Randolph & Co.)

Johnny sat on the bottom step of the stairs in a good blue reefer. His thin, sharp little face was a mask of waiting—as if he'd been waiting long.

"Oh, Johnny," Adrian said. "I'm sorry. I know I said you could go to the station, but I got held up at the plant." He spoke crossly and Johnny looked straight at him with eyes that said, *You forgot.*

"Hello, Johnny!" Elizabeth said.

"Hello," he said, not moving.

She gave a little tweak to his ear and walked to the kitchen. "Hi, Bunce," she said. Bunce was fat, but she could cook.

"Hello, Miss Burke," Mrs. Bunce said. "You'll be wanting to go up and see her and wash up maybe. Everything's about ready."

Elizabeth walked out of the kitchen and toward the stairs. Johnny still sat there and she said, "Take off that elegant coat, Johnny. I'm here—you can't meet me now. I've got something in my suitcase for you." She went on up the stairs, down the hall to the big front room that looked over the street.

Oh, Anna, Anna! The Blessed Damozel! The May Queen under the elms at college! Snow White—Aelfraida—all the fair ones of the world since time began. Anna. Anna. She sat in a wheel chair by the window, with a little table pulled near her for her supper. Her jacket of amber satin had a mandarin neck and was the color of her eyes, and her hair, like warm sand in color, was pulled up in little curls to the top of her head. Her delicate, triangular face was all light and she said, "Oh, *Liz!*"

Elizabeth came to her, bent and kissed her. She sat down on a hassock close to Anna's chair. "I told Adrian this was a fool idea," she said too quickly. "But here I am. . . . It's hell not to walk—but being an invalid is becoming to you!" She talked too fast, feeling shock, a shock she had not expected to feel, and wondered why she had not expected to feel it.

"I hope so," Anna said. Her voice was just the same, such a gay, expressive voice, with no self-pity in it. "I'd hate to be one of those stringy invalids who smell of medicine. . . . Oh, Liz, I had the most horrible nurse; the worst of it was, she liked me."

"And you thought I'd be a change?"

"You won't call me 'dearie,' anyway. Will you? . . . No, I just wanted someone of my own, that's all."

(Continued on Page 73)

What you can do about ALLERGIES

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE in our country are affected by some form of allergy. It is estimated that about four million people suffer each year from hay fever alone.

An allergy is a disorder or a *sensitivity* which some persons develop to normally harmless things like pollens, foods and dust. Many other factors may also be involved, such as chemicals, bacteria, etc.

The discomforts that occur when these trouble-makers come in contact with sensitive tissues are believed to be caused by a chemical called histamine. This chemical is apparently released by the body's cells in such large amounts that the tissues themselves are affected and their normal functions upset. This results in sneezing, skin rashes, digestive upsets, and a variety of other discomforts.

Today, treatment for all types of allergy is becoming increasingly effective. There are diagnostic tests which help doctors identify even quite obscure causes. In addition, there are also new drugs which aid in controlling many allergic symptoms.



1. If you have an allergy, ask your doctor about *the antihistamines*. When administered under a physician's advice—as they must be, since they are toxic to some degree—they often give rapid, though *temporary*, relief.

The antihistamines are especially beneficial in those allergies—such as hay fever—which are caused by substances that are inhaled. For best results, however, these drugs should be used along with other measures designed to give more lasting relief.



2. If you have hay fever, the doctor may recommend that desensitizing treatments be given early in the year, long in advance of "the hay fever season."

This helps build up protection and enables many patients to go through the season with little or no discomfort. Prompt and proper treatment is desirable, as studies show that persons with untreated hay fever often develop asthma.



3. If you suspect a food allergy, consult your doctor about diagnostic tests which reveal foods that should be avoided.

Authorities caution against self-prescribed diets to relieve food allergies, because essential foods may be unnecessarily omitted.

It is especially important to follow this safeguard in infants and children who have digestive upsets or skin rashes thought to result from eating certain foods.

Emotional difficulties have been found to play a part in allergy disorders. Consequently, doctors may study the patient's background in an attempt to find and clear up emotional situations that may lead to more frequent or more severe attacks.

Today, through prompt and proper treatment—and *complete* cooperation between the doctor and the patient—most allergy victims can be greatly helped.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 71)

an's your own, isn't he? And Johnny. s. B.?"

own blood kin," Anna said. "Oh, all been wonderful. Cornelia's the tful mother-in-law in captivity. But ll worn out—Adrian with trying to ful, Cornelia with running up and airs, Johnny . . . Johnny's been was going to die. I hope you can m know I won't. He doesn't even ome in here. . . . Oh, Liz, I *am* glad ere!"

beth didn't answer. Her brown face ypsylike and weathered in the lamp- ıe was trembling and she hugged her ght to stop it.

the room? We'd just had it done en I had this smashup. I think it's Anna said.

beth gave a brief glance around and Looks like Marie Antoinette's bou-

fussy, you mean?"

no. It's exactly right—for you. Well, ıas warned me supper's ready. Do I our tray up, or what?"

uld you? Bunce is really too fat to airs."

beth made for the door. "Be right e said gruffly.

ung her brown coat over the stair idily. Underneath the coat she wore blouse, a gray cardigan sweater and n-and-gray plaid skirt. Bunce was through the kitchen door with the d Elizabeth took it from her. She ck upstairs, set the tray on the table. up your own meat and everything?"

ed.

y not? . . . What a frightful skirt!"

beth looked down at the plaid. "Yes, it is. Gray and brown—very distin- l-looking together, they said. Does it ?"

course it does, darling. Think you wear my skirts? Somebody ought to. e of a heavenly chartreuse wool."

p it, Anna. I'll wear my own clothes. try to make me over."

Torny Liz! I don't want to make you 's just ——"

I now. It hurts you to see an ugly skirt s in the room. But I can't change now, I can't even try."

a laughed. "All right," she said gently. you've established your independence. your supper."

a child Elizabeth moved obediently the door. That was what Anna could ıer, turn her into a child with no will. doorway she paused.

uld you like to have Adrian eat up ith you?"

a's brown eyes sobered. "No," she 'I wouldn't. I wish people wouldn't hinking I can't stand it to be alone a e. I *like* being alone, Liz. And—well, a long-term proposition—I don't want t things, make habits."

right," Elizabeth said, went slowly down the stairs. She was just the same. *ould* she be just the same? *No one* had uch courage.

w do you do, Mrs. Suydam?" she nd put out a hand. Adrian's mother's face had no beauty, but great dignity straint.

s kind of you to come, Elizabeth," uydam said. "To give up your job."

wasn't much of a job—and I hadn't tarted on it."

y sat down at the table.

na looks wonderful, doesn't she?" eth heard herself saying.

e always looks wonderful," Mrs. Suy- aid quietly.

es—but well too."

e tries to—for our sakes."

h, I don't think you could fake it!" eth said.

ou haven't been here all these months," n said sharply.

o," Elizabeth said. She put her hands in her lap, held them tightly together. ny," she said, "I went to a country fair nonth and saw the biggest pig in the He was so big he couldn't stand up."

"What's a fair?" Johnny asked.

Where had they got Johnny from? There was none of Adrian in him, Adrian, fair and solid, like a Viking—there was none of Anna's grace or life. She began to talk very fast about country fairs. Horses, cows, chickens, canned things, enormous pumpkins and squashes. Johnny had good eyes, she thought. Intelligent eyes.

But suddenly Adrian was saying, "All right, Johnny. Eat your supper. We'll save the rest of the fair till some other time. . . . We try to keep table conversation more or less adult." He smiled at Johnny to take the edge off that, but his voice had an edge of its own.

ELIZABETH picked up her fork, then said almost rudely, "All right, Adrian. Now you say something adult and interesting." She was ashamed, but the shadows or Johnny's thin face or something compelled her. She was more ashamed when Mrs. Suydam smiled at her without anger and said:

"You've made a point there, Elizabeth. To tell you the truth, it was always Anna who made our conversation interesting. But we may learn."

"Sorry," Elizabeth said. She could not even meet Adrian's eyes. It was so damnably true—it was Anna who made the light, who, even up there alone, was more exciting than all of them put together.

Adrian took his coffee upstairs and Elizabeth said, "Want to help me unpack, Johnny?"

"We've had to give you the little room next to Johnny's," Mrs. Suydam said. "It's comfortable, but small. Adrian's been sleeping in the guest room."

"That'll be fine," Elizabeth said.

Johnny sat on the bed and she hung away her few things. She came on the package for Johnny and gave it to him.

"You'd better like this!" she said. "It's magic. I hunted all over town for the filings."

He had opened the package, which had a magnet and a box of iron filings. "I don't know what it's for," said the thin voice.

"You don't? You've never had a magnet? Just take it in your hand and hold it over the box. Don't let it touch . . . then watch."

The filings jumped up to meet the magnet, made a little tail on either arm, and Johnny said, "It jumped!"

"I told you it was magic."

"There isn't really any magic," Johnny said, but his eyes were still wide on his treasure.

"All right. Be scientific if you want to. I call it magic." She lifted a tissue-wrapped object from the suitcase. "How would you like to take this perfume in to mummy? Tell her it's a present from Aunt Liz."

Johnny kept his eyes on the magnet. "You can take it."

She didn't insist, but busied herself a few minutes without talking. Then she said, "I'm going into mummy's room now. Do you want to come along and say good night?"

He didn't answer, but began to fold his present up very carefully. "I have to put it away," he said. She went next door with him. He went to the plain chest by his bed, opened it and put the package inside. There were, she saw, no toys cluttering the room. Then he took her hand and went along with her to his mother's room. In the doorway the small hand gave a sudden pull away from Elizabeth's. "Good night," he said quickly and vanished.

Anna gave a small sigh, then laughed ruefully. "My loving little son," she said. "I suppose sickness is frightening to a child. You'd think I was cruel to him—but I'm not."

"I should hope not," Elizabeth said.

"The trouble is, you never know what he's thinking. It isn't like a child to keep his thoughts so hidden—is it?"

"All children aren't alike," Elizabeth said. "Do you go to bed now or sit up awhile?"

"I think bed. . . . Liz, don't tell Adrian, or he'll go into a panic, but this is really as much of a day as I can take right now. . . . I don't know whether you can get me into bed alone or not. There is a little lift from the chair to the bed and maybe you'll need Adrian to help you. Clean nighties are in the middle drawer."

Elizabeth helped her. She got the nightgown on and wheeled the chair over. She brought a bedpan. Then she told Anna to put her arms around her tight and lifted her over onto the bed.

"You're light as a feather," she said, troubled by the lightness.

"Liz, if you're awake around ten or eleven, *would* you bring me some milk? I don't want you staying up for it—but if you *are* awake."

Ten o'clock. What an unearthly hour to go to bed! Probably be good for her, though. "I am bone-tired," she said, turning out the light. Then she thought of Anna, dancing in the dawn, Anna trying the ski jump off Camp Hill. Back then she'd worn her fair hair long. She'd looked like Alice in Wonderland. *She still does*, she said to herself. *You turn romantic as—as Rossetti, just looking at her. . . . And there was that man Huxley at the station—he's in love with her. Does Adrian mind, I wonder?* Then she heard Adrian walking down the hall to the guest room.

Transfiguration

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The lantern you carry by your side
burns steady,
It has no mystery on it like the
lights
The stars that pant and flicker high
above you
Sow, like cries of gods across the
nights;
Your lantern burns as quiet as you
are,
It has no hope of being like a star.

Yet your lantern is a little brother
To the stars, as all your
neighbors know
When they see you going through
the evening
Across the fields of clover or the
snow,
To them a calm still lantern and a
man
Become as twinkling as
Aldebaran.

She really wanted me, her thoughts raced on. *I mustn't mind about the skirts, things like that. She really wanted me. I mustn't get like a stone wall about being changed. God knows, a little changing wouldn't hurt me. It's wicked, to be thinking about myself when Anna's like this. Oh, Anna!*

Adrian Suydam said, "You've got my telephone number, Liz; don't hesitate to call me at any time."

"I won't. But everything will be all right."

"Doctor McIntry will come in a minute—his number's right over the phone there."

"Adrian, don't worry so. I'll take care of her."

He frowned as if there were more he must say, but he went at last.

"Does he always fuss like that?" Liz asked Mrs. Bunce.

"He's a husband in a thousand," Mrs. Bunce said. "But then, he's got a wife in a million. He's been just out of his mind with worry."

Elizabeth went slowly upstairs.

"Anna," she said, "you don't *like* all this solicitude, do you? You look as lively as a cricket and they all act as if you were still on the danger list."

Anna's brown eyes crinkled up in delight. "Oh, Liz, I'm glad you're here! It's just that I was on the danger list so long. They've got the habit. It's going to be a bit of a trick, to make life normal and exciting again, but between us we'll manage it. You know, when they first brought me up here, from the hospital, I thought, 'These four walls, just these four walls—I'll die here.' But I won't die. That's the whole point, I won't die here."

"Anna, I thought Graner was so sure. Did—did he fumble the operation?"

"Which operation? There were three. He wanted to do one more—at least he told me it might be the end of me. Perhaps a chance in a hundred that it wouldn't. But I'll take a half life any day to a chance in a hundred at a whole one. And I'll make the half life seem whole too."

"Oh," Elizabeth said slowly. She heard Adrian's cold, passionless voice saying "Damn Graner." Everything seemed suddenly changed, and she did not know quite why. She said abruptly, "Shall I have a go at that hairdo now? You've certainly picked a complicated one!"

"It wouldn't hurt you to find a good barber," Anna said. "Good heavens, someone's at the door already!"

Two women came in at different times, but their calls overlapped. Jen and Lucy, they were called. They sat in the bright room and Anna told them stories of the hospital—not of herself in the hospital, but of stories she had run across in passing through.

So the morning went and then there was lunch, then a brief nap, then more people. The last one was the paper boy, who came up the stairs with muddy shoes and said, "Hi, Mis' Suydam. Here's your paper!"

At supper Elizabeth asked Mrs. Suydam, "Does Anna always have so many people dropping in?"

"Anna is greatly loved," Mrs. Suydam said.

So it was no special day. This was the way life was at No. 7.

"Just don't let her get too tired," Adrian said.

"Well, it would tire me to death, but she seems to like it," Elizabeth said.

She took a filmy brown nightgown with a circle of yellow lace at the neck from the drawer.

"If you don't mind the ironing—I do love a fresh nightgown every night," Anna said. Then after she was in bed, "Do you think you can manage, Liz?"

"Yes, I can manage."

"I know you were watching me like an old mother hen today—but I do love people coming. I do love life so, Liz."

"If you can take it, I can," Elizabeth said. "Shall I let Adrian come up now?"

Anna made the briefest pause before she said, "Yes, let him come. He has so little of me, poor darling."

And later Elizabeth heard again those slow steps going down the hall to the guest room. *I must make him know I love Anna*, she thought anxiously. *He doesn't believe it. That's my punishment for being reluctant. . . . It's her courage that breaks your heart. It's real courage. What would I have done? I couldn't make a half life seem whole. She makes it amusing and interesting and beautiful—no, I wouldn't have what it takes to do that.*

A WEEK later she looked from Anna's window out on bare trees on streaks of dry snow along the curbs and steps, and said with wonder, *I'm still here.* She had sent the money for the room to Lollie, said only, "I may be here longer than I planned." The work wasn't hard. It was even a pleasure to take care of someone so fastidious and lovely as Anna. Yet Elizabeth Burke was often tired and she was glad now to go to bed at ten o'clock. It was, she thought, staring out the window while Anna read her mail, wearing, living up to Anna's bravery. All Lakeville seemed to come into and out of that room. It was amazing, an incredible feat, that Anna should make this invalid's room so much a center of life and light.

That afternoon another habit was established. The tea hour. Doctor McIntry came in. Anna sat with a book in her hands and said, "Are you being professional or just coming calling? Don't you dare run up a foolish bill on Adrian!"

"I like to work it both ways," the doctor said. "It would be pleasant to be paid for

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coming to visit with you. You're the only woman in town who doesn't bore me. This time I'll just call it friendship. . . . You the sister?"

"Yes, I'm the sister," Elizabeth said.

"Sit down," Anna said. "You've been neglecting me."

"You don't need me, alas. . . . Meg wants Johnny for Sunday. All right?"

"If she can take it, I don't mind. I know I talk too much, but Johnny—he's so *silent*. If Meg can wake him up, more power to her."

The doctor gave a quick, straight look at Elizabeth. He had a look that was completely honest, a look that made people think he was kind, though he was not. He had shed illusions long since, had Doctor McIntry.

"Not much like you," he said of Elizabeth. "Sure you're sisters?"

"Always believed so," Anna said. "She's a nice girl—but stubborn."

"Anna's stubborn too. It just doesn't show on the outside," Elizabeth said. "Shall I make some tea?"

When she came in with the tea, Anna said, "We've been watching the people go by. Mrs. Daggett—you know, the caterpillar one with all the humps. It's a game I play: Mr. Botsworth's like a cod; you're my little Shetland pony, darling. Adrian called you that once and it fits. Isn't she a pony, doctor? Just the way she plumped the tray down—so ponylike! . . . I'll pour it, Liz. I always feel like such a lady pouring tea from this nice old silver pot. Isn't it a love? It was Adrian's great-grandmother's—Cornelia gave it to me. Why don't you call her down for a cup of tea, Liz?"

Elizabeth went to the stairs and called Mrs. Suydam, and Mrs. Suydam came, quietly, erectly, as was her wont, greeted the doctor and accepted tea.

It was peaceful there in the bright room. Everything shone—the silver tea things, the knobs on the fenders, the old gold clock with cherubs on the mantel. But the light was brightest on Anna Suydam, sitting there in the wheel chair, with the golden-brown eyes looking around at them all with such love, such an effect of saying, *These are my very best people. This is what I like, sitting here talking with my own people.*

Doctor McIntry got to his feet. He shook hands all around, giving Elizabeth an amused, half-indulgent smile. The doctor walked to the door before he turned and said, "Oh, Anna—Huxley Reals. Can't you do something about Huxley?"

"About Huxley?"

"Yes—get the guilt complex under control. He'll be no earthly good if he doesn't stop this."

"I'll try," Anna said. "I'll have Adrian ask him in—I have tried, but I'll have another go at it."

"Do that." Then he went.

Later Anna said, "Would it be too much trouble, having tea every day?"

"No—it's fun," Elizabeth said.

"Good! It rounds the day off, I think."

THEN it was Sunday, a bright, bitterly cold day, with a blue sky and white clouds scudding across the blueness. Church bells rang and people walked along the streets in their Sabbath best. Mrs. Bunce was a churchgoing woman—Baptist by creed. She didn't like asking favors, but she did say, "If you wouldn't mind giving an eye to the roast, Miss Burke. I'll be back plenty of time for the vegetables." She let her bulky figure out the front door, her Bible in her gloved hands.

Anna laughed and said, "In an hour you'll see her coming down the street with her friend Maisie Potts, talking sixteen to the dozen—about us. They think it's romantic that Huxley has this silly attachment. I'd love to listen in once, but I know what they say as if I were there. I don't mind. Bunce is wonderful, really, and she can talk about me all she likes."

At two the doctor's daughter came for Johnny. Elizabeth went to the door. The tall young woman said, "You must be Anna's sister. I'm Margaret McIntry."

"Hello. Yes, I'm Elizabeth Burke." And between them flashed something of instant recognition and liking.

"I'll run up and say hello to A Johnny, get your duds on!"

And that was all of their first meeti

Anna said, "Meg's the salt of the ea but she always makes me think of th farm horse Uncle Jean used to have."

Elizabeth smiled. Margaret McIntr like a horse, long-limbed, with a long And yet so real, without any veneer. "I her," she said.

"Oh, Meg's a grand girl," Anna said lessly. "Liz, do stay around when H comes. He's a lamb—but troublesome.

But it didn't turn out just as pla Elizabeth went down to see that every was ready for tea, then joined Adrian i living room. When the doorbell ran moved to answer, but Bunce got there saying, "That'll be Mr. Reals."

Elizabeth saw Adrian's face tighten he called out cordially, "Go right up, H

ONCE Elizabeth had heard Bunce s Huxley, "He's such a beautiful boy!" came into the living room, paying that deference to his employer. "Sharp out said briefly. He was not a boy. He was a as old as or older than Adrian, and the that this was so abruptly changed ev thing. Anna had laughed gently about ley Reals' devotion. It was, Elizabeth thought, like the devotion of a schoolb a teacher. It wasn't that way at all.

Adrian said, "You know Liz, don't y

"No, I'm afraid not. Hello, Liz."

"Hello," Elizabeth said.

She had thought it would be simple t company him up the stairs. She saw it w not be simple, saw it would be impossible was no child but a man, competent, ma used to having his own way.

"Anna'll be waiting for you," Adrian

Huxley turned and moved toward door. Elizabeth saw what Bunce had m by the "such a beautiful boy," but he not beautiful, only sensitive and fine-dra

When she carried the tray upstairs, H ley sat on the hassock near Anna's chai look of reproach, apology, flashed betw the sisters.

"This is my sister, Liz," Anna said.

"I know Liz," Huxley said, but not l ing at her. "At least, I've met her."

"If he isn't polite, pay no attenti Anna said. "I've been scolding him and sulky."

"No, I'm not sulky, Anna." Huxley R got up and moved the table nearer for tray. "But I'm not a child to be scol either."

"I left out the roses," Anna said. "I fo to scold you about them. They are lo and I won't send them back this time— the company doesn't pay you enough cover roses, Hux."

"I paid for them, not the compar Huxley said shortly. "Surely I can do w I like with my own money?"

"Isn't Adrian coming up, Liz?" A asked.

Elizabeth went to the stairs and cal "Tea, Adrian!"

When Adrian came in, he said, "H you're always underfoot. You might p weekdays to come calling—not make lov my wife right under my nose."

"You mean—it doesn't bother you if don't see me doing it?" Huxley asked.

"No, I didn't mean exactly that."

They spoke lightly, but Elizabeth fel current of something that was deadly serious between them all the same.

Then Anna picked up the conversati made it gay and easy and they presently gan to laugh. Suddenly there came a s tence about dancing, then about dream of dancing—about movement in gene "I'm always moving in my sleep," An said. "Now don't start feeling sorry for m it's just one of those things that happen the subconscious, I suppose." Somehow got them talking about things that moved skating and boats and planes, and Elizab found herself telling them about the C last fall when she had taken Bessie Lore house on the bluff across from Wellfleet.

"It was sunny the day I came," she sa "but the next day the wind began to bl

never stopped for two weeks. All day nd all night long the water slapped on ore. And the clouds raced and the gulls ver, gliding and swooping, gliding and ing. I began to feel as if I were the olid thing in the world, the only thing ould stay put."

d didn't you love it?" Anna asked. sounded quite poetic, about the gulls. g. I didn't know you had it in you."

ell, I have lots in me that you don't about," Elizabeth said more briskly.

ian was standing by the hearth. He d with some anxiety at Anna and said, ld you like to rest now till dinner, ?"

ut the rest of them out. Huxley got up id he must run along.

en Elizabeth came downstairs Huxley was just leaving. He paused in the hall, "Good day, Liz. Thanks for the tea." he put his hand to the doorknob. t was a pretty bit of cruelty up there." ruelty?" But she knew what he meant. dn't start it," she said.

ou certainly contributed your share." know. I couldn't stop. It was hideous." couldn't look up at him, but stood conscious of his tall, angry figure by oor. Then the door closed and she was . She went to her room, shaken. Yes, it been cruelty. Only—only the Cape had to her so clearly, it had fitted in. She oved the loneliness. But suppose she ust had to sit inside, hearing the wind, ing the gulls? Would she have loved much? "*A pretty bit of cruelty*"—remembered the words, tears stung at ds and she wiped at swiftly and angrily her sleeve.

heard Johnny come d got up quickly, ran b through her short *Buck up!* she said to lf in the mirror, but wn sober, guilty eyes d back at her, saying, *ouldn't have talked away about the gulls!*

r a moment, for only a moment, as she n the rug before the living-room fire with ny, her heart eased.

nny said, "I used to pretend there was le person in there."

see him now," she said. "See his peaked gainst the brick?"

t looks like horns to me," Johnny said. No, I think it's a little cap, like brownies . He looks friendly."

He never talks to me if anyone else is though," Johnny said.

No. His kind never would. But I may friends with him sometime when you're here."

f it gets all ashes, where does he go?" ny asked soberly.

ZABETH gave a laugh, rueful for logic in oung. "Don't you think he could hide at little crack in the bricks back there wait for the next fire?"

He'd get very cold."

No, he doesn't feel the hot and cold the we do. Otherwise, he couldn't live in the re"

Sometimes they burn up people that ie Johnny said. "Their bones and every-ng."

e moment of ease was gone. "Do they?" said slowly. "Who said so?"

Oh, somebody. They put them in a big ace."

That's true," Elizabeth said at last. Ad it makes a very beautiful light too. It's s you turned all into light—like him in e."

Do you think he was dead once?"

I don't know. He looks very much alive . See him tip his hat to us!"

ut the happiness was gone. And when he stopped believing in the little man?

lizabeth stood holding the red dress be-her, stared at herself in the mirror. Her n eyes were angry, but helplessly angry. rs. Suydam had knocked at her door. "I e you won't mind, my dear. I like to sew and I've fixed this dress over for you. It was Anna's, but it's not been worn much."

Elizabeth said, "But I have clothes enough, Mrs. Suydam." That had sounded ungracious and she had added, "But it's kind of you."

"Of course you have clothes—but this is such a pretty dress and it will be something gay for Anna to look at."

So she had taken the dress, with difficult words of thanks.

It was a pretty dress, of the softest, brightest red, with gold studs on the belt. It made a gypsy of her in the mirror. She hung the dress in the closet, but continued to see herself in it, almost pretty. Why did the thought of wearing it make her prickle all over? *I am not a pleasant character*, she admitted.

Nevertheless, she waited four days before she put the dress on at teatime.

Anna had a guest. Elizabeth saw the smooth sweep of black hair, the leopard coat, before Anna said, "Juliet, this is my sister Liz. This is Huxley's sister, Liz. And she's brought me a present."

JULIET said, "I found it at an auction the other day and I thought it would amuse you. It's a busybody. You'll have to get Adrian to fasten it to the window on the outside. You can watch people coming down the street. It's just a reflector, really. But I should think it would be fun."

"How enchanting!" Anna said. "Why, I can know everything that goes on in town! What a lamb you are, Juliet!"

Juliet stayed a half hour, telling the small gossip of town, and there was a good deal of laughter. Finally she went away.

Anna sighed. "It's an awful feeling to be with someone you know doesn't like you. Thank goodness I don't have it often. She never has liked me, from the very beginning, before I even knew Huxley. She runs the social life of the younger crowd. I haven't tried to run it, so I don't see why . . . well, maybe—this sounds vain—but maybe it's because people always seem to have such fun here. It's the house, or something—it lends itself to joy. I *do* think it's lovely, don't you, Liz?"

"Yes. It's one of the nicest houses I was ever in."

Adrian put the busybody up the next morning. He called Liz to ask her about adjustment, and Elizabeth sat where Anna generally did and directed him.

Adrian turned finally and grinned at Anna still in bed. "Snoopy!" he said.

"Just you wait—you'll be glad, I'll keep you informed on everything!"

He laughed, came to her and kissed her and then hurried off to the plant. Anna generally stayed in bed till ten or so, but today she wanted to get up at once. Presently, dressed, combed, she sat in the wheel chair and eyed her new possession.

"I wonder who'll be first in it!" she said. "Oh, it's Mrs. Daggett. She's a character. She's got quite a lot of money but she lives like a pauper. She writes letters to somebody every single day and trots to the post office with them. I wonder who she writes to. I've got to find that out. I do feel excited, Liz. I'll forgive Juliet a lot for giving me the busybody."

The little mirror was a great success. It made Anna laugh so often, and through it Elizabeth came to see the whole town. It wasn't that Anna had not been able to see people from her window before, but to see them long before they reached the house, to watch them coming from way up North Lake toward town—that was different. It gave time for personal histories, speculation. It was more than a glimpse.

One day Elizabeth said something about the busybody she wished she hadn't said. She went up to Mrs. Suydam's rooms for something. The rooms up under the eaves were very nice, with good pieces of furniture and a kind of immaculateness that was ap-

(Continued on Page 77)

It is easier to believe a lie that one has heard a thousand times than to believe a fact that one has never heard before.

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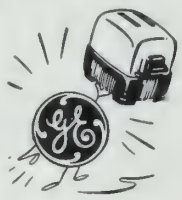
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Blend one 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, 1 tbsp. anchovy paste, 1 tsp. minced onion and a little cream until mixture is smooth. Spread lavishly on TRISCUIT Wafers . . . or let your guests spread their own.

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PUZZLED BY ALL YOU HEAR and read about electric toasters . . . don't know how to tell the *best* from the rest? Well, in my opinion, there's only *one* answer . . . a GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster. This sleek beauty will give you breakfast joy forever . . . "serve" toast to your taste time after time after time. All you have to do is set the control to dark, light or medium and forget it . . . every slice you toast (whether one or twenty!) will be just the way you "ordered" it. What's more, a G-E Automatic Toaster *pops* the toast up or *keeps* it down . . . 'til you and the breakfast are ready. I adore its wonderful, easy-to-clean, Snap-in Crumb Tray, too . . . you just snap it out, brush it off and snap back in again. But why go on . . . I can't begin to tell you all the reasons why I think the GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster is the *best* you can buy. So learn all about it first-hand . . . at your G-E Dealer's.



HERE'S MY FAVORITE FORMULA for bree cool refreshment . . . a delicious Chocol Cooler. And, of course, I make mine w WALTER BAKER'S 4 in 1 Inst Sweet Cocoa Mix . . . for I've tried th all and I think it's by far the best! I that's only natural . . . for everyth chocolate tastes *best* when it's BAKE and 4 in 1 **Chocolate Coolers** are si ply "packed" with that world-fam WALTER BAKER fla-vor. Furthermore, it "serves" your Chocolate Coolers the *easy, instant* way . . . you just:



Use 3 heaping teaspoons BAKER'S 4 in 1 per 8 oz. cup milk. Mix in shaker u creamy. Or add the BAKER'S 4 in 1 t little milk in tall glass, blend well, th fill glass with milk, stirring well.

WALTER BAKER'S 4 in 1 *costs much* than similar products I've used, too . so treat your family and guests to t luscious cooler often. Its rich, chocol goodness will make a big hit . . . I kno



ALL IN FAVOR OF VARIETY in sweet-to-eat treats say the same thing . . . BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. It's your "key" to 70 luscious delights . . . each one quick, easy and failure-proof. This *magic* recipe for the best-you-ever-tasted **Lemon Pie** is a good example . . . try it tonight: **Blend 1 1/3 cups (15-oz. can) BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind or ¼ tsp. lemon extract, and 2 egg yolks. Stir till mixture thickens. Pour into chilled 8-in. crumb crust or cooled pastry shell. For meringue, add ¼ tsp. cream of tartar to 2 egg whites and beat until almost stiff enough to hold a peak. Add 4 tbsp. sugar gradually, beating until stiff but not dry. Pile lightly on pie filling. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 15 mins. or until slightly browned. Cool.**

FREE BOOKLET! "*Eagle Brand Magic Recipes*" . . . with 70 time, work and money-saving treats. You'll want to try them all . . . so write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



YOUR DREAM COMES TRUE . . . now you can serve luscio protein main dishes at a better than bargain price. Ho Just depend on DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets . . . a deliciou different kind of salmon that's light in color and delic in flavor, with skin removed. Costs but a "song," too . yet DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets works menu "magic!" This luxe delight proves it:

Place 1 can DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets, whole, in center of rack in pressure saucepan. Surround with 3 med. potato sliced, ½ large onion, sliced. Add ¼ cup water, sprinkle w 1 tsp. salt, ¾ tsp. paprika. Heat, bring to 15 lbs. pressure, cook 5 mins. Cool imme ately to zero. Carefully lift salmon out, place in center of platter. Heap potatoes a onion around salmon. Serves 3.

And for more luscious treats, try DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets in sandwiches and sala too . . . perfect, "thanks" to DEMING'S *exclusive* feature, salmon with the skin remove

Nancy Sasser

Personally Yours



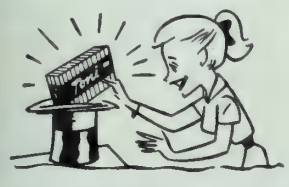
WANT SOFT, LOVELY HAIR . . . and all the compliments that go with it? Then you'll be interested to know that John Robert Powers, famous beauty authority, recommends KREML shampoo to all his models . . . for, unlike drying shampoos that leave hair dry, brittle and unruly, KREML Shampoo has a *natural oil base*. That's why it helps keep hair silken soft and a darling to manage . . . as well as encourages any natural curl. But that's not the only reason why Powers models depend on KREML Shampoo to keep their hair looking lovely and why I recommend it so highly . . . its special cleansing qualities bring out all the hair's natural highlights and make it sparkle w natural gloss and sheen. So use KREML Shampoo . . . from now on. And get K EML Hair Tonic for Friend Husband. Comes in a handsome new package now at th lowest price in KREML History . . . the 16-oz. size saves you up to 40%.

I LIKE ALL MOTHERS . . . I try to understand my baby's m y special needs and to care for them wisely. And, of course, c on tips are one of my ablest "assistants" . . . but since th 're put to such delicate, exacting use, I insist on the very fi st. And this means Johnson's COTTON TIPS . . . because n one else in the world has such experience and skill in m king baby products. And like most mothers, I've found th Johnson's COTTON TIPS have many advantages:



T y're *baby-soft* . . . made of the world's finest cotton. And th 're *baby-safe* . . . because they're sterilized right in the box a constantly checked by famous Johnson & Johnson quality-control method. The c on is spun directly on the sticks, too, and stays firm in use . . . with double tips fo extra thrift and convenience.

So for your baby's sake and your own peace of mind, don't compromise with qual- t . . insist on Johnson's COTTON TIPS. Come in two sizes . . . 29c and 49c.



TH EE MAGIC WORDS that will grant your w n for a soft, natural-looking wave . . . T NI HOME PERMANENT. Only N ther Nature can compete with the gl iously soft and silky wave of a TONI . . . r act, you really can't tell a TONI from n urally curly hair. Know why? Because th TONI Creme Waving Lotion waves yo r hair so gently. It's the gentlest wav- r lotion I know of. Then, too, only T NI has the wonderful new neutralizer, P mafix, that leaves your hair softer and m re naturally lovely at the very first co bing. But only seeing is believing . . . so give yourself a TONI HOME P RMANENT soon. It costs only $1 . . . b both your mirror and your friends w tell you it's the softest, loveliest, m st natural-looking wave you ever h d. And you'll find that your TONI t es no more care than naturally curly h r.



GLAD TIDINGS deserve repeating . . . so let me tell you again about BLUE-JAY's new Wonder Drug, *Phenylium* (pronounced Fen-ill-ee-um). It's the first really new medication for corns and calluses in over 70 years . . . here's how it works. *Phenylium* gets down *under* corns and helps *push* them out . . . from underneath! New BLUE-JAY brings *quicker*, *surer* removal of painful, burning corns than any treatment known! That's no exaggeration . . . for in actual tests, BLUE-JAY's Wonder Drug, *Phenylium*, went to work 33% faster than other leading remedies! Furthermore, of all the corn sufferers who tried New-Formula BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters with *Phenylium*, 3 out of 4 say . . . "It's better than any corn treatment I ever used before!" But prove it to yourself . . . get BLUE-JAY Corn and Callus Plasters with the amazing new Wonder Drug, *Phenylium*, at your drug store today. You'll agree . . . it's the *quickest*, *surest* corn removal remedy you ever used.



JOYOUS SUMMER FUN, including carefree swimming, can be yours even during those "inevitable" days of the month . . . *if* you rely on TAMPAX for monthly sanitary protection. It's a hot weather joy . . . for it's worn internally and absorbs internally. Frees you from the heat and discomfort of external pads and belts . . . yet guards your secret in a bathing suit (wet or dry), scanty play clothes and the thinnest frocks. TAMPAX is worthy of your utmost confidence, too . . . for it's the invention of a doctor. Made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton, TAMPAX is compressed into d nty little applicators . . . easy to insert, quick to change and no trouble to dispose o I can assure you, too, that it can't be seen or felt or interfere with any activity . . . a l eliminates all chafing and odor. So get TAMPAX today . . . and enjoy cool, c nfortable freedom "next time."

(Continued from Page 75)

pealing. There were also some good paintings, and Liz paused before one of them and said, "I do like that!"

Mrs. Suydam was surprisingly still. The picture was of docks with mist folding over them. At last Mrs. Suydam said, "Yes, I am fond of that one too. My son painted it."

"Your son?" Elizabeth said in astonishment. "Not *Adrian?*"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Suydam said. "My son Alex, who died."

"I'm sorry," Elizabeth said awkwardly. "I didn't know Adrian had any brothers."

"He has been dead fifteen years," Mrs. Suydam said distantly and stiffly.

"He must have had great talent."

"Yes," Mrs. Suydam said.

Later, as she combed Anna's soft curls, Elizabeth said, "You never told me Adrian had had a brother."

"It was long before I knew Adrian. Who's talked of him to you?"

"Mrs. Suydam. I asked about the paintings in her rooms and she said her son Alex had done them. I was startled."

"That's odd, you know. She has never talked to me of him. I wonder if there was something queer about him. Adrian told me he was drowned in a boating accident—said there was quite a difference in their ages."

"It seems strange," Elizabeth said. "Too bad you can't turn your busybody on that life."

Anna laughed. "Well, maybe I will. Have you anything special to do this morning? I wondered if you'd mind going down to Mr. Willis' drugstore and asking them if that buttermilk soap has come. I do love that soap and nobody else in town carries it."

"Yes, I'll go," Elizabeth said.

When she came out of the drugstore, someone called, "Oh, Elizabeth! Miss Burke!" Meg McIntry was coming toward her with a basket of groceries. She wore a scarf over her head and an old gray raincoat.

"I was just thinking about you," she said. "How about walking home with me?"

Elizabeth hesitated, but said, "I don't know why I couldn't. Mrs. Suydam is with Anna this morning."

So they walked to the doctor's old house. Though it wasn't long since breakfast they sat at the kitchen table and drank coffee. They didn't talk about anything important, yet conversation flowed easily between them.

Elizabeth explained the busybody and Margaret McIntry laughed. "Sounds like Juliet," she said.

"Did you ever know Alex Suydam?" Elizabeth asked suddenly.

Margaret looked up quickly. "Of course. Grew up with him. Why?"

"I just wondered. I never knew he existed till a couple of days ago."

"He killed himself," Margaret said.

"Oh. How terrible. He was so talented."

"Yes. Come on in the other room." She led the way into the crowded, happy-looking cluttered room and made a brief gesture toward the picture above the bookcases. It was of the lake on a gray November day—cold seemed to come out of the very canvas. The shadowy buildings along the shore were cold, too, and all was grayed down to bleakness. "He did that when he was eighteen years old," Meg said. "I don't know—I just don't know. He was in college and got in some sort of jam and was sent home. But it was more than that. He was destined for the plant and hated the thought. He was here the night before. He liked my father—he liked to come here. My father was out somewhere that night and Alex didn't stay long. Next morning he went out on the lake and didn't come back. They said it was an accident, but he had known boats all his life and could swim like a fish. No, it wasn't an accident. . . . Well, that's a sad old story. But that picture is good. I'm proud to have it."

She turned abruptly from the picture and began to talk of other things. She was blunt, entertaining, humorous. The doctor's house was stuffy and untidy, but Elizabeth had the feeling of having breathed great drafts of fresh air.

Mrs. Suydam was sitting with Anna when Elizabeth came in.

"Hope I didn't hold up anything," Elizabeth said. "I walked home with Margaret McIntry for a few minutes. I got the soap."

"Anna was a little worried about you," Mrs. Suydam said.

"Fiddlesticks! Anna knows I'm an able-bodied female."

"Well, I didn't think you'd get lost in Lakeville," Anna admitted. "And you certainly ought to be able to walk home with Meg or anyone you like. It's just—well, I expect I'm getting selfish. It's bad for me to be waited on from morning to night. I'm getting to expect it. But if you can get any fun out of Meg, for goodness' sake do it!"

"I do think she's fun," Elizabeth said. "She's so honest, so forthright. I like that."

"Do you? Well, within reason, I do too. But Meg's close to the line of bluntness for bluntness' sake. She just doesn't happen to be my cup of tea. I think I'll take a little rest before lunch."

In calm water every ship has a good captain.
—SWEDISH PROVERB.

That night Elizabeth was sitting in the living room when Adrian came downstairs and joined her. He lit a pipe and just sat smoking for some minutes in silence. Elizabeth had a feeling of unease, as if she were about to be scolded, but she kept on reading. At last Adrian surprised her by saying, "Are you contented here, Liz?"

"Contented? That's a funny word to use."

"Why so? Are you?"

"I don't know how to answer you. I've never been a very contented sort of person. I'm all right, though. You know how I feel about being here, Adrian. I don't see that we need to talk about it."

"Anna thinks you are getting restless. My mother would be willing to take over a few hours now and then to give you some time off. Anna is very anxious that you have some fun if you can find it. But I don't want her left alone."

"Anna is never left alone, but the truth is she likes to be alone. She really likes it, Adrian. People don't want to be hovered over every minute. Wouldn't you hate it yourself?"

"I dare say I would. But Anna has always had something going on. She likes people."

He excused himself abruptly then and went upstairs.

The next day Mrs. Suydam came to Elizabeth and said, "We've been thinking that you ought to have a full day off every week, and perhaps every other Sunday. I'll be glad to tend to Anna. It's her idea that you should have a day to yourself and I think it will work out better so."

"If that's the way she wants it," Elizabeth assented stiffly.

So, not wanting it, she had her days off, every Friday and every other Sunday.

Her first Friday was a strange one, long and strange. In the morning she looked over her clothes, sewed a button on, washed out a few silk things. She went to Johnny's room and found him lying on the bed with a book.

"Look, Johnny," she said, "this afternoon, let's go exploring around the town, shall we? You can show me things."

"All right," Johnny said.

After his nap Elizabeth bundled him up and they went out exploring. They went down to the business center and looked in through the window at Mr. Campanini mending shoes. He wore a leather apron and he had huge old-fashioned mustaches. He looked up and winked at Johnny and then went on tapping. "Let's go in!" Elizabeth said, but Johnny flushed and said, "No. I like to look through the window." They stood there till they were chilled and then moved on down the street.

"I'd like to see the lake, if you aren't too cold," Elizabeth said.

So Johnny led her to the next side street and they walked down its short, steep length

(Continued on Page 79)



Which one is the daughter?

Here's the Beauty Secret of a famous mother who looks as young as her daughter

If you saw these women on the street, or in a restaurant, you might turn and say: "What lovely sisters!" But you'd be *wrong*.

For Mrs. Dee F. Bredin, young as she looks, is Denise's mother!

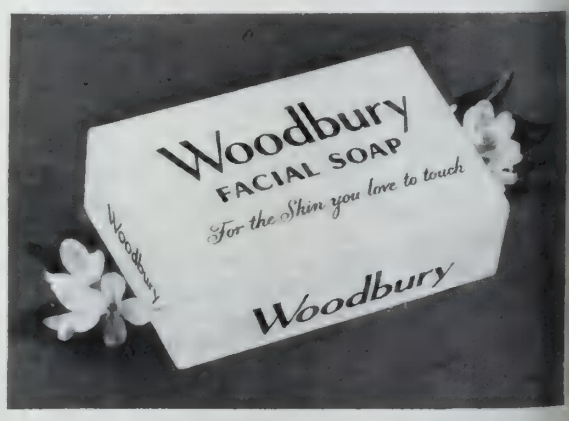
Many people make that wonderful mistake about this New York socialite. Mrs. Bredin doesn't mind. In fact, she furthers the illusion by keeping the accent on youth in her clothes, her hair-do, and so very important —her complexion! It glows with the light of mature beauty, yet it's youthfully smooth and radiant! And Mrs. Bredin thanks *one* soap, Woodbury!

For Woodbury Facial Soap, you see, is more than a cleanser. It's made by skin scientists who add an emollient face cream ingredient—a rich oil—to every cake of Woodbury!

While some soaps may dry delicate skin, Woodbury softens. This rich cream ingredient is intended to help *replace* the natural oils you wash away.

Any complexion is fresher, younger-looking with Woodbury Soap care. Take Mrs. Bredin's word for it (she's the woman on the right). Or ask daughter Denise, another radiant Woodbury Deb!

Better still, try Woodbury Facial Soap yourself—today! In Facial and Bath sizes.



Woodbury Facial Soap... *with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient*

for the skin you love to touch

(Continued from Page 77)

he lake. It looked lonely and deserted n there on this chill December afternoon. her along you could see the long narrow dings of the Suydam Boat Company.

That's where my father makes boats," ny offered.

Did you ever go to watch him do it?" abeth asked.

Once I did," Johnny said.

hey walked along the shore a way, seeing small gull riding the wind. Then as they ed to go, they saw Huxley Reals coming g the walk from the plant. He wore a top-, but his head was bare. It did not take long to reach them, but it was long gh. Long enough for Elizabeth Burke to a sharp anger against life, against the h that there was never any equality in , that the ways of the heart were devious illogical. *No*, her heart cried out. *No*. She ght foolishly of the money she kept send- to Lollie for the room.

Why, hello!" Huxley Reals said. hnny, I was just thinking about you."

lmost any little boy would have grinned ly at that, but Johnny looked up at him waited without smiling.

Well, I was," Huxley insisted. "Don't so skeptical. They are opening the new er-skating rink tomorrow afternoon and y have some extra-fancy skaters here as a d-off. I thought maybe you and I could watch them for a while. How about it?"

Elizabeth wanted to shake Johnny, he was cool about it. At last he said, holding zabeth's hand tight, "If Aunt Liz goes, I ."

Huxley Reals laughed. "Well, Aunt Liz go, too, if she likes."

Johnny, I'm afraid I'm going to be busy. be staying with mother tomorrow."

My father will be there. It's Saturday," nny said.

Huxley Reals said, "I'll fix it up with na. You're hooked, Aunt Liz. What are two doing down here on a day like this?"

We're exploring," Johnny said gravely.

You are? Come with me, then, and I'll w you something. Once a week or so I e to come down to see what's keeping old pps home. Sometimes it's the misery, metimes the bottle. He'll be harmless, even t's the bottle. He's our best man, but he s weaknesses. . . . Here we are."

Johnny looked up at Elizabeth question- ly.

It's all right," she said, and they went h Huxley Reals up three rickety steps o one of the shacks they had just passed. small ancient figure sat at a bare table in lean but bare room.

HE old man squinted up at them out of row but bright blue eyes. "Bloodhound," said. "Snooping around."

Right you are, Cripps. Why aren't you the plant? . . . Let Johnny see what you're ng there. Look, kid—how do you like at?" The old man was making a ship in- e a bottle. His thick, calloused fingers did t look as if they could possibly manipulate e tiny masts, but the ship was almost done.

The old man squinted up at Elizabeth. Who be you?"

She's Aunt Liz," Johnny offered.

That's right. I'm Aunt Liz," Elizabeth d with a grin at Mr. Cripps.

How do you get the sails in?" Johnny ked.

Well, boy, you watch. I'll show you."

And I suppose you'll expect us to pay u for showing him," Huxley Reals said.

Don't give a hoot whether you do or t," the old man said. "I got my days hen I don't feel up to taking that trip up ere. My legs is bad."

They all watched the delicate operation th anxious eyes.

Well, son, that's the way it's done," ipps said at last. Then the old man got up d went to a cupboard, opened the door d took out a smaller bottle with a smaller ip inside it. He handed it to Johnny. "You ke that home with you, son. I made that r you."

A look that was childlike, full of wonder me over Johnny's sharp little face. He took the bottle into his hands. Then he said, "You didn't. You didn't even know me."

The old man gave a small cackle. "That's where you're wrong, boy. I know you, all right. You're the boss' boy. You're the spit of your Uncle Alex, kid. Now you come again—but don't you bring no bloodhounds with you. . . . Reals, you leave me alone. If you want to give my job to somebody else, you can."

"Some of these days I will," Reals said. "Cripps, you get away with murder. You show up tomorrow."

"See how I feel," Cripps said.

At the door Johnny turned. "Thank you," he said clearly.

"Don't mention it, old salt," Cripps said.

They stood an instant there in the narrow street by the cold lake before Huxley Reals turned back toward the plant.

"That was exciting," Elizabeth said. "Thanks."

Huxley Reals frowned and let his glance drop to Johnny, who stood holding the bottle with great care. "Try to think up some more spots. Like to help out. . . . Well, Johnny, so long. I'll pick you and Aunt Liz up tomorrow."

The next day at three on the dot, Huxley Reals appeared at the door. "Ready, Johnny?" he asked as soon as he came into the hallway. "Get your things on. Where's Aunt Liz?"

"Upstairs," Johnny said.

"I'll go up and say hello to your mother." He went up the stairs, walked into Anna's room. Adrian was there, and Elizabeth. "Hello, Anna," he said. He nodded to Adrian. "I'm taking Liz on a bat. Johnny won't go to see the skating without his Aunt Liz. You'll hold the fort while we're gone, won't you?" he asked Adrian.

"I'll be here, if that's what you mean."

Elizabeth said uncomfortably, "I'm not going. I'm sure Johnny'll go with you, Mr. Reals, without me. It's almost teatime and ——"

Anna said, "Adrian, why don't you and Liz take Johnny to the rink and let Huxley entertain me? He'll bring the tea. . . . Go on, Liz—I'll be quite all right."

And before she knew it Elizabeth was out in the street with Johnny and Adrian. Adrian was angry and it was an unpleasant walk to the rink. Johnny was silent, with none of that wonder in his eyes that had been there yesterday when he had seen the ship.

At the entrance, Adrian did come alive enough to say, "Well, here we are, Johnny." They found places on the side lines and several expert skaters were doing their stunts. After an hour Adrian said, "Had enough, Johnny? We'd better jog along, I think."

They were out in the street again, walking toward home through the early dusk.

"Well, did you enjoy that?" Adrian demanded of Johnny. "I hope so! I used to do that for hours on end. It seems silly now."

Johnny hadn't had to answer and that was a good thing, Elizabeth thought. For he hadn't enjoyed it. He hadn't enjoyed it at all. They stepped into the hall and heard laughter from upstairs.

But when Huxley had finally gone Anna said, "I thought you'd never, never come back. I hope you had fun."

"Well, I guess Johnny did," Adrian said. "Though one never knows."

When Elizabeth put Johnny to bed later that night, Johnny said suddenly, "You won't ever go away from here, will you?"

Elizabeth paused. "Yes, I probably will someday. This isn't my home, you know. I'm going to stay quite a while, though."

"You could have this for your home."

"No, I couldn't, Johnny."

"If my mother died, then you could."

Elizabeth felt a cold shock along her spine. "*Johnny!*" she said. Then she was ashamed of having heard desire in the small voice. It *couldn't* have been desire. "Look, Johnny, your mother isn't going to die. She can't run around and play with you any more and that makes her sad. But she's *not* going to die. You mustn't worry about that."

SHE knew she was talking too fast, filling up the vacuum after the shock. Johnny looked straight at her again and said:

"But if she *was* dead, then you could stay forever."

"No," she said sharply, "no, I couldn't."

She stood up and walked away without a good night. She went into her room and sat down on the bed and covered her face in a movement of revulsion.

"How horrible," she whispered. "How . . . monstrous!"

Presently she went into the bathroom, washed her face, looked in the mirror to see if the horror was wiped out. She came to Johnny's door, would have passed, but something stayed her. She walked in and Johnny was huddled under his blanket, crying almost soundlessly. She bent and kissed him. She didn't want to condone what he had said, but she couldn't let him go to sleep crying. She waited a moment, but he said nothing, so she went out and into Anna's room.

I'm frightened, she said to herself. *I've never been so horribly frightened.*

Mrs. Bunce and Miss Potts sat in the little sitting room of Miss Potts' cottage. It was a funny room, clean as soap and water could make it, very crowded with incongruous pieces of furniture. The two women rocked comfortably, but Miss Potts' faded eyes were a little anxious.

"I'm certainly glad to set," Mrs. Bunce said with a sigh. "Been on my feet since sunup."

Always when Mrs. Bunce came, Miss Potts immediately went to the kitchen, made coffee and got out a coffeecake or cookies, but tonight she just sat and talked and watched the clock surreptitiously.

At last Mrs. Bunce said frankly, with her kind laugh that was so much a part of their intimacy, "Well, Maisie, aren't you going to give me a cup of coffee?"

Miss Potts' thin face grew unpleasantly flushed. "I thought I'd wait a little while." Then with an effort she rushed on: "You see, Leora, Mr. Botsworth's going to drop in for a cup with us. We got to talking about coffee's going up in the shop and one thing led to another—you know folks always say I make first-rate coffee, and the first thing you know he was saying he'd come in and have a sample some night and then he said he'd be along tonight. You don't want to get ideas in your head—it don't mean anything."

Her voice trailed off. Mrs. Bunce stared at her, shocked. She had been coming to Miss Potts' cottage for years, and of all people in the world, Miss Potts was the last to think of as having a suitor.

"Why, Maisie Potts!" she said at last.

"Now don't you go thinking things," Maisie Potts said weakly.

But at that moment there was a knock on the door and Maisie, reddening afresh, went to answer the knock. Mr. Botsworth looked, as Anna had so aptly stated, like a cod. But he was a genial man with a hearty voice.

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

THE secret of staying in love is never to show disillusion; the moment you do, the other person will quit trying to be better and be what he knew he was all the time.

Child watching a dragonfly: "It must be one of those miracle bugs."

The parents leave a note:

Pudry: Maybe it will be raining, maybe it won't. Therefore (a) if it is raining, do not disturb the management's glorious slumbers: (b) if it is not, set the alarm for 8:30 and run. Signed,

THE MANAGEMENT

The first time a daughter raises her voice to screaming pitch she should feel the sole of a slipper, because the most abominable thing in a house is a yelling woman.

Our son should make a wonderful father; he ought to be able to understand every phase a child might go through.

"Maybe you don't know it," said Cousin Margaret when I hung up a fancy dish towel before quitting the kitchen, "but you inherited that from Grandmother K. She always hung one for looks too."

When the plumber turned the water off in the upstairs bathroom and the daughters had to wait three days for baths, they looked upon themselves as social outcasts. They still can't conceive their parents' having the unsanitary pedigree of a bath a week.

It's going to be quite a day in this country—and I hope I'm around to enjoy it—when the pendulum swings back and some thought is given to helping *parents* feel secure.

Some women never seem through with what is to be done; other women have the air of never being interrupted in anything of importance.

People who build houses with living rooms on top of bedrooms should first figure out the ratio between the number of times they go out of the house and the number of times they go to bed.

A strong home these days is one that can hold its children *without* television.

One teacher helps to clinch vocabulary by saying, "You have to learn a word only once. No matter how long you know the word, it will never change, never grow fat, gray or old—and fifty years from now will look exactly the same."

"I wouldn't mind being the youngest," laments our preteener, "if just for one day I could catch up!"

Definition of a lady: A woman who never leaves a public rest room *worse* than she finds it.

As close together as a boy and a dirty shirt.

Idea for cartoon: Bride with box of soap powder: "It's wonderful! All you do is add water."

Women once worried more about *getting* married than *staying* married.

"The worst thing that you can do to a child is to be always after him," says the school custodian. "I've worked with power in one form or another most of my life, and I've learned that once you get something working good, leave it alone."

In a child's drawing, sky never meets earth. It seems to be the painful duty of an adult world to bring them together.

Daughter: "I'm going to give a party this summer and I'm going to invite only men—because do you know what I think causes all the trouble at parties? Women!"

"Took you up on it, Miss Potts!" he announced. "Where's my coffee? Well, hello, Fatty!" He had called Mrs. Bunce "Fatty" when she was a little girl and he still did so. "What you doing here?"

"Leora often comes to keep me company," Miss Potts said. "Just sit down, Mr. Botsworth, and I'll go make us some coffee."

"Whew!" he said, laying off his overcoat. "Mind if I take off my coat too? It's hot as an oven in here."

"Just be comfortable," Miss Potts said.

So he took off his suit coat and sat in his shirt sleeves by the stove. "This is a good little house," he said. "Remember when Matt Spears built it."

"You've got a good house yourself," Mrs. Bunce reminded him coldly. Looking around on Maisie's house as if he owned it!

"It's all right. Don't have the feeling for it now, though. It's kind of lonesome living all stark alone like I do."

"You could have your daughter Jane and her husband live with you."

"Well, Fatty, you know how that is. Young folks like to be by themselves. That's natural. I don't aim to change my ways—too old for that, now. . . . Well, about time, Miss Potts, before Fatty and me get in an argument."

Miss Potts had made an angel food and Mrs. Bunce noted the fact with a sinking heart. She knew quite well that Miss Potts made angel foods only on birthdays and special holidays.

Mr. Botsworth took a sip of coffee, scalding hot. "Strong enough to sink a battleship," he said. "But it tastes like coffee, I'll say that." He took a large triangle of angel food. "That certainly slides down."

They talked on, but all the time Mrs. Bunce felt emptier and lonelier. Ed Botsworth acted so at home. And those silly red spots on Maisie's cheeks, and the foolish way she bridled when Ed asked for more of that coffee.

"Well, I've got to work tomorrow if you folks haven't," Mrs. Bunce said suddenly. "Hate to break up the party, but I'll be getting along now."

Ed Botsworth said, "I'll walk you home, Fatty."

Mrs. Bunce said sharply, "You'll do no such thing." She got her coat and hat on, pulled on her cotton gloves. "Good night, Maisie," she said. "Good night, Ed."

But when she was safe in her own back room at No. 7, undressed and in her bed, tears came to her eyes. *Well, that's that*, she tried to say philosophically, but she couldn't stop the tears from coming. Her little snug room was suddenly too snug. It was all she had. She didn't know how much Miss Potts' cottage had enlarged her world till now that world had shrunk to this.

In the morning when Johnny wandered into the kitchen she didn't tell him to get out from underfoot, as she was wont to do. When Elizabeth came down to the kitchen Mrs. Bunce was rocking back and forth, Johnny in her arms, singing, "*Jesus loves me. This I know, For the Bible tells me so; Little ones to Him belong—We are weak but He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me* ——"

Elizabeth, not knowing what impulse had brought about this tenderness, was startled and touched. She said nothing, but all the way upstairs and later she kept remembering Johnny's head against that broad bosom, the clear voice, the rocking chair. Was it as simple as that, the way to Johnny?

In Anna's room Anna looked up with excited brown eyes and said, "Oh, Liz, run down and ask Mrs. Daggett in! She's coming down the street. Bet you two to one I'll find out who she's writing to! Run—before she gets by!"

Elizabeth ran down the stairs and opened the front door. "Oh, Mrs. Daggett!" she said. "My sister wonders if you wouldn't come up and say hello to her!"

The old woman paused. She peered up at Elizabeth with an odd expression in black eyes, pouched and veined of lid. "She must be bored," she said clearly.

Elizabeth laughed uncertainly. "No, she's never bored. She just wants to see you."

Mrs. Daggett came up the steps. "I must be at the post office before eleven." She came into the hall; her black eyes took in the contents of the hall, the wallpaper. "So Anna fell for this paper, did she?" she asked. "I have some of the original in my back bedroom."

Anna called gaily, "Have to go out and drag you in to see me! Shame on you, Mrs. Daggett!"

Mrs. Daggett put her bag on a chair, came and shook hands, then sat down. "Anna, you didn't want to see me any more than you wanted to see Bill Vine," she said. "You saw me in that contraption of yours and thought you'd surprise me."

Anna laughed. "True, but I did want to see you. I see the same old faces over and over. I wanted a change."

Mrs. Daggett gave a small grunt, then said, "Remember this room when it was old Mrs. Suydam's—Adrian's grandmother's. It had brown paper with gold medallions and brown velvet curtains."

"It doesn't look like that now, does it?"

"Looks elegant. Like you," Mrs. Daggett admitted. "Grandma Suydam'd have dropped dead to see those heathenish prints on the wall out there in the hall."

"But you don't want me to live *her* life, do you? I've got a right to put my life on top," Anna protested.

"Certainly," Mrs. Daggett said.

"Oh, I am glad you came in!" Anna said. "I see you going by every day and I think about you a lot—I truly do. I wonder if you're lonely. When you're shut in you speculate on *everything*. Do tell me who you write to every single day, so I won't have to brood over *that* any more!"

Mrs. Daggett was silent. Then she reached for her bag with an awkward spiderlike motion, got to her feet. "No, I'm not any lonelier than any of God's creatures. I must run along now. Good day, Anna."

Elizabeth followed her down the stairs and opened the door for her. "Thanks for coming in," she said embarrassedly.

Mrs. Daggett peered up at her from the bottom step. "I like the looks of you," she said. "Come and see me, young woman."

When Elizabeth went into Anna's room again she said, "Two to one, eh?"

"Oh, just wait. I'll know yet!" Anna said.

It was later that day that Anna said, "We have to think about Christmas." Something in her voice made Elizabeth feel great compassion for her.

"You do the thinking," she said. "Would you like the tree up here?"

"I suppose it better be, if it isn't too big. We have always been very gay at Christmas, with lots of parties. But we could have open house one day, couldn't we? Only you'll have to do such a lot of shopping, Liz."

"I don't mind. Only there are so many places you can write to nowadays. I'll get catalogues, and you can shop yourself. Don't worry about it. We'll manage everyone."

Then one day Elizabeth went downtown to get a record, and in the music store Huxley Reals was standing, discussing some record machine with the proprietor. He waited till she had made her purchase and walked out of the store with her.

"I never asked how the skating party went off without me," he said in a friendly voice.

"Well enough. No, not so very well," she contradicted herself. "Adrian didn't really want to go, you know."

"Well, I didn't either," he admitted. "Or at first I didn't. Meg McIntry was lecturing me—said that taking on Johnny would be more useful than sending roses. D'you think so?"

"Better for whom? If you begrudged doing it, I'm quite sure Johnny would know it."

He laughed. "You don't coddle people, do you, Aunt Liz?"

"Why should I?"

"Why should you, indeed? What do you think of a record player for Anna for Christmas? I know they have that big one downstairs—but perhaps a smaller one for her room. She loves music, so I wondered ——"

Elizabeth thrust her hands into her big pockets, said, "Yes, she loves music, but . . . must you be such a fool, Mr. Reals?"

She hadn't known she was going to say it, she wanted to take it back, but the words hung there on the air, spoken. He stopped, turned and stared at her.

"A fool?" he said. "Yes, I must be a fool, if that is what you call it."

"What do you call it? I don't know why Adrian doesn't throw you out of his house, out of his plant. Palely loitering around his wife!"

She was aghast, but couldn't stop. To her amazement he laughed, began to walk again by her side.

"What a temper you have!" he said. "But to tell the truth, I'm past shock treatment, Aunt Liz."

"Don't call me 'Aunt Liz.' And don't think I don't know what Anna does to you. She's terribly exciting as well as beautiful—all the same, a record player costs fifty dollars or more, doesn't it? That's downright silly."

"But would she like it?"

They had come to No. 7 and paused at the steps. Elizabeth Burke gave him a sudden smile and said, "I think she'd love it."

He grinned at her in a puzzled way, walked away.

When Elizabeth went into Anna's room, Anna said, "Are you stealing my swain?"

"Heavens, no! He's having a struggle trying to decide what to give you for Christmas."

"And what is he going to give me? I ought to suggest a new refrigerator."

"You'll find out. . . . Could I give Johnny a dog for Christmas?"

"He's allergic to cat and dog fur," Anna said.

Then Christmas was there. In Anna's room, where was the heart of the house. There was one bad moment when Elizabeth didn't know whether Johnny would even come for the tree, but Bunce came to her door, took his hand and said, "All right now, Johnny—looks as if Santa's been here!" And Johnny went with her to his mother's room. Adrian distributed gifts and Anna was excited and loved everything. Johnny had plenty of toys, puzzles and books and a new tricycle. He managed a few reluctant thank you's, prompted by Bunce. Anna was like a child with presents. Of the record machine she said, "The extravagant darling! But I can't send it back."

The next day was the open house, with all Lakeville wandering through the house, with laughter high, with singing, sitting around Anna's chair, Anna's own alto coming through clearly and truly. A gay party, a good party.

The next afternoon Doctor McIntry dropped in. "Well, you haven't lost the knack, Anna," he said. "A good party. I expected to find you in bed."

"Cornelia's the one who's exhausted," Anna said. "Run up and see her before you go. She did work too hard. . . . I saw your car coming in my busybody and I willed you to stop. I was just scheming about you. Wondering whom to marry you off to."

"Stop right there, Anna. I don't want to marry anyone."

"But suppose Meg married—then how would you get along?"

"Meg? She won't marry. We're both content—so put your mind on something else. Aren't you losing weight?"

"No. It's just the day-after-the-party look. I'm fine. . . . I even thought in an idle moment of Liz here for you. She'd make the perfect doctor's wife."

Elizabeth made a little face at him and he laughed. "No, I won't have you, Liz. I'm old enough to be your father. If you want a husband, I'll find you one—among the young fry."

"I don't," Elizabeth said. "It wasn't my idea. I don't even like you very much."

Anna gave a crow of laughter. "My Liz. But he'd grow on you, too, darling. He's nice, really."

After he had gone upstairs to see Mrs. Suydam, Anna said:

"Why don't you like him? He's one of my favorite people."

"I don't know. He's got a cold heart."

"Doctor McIntry? But that's not true. You can't believe how nice he's been to me, how gentle and how patient."

"To you, yes. But you're special, Anna. He's a little in love with you."

"Oh, nonsense But you know, I hope he is—just a little."

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Bunce had a telephone call. This rarely happened and she shouted "Hello!" boomingly into the receiver. "No. I guess not. Don't want to butt in! . . . Well, I'll see."

But at eight o'clock, in her black coat and little black hat with the feather at the wrong angle, Mrs. Bunce was walking to Miss Potts' house. When she got there Mr. Botsworth's figure appeared in the doorway behind Maisie's.

"Hello, there, Fatty! Come on in with us old folks!" he called out genially. "We thought we'd have a little game of three-handed rummy. Or don't you Baptists allow that?"

"Why, we're not so behind the times as all that," Miss Potts said. "You've got the wrong idea about the Baptists, Mr. Botsworth. Gambling, they don't like that, but a game of rummy's all right."

Mr. Botsworth winked at Mrs. Bunce. "A little stake makes the game exciting, but just as you say, girls. Just as you say. I'll tell you—how about putting up that extra fruitcake you got out there on the shelf? Winner takes the fruitcake home. You wouldn't call that gambling, would you, girls?"

(Continued on Page 82)



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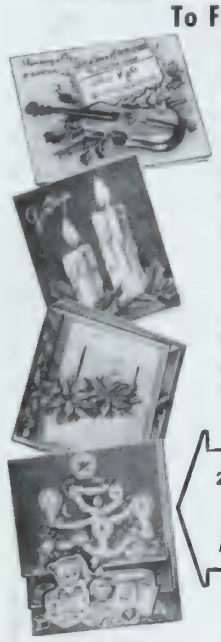
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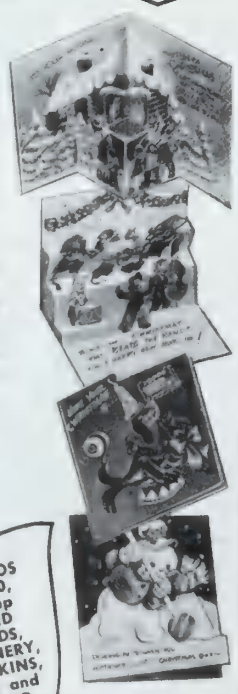
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(Continued from Page 80)

Miss Potts flushed and said, "You can have the fruitcake and welcome."

"No, no. Just want the fun of trying to get it."

"I guess there wouldn't be any harm in that, would there, Leora?" Miss Potts asked.

"I don't see as it makes any difference one way or the other," Mrs. Bunce said. She did think it made a little difference, but it wasn't, of course, like playing for money.

Mrs. Bunce liked to play rummy, and in spite of herself enjoyed the game. When it was done she found herself in possession of a fine fruitcake.

"You take it home, Ed," she said. "I can make my own cakes."

"I'll bet you can," Ed said. "But fair's fair, Fatty. It's yours."

So she walked home with the cake under her arm. It bothered her. She wanted to throw it away, but it was a good cake.

She sent some cake up for tea next day and Anna said, "Where did this come from, I wonder? Bunce never made it—fruitcake's not her line."

So when Elizabeth took the tray down she said, "Anna wondered where the cake came from. It was terribly good."

A dull red went up Bunce's face. "I won it," she said bluntly. "Playing rummy with Maisie and Ed Botsworth."

"Why, Bunce!" Elizabeth said, exploding with laughter.

"I don't see as it's so funny," Bunce said. "When I was seven years old I signed a pledge I wouldn't ever dance or drink or gamble. I never broke it till now. You can have fun over a game without getting something for it."

"Yes, but the cake was so *good*."

"That fool, Maisie Potts—at her age," mumbled Bunce, and bustled off.

Elizabeth went back and reported and Anna laughed till tears stood in her eyes. She managed to have Bunce come up later and she said to her, "Let your conscience be at rest, Bunce. You gave us a wonderful tea party today. . . . Don't tell me Maisie has a suitor?"

"That's what she has. I should think she'd see she was making a fool of herself. She's sixty if she's a day. And a butcher—he's just looking for a cozy home, that's all he's looking for."

"Well, I wouldn't want to be married to him. But Pottsy may see him through other eyes—he may be Adonis to her."

After Bunce had finally gone, Anna laughed again, laughed and laughed and Elizabeth with her.

Anna said, "You know, Maisie and Bunce have always interested me. They're both as sensible as the day is long. Just the same, it's an awful blow to Bunce to have Maisie getting serious over a man, even if it's Ed Botsworth."

"She'll have to work out her own salvation. It's funny—but it's sad too," Elizabeth said. Her brown face was suddenly grave.

In the doctor's old brown house next morning Margaret McIntry came into the office and said, "Mrs. Daggett's sick. You'd better drop in there as early as you can make it."

"Daggett? What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know. But she's sick. She didn't go to the post office yesterday."

"For heaven's sake!"

"No, I mean it. You must go," Margaret said.

But when he came in at noon he confessed he hadn't been to see Mrs. Daggett. "Look, Meg, be your age. I wouldn't have any excuse for stopping there. You can drop in on her if you want to." Then he gave her a look that was quizzical, but friendly. "Say, I've been wanting to ask you—are you thinking of marrying anyone?"

Margaret McIntry dropped her fork on her plate. She gave a short laugh. "Marrying anyone? Are you out of your mind?"

"Then you're not? Good. I've been prodded toward matrimony myself—with a 'what would you do if Meg married?' sort of nonsense. You needn't go into shock. I'm not convinced. Nor likely to be."

"And who put that bright idea in your head? . . . Never mind, don't tell me. It was Anna Suydam. Whom has she picked out for you?"

He laughed. "Her sister Liz. Thank God the young woman's got brains enough not to take it seriously."

Margaret said, "If you married—which you won't, being completely heartless—it won't be anyone like Elizabeth Burke. You wouldn't be that lucky." Then she grinned at him forgivingly and said, "And never use my welfare as an excuse for doing something you want to do anyway."

"Meg, such penetration of male vanity isn't becoming. You probably ought to marry, though what I'd do without you, I don't know. But the truth is you're a born spinster."

She sat quite still and stared at him.

"What's the matter? Shouldn't I have said that?"

"No," she said. "You shouldn't have said that. It's quite in character, though. You needn't worry. I am not going to marry. But I am not a born spinster. And you'd better get into the office."

He got up, his face more embarrassed than it often was. "Look, Meg ——"

Letter

By Raymond Kresensky

The groves of maples stretching far,
The miles of purple clover,
These will be here for you and me
After your work is over.

Your country road is always here,
Leading away to town,
Against the heavy green of fields
The meadows gold and brown,

And cornfields laid upon the earth—
But here within your room,
Set deep upon the lines I write,
Your favorite flower in bloom.

"Go *on!*"

She cleared the dishes away, washed them, then got her coat. But before she had reached the door, the bell rang and there were Elizabeth and Johnny on the porch.

"Oh, you were going somewhere!" Elizabeth said.

"Come in. I'll put it off a bit. I was worried about Mrs. Daggett. She didn't go by with her letter and I wondered if she were sick."

"We could wait for you," Elizabeth said. "Or I'll tell you—Mrs. Daggett asked me to come see her. Suppose I run in for a few minutes and leave Johnny here with you?"

"Sound idea," Margaret said.

Mrs. Daggett had a good house, plain of line but big and dignified, if worn and in need of paint. Elizabeth Burke rang the bell and there was no answer. She went around to the side door and rapped. At once she heard that deep, surprisingly cultured voice call:

"Come in. Whoever you are, come in!"

She stepped into a room that might once have been a library. At least there were many shelves crammed with books. But there was a couch, too, and on the couch lay Mrs. Daggett, drawn and white.

"Oh, you," Mrs. Daggett boomed out. "I've sprained my ankle or broken it maybe. Thought nobody was ever going to stop in. Want to get hold of McIntry for me? The phone's in the kitchen."

Elizabeth called the doctor. He said he'd come as soon as he could.

Elizabeth went back. "He says I'd better not do anything till he gets here. Is it very painful?"

"Well, I've stood it for twenty-four h I guess I can stand it for another. could swallow a cup of tea if it wouldn bother."

Elizabeth found tea, made toas brought it in. "That's not much. Wo you like an egg or something?"

"That'll do for a start, my dear. B just in the nick of time. I was hollow c my toes." Then she gave Elizabeth a trating look. "Look, girl," she said, you do something for me? Over on tha you'll see two envelopes, and there's s in a little bowl. If you'll bring me thos envelopes, I'll be grateful." Her sharp eyes never left Elizabeth's face.

Elizabeth walked to the desk and the two envelopes were. She couldn't help the face of them, though she willed h not to look. Elizabeth got the st brought all over to Mrs. Daggett.

The old woman affixed stamps to bot velopes, put one envelope inside the Then she said quietly, "I suppose yo that address?"

Elizabeth said, "Yes, Mrs. Daggett.

"I think you're a young woman wh keep quiet on things that are none o business."

"I hope so."

"I hope so too. . . . Will you bring paper and writing things over where get my hands on them? I think I'm goi be laid up a bit." When Elizabeth had t paper and pen, Mrs. Daggett said, down. I don't think I make mistakes a folks very often. That's my grandson he's in prison. He's been there four years he'll be out soon. I don't want everybo this town knowing where he's been. He right and he's going to have a chance if manage it. You see, girl, I didn't do rig my boy. He married a bad woman, a bad woman, and I quarreled with him never were friends afterward. But th this boy and I think he's all right. He's that woman for a mother and he got trouble. He took a car and had an acci and killed a man. It sobered him up an wrote to me. I want that boy here and I w him to get a decent start. I write to him e day and I don't want him to miss my let I send them by Sarah Horne—an old fri If you'd mail a letter for me every da I get on my feet again, I'll be grateful."

Elizabeth didn't know how she was g to manage that. But she said, "Yes course I will."

McIntry came in with his bag, grunted a surprised, "What are you doing here?" went at once to Mrs. Daggett. "Well, see what you've been doing to yourself," said. "That's a nice one! How'd you do i

"Fell off a chair."

"We'd better get you over to the hospi Don't think it's broken, but we'd better h an X ray."

"It's not broken. You ask Jennie Lea to come over here and wait on me. I'm going to any hospital."

"You are if I say so." In the end he Jennie Leavitt, fixed Mrs. Daggett up best he could, let her have her own way.

It was the next day that Peggy Jones t Anna about the kindergarten Corinne Lem was going to open. "I'm sending Susa Peggy said, "and I wondered about John Thirty a month, she'll charge."

After Peggy had gone Anna said, "I w der if I ought to consider it. Adrian's had *much* expense."

"I think it would be money well spen Elizabeth said. "Good heavens, I'll take cut to pay for it. Or let it be a present fr me."

Anna said soberly, "Yes, it might be good idea to have him go. And I'll even you pay for it for now, darling. I'll give y an I O U for it, though. There's no reas Adrian can't pay for it, only right now, wi all the hospital bills and everything ——

"I'd like to," Elizabeth said. "And wit out any I O U's."

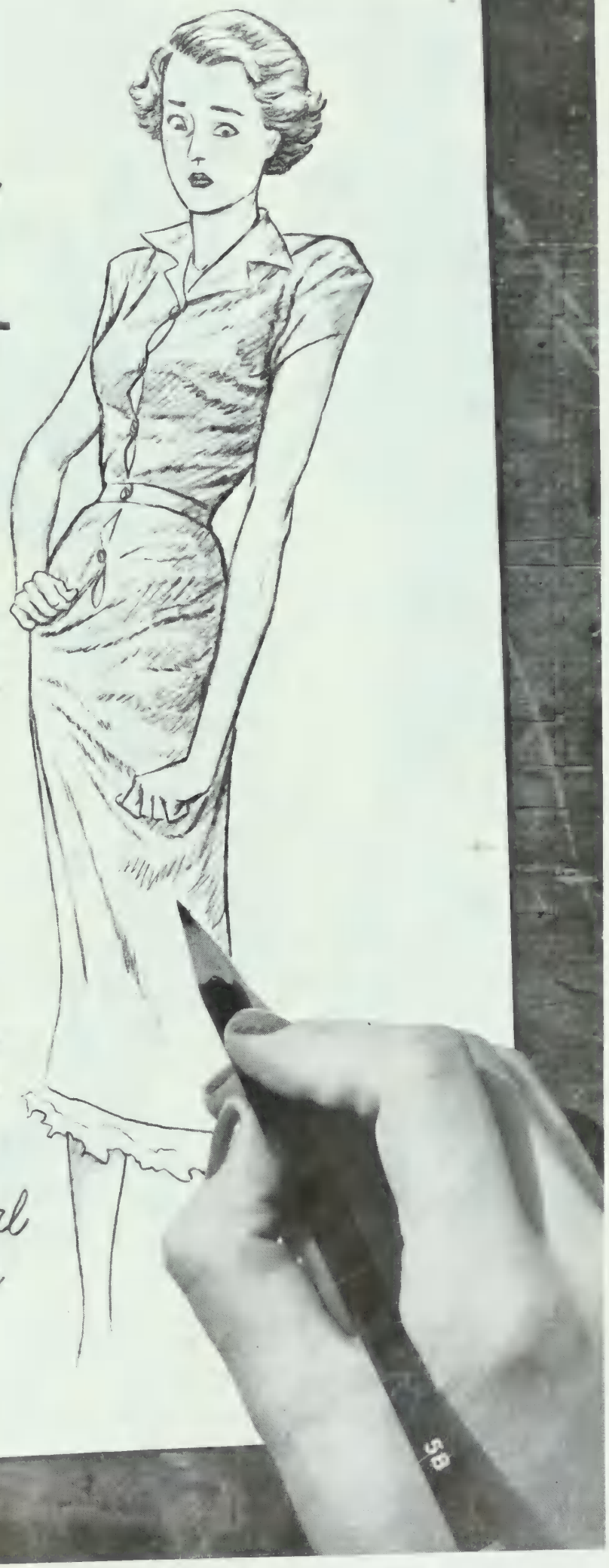
Elizabeth told Anna about Mrs. Dagg and Anna's eyes brightened. "Oh, dear

(Continued on Page 84)

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(Continued from Page 82)

that may slow me up on my detective work! Bunce always has soup going, I suppose you'd better take her some."

So that day was taken care of by the taking of the soup.

Anna said to her before she went on her errand, "You might feel around a bit—make her aware that friends ought to have someone to notify in case of accident!"

"No, I don't think I could do that," Elizabeth told her.

Then Anna said, "I know—just offer to mail her letters for her!"

At Mrs. Daggett's, Elizabeth sat down by the couch. Jennie Leavitt was working noisily in the kitchen, whistling as she worked.

"Mrs. Daggett," Elizabeth said, "about the letters—Anna asked me to ask you if I could mail them."

Mrs. Daggett's black eyes sought Elizabeth's face. "Warning me, eh? Show them to her if you like. I've known Sarah Horne for fifty years. I knew I liked you, girl. You're responsible. It's not so common."

And that night Elizabeth said steadily to Anna, "There's no secret really. They're just to an old friend of hers called Sarah Horne. I told her I'd mail them till she was on her feet again."

"Letters every single day to an old friend?" Anna said doubtfully. "What a friendship!"

Elizabeth took Johnny to kindergarten his first day. When she saw his sharp face against the blue of Corinne Lemon's dress, saw his passivity beside the excitement and giggles of the other children, she suddenly regretted bringing him, and when she finally walked away she felt guilty. And yet wouldn't it really be good for him?

There were friends in that afternoon and Mrs. Suydam came down and said she would go for Johnny.

"Oh, *would* you, Cornelia?" Anna said. "We're right in the middle of a rubber."

Elizabeth put her cards down and said, "I think he'll be expecting me, Anna."

"Oh, sit still, Liz. Cornelia'll like the walk."

When Cornelia came in, Elizabeth looked up anxiously and Anna said, "Well, he seems to have survived."

Mrs. Suydam said, "Yes. I think it will work out very well."

At the supper table Adrian said, "Well, our big schoolboy! How did it go, kid?"

"All right," Johnny said. Then he lifted those large, knowing eyes. "Miss Lemon let me read a story to the whole class."

"She did? What do you know about that!" Adrian said. "I thought reading came in the first grade. Didn't you have any games?"

"Kind of. In a circle."

When Liz tucked him in bed, he said, "I read a story to the whole class."

"Yes, you told us. That was fun."

"They all listened to me."

Elizabeth frowned a little, then said, "Of course. You always listen when somebody reads."

When she went in to Anna, she said, "He's terribly proud of having read to the whole class. Does that mean a lust for power, I wonder? Or maybe he's just compensating himself for having no power at home."

"No power?" Anna said almost sharply. "I don't know what you mean by that, Liz. No one's ever tried to hold him down."

Elizabeth remembered Adrian's shutting off the account of the fair on her first night, but she didn't say anything.

Mrs. Suydam came into the room and Anna said, "Look, Cornelia, do you remember a Sarah Horne who used to live here?"

"Of course," Mrs. Suydam said. "She moved to California."

"Were she and Mrs. Daggett great friends?"

"I don't know. Why do you wonder about her?"

"Daggett sends her a letter every single day. Doesn't that seem odd?"

"It does, rather."

And the next day Anna asked Bunce, "Do you remember Sarah Horne, the doctor's wife, Mrs. Bunce?"

"I should say so! She was kind, Horne was."

"Were she and Mrs. Daggett friends?"

"Not that I ever knew of."

So that day when Elizabeth went t Daggett's and got the letter, she slowly to the post office, having the that Anna could see her going, see t the frail outer covering of the letter hand.

On Friday, Elizabeth walked towa old brown house and found herself with Margaret. It was snowing outside tle big flakes coming almost singly pa window. Inside it was warm and brigh the snow outside emphasized the wa gave them a snug, happy feeling that into their talk.

Then the doctor's daughter gave a sardonic spurt of laughter and said, " Anna's trying matchmaking!"

Elizabeth laughed too. "Have no fe won't come off."

"I should hope not, though I'd tur over to someone willingly enough. N you, though. I warn you, he's begun t it seriously."

Elizabeth sobered and said, "The part is, it could happen. I mean, Anna make it happen. No matter whethe wanted it or not. I don't have much co when it comes to Anna."

"You look as if you had some spu your own," Margaret McIntry said. it." Then her face took on a look of a "I lack courage too," she said. "You was engaged to Adrian once."

Elizabeth looked up with astonish "To *Adrian?*"

"Yes. My mother died—it didn't see time. There was my father to look Then he met Anna. But if I'd had the age, I would have married him and le father struggle as best he could. He have managed. He didn't, I must a even know I was engaged, but I doub would have mattered had he known. an interesting but not unselfish man—I him, but I know him. . . . I've never tioned this before and I won't again. Anna and Adrian and Johnny are not p to whom I am indifferent and it is b that I don't see them too much."

"Adrian," Elizabeth said in a wh "How strange. . . . Don't other p know?"

"I doubt it. We went around toget but it had just happened when mother No, I don't think so."

Elizabeth stood up. "I must meet Joh she said. Then she said, confused, trou "That's why you love Johnny so."

"Partly," Margaret said. "Let's not s of it again. I don't know why I told y it came to me that I must."

"I feel sad," Elizabeth said childishl "You needn't. It's all right."

She walked in the snow, and the sad wouldn't go away. The wrong people ways the wrong people loving each othe many people being hurt by love. So m many people. *And I'm tied more*, she meaning the town felt ever closer to meaning that through knowledge she bound to these people, meaning the room across from Lollie was growing mer, more unattainable, meaning that was losing the vision of herself getting a from Lakeville, being just Elizabeth B again.

Adrian said at breakfast, "The lake's for skating at last. Johnny, maybe Aunt could take you down to try your skates."

"I'm afraid I didn't bring my skat Elizabeth said.

"Anna has some around somewhere."

"They're hanging in the closet," Bunce said.

There was an instant when hate came in waves from Mrs. Bunce and from Adr too, for anyone who should dare to Anna's skates, but Elizabeth said, "H about it, Johnny? Shall we try it?"

"All right," Johnny said.



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The day was cold and dry and still, a perfect day for skating. Johnny carried his double-runner skates over his shoulder in comical imitation of Elizabeth. There were other children on the lake and quite a few high-school youngsters. Johnny sat on an old box and Elizabeth fastened on the new skates.

Huxley Reals skated up. "Hello, there. Want any help?"

"No," Johnny said.

I do. I need help, Elizabeth thought. *I don't want to see you or think about you.* She looked up with a grin and said, "That was final, wasn't it? What's the matter with the boat business today? Is there a holiday?"

"Matter of fact, there is. We just finished off an order, and Adrian decided to close down till Monday. . . . Come on, Johnny. Skate with me while Aunt Liz gets her skates on."

Johnny's face set in obstinate lines, but Elizabeth said, "All right, Johnny. I'll be ready in a minute."

He was good with Johnny, taking falling down as part of the fun, praising Johnny when praise was due, acting as if he were enjoying himself. Elizabeth's skates were on and she stood up, moved toward them, with that joyous feeling she always had on the ice.

"All right. I'll take over," she said. Huxley Reals skated away and his red pull-over made a spot of color, vanishing up the lake.

It didn't take Johnny long to learn to stand alone and presently they were moving together, Johnny's small hands firmly in Elizabeth's. They laughed and were almost gay.

"I can do it! I can do it!" Johnny said once. "Of course you can do it," Elizabeth told him.

They saw Corinne Lemon skating toward them, and to Elizabeth's surprise Johnny called out, "Look, Miss Lemon! I can skate!"

Miss Lemon stopped and said, "Well, that's wonderful, Johnny!" She gave Elizabeth a look of—what was it, respect?—then said, "How about having a try with me, Johnny?" He went willingly with Corinne Lemon, and Elizabeth was left standing alone there in the bright day.

"All right, Elizabeth—let's go!" Huxley Reals said. He took her hands and they were off. "You skate awfully well."

"I've skated all my life. . . . I mustn't leave Johnny alone."

"He's having a wonderful time with Corinne. . . . The only time I feel I could take the world by the tail and swing it is when I'm skating."

"Don't talk," she said.

He stopped talking and they swept up the lake, clear to the plant, then turned and came back to Johnny without a word.

She said, "Well, Johnny, we'd better get home for lunch."

So they took their skates off and went home. Johnny even waved a good-by to Corinne Lemon, put his skates over his shoulder proudly.

"That was fun," Elizabeth said. "You did awfully well for the very first time."

"I could probably do it on skates like yours," Johnny said. "I can balance the best of anybody in the world."

"Indeed!"

"Well, I can."

ADRIAN asked them at lunch, "How did you make out, son?"

"He thinks he's Sonja Henie already," Elizabeth said. "Don't ask him."

"I skated with Miss Lemon," Johnny said. "I didn't fall down, either."

"Good for you!"

The next morning after Mrs. Suydam had gone off to church, Elizabeth heard someone moving about downstairs. She went down and found Bunce frosting a cake in the kitchen.

"Why, Bunce, why aren't you at church?"

Mrs. Bunce did not look up as she said, "I just thought I wouldn't go today."

"But you always go! Don't you feel good?"

"I feel all right," Bunce said.

Elizabeth had to leave it at that. When she went upstairs she said to Anna, "Bunce didn't go to church. I wonder what's the matter."

Anna said, "I wonder! It's Potts. She's had a quarrel with Potts!" Then she told Adrian all about the romance between Potts and Ed Botsworth.

Right after dinner, Huxley Reals appeared. When Elizabeth went to bring the tray Anna was telling him about Bunce and Potts.

"Pottsy? It's incredible!" he said. "Not an ounce of romance in her."

"But it's true. They're courting!" Anna said.

THEN Huxley stirred, stood up. "But I haven't come acalling," he said. "I'll do that around teatime, if I may. I came to borrow Johnny and your sister for an hour or so. For skating."

Elizabeth said quickly, "Sorry. Not me. But Johnny'd love it."

"No, I want you, too," Huxley said. "You don't mind, do you, Anna? Not with Adrian home?"

"Of course not," Anna said. "Run along!"

In the street, Huxley Reals said, "I managed that pretty well, didn't I?"

"Amazingly well," Elizabeth said dryly.

"I thought so. It's part of a course of treatments."

"It would have been more efficacious had you taken Meg or . . . Charlotte Wayne."

"Well, one has to start somewhere. You were close at hand. The idea wasn't to make her mind, however."

"What was it, then?" Elizabeth asked.

They had come to the street going down to the lake and could see the ice thronged with skaters. All the town seemed out.

"I see Miss Lemon!" Johnny said excitedly.

"Good!" Huxley said.

They got their skates on, took turns skating with Johnny. At last Huxley said, "I wonder if Miss Lemon wouldn't like to take over for a few minutes? . . . Oh, Corinne!"

He managed that amazingly well, too, and they went swinging up the ice toward the plant.

"Don't say, 'Don't talk!' now," he said. "Because I'm going to talk. I'm going to tell you what the idea is."

"You needn't."

"But I'm going to. Because you're responsible. It wasn't your calling me a fool, either, if that's what you're thinking of. It was that 'Don't call me *Aunt Liz*,' business."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do. I just don't want to lose my own identity—and I was close to it."

She said helplessly, "I don't know whether it's important. I used to think so, but I don't know any more. Maybe it's all there is to it—we're made to give ourselves away. I just don't know any more."

"No. That's not the way it is," he said almost angrily. "Don't start mixing me up again. I'm not against giving—only against giving the entire self. When you said 'Don't call me Aunt Liz,' I had the feeling that I knew something important suddenly. Not only about you, but about myself as well. Take this skating—when I put on skates yesterday for the first time, it seemed like a betrayal. A wicked, cruel betrayal. But I said, 'I've got to do this—if I'm to stay Huxley Reals, I've got to do this.'"

"Let's go back," Elizabeth said. They skated halfway in silence, then Elizabeth said, "I do understand. But I don't know the answers. I'm mixed up too. I keep paying rent for my room in town—so I do understand. Yet there seem times when I think that it's only a silly kind of pride that makes you want to keep part of yourself away. I didn't do anything special—just lived in a

(Continued on Page 87)

Here is how Archie, my dishwasher, explains it: "When there's too much money and not enough pie à la mode, that's inflation. When there's too much pie à la mode an' not enough money, that's deflation. When there's plenty of both, you got indigestion."

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(Continued from Page 85)

pot little room and went to a dull job day af day. Life wasn't half as exciting as he . . . It isn't that I don't think about it just don't know the answers."

see," he said quietly. "Well, Johnny, I se ou don't even need any help any more. Y re learning faster than I did."

e gave Elizabeth an odd smile that said Jo ny was one of the ones who liked to be ot eir own, too, apart, self-sufficient. Then, af Johnny had exhibited his prowess for a fe minutes more, they took off their skates ar went home.

rangely, there was no one in and Adrian w reading to Anna. Anna wasn't up, but w bolstered up in bed. She looked tired, E abeth saw at once. Adrian put the book d n and said, "Let's have a drink downst s, Hux—Anna wants to skip tea."

o they went downstairs and had coffee ar cake. And to Elizabeth's amazement Jo ny came and sat on the arm of Huxley's ch r and even ate some cake with them. A ian and Huxley talked of some plant b ness and Adrian was friendly enough, b still Elizabeth was glad when Huxley w t.

I'm worried about Anna," Adrian said. "I have the doctor look in tomorrow."

Adrian?"

e looked around half impatiently.

Adrian, I think it tired her to think of us s ing. She used to love it so. Be honest—te me if you think it's cruel that we do th gs like that. It seems cruel—and yet, life d s have to move along."

e sat down, leaned forward with his head in his hands. He was a good-looking man, b his body looked inexpressibly weary.

Oh, I don't know, Liz," he said at last, lo king up. "She especially wanted you to g But that may have been it. I don't always k w what's the right, the kind thing to d . . . We've just got this big Government o er—it's going to be a lot of overtime work a rst. Even that seems wrong—that I have to give time to the Government, I mean. B as you say, life does have to move along. I ave to earn a living."

Of course."

he doctor did come in next day. "This is p fessional," he said. "Let's get you into b and give you a look over."

I'm fine," Anna said. "I really am."

He gave her a thorough checking.

She didn't say much, only once, "I hate m legs' getting thin. I was proud of my p tty legs."

Liz massage them?"

Yes. But they're getting very thin."

You're all right," the doctor said. "drian's a fussbudget. Want to get up a in?"

I'll get up later. Sit down—are you in a r h?"

I've got a dozen calls to make. Take care o ny girl here. Don't let her think she's got t strength of Samson!" He patted Anna's h n hand, went away.

The next day Mrs. Daggett went past, ng a stick and hobbling, but making her on way to the post office. Anna saw her and d, "Well, your errand days are over, I . . . . Such a funny old witch—I worry ay at her mystery all the time."

Oh, let her go, Anna. It's her business," zabeth said.

I know. But I feel as if I have to know."

HEN Johnny came home from school at day—Mrs. Suydam was going for him ery day now—he rushed up the stairs and led out, "Aunt Liz!"

I'm in here," Elizabeth said.

He came to the door and said, "I made the st clay thing of all and Miss Lemon showed to the mothers!"

Elizabeth felt her heart pounding, but she id only, "Johnny, you're getting as proud a peacock. What did you make?"

"I made a cat. It looked just like a cat," said. There was something so triumphant out his voice, something abnormally triphant. Why didn't Anna speak, give him me word of praise or even of censure for asting? But Anna said nothing.

"Well, good for you! Bring it home and show it to us. There's some cinnamon toast left—want a piece?"

He took two steps into the room, held out a hand for the toast. It was like luring a bird closer with crumbs. But then Mrs. Suydam called from down the hall, and he was off. They heard him scrambling up the stairs to his grandmother's rooms.

"School's really doing a lot for him," Elizabeth said, but her throat felt dry from the drama of the brief event. "He's getting bold—and he needs to be bold, even if he overdoes it for a bit. I'd rather have that than silence."

"I suppose so. I don't like it, though. But I don't seem to have much influence over him."

"He'll be all right. I really do think so, Anna. He's waking up."

The middle of that week, Anna had a caller, a Mrs. Tye, who was a great gossip. After she had gone Anna looked excited and said, "Know what I've discovered? Mrs. Daggett has a grandson! That boy of hers who died—who was such a no-good man and married that awful woman—well, they had a boy. Mrs. Tye knows it for a fact. Maybe Sarah Horne knows him and keeps tabs on him for Daggett. Do you suppose it *could* be?"

"Oh, leave her alone!" Elizabeth said. "What does it matter?"

"It matters to me. I can't have things dangling like that. Does it seem snoopy, Liz? It's like a book, really. Only better than a book, because you're one of the characters."

There was a sleet storm on Saturday. About eleven Anna, watching her busybody, saw Mrs. Daggett coming slowly down the street, using her stick still.

"Call her in, Liz!" Anna said.

Elizabeth was cutting off some faded flowers. She hesitated. "No, not now, Anna."

Anna looked around at her, astonished. "Yes, right now—run! I really do want to see her."

"Then don't quiz her," Elizabeth said.

"Silly! I *like* the old caterpillar!"

Elizabeth went slowly down the stairs. She hoped Mrs. Daggett had gone by and couldn't hear her if she called, but Mrs. Daggett was just by the steps as she opened the door. "Anna says you ought to stop in and see her," she said.

Mrs. Daggett peered up at her. "Well, I could on my way back," she said.

"The stairs are pretty steep," Elizabeth said. "Maybe you ought not to be climbing them."

"I can manage," Mrs. Daggett said, and went on.

She couldn't stop it, felt the morning moving toward disaster, toward pain.

Mrs. Daggett sat in the straight rosewood chair and Anna said, "I ought not to have made you climb the stairs with your bad feet. But I do love to visit with you, Mrs. Daggett. Let's talk about old days in Lakeville, before I came here. Tell me about Prather. Was he from Lakeville?"

"Born and raised here," Mrs. Daggett said. "And a wild one, to boot. Never thought he'd make a minister—but he did."

"How exciting! He always seemed stiff and very much the clergyman to me—and here he's got a past and everything."

"A PAST?" Mrs. Daggett said. "I wouldn't say that, any more than any of us have pasts."

"But you said he was wild when he was a boy."

"Not wilder than many others," Mrs. Daggett said. "Don't make stories where no stories are, Anna."

Anna spoke then very gently: "I know, I can't help it. I do love people. But you had what they called a 'wild boy,' too, didn't you? And he turned out all right too. What's his boy like? Is he wild too? He does have a boy, doesn't he? Someone said so."

Elizabeth was standing. She hadn't been able to sit down since Mrs. Daggett came. Now she wished she were sitting, for her knees felt weak and she was cold all over.

Mrs. Daggett acted then as if she hadn't heard Anna. She gathered her gloves and stick and said, "Well, I'll have to get along, Anna." She moved toward the door and Elizabeth moved to accompany her. Mrs. Daggett said coldly, "You needn't come down. I can find my way, thank you."

Anna's brown eyes sparkled as Elizabeth turned at the closing of the front door. "I was right!" she said. "I was right!"

Elizabeth walked out and into her own room, sat down at the small desk and dropped her head against her arms, let scalding tears flow against her arm. Never, never would Mrs. Daggett trust her again—maybe she would never trust anyone. Maybe she would not now have her boy come here when he was released.

Presently she went to the bathroom and washed her eyes, powdered her face to hide the tears, but when she went to Anna, Anna said at once, "What's the matter, Liz?"

"Nothing."

"But something is. You've been crying."

"It's nothing," Elizabeth insisted. "I was crying for my own sins—and I told you long since that my sins were private affairs."

Anna leaned her fair head back against the chair. She looked so fragile, so beautiful. Anna asked suddenly, "You don't want to leave me?"

"Of course not."

"I've got so used to you, Liz. You seem to *belong* here—and, now I'll confess, in the beginning I was afraid you wouldn't. You used to have such bristles—but maybe I like bristles better than I used to—anyway, it seems as if you'd always been here and it was right."

"That's good," Elizabeth said.

That night she wrote to Lollie and said this was the last money she would be sending. Mrs. B. could rent her room any time she liked. After the letter was gone, she felt a different person, committed to this life, with no ties elsewhere. Nothing had changed, except that the frail tie to another life had been cut, and yet she knew she had changed, had given up something.

Sunday afternoon Huxley Reals came. He nearly always dropped in for an hour on Sundays. Huxley sat in Adrian's chair, where Adrian himself had so little time to sit. He had on a tweed coat and brown slacks and his thick brown hair was a little ruffled. A collegiate costume, Elizabeth tried to say scornfully, but he did not look like a college boy. That was what hurt so, that he looked so much a man and behaved so like a boy.

"If you don't need anything, I'll go get Johnny while Mr. Reals is here," she said.

NEXT MONTH

"Most young Americans here in West China are gambling with their lives; they don't see a future, and I have no right to plan for one either."

TRUCK DRIVER Stephen Purcell was one of the curious assortment of people who came to visit Jane Breasted, Quaker missionary in China during the War of Resistance to Japan. There were Li, the Japanese spy, trying to use Jane as a cover-up for his activities; Daisy Fairchild, OSS employee, admired by all the American officers in Chungking; Major Trent, who began reading the Bible and Shakespeare at Jane's insistence; Willow, Communist refugee and Jane's former student. To these people, and many others who came to her for help, Jane, though mortally ill herself, gave a sense of peace and hope. Grace Boynton tells the story in

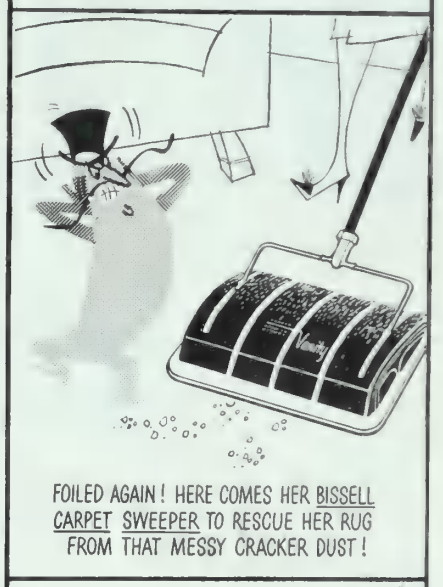
RIVER GARDEN OF PURE REPOSE

Complete in the September JOURNAL



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"It's early yet," Anna said.

"A little, but he wasn't planning to stay for supper today."

As she was going out the door, Adrian said, "Where are you off to?"

"I was going to get Johnny. He's at the doctor's."

"I'll come along," Adrian said briefly.

She was startled, but waited and they walked down the steps and up the street together.

"Wanted to get a breath of air," he said. "And I see Hux every day and can get along without him on Sundays."

"Yes, he's omnipresent," Elizabeth said, laughing a little.

"I'd fire him—only it would be for the wrong reason and everyone in town would laugh and say I was jealous of him. Which I'm not. But sometimes I wouldn't mind telling Hux where to get off at."

"Then why don't you?"

"One of those things. . . . Meg needn't think she has to have Johnny every Sunday."

"She likes to have him."

They came to the doctor's old house, and Adrian went in without ringing. As if he were used to that house and opened the door without thought. Then he was embarrassed at having walked in and said, "I might have rung."

Margaret was sitting at the table with Johnny and they were working on a big jigsaw puzzle. "We're used to having people walk in," she said. "How are you, Adrian?"

"I'm fine. Ready to come home, Johnny? It's almost suppertime." Then he gave an odd look about the room and Elizabeth felt she knew exactly his sensations. It was just the same, the very same cluttered, homely room as when he had come here years ago. Nothing in it had changed, not even Margaret.

"I could give you some coffee. We don't hold with tea," Margaret said.

"No, thanks. We have to get back."

And they were out in the street again, going home, Johnny between them.

"Have fun?" Adrian asked Johnny.

"Kind of," Johnny said.

"If you'd come out with an unqualified 'You bet!' once, I'd drop over," Adrian said. But his voice was kind enough and he held Johnny's hand in his all the way home.

Johnny went out to the kitchen and Adrian and Elizabeth went up to Anna's room. The tea things were there and Anna said, "Where have you been so long? The tea's cold."

"Doesn't matter. I'll have some cold," Adrian said, holding his cup out. "We've been calling on Meg. Hux, that's my chair—how about letting me have it for half an hour?"

HUXLEY Reals looked at him in surprise, but he got up, standing half a head taller than Adrian.

"You only boss me weekdays," he said, "but you can have your chair."

"If you're going to be underfoot all day Sunday, too, I'll boss you then as well," Adrian said. "Why don't you get yourself a girl you can keep, Hux?"

"Adrian, what *are* you trying to do?" Anna said. "Scare away the source supply of my roses?"

"I'm trying to pick a quarrel with Hux," Adrian said.

"You're almost succeeding," Hux said. "Have you got any girls to offer—as nice as the one I can't keep?"

Adrian's fair face reddened and he said, "Take Liz here. Take anyone. But for goodness' sake, don't take *all* my Sundays—as well as my chair!"

Anna laughed and said, "Have some cold toast, darling—and calm down. What *has* got into you? I'm ashamed of you both."

Adrian took the cold toast, looked at it with some distaste, but began to eat it.

Huxley said, "I'd better be going. Keep your shirt on, Adrian—I'll be seeing you tomorrow, unless you want me to resign as of now. . . . So long, Elizabeth."

There was a silence in the room after he had left, then Adrian laughed. "I've been wanting to be mean to Hux for quite a while."

"You certainly were mean," Anna said. "You don't really *mind* Huxley's coming here—you know you don't. Why all that, then?"

"I don't know. I don't like to see anyone making a fool of himself—Hux has too much on the ball for that kind of nonsense. And for a minute there, I did see red—not on account of you, Anna, but because I wanted my own chair."

They all began to laugh.

But it wasn't altogether funny. It was frightening too. It was out of character for Adrian, who was always controlled—before Anna, at least. Maybe the extra work at the plant had put him on edge.

THE next day when Johnny came home from school he came straight up to Anna's room, the first time he had ever done it since Elizabeth came. He walked to Anna's chair and held out his small clay cat that he had made in school. "It's for you," he said.

Anna set it down on the table before her and said, "That's very good."

It was good, for a five-year-old. It was a real cat.

"Thank you," Anna said. But there was no love in her voice that knew every cadence of love. "Thank you very much, Johnny."

"You're welcome," Johnny said too politely and backed out of the room.

"You know, that is very good indeed," Elizabeth said. "And you see, he thinks of you more than you realize."

"Yes, he must," Anna said.

A half hour later, when she was reading, she suddenly put her book down on the table, pushing it against the cat so that it tumbled off to the floor.

"Oh, how dreadful!" Elizabeth cried and ran to pick up the cat. Its perky ears were squashed flat and its tail was off. She tried to squeeze it back into shape. "There, it's almost right," she said. "It would have been horrible to have something happen to Johnny's present!"

"Horrible indeed," Anna said, but her voice did not sound like Anna's voice.

On Friday, Elizabeth suddenly made up her mind to go to see Mrs. Daggett. She went around to the side door and knocked. Mrs. Daggett's voice came clearly, "Come in!" But when Elizabeth stepped inside, her heart pounding uncomfortably, Mrs. Daggett looked at her and Elizabeth knew she was done with her.

"Mrs. Daggett, I wanted to tell you ——" she began.

"You need tell me nothing," Mrs. Daggett said. "There is nothing to tell."

"But there is. I didn't ——"

"Please go, Miss Burke."

There was such finality in her voice that Elizabeth turned to the door obediently. Then she whirled around. "You've got to listen to me, Mrs. Daggett. I didn't tell Anna. I didn't."

But those old dark eyes looked at her unmoved. She went out of the house and homeward.

In her room she tried to write a letter to Mrs. Daggett, but everything she said seemed wrong. She had to accuse Anna to free herself. She put the letter away. She would try again. Some friend of Anna's was there—it sounded like Juliet's voice—and she was reading poetry to Anna. Elizabeth got up, put on her things again and went to see Meg McIntry.

But Meg was not alone. Huxley Reals sat by the window smoking a pipe, looking very much at home. Elizabeth tried fast to think of some brief errand, but Margaret said, "Oh, come in!"

And Huxley grinned and said, "Yes, do come in, Aunt Liz."

So there she was with them, saying, "You do have banker's hours, don't you?"

"More or less."

"Your sister's at the house."

"Indeed! Up to no good, you may be sure. What are *you* doing off duty?"

"It's my day off. And they weren't talking about you—they were reading poetry. If it hadn't been my day off I'd have liked to stay and listen in."

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ley said, "Read something to Meg e. I feel like being soothed."
'n not the soothing kind of reader," eth said. "But I don't mind."
walked over to the bookshelves, reached most at random and took down The land. She didn't even like Eliot much, e sat down in the window seat and at once to read. *Why this? Why this?* going through her mind even as she She sat there with her hair hanging her forehead, bent to the book, and le the snow fell and the room was warm luttered and full of friendliness and the nt began to be beautiful, painfully iful. She finished at last, sat there, the still open in her hands.
remember Alex reading that," Mar- said. "It didn't mean a thing to me. strange it seems that now we under- it very well indeed."
xley Reals said nothing, just sat there, ead back against the shabby old chair. know," Elizabeth said. "Is it just that older—or that the world knows more wastelands now?" She put the book e sill. "I have to run along now."
Don't go," Margaret said.
t Elizabeth got up, reached for her Huxley slowly rose. Margaret just and let them go.
was getting dusky outside and with the falling the world was beautiful, still.
You're quite a girl, you know, Eliza- " Huxley said suddenly.
What called that forth?" But her voice dn't come out with lightness.
Oh, I don't know. But you always seem ake me take stock—it's a gift, I ex- . . . Why were you unhappy when you in?"
e didn't deny her un- iness. She said, "A ate matter."
hen there they were e familiar stone steps. Would you like to come and say hello to Anna?" she asked.
No, thanks. Not tonight, Elizabeth." He mured "Good night" and was gone.
hat night, curled up in the chair by Ana's bed, Elizabeth looked up and saw the cat on the very edge of the table. "Your almost fell off again," she said. "I'll put the mantel."
hen she turned from the mantel, Anna's were on the cat. Her expression was strange. But she said only, "Do you w what I heard today? That there was e question about Alex's drowning—some ght he did it on purpose. I thought I v Cornelia awfully well, but she never o me that."
Maybe she doesn't even know it."
I think she does. She has always been open about everything with me—that ns to hurt a little."
But if it's true, it's something she ldn't want to talk about. Would you?"
It depends. Not to everybody, maybe. we're friends, or I thought we were."

was several days later when Elizabeth n Mrs. Suydam coming out of Anna's n, with tears running down her face. She ed blindly past Elizabeth and toward stairs to her own rooms.
lizabeth went slowly into Anna's room. hat's the matter with Mrs. Suydam?"
Poor darling—she's been telling me ut Alex. It made her cry. She feels re- nsible—about Alex, because she tried to suade him to stay in the plant and only nt part time. But of course he knew that ng an artist was a full-time job. Cornelia w that Mr. Suydam was a sick man— she loved him. Adrian was too young to e over. . . . Well, he gave in and the next rning he was drowned."
I wish you wouldn't tell me. I don't nt to know," Elizabeth said.
Of course you want to know, darling. It's , isn't it? But it will be better for her to e got it said."
I don't think it will be better. Because it'll be harder for her to be proud and f. She depends on that."

"But she oughtn't to—not with me."
That night Elizabeth said, "Mrs. Suydam came down and got a tray. She didn't eat with us."
"Poor Cornelia. Well, she'll have a low day and then she'll feel better."
And the next day Mrs. Suydam did appear and was her usual, remote, polite self. But she looked older to Elizabeth, broken somewhere, not to be mended.
On Friday of that week, Bunce called Liz to the phone. "For me?" Elizabeth said in surprise.
She went down the stairs and lifted the receiver. It was Huxley Reals, and at the sound of his voice she gripped the receiver and turned her face away from Bunce.
"Elizabeth? Look, will you do something for me?"
"What is it?"
"It's your day off, isn't it?"
"Yes."
"Then about four-thirty, walk down the lake road, will you? I want to tell you something."
"Couldn't you come here?"
To her surprise he chuckled. "Now, Aunt Liz!" he said. "I'm not in favor at the moment. Come, will you?"
"I'll see," she said, and hung up.

SHE said she wouldn't go. He just wanted a wailing post and she wouldn't be it. But she went, a few minutes late, walked down to the lake road and saw him coming at once. *He is not,* she told herself helplessly, *the kind of man I should love. I should love someone steady and quiet, with no grace that shows on the outside. That man in the bookstore—that is the kind of man for me. It hurts to love a man like Huxley Reals, for he is from another world and it's not my world and never can be.*
"Hello, Elizabeth." He took her arm and turned her about and they walked a few steps in silence.
"What did you want?" she asked at last.
"I don't exactly know," he told her. "But I've come on something I can't cope with. It's Pottsy."
"Miss *Potts?*"
"Yes. She more or less brought me up and I'm fond of her. . . . When Anna told me about her and Ed Botsworth, it seemed funny and yet sad. Potts has never had an admirer in all these years, not that I know of. Well, last night I met Ed going home from his shop and I said, 'Ed, I hear you're courting my Pottsy.' Elizabeth, he isn't courting Pottsy at all—it's Bunce. Seems he liked her way back when they went to school together. Finally found out she spent her Thursday evenings with Pottsy and got invited there so he could see her. He was terribly embarrassed, but forthright enough too—and concerned if he'd given Pottsy the wrong idea. . . . That's the story."
"How awful."
"It's been on my mind all day. Could you tell Bunce?"
"I don't think so. No, I don't think I could tell Bunce that, any more than you could tell Pottsy."
He was silent. Then he said, "It would be easier to tell her than Pottsy. Because she's the gainer."
"She won't look at it that way. Why did you tell me?"
"I had to have some help in it and you were the only one I knew who wouldn't laugh at it. Will you try to break it to Bunce?"
"I'll try. But I don't know whether I can. Or whether I should. Affairs of the heart ought to be let alone. I'm afraid to interfere, and that's the truth."
"Well, I've told you. I feel better, anyway. At least Ed understands there's been a mistake. He ought to have seen it in the beginning. . . . All right, we'll just wait."
They came to the corner of Main Street and Elizabeth said, "Don't walk home with me. . . . Thanks for telling me."
"Nonsense. Why shouldn't I walk home with you?" He kept by her side till they reached the house. "You're a comfort anyway," he said then. "I don't just know

To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice.
—PROVERBS 21:3.



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why—you certainly don't help a fellow much—but you're a comfort."

He swung off into the dusk and she went slowly into the house.

In the morning, while Anna was reading her mail, Juliet dropped in. She had been to a party the night before and seemed to have come to tell Anna all about it. Then she smiled at Liz and said, "What were you doing wandering by the lake yesterday with my brother, Liz?"

It came too suddenly. She knew she had not turned quickly enough to hide panic in her eyes. "Oh, I was out walking and ran into him," she said. "He walked me home. But don't get romantic notions about me and your brother, Juliet."

Juliet laughed and said. "Well, I can try, can't I?"

Anna said, "What did Jen wear to the party? Did she get the black number?"

Then Mrs. Suydam came back with Johnny and presently Juliet went away. But Anna said nothing about Elizabeth's meeting Huxley Reals by the lake.

Nothing seemed to happen for a week. Anna seemed just the same. It was only that guilt made Elizabeth feel she was being punished. Anna even gave her a velvet dress of that tawny shade of bronze chrysanthemums. "I don't know where I'd wear it," Elizabeth said, "but it's beautiful." Mrs. Suydam shortened the dress a little, put a few more fine pin tucks in the shoulders.

When Sunday came around again, Margaret McIntry called up and asked Elizabeth to supper.

Anna said, "Oh, you can wear the velvet dress!"

It was, Elizabeth admitted, guilt that made her submit, put on the dress, when she wanted not to. She went to the doctor's house and Margaret said, "Why, you look beautiful! If you weren't so dressed up, I'd ask you to come out in the kitchen while I make the salad."

Elizabeth laughed and went out to the kitchen, perched on a high stool.

"What's been happening?" Margaret asked, her hands busy over the salad bowl.

"Happening? Not much. Or not that shows on the outside."

"It's a good thing the inside doesn't show," Margaret said.

Elizabeth looked up at the long, plain face and thought, *She has great dignity—great courage. How I like her!*

Margaret put her knife down, then said seriously, "In a moment of weakness, I told you how things were with me. I want to ask something of you—don't let Adrian come here again."

"Again?"

"He was here last Sunday and again Friday night. Why is he so tired, Liz?"

"He has this extra work at the plant—but it isn't only that. He—he's been through so much this year."

"I know. But he has always been enormously strong. He came in like a man walking in his sleep and sat down and said, 'Don't talk, Meg—I just want to rest a minute.' And he didn't talk. He just sat there and rested. But you see ——"

"I see. No one could take that."

Margaret picked up the knife, went on with her task. "Friday he came in, not knocking or anything, and said, 'Play to me, Meg.' I used to play the old songs for singing. I'm no musician. So I went to the piano and played and pretty soon he got up and went out without saying a word. . . . But he must not come. I'm human, I can't have it."

"I don't know how I can stop it. Adrian is not one you can order around."

Elizabeth could see Adrian sitting there in the old brown chair, his head resting against the cushions, exhausted, wanting a moment's peace, and finding it, and Margaret seeing him finding it and being tempted, tempted to take what of him she could have, even yet. Margaret had no charm, but she had strength and she had love, and knew she could give it to Adrian Suydam if she wanted to.

In that moment she could have told Margaret everything about herself, about Daggett, about Huxley. But she did not. She just sat there on the stool and watched Margaret and felt that they knew all about each other without telling.

Then the doctor came in and gave Elizabeth a grin from the doorway. "My intended!" he said. "You look very nice t

They sat at the table and talked laughed and the doctor was amusing caustic.

When it came time to go home he "Well, I suppose I have to see you h Liz."

"Nothing of the kind," Elizabeth "In fact, I'd rather walk alone."

"How can I court you here under M eye?"

"I'm not in the courting mood. No rather go alone."

But the doctor came out with her walked down the street by her side. "No fooling, you're a nice girl, Liz," the do said suddenly. "I could do worse."

"Don't be silly, Doctor McIntry!"

"I'm not joking," the doctor said.

Incredibly, she heard the words. "W you'd better be," she said confusedly. "Because I don't like you very much, Do McIntry. I'm not joking about that, eith They had come to the house already. "G night," she said and left him.

Had she known it, she could have nothing more calculated to stiffen the tor's desire.

On Tuesday night when she bro Anna's milk to her, Anna was wide a and wanted to talk. "Oh, darling," she "I feel so excited! The doctor says courting you! Liz, you must take him really mean it."

"Please, Anna. I just don't want doctor."

"But there isn't anybody else, is ther Anna demanded. "*Is* there, darling?"

"If there were, I wouldn't tell you."

"Oh, Liz! Then there *is!*"

The room was in shadow, except for little circle of light from the bedside la Elizabeth was grateful for the shadows, had the feeling that Anna could see r through them. Suppose she should tell A the truth, the whole truth? She felt temp to do so. Suppose she told Anna that Ad was going to see Margaret because couldn't rest any more in his own ho Suppose she told her that even if she lo Doctor McIntry, there was something proud and stubborn in her that she coul allow him to be given to her by Anna? silence grew and was dark and frighten

"Liz"—Anna's voice was warm like l like silk—"Liz, you *do* love somebody Tell me, darling. Doesn't he love you to

"Anna, look, I know I'm your little sis But I'm a grown woman now. And so you. I don't ask you about the state of y heart, do I? And you wouldn't tell me, did. So why should I tell you?"

"But you know the state of my he Liz. You know I'm married and that I being married to Adrian. Don't be se tive."

"I'm not secretive. It's just—it's just t I can't talk about some things. I can't, An so don't tease me to."

"Earnest Liz!" But her voice was lovi "All right—only I'll know somehow, ki can turn the busybody on anybody's hear I really can."

"Yes, I know." Elizabeth got to her f picked up the little tray. "I think I'll g bed," she said. "Or somewhere where can't read my open face."

But the next day, though Anna's upon her were sometimes quizzical, th was no more talk of Elizabeth's secret lo That didn't mean, Elizabeth knew, that was forgotten.

Mrs. Bunce, with a coffeecake in the cu of her arm, started out for Maisie Po house. The coffeecake was no gift from Suydams, but had been made with ingre ents bought by Mrs. Bunce. A few steps yond the tobacco store someone sudde materialized out of the darkness. It was Botsworth.

lo, Fatty," Ed said.
H! Where on earth did you pop from?"
cted embarrassed, as if he had some-
n on his mind he couldn't get out. He
d, "Fatty, I've got to talk to you."
at about?"
" Ed said succinctly. "I've come aw-
e to making a fool of myself without
g it. I thought everybody in town
was making a bid for you, Fatty.
liked you way back in grade school.
t know any way to get to you but by
you at Pottsy's house. I thought you'd
ough that quick enough. Somebody's
oking me about courting Pottsy!
getting on, Fatty—there ain't time to
round like we were kids. I think we
nake a go of it. What do you say?"
ce stood there in the dark, big, shaken.
ou out of your mind, Ed?" she said.
, I ain't. I been thinking of this ever
-well, from way back."
ll, you stop thinking about it, quick.
r heard such nonsense."
began walking on. He caught up with
d said, "Look here, Fatty ——"
d you ever stop to think, Ed, that a
n my build might not like to be called
"?"
sh, no. I've called you that for forty
guess."
ell, stop it."
n Maisie Potts, in her best gray dress,
the door to them and they went in.
, Leora, what's the matter?" Maisie
"You look like you were sick!"
n fine," Bunce said. "Here's a bit of
ake I made to go with coffee tonight."
ou ought not to have bothered," Miss
said.
ce saw that Maisie's cheeks were pink,
he had her best cloth on the table.

even o'clock Bunce was back in her
nall room back of the Suydam kitchen.
t down in the rocker, her coat and hat
, sat there for half an hour, no strength
to move. *Dear God, help me. Dear God,*
shall I do? was all that went through
ind in that half hour. Then she got up,
ssed, crept into bed, her body old and
She had always believed herself sincere
she said she was through with mar-
But in spite of herself she thought of
tsworth's little house. If it hadn't been
aisie, Bunce knew in those long dark
of sleeplessness, she might have con-
ed taking Ed Botsworth.
the morning Johnny was downstairs
s he often was, and when he went out
kitchen there was no Bunce bustling
It was several minutes before she
d her door and came out, tying on her
.

"It's awful late," Johnny said.

"So 'tis. I overslept," Bunce said. "You set the silver around while I get the coffee on."

"Your eyes look very little," Johnny said. "Do you ever cry, Bunce?"

"Well, not often. Don't chatter, boy. Get the table set."

When Elizabeth came down, she gave a glance toward Bunce, who stood half turned away, buttering the toast. Bunce, with a face always as red and fresh as an apple, looked haggard. *This is it,* Elizabeth thought. *She knows.* But she took the tray without a word and went upstairs.

SHE wanted to spare Bunce Anna's too discerning eyes for an hour or two. So she said, "I know it's my day off, but let me fix your hair and tidy up a bit. I haven't got a thing to do and Bunce is busy." So she did Anna's hair and made the bed.

Then Bunce came lumbering up the stairs. "I'm kind of slow this morning," she said. "What would you fancy for lunch, Mrs. Suydam?"

"I'd fancy whatever I got. From you. . . . What's the matter, Mrs. Bunce?"

"Matter? Nothing, Mrs. Suydam."

"You look as if you'd had a night out. Don't tell me you have such riotous goings on at Maisie Potts'!"

"Not without you call having a cup of coffee riotous," Mrs. Bunce said. "You can run along now, Miss Burke. I'll look after things here."

"Bunce, you wouldn't want to bother with one of those mushroom omelets, would you? It would be wonderful."

"That's no bother," Bunce said.

Elizabeth lingered a moment after Bunce went out. Then she went slowly down the stairs. Anna would have it out of Bunce before lunch was over. If only she could stop her someway. Anna would think it funny and romantic, and maybe it was funny and romantic. But it was something more than that too. She walked into the kitchen.

"Bunce," she said, "I know what the trouble is. You know about Ed Botsworth, don't you?"

Bunce turned and stared at her.

"I knew it two weeks ago," Elizabeth went on. "Huxley Reals told me. He was worried about you and Miss Potts. He thought you ought to know. But I couldn't seem to tell you."

"You ought to have," Bunce said.

"Yes, I know. I couldn't. But I've been thinking about it all this time and worrying. I don't see how it can come out right."

Mrs. Bunce gave a deep sigh. "I don't know which way to turn, and that's the truth. I don't know if I'm coming or going."



"I'd think a lot more of him if my parents didn't like him so much."

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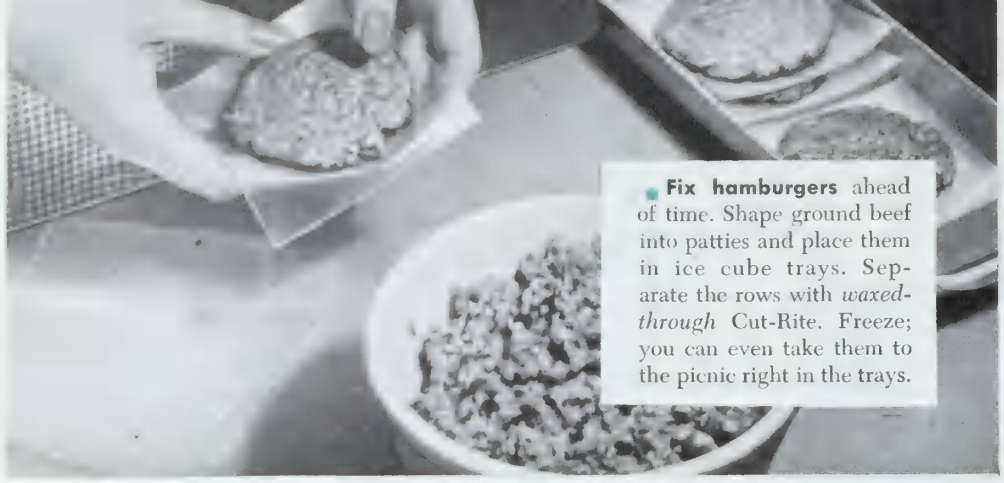
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"And that's the first business of man—to know that. . . . I read that somewhere," Elizabeth half apologized. "Will you take lunch up or shall I?"

"I'll take it up," Mrs. Bunce said.

That afternoon Elizabeth, ready for skating all by herself, paused in Anna's room where Jen and a woman called Evelyn Wood were sitting. Anna was telling them, with much laughter, the problem of Bunce. Elizabeth felt darkness growing in her, making her face dark. She said hotly, "That's mean. That's damnably mean, Anna!"

Anna went on laughing. "Oh, Liz," she said, "she'll never know and you have to be able to tell your friends funny bits of psychology that pop up!"

"How do you know she won't know? And it isn't funny to Bunce."

She saw the surprised eyes of Jen and Evelyn Wood upon her, but she couldn't stop. Then Anna sobered and said, "I'm sorry, girls. Bunce is my great help in time of trouble—I couldn't live without her. I wasn't trying to be cruel. But Liz is right—and don't you dare to spread it around!"

That was a handsome apology and Elizabeth had to let it go at that. But as she swept alone up and down the lake, she said to herself that Jen and Evelyn couldn't possibly keep a bit of gossip like that to themselves. It would be known all over town in a day or two and laughed about. Still, what could she do? And maybe it was right to laugh. Maybe that would clear the whole thing up quicker than anything else.

I don't know either, Bunce, she admitted. *I don't know if I'm coming or going.*

But presently the sharp fresh air calmed her and she didn't think at all, but moved swiftly, mindlessly, up and down the lake.

That night, when Anna brought up the matter of Bunce, saying gently, "I *was* stupid this afternoon, darling. It was such a wonderful story—but I was stupid to tell it," Elizabeth said calmly, "Oh, never mind. Bunce will work it out."

"Liz, would you mind taking that little cat away? Every time I look at it, I think of how I'm failing with Johnny."

Elizabeth went to the mantel and took the little cat down. "But Johnny will be disappointed if you don't have it up. And Johnny's all right now. He's doing all right in school and he seems much happier."

"But not with me," Anna said. "Please take it away."

Elizabeth took the little cat into her own room, stood it on the bureau. The next day Johnny saw it there.

"I didn't give that to you," he said.

"I know you didn't. Mummy said I could have it to look at for a little while."

Johnny walked out of the room and, to her amazement, went straight to Anna's room. She heard him say, "You gave away my cat!"

Anna did not answer for a moment and then she said, "Make me something else. I've given the cat to Aunt Liz." Her voice was not warm at all. It was almost indifferent.

"I'll make you another cat," Johnny said, with an odd fierceness in his voice.

"No, I'd rather have a rabbit," Anna said.

JOHNNY came running back. His sharp little face was all screwed up in anger. "I'll make her another cat!" he said. "I will!"

"All right," Elizabeth said, but the whole scene had a strangeness, had something in it she could not understand. And Johnny's face was not a child's face, was ugly with hate. Was it disappointment that Anna had given his present away? Was that all it was?

On Sunday Johnny went to Margaret's. The doctor called for him and took him in his car.

The doctor said to Elizabeth, with a grin, "Hello, my prickly pear!"

"Hello."

"Why, I believe you blushed!" Doctor McIntry said. "I didn't know girls did that any more. You must be softening toward me!"

"Nothing of the kind," Elizabeth said.

"You come get Johnny at five. I'll get in a lick then."

But she didn't go to get Johnny. Reals came, and also another pair. T ple left soon, but Huxley stayed Adrian said he would get Johnny.

"Oh, let Liz go," Anna said careles

"I'd like to," Liz said.

But Adrian went. Huxley sat there and let Anna do most of the talking. F she said, "You're dull today, Hu something on your mind?"

"I am dull," he said. "I've been w on this article. I'd done so little lately that it's hard going. I've been ing perhaps I ought to make a change

"Leave Adrian?" Anna said protes

"Yes. Get out of town and make start."

"Oh, no. Lakeville couldn't get on w you, Hux. You're our brightest youn about town!"

"Well, being a bright young man town can't last forever, Anna. I'm ju so young as I was ten years ago. I planned to stay in Lakeville anyway.'

"You *are* in a mood! You mustr Hux. I know I'm selfish, but I don't wa friends to go away."

HUX got up. "Well, I probably will b when I'm an old man with a beard cane," he said. "I'm old enough to kno fresh pastures aren't always greener. I I feel as old as Methuselah today."

"And you don't know whether coming or going," Elizabeth was sur to hear herself say. She managed to "That's a quote—it just went throu head."

"No, I know," he said. "I'm coming he contradicted himself by going, without saying good-by.

"He was low, poor Hux. He wor away, though," Anna said. "Why, walking Adrian home! Probably tellin how to bring up Johnny. Only they seem to be talking even. I must tell A they looked like one of those silent m pairs who haven't anything left to s each other."

"Adrian doesn't like that kind of j Elizabeth told her.

"Silly! Adrian likes any kind of joke

Meg didn't come in.

When Adrian came upstairs, Anna gr him with a laugh. "Oh, Adrian, I saw coming in the busybody! You and looked exactly like a New Yorker cart the married pair who have no more to s

But Adrian did not laugh. He sat do his chair, looked out the window, s only, "Oh, did we?"

Anna leaned her head back. "Isn't most suppertime? Adrian, do eat up with me tonight! Hux is tiresome an like to have a really restful hour with

He smiled at her, but said nothing, Elizabeth went off to see about the su But Elizabeth thought, *She shouldn't said that. Oh, she shouldn't have said it thinks he couldn't possibly change; she sure he loves her forever and ever. B shouldn't have been said.*

Elizabeth sat beside Anna's bed. "Th something that's been on my mind," said. "About Bunce. It's why Hux told not me. He's always brought all his prob to me."

"That I don't know," Elizabeth "Probably he hoped I might *do* somet about it, but I didn't. He felt out of here at the moment."

"Was *that* it? But you might have told Liz. Why didn't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," Elizabeth said lessly. "It just seemed to be Bunce's ness, nothing we ought to mix into. B course I might as well have, because B told you anyway."

"I hope you weren't silly enough to t I'd mind your creeping out to meet H Anna said, with a small chuckle.

"Don't be silly. And I didn't creep anyway."

Had she said that boldly enough? boldly? Anna's head turned on the p and the brown eyes searched Elizabeth's

"Why, *Liz!*" Anna said.

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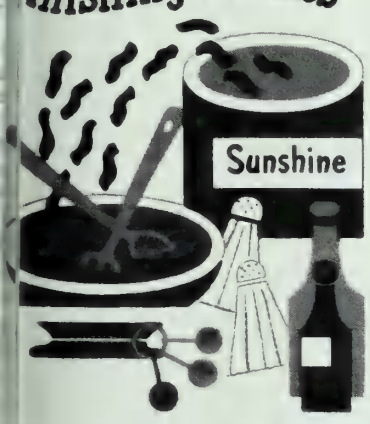
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"What do you mean by that?"

"Liz," Anna said again, in that wondering tone. Then, very softly, "I'm sorry, sis. I never dreamed it was Hux."

"Hux? I hope you know what you're talking about."

"Yes, I know, darling. All this stubbornness about the doctor—but it never entered my head you'd be so foolish as to fall for Hux."

"Anna, you're out of your mind," Elizabeth said. "I hope I wouldn't be such a fool as to fall for someone who worshiped you. I never said I'd fallen for anybody. You made that up out of whole cloth."

"You protest an awful lot! Well, we'll forget it tonight. Only I do feel hurt, somehow—that you didn't tell me."

"Didn't tell you what? I can't make up a love life, even to entertain you."

Anna laughed, reached out her hand and put it over Elizabeth's. "Sleep tight, my thorny one," she said.

In her bed Elizabeth Burke lay wide awake. Anna had not believed her. What did words matter, when you knew someone so well that all those words had meant absolutely nothing? Anna knew. And what now? What would Anna do with her secret? Would she present it to the girls? To Huxley? To Adrian? *I will have to go away from here*, she said to herself. But how? What reason could she give? Was it not the same as a confession if she went away? *I don't know, oh, I don't know whether I am coming or going.*

She was afraid to begin the next day, but she did begin it. It was to be a day remembered forever, but it began like any other day. Anna looked at her once or twice with that look of amusement, that speculative, teasing look that was so enchanting and yet today so unendurable, but she said nothing.

The day wore itself away. It was toward suppertime when she said suddenly to herself, *I will go and see Daggett tonight. I didn't do it right before. But I can't get hold of myself till she knows that I didn't betray her.*

Nor did she beat about the bush when it came time for going. Huxley Reals came in, but Adrian did not go out and Elizabeth said, "Adrian, you'll be here all evening, won't you? I'm going down to call on Mrs. Daggett."

"Go ahead," Adrian said.

She went down the stairs, out the front door and into the street. There had been a thaw and the streets were full of slush. It was hard walking. But Elizabeth went steadily along, came to Mrs. Daggett's big old house. She knocked, heard steps. The door opened and Doctor McIntry stood there. He stared at her as if she were the last person he had expected to see.

"What's the matter? Is she sick?" Elizabeth said blankly.

He pulled her in, closed the door. "Stroke," he said. "She won't last the night."

"But I've got to talk to her."

"Why? Jennie Leavitt is with her. She's no sight, Liz. And she won't know you."

"I must see her," Elizabeth insisted.

SHE followed him into the bedroom, and there lay Mrs. Daggett, her eyes half open, her mouth slack, a little moisture dribbling from one corner, and an odd, twisted look to one side of her face.

Elizabeth walked to the side of the bed. "Mrs. Daggett," she said. "Mrs. Daggett."

But the eyes did not change. There was no recognition, no movement of the eyes. Elizabeth walked out of the room and the doctor followed her.

"If she gets to—to be herself again, will you call me?"

"Yes, but I doubt she will. Not tonight, anyway."

"But you will call me?"

"I said so, didn't I?"

He was puzzled, but she walked out of the house and on up the street. Then she found herself crying, the tears hot, then cold against her face. She tried to wipe them away with her sleeve. At last she turned and went home. She came to No. 7. The door opened and Huxley Reals, head bare, overcoat open, came out the door. She put a hand to the railing, waiting for him to pass. But he stood there and stared at her.

"What's the matter, Liz?"

She could feel the rush of tears again, could not stop them.

He came down the steps, took her arm. "What is the matter? You're shaking."

"I know. Mrs. Daggett is dying."

"Mrs. Daggett?"

"She's had a stroke. She's dying."

HE was walking her firmly up the street. "But look here," he said at last. "Was Mrs. Daggett anything special to you? I don't understand. . . . Stop your crying, Liz."

"I'm sorry. I can't seem to stop. I must go home."

"Looking like that? Here, come in with me a minute and I'll give you a drink. There's no one home—come along."

"No."

"Don't be silly. If ever anyone needed something, you do. Oh, come on and stop your nonsense!"

Everyone knew he had an apartment of his own. They went in by the side door and Elizabeth was pushed into a deep chair in a room that was filled with books.

"Coffee or brandy?"

"Coffee."

"All right. Sit still."

She couldn't have moved had she wanted to. When he came back, he handed her coffee, said not a word while she drank it. "Thank you," she said. "I'm all right now."

"You look a degree more normal. Now tell me why you were going into hysterics because old Mrs. Daggett is dying."

"She thought I betrayed her," she said. "I had a secret of hers—she thought I told it to Anna. I didn't. To have her die and not know—it seemed to me I couldn't bear it. I went there tonight and I was going to make her listen to me."

"Hold it," Huxley Reals said shortly, commandingly.

She stopped short. His voice was not the teasing, self-mocking voice he used for Anna. It took obedience for granted. She obeyed. Then she got up. "Thank you for the coffee. I will go now."

He did not stop her, instead walked with her to the door, out with her into the night.

When they came to the steps again, she said, "I'm sorry I went hysterical. It was only—it was a shock to know that I wasn't ever going to get a chance to tell her. It seemed so cruel."

"Yes. But we have to accept some cruelties in life, I expect."

"I suppose so. Only this one—it will be with me forever. Good night."

"Liz—Elizabeth —"

She paused on the second step.

"Do you want to tell me the secret?" he asked.

"No."

"All right. It seemed so important," he told her. "I thought you might. Good night, Elizabeth."

Now she was in the house, going quietly up the stairs. She went to her own room, undressed, went to bed. She did not sleep. One o'clock, two . . . three. The phone did not ring. At last she fell asleep and when she woke it was bright daylight. She jumped out of bed, dressed quickly.

She went downstairs and got the tray ready. Just as she started through the hall, the phone rang. It was Margaret. "Elizabeth?" Meg said. "Dad asked me to phone

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Betty Crocker Peppermint Stick Cake (make only with GOLD MEDAL FLOUR)

FOR SUCCESS . . . *do these first:*

1. Have ingredients room temperature (70° to 75°). In hot weather use milk and eggs directly from refrigerator.
2. *Preheat* oven to 350° (moderate).
3. Grease *generously* and dust with flour 2 round layer pans, 8 x 1½-in.
4. Measure *level* for accuracy with standard measuring cups and spoons.
5. *Sift* GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Enriched Flour, then spoon *lightly* into cup and level off. *Do not pack.*

Sift together into bowl:
- 1⅞ cups (1½ cups plus 2 tbsp.) *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour
- 1½ cups sugar
- *1¼ tsp. soda
- *1 tsp. salt
- ½ cup cocoa

Add:
- †½ cup high grade shortening
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. peppermint extract (not oil of peppermint)

Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by clock (about 150 strokes per minute). You may rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. *Or* mix with electric mixer on *medium speed* (middle of dial) for 2 minutes. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl constantly.

Add ⅓ to ½ cup unbeaten eggs (2 medium)

Continue beating 2 minutes more, scraping bowl constantly. Pour batter into prepared pans. Bake *30 to 35 minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°), or until top springs back when lightly touched. When cake is cool, frost with Candy Mountain Icing (recipe below).

*If you use GOLD MEDAL *Self-Rising* Flour, omit salt, reduce soda to ¼ tsp.; and add ½ tsp. red food coloring.

†Such as Snowdrift, Crisco, Spry or Swift'ning.

CANDY MOUNTAIN ICING

Stir until well blended in a small saucepan ½ cup sugar, 2 tbsp. water and ¼ cup white corn syrup. Boil rapidly to 242° (mixture spins a 6- to 8-in. thread or a few drops form a firm ball when dropped into cold water). When mixture begins to boil, start beating ¼ cup egg whites (2). Beat until stiff enough to hold a peak. Pour hot syrup slowly in a thin steady stream into beaten egg whites, beating constantly with electric or rotary beater until mixture stands in *very stiff* peaks. Blend in ½ cup crushed peppermint stick candy or ½ tsp. peppermint extract.

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you. Mrs. Daggett died a few minutes ago. She never regained consciousness."

"Oh. Thanks." She hung up, sickness flowing over her.

"What is it?" Bunce asked.

"Mrs. Daggett died."

"Mrs. Daggett?" Bunce's eyes asked what deep concern it was of Elizabeth's.

"Bunce—would you mind taking Anna's tray up?"

Bunce took the tray. Elizabeth sat down at the kitchen table, put her head down on her arms. Out in the West was a boy who would never get those letters any more, would never have a home to come to. It might be that this worry had brought on the stroke.

The bell at St. Paul's was tolling. The sound came solemnly through the storm, for the worst blizzard of the year was raging through the streets of Lakeville. Nevertheless, the dead must be buried and this was the day of burial.

Mrs. Bunce and Mrs. Suydam, each dressed in somber black, had braved the storm and gone to the church. But Elizabeth had said, "No, I won't go."

"I hope Adrian won't get chilled," Anna said. "It's not the day one would pick to be a pallbearer. I don't know why they asked him—except that he's one of the leading business lights of Lakeville. He's always felt so *responsible* for Lakeville—as if he'd founded it and had to keep it going."

"Well, that's good. Good to know someone who does feel responsible."

"I suppose so. But it makes him work so hard."

Mrs. Bunce and Mrs. Suydam came home at last, but Adrian did not come for some time after. Then he came upstairs and into Anna's room.

"We were beginning to worry about you," Anna said. "Was it awful?"

"No. But bitterly cold."

"Did many come?"

"Yes, a good many, considering the day. The church was almost full. Bunce thinks a Baptist funeral is better, with a eulogy and a good long sermon, but the service at St. Paul's suits me. The eulogy consists of all those people sitting there, having struggled through the blizzard."

Anna looked surprised, as if Adrian was talking out of character. But all she said was, "Yes, you're right. . . . Aren't you frozen? Liz, how about making us some coffee instead of tea today?"

THE next day at about ten o'clock the phone rang and Mrs. Bunce called Elizabeth. "This is Mr. Masters, Miss Burke," the voice said. "I wonder if you could come down to my office this morning?"

"Mr. Masters?" Elizabeth said. "And what was it you wanted to see me about?"

"I'll inform you when you come. I'm upstairs, next to the bank. Masters and Winch. Shall I expect you?"

"All right," Elizabeth said. She went back up to Anna and said, "Funny thing. Mr. Masters wants me to come down to his office."

"Henry Masters? Run along. I'm consumed with curiosity!"

Elizabeth climbed up dingy stairs and sat in a heavy old chair across from Henry Masters. He was a thin dry man with a small mole on his cheek.

"Miss Burke, I have here the will of Mrs. Will Daggett. It is very brief. I will read it to you: 'I, Amanda Daggett, being of sound mind, do bequeath all my possessions, real and personal, to Elizabeth Burke, of Number Seven North Lake Street, Lakeville.' Signed by Mrs. Daggett, Jennie Leavitt, Lena Jones, Mary Stone."

Elizabeth stared at him. "That's impossible."

"It seems to be in order, Miss Burke. There is a letter to you, marked 'Personal'—here it is."

"When did she give it to you?"

"Some weeks ago. It was when she was laid up with that bad foot."

"It's a mistake." Elizabeth stood up. "I'll have to think about this, Mr. Masters."

"There isn't much you can do, except [illegible] it," Henry Masters said. "You happen [illegible] in luck, Miss Burke, and I congrat[illegible] you."

"In luck?" Elizabeth said, and H[illegible] Masters remembered the strange look i[illegible] plain face for a long time. She walked o[illegible] his office, home, up to her room.

She did not even go to Anna, but sat d[illegible] read the letter marked "Personal":

My dear Miss Burke: My friend Sarah H[illegible] is an old woman like me. Since her hold on l[illegible] so precarious, I deem it necessary to make c[illegible] arrangements to safeguard my small prop[illegible] for my grandson. There is no legal way in w[illegible] you will be liable to turn this property ove[illegible] tact to my grandson, and yet I trust you t[illegible] so. He will be free next November, if all [illegible] well. I enclose the address and that of my fr[illegible] Sarah Horne. There is something in the ne[illegible] borhood of eight thousand dollars in the b[illegible] Would a thousand of this be fair to pay yo[illegible] your trouble? There is also a box of jewelr[illegible] my desk. It is not worth much, but some of [illegible] worth wearing. Please accept that. I have [illegible] myself in your hands. I trust you.

Sincerely, AMANDA DAGGET

ELIZABETH BURKE sat looking at the lett[illegible] long time. It simply could not be. She w[illegible] to the telephone, called Henry Masters.

"Mr. Masters, I do feel there has bee[illegible] mistake," she said. "There must have b[illegible] a later will than this. Will you look for i[illegible]"

"Why, yes, if you say so."

Then she went to Anna. "Whatever [illegible] it?" Anna asked.

"It's too strange to tell you," Elizab[illegible] said. "It seems Mrs. Daggett has left all [illegible] had to me."

"To *you?*" Anna said in amazeme[illegible] "Why, you hardly knew her! Was th[illegible] much money?"

"I don't think so. It's all a mistake. Lo[illegible] Anna—don't tell anybody till they've lool[illegible] for another will."

But though they searched the clutte[illegible] old house as carefully as possible, they fou[illegible] no other will. When they told Elizabeth [illegible] said, almost coldly, "Very well, I will acc[illegible] it. You will know what must be done ab[illegible] taxes and such things, Mr. Masters."

She went to the house, sat in it one day [illegible] an hour. Jennie Leavitt was there, cleani[illegible] at the request of Elizabeth herself.

She said to Jennie Leavitt, "Why do[illegible] you and your brother move in here and k[illegible] the place going for a few months?"

"You can rent the house easy as rolli[illegible] off a log," Jennie Leavitt said.

"No, I don't want to. Not yet. I'll t[illegible] you—could you pay for the oil to heat [illegible] I'd let that be the rent, that and keeping t[illegible] place clean."

She wrote a letter to Anthony Dagge[illegible] She told him of Mrs. Daggett's death, of t[illegible] will: "I am only a trustee till this misfortu[illegible] shall have passed you by." She wrote [illegible] Sarah Horne, told her the facts, asked h[illegible] further co-operation. Then she watched t[illegible] mails for a reply.

One day Johnny said, "Are you going [illegible] live in Mrs. Daggett's house?"

"No, darling."

"It belongs to you, doesn't it?"

"So they say. But I am not going to li[illegible] in it. . . . Don't you want to address yo[illegible] valentines? I'll help you."

He spent much thought on the valentine[illegible] Bunce, Meg, Miss Lemon, Susie, his fathe[illegible] Then he hesitated. "How do you spell Liz[illegible] he asked. She told him.

"And which one for mummy?" she aske[illegible] "How about this one—it's beautiful?"

"I don't care."

"Then this one," she said firmly.

On Valentine's Day Bunce sat at th[illegible] kitchen table, her valentine propped befo[illegible] her, when Elizabeth came down.

"You got the prize one," Elizabeth sai[illegible] "His very best."

"Poor lamb," Bunce said. "Poor litt[illegible] lamb!"

That night Bunce, in her little room, wi[illegible] the valentine propped against her Bibl[illegible] wrote a letter:

Dear Ed: I have been upset, but I begin [illegible] see my way clear. Much as I appreciate th[illegible] honor you've done me, I can't do it. The rig[illegible]

for you to marry Maisie and I know
e real happy with her. She's true gold
u wouldn't be sorry. I've made up my
don't try to change it.

Yours in the faith,

n she paused. She had been going to
Leora Bunce," but she looked up at
lentine and then wrote "Fatty."
were tears in her small black eyes.
ame was her only concession to senti-

a said to her on a Thursday, "Mrs.
have you told Ed you'd marry him

in't going to marry Ed, Mrs. Suydam."
nsense! Of course you are!"
, Mrs. Suydam, I'm not." She went
he room with a flurry of stiff gingham.
have to do something about that,"
aid. "She thinks we can't get on with-
."
aybe she doesn't want him," Elizabeth

course she wants him! Why, I
n't know, except that he's a man."
abeth went down to the kitchen. Bunce
up from her potato peeling. "I've
up my mind, Miss Burke."
s, I know." She went over to Bunce,
nd kissed the round red cheek. "Bless
Bunce," she said. For she knew that
had chosen this loneliness in prefer-
o betraying her friend.

n Anna said, "I'm going to have
come over here.
's no point in
being thwarted
s, no point in her
aving Ed if she
him," Elizabeth

o, you aren't,
. It's Bunce's
ess."
a looked at her,
sed, but did not
e, only smiled
y. "You're get-
wfully bossy, now
e got a fortune!
you'd get your-
me new clothes."
thought I was
legant these days. But I could afford
suit."

e next morning Elizabeth went down
one good clothes shop in town. But
she saw the suits displayed, confusion
ok her. She tried on one, but it was
y not for her. She said, "I don't like
ut I don't know just what I do want.
me in again." She saw the raised brow
salesclerk, but she walked out of the
and stood before the door, ashamed of
nowing what she wanted.

Huxley Reals came out of the bank. He
ner, came at once toward her. "Hello.
are you doing out this morning?"
was trying to buy a suit. I haven't got
gh brains to pick it out and I ran away."

gave her a sudden grin and put his
on her arm. "I'll help you pick one out.
always takes me along when she buys
es." He put out a hand to the door,
d it. "Hello, Grace," he said to the
irl who had raised her brows at Eliza-
"We've come to buy a suit. What have
got? None of those slinky things that
wears. Something that you can walk in
ut tripping."

Grace was laughing and affable now.
've got some tweeds."

"Well, let's see 'em," Huxley said. "There,
check, that's it. Put it on, Elizabeth."

She stood in the dressing room with the
on. It was of fine brown-and-cream check
it made her look what she was, a girl
loved the outdoors, walking, common
, freedom.

"It's a little long," Grace said. "Wait, I'll
t up so you can see."

"I like it," Elizabeth said.

It was more than she had meant to pay,
she bought it, left it to be shortened and
ed out of the shop with Huxley Reals.

"Thanks," she said. "That was the fastest
ping I ever did. I don't know what hap-
pens to me when I get clothes. I'm not so indecisive about other things."

"No one knows everything," Huxley said. "I'm not going back till after lunch. Why don't we have a sandwich in Tony's place?"

"Why not?"

They sat in a booth and had a sandwich and coffee and Huxley Reals said, "I haven't congratulated you on your inheritance. It meant she had forgiven you whatever it was you thought she held against you, didn't it?"

"No, it didn't. She—she made that will when she still trusted me."

"Oh. But she could have changed it, couldn't she?"

"That's what I'll never know."

THEY finished their coffee in silence, then Huxley paid the bill, and they walked out. "I have to get back to the job," he said. "Look, Elizabeth, I think she could have changed it. I think she trusted you—because you *are* a person to be trusted. I trust you."

"You might not, in like circumstances."

"Yes, in like circumstances," he told her. "In fact, there has been a like circumstance, hasn't there? I didn't think you'd betray me about Pottsy. I knew better. Anna has this fantastic ability to get at the root of a matter by magic—I know that very well indeed. But I trust you and I feel sure Mrs. Daggett did too. I wouldn't brood about it if I were you. . . . When you get your new suit," he said, "I'll take you out, shall I?"

Elizabeth hesitated. "I'll see. I always seem to run into you when I'm in trouble, don't I? But I'm not always troubled."

"I know. Well, be seeing you, Liz," he said and swung back down Main Street.

Elizabeth did not hide this meeting. She went at once to Anna and said, "Well, I've got a new suit. And you'd better like it, because Huxley picked it out."

"*Huxley?*"

"I *am* a fool about clothes, Anna. I go into a kind of coma when I see new things. I went into one this morning and I came out, almost weeping at my stupidity—and Huxley Reals was coming along and asked what the matter was. I told him, he jerked me into the shop and I had a new suit in ten minutes. It's brown check—and you've got to like it."

Anna laughed. "I'll wait till I see it. Huxley chooses Juliet's clothes—but you're not Juliet. Did you tell him I was missing him?"

"No. I was engrossed in this suit business."

She was invited to Meg's to supper. At the table the doctor was full of talk. He laid himself out to be entertaining and he was entertaining. When Elizabeth left, the doctor walked along the street with her.

"Almost spring," the doctor said. "Though March can be very wintry in Lakeville."

"Yes, it has seemed like spring today," Elizabeth said without brilliance.

The doctor gave his slow laugh. "Let's not talk about the weather. I told Meg I was going to ask you to marry me, so I'm asking you. I know I'm older than you, old enough to be your father. But I don't feel old and I think I have considerable usefulness in me yet. I do think we might make a go of it. Do you?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't," Elizabeth said.

"Why not? I'm not being funny, Liz. I mean it."

"You'd never have seen me if Anna hadn't made you," she said.

"Maybe not. But I do see you now. I'd say I loved you, only I know it sounds silly from an old codger like me. Think I do, though. What does it matter how it came about?"

"It might not matter if I wanted to do it," Elizabeth admitted. "But I don't, Doctor McIntry. It's just that I don't care about you that way."

"You might get to," the doctor said. They had come to No. 7 and paused at the steps. "I think you're the woman for me, Liz."

WITH THE CHILDREN

"I used to think lots of silly things, but now I've changed up my mind."

Our eldest advising our youngest: "When you go to kindergarten next year you will have to pick up and put away all the things you build with blocks because in school they don't know how to clean around things like mommy does."

"When a father says he'll see, in a real kind way, then that is as good as a mother's yes."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.





"What makes fireflies light up?" You may or may not have the answer for *that* one. But be glad your small fry are curious enough to ask, gladder for the pep that inspires such activity at the end of a top-speed day. Make sure they keep that energy—give them healthful Minute Tapioca dishes. Perfect summer-evening dessert—this

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Something about his serious voice touched her. She put a hand on his arm and said, "I'm sorry. I like you better than I thought I ever would. I wish I could, but I can't. You see, I happen to love someone else. Someone I can't marry—but I never could take second bests."

He was silent a moment. "Oh, well, I tried," he said then, and tried to laugh.

"I'm so sorry," she said again.

"Believe you really are. That's something. Well, good night, Liz."

"Good night."

"Anna, the doctor asked me to marry him," Elizabeth said the next morning. "I said 'No,' in case you're already planning my wedding dress."

"That's stupid," Anna said. "He's a real person and he'd be good for you."

"I presume he would. I just can't be that practical about it. Let's not talk about it any more."

"I don't give up—he'll ask you again."

"No, he won't, Anna."

"There's the mail!"

Elizabeth went down the stairs and took the mail from Bunce's hands. She saw the letter on top: "Miss Elizabeth Burke, 7 N. Lake St." and Sarah Horne's address in the corner. It was an hour later before she had a chance to read it:

My dear Miss Burke: It was with deep sorrow I learned of my friend's death. I have forwarded your letter and enclose a reply. As my own hold on life is tenuous, I am relieved by the arrangements Amanda made.

Sincerely, SARAH HORNE.

Then the other letter, with that ugly number on the face of it:

Dear Miss Burke: Thank you for writing to me about my grandmother. It would be hard to tell you what her letters have meant, putting what she calls "gimp" into me. I don't know what I am going to do when I get out, but I guess I can get a job somewhere. My grandmother didn't want anybody to know where I'd been. But I don't think you can keep something like being in stir secret. Somebody always finds out. It isn't that I'm crazy to shout it out to folks, but it doesn't seem practical not to admit it if you have to. I don't know what I'd do with a house. My grandmother thought she could get me a job with a boat company there, but I don't know whether she had done anything about it. A job's what I'm most interested in. I am enclosing a five-dollar bill (we earn a little here, you know) and I wish you'd put some flowers on my grandmother's grave for me. If you'd write to me now and then I'd be pleased. I miss my grandmother's letters. Only I don't want to hide anything any more and go through Mrs. Horne. Very truly yours,

ANTHONY DAGGETT.

Elizabeth held the limp bill in her hands and the tears ran down her face.

At two o'clock she stood in the old Lakeville burying ground on the bluff above the lake. In her arms Elizabeth carried freesia. She stood by the new grave that she had wandered a long time to find. She felt strangely peaceful, as if it didn't matter whether Mrs. Daggett had forgiven her or not. She put the freesia down on the forlorn grave. It would die soon. But until then it would lie there, golden and fresh, a message from a boy in stir.

THAT night she wrote to Anthony Daggett. She sent the letter by way of Sarah Horne, in spite of the boy's protests. She wrote sensibly, without much sympathy:

I do not think you could afford to keep up the house on any salary you could earn at the present in Lakeville. I did think you might rent it and reserve a room or perhaps two or three for yourself. As to a job with the boat company, I will make inquiries.

At the end she said:

I am sending this to Mrs. Horne as usual. I believe you are right about secrecy, but for the present I have personal reasons for not wanting to discuss you or your affairs in this household.

One day when she came home from fetching Johnny, the Reverend Mr. Prather was sitting with Anna. He was an interesting-looking man, with deep-set eyes and a stern mouth. "This is my sister Liz," Anna said. "We were talking about sin, Liz."

"Let's not. Let's talk about spring, [illegible]abeth said. "I saw a boy with some [illegible] willows."

"We've got March to go through [illegible] Anna said. "Oh, but let's have tea!"

"Thank you—another time," the [illegible] of St. Paul's said. "I must go now. [illegible] come again?"

"Of course."

He shook hands with Anna, then t[illegible] to Elizabeth. "Don't trouble to come [illegible] I'll find my way out."

When the door closed below, Anna la[illegible] "Well! I think he liked you. I saw th[illegible] in his ministerial eye."

"What are you doing—spinning [illegible] again?"

"Why not? Oh, Liz, I do so want y[illegible] be happy! Half loaves *are* better than [illegible] I think you ought to stop dreaming rom[illegible] dreams and face reality. Don't be a[illegible] darling—but that's the way it looks to [illegible]

ELIZABETH turned from the window [illegible] she had been standing. "And what rom[illegible] dreams do you think I'm dreaming, An[illegible]"

"I said, don't be angry. I mean Hu[illegible] Oh, I know you deny it, but—well, i[illegible] had seen your face when he helped you [illegible] out a suit! I wish it hadn't been that wa[illegible] but the only way to forget it is to mak[illegible] try at loving someone else. Truly, it is.'

"Why?"

"Oh, Liz, don't be that way."

"Speaking of a hypothetical case—[illegible] the one you're dreaming up isn't real—[illegible] shouldn't I try for Huxley if I want to? [illegible] free, isn't he?"

Anna gave that breath of laughter [illegible] was so familiar. "In a way."

"Well, then? I don't dream about him[illegible] how do you know, if I tried hard enou[illegible] couldn't have him?"

"I know Huxley," Anna said. "It's a [illegible] situation, if you like, but it won't cha[illegible] Huxley isn't changeable."

"Still," Elizabeth's stubborn voice [illegible] on, "if I wanted to try, there wouldn[illegible] any real reason I shouldn't. You're wi[illegible] enough to have me try for the doctor, or [illegible] the Reverend Prather—but why not be [illegible] ing to have me try for Huxley if I want [illegible]

Anna's voice became a little sharper [illegible] don't want you hurt, that's all. And y[illegible] just make a fool of yourself—you'd [illegible] that, and I'd hate it for you, darling."

"You needn't worry. It's just that I [illegible] it understood that I am grown up and th[illegible] have a right to try for what I will, so lon[illegible] it doesn't hurt others."

She was trembling when she went to [illegible] own room, as if she had been through a g[illegible] dramatic scene.

That night at the dinner table Mrs. [illegible] dam said, "I saw Mrs. Reals today and [illegible] tells me Huxley is thinking of going to [illegible] Paul to work. He's had an offer, it seems."

Adrian looked up quickly. "Huxley? [illegible] didn't tell me."

Elizabeth saw he was upset, but he said [illegible] more then. He took his coffee upstairs [illegible] Anna's room. Elizabeth read to Johnny, [illegible] him to bed, then sat down in the living r[illegible] with a book.

At last Adrian came down. He said, "[illegible] Hux say anything to you about leaving?"

"Not lately. Some time ago he mentio[illegible] it here one day."

"I think I'll drop around and see hi[illegible] Without another word he got his coat [illegible] went out.

Elizabeth went up to Anna. "Whe[illegible] Adrian gone to?" Anna asked.

"He went to see Huxley Reals."

"At this time of night? With all his fuss [illegible] about Hux, I should think he'd be glad i[illegible] went away. Though Huxley won't go."

"He might."

"No, he won't go. For your sake, darli[illegible] I hope he does—but he won't."

Elizabeth gave a quick sigh. "I'll turn [illegible] now, I think. Is there anything else [illegible] want?"

"Just that you don't be cross with m[illegible] Anna said.

"I'm not cross with you."

"You sound uncommonly like it. W[illegible] run along."

was nearly one when Elizabeth heard
n come up the stairs and go down the
his room.
breakfast she asked, "Is Huxley Reals
?"
ooked at her blankly. "I don't know."
ou didn't see him?"
, I didn't see him."
refused more coffee, though he always
wo cups at breakfast, went up to say
oy to Anna. He hadn't been gone more
an hour when a great box of spring
s was delivered.
, they're from Adrian," Anna said.
use he was a little cranky this morn-
suppose. Do you want to put them in
before you take off on your great Fri-
dventures?"
abeth arranged the daffodils and tulips
bowl. She had no plans for the day,
h usually she spent part of it with
aret McIntry. But till then? Perhaps
aret would go somewhere for lunch
her. She went to her room and put on
ew suit. It was the first time she had
it. She walked to the McIntry house,
d in, as was her habit now. There was
e about.
en the doctor stepped in from the office,
d at her, though with some ruefulness,
aid, "Margaret didn't get up for break-
-but she says she isn't sick. Just go on
p.
e began to walk up the stairs, but felt
g in doing so. She went to Margaret's
and found the door shut. She tapped
y. "It's Liz. May I come in?"
Margaret hesitate? It seemed so. Still,
aid, "Yes, come in," and Elizabeth
d into the room. Margaret McIntry
h bed. Her hair hung in plaits and made
ok younger, but her eyes were bleak as
aid, "Hello. I'm being lazy today."
re you sick?"
ot at all. Didn't you ever want to—to
raw from the world for a bit?"
h, often. Well, then, I'll go and let you
raw."
Margaret laughed suddenly and said, "I'll
me clothes on. I'll tell you what let's do. I can borrow Mr. Berg's car. Let's go out into the country somewhere."

"All right," Elizabeth said.

But once they were in the car, Margaret was silent. There was no flow of easy talk between them.

They found a country inn and were all alone in its dining room. Over coffee Margaret said, "Well, we got out of Lakeville anyway."

"Yes. Do you dislike Lakeville?"

"Sometimes I hate it. Never for long at a stretch, though. I've accepted the fact that I probably won't ever escape it. Don't we get caught in the strangest traps?" She poured another cup of coffee and said fiercely, "Love or duty or ambition—we call 'em all sorts of fancy names, but all they are is traps." Then she gave a grin that was more familiar and said, "I'm not losing my mind, if that's what you're thinking."

"I wasn't thinking that. I suppose I was agreeing with you—only I gnaw away at mine still. I do gnaw a little."

"You can gnaw till you chew a leg off, but you won't get out," Margaret said. "Or, if you do, you'll be minus the leg and will have to fight twice as hard to exist."

"I should have left you in bed," Elizabeth said.

"Of course you should," Margaret told her. "I'm no fit company today. Let's go, shall we?"

They went out again into the sunlight, got into the car and headed for town.

Almost at the end of town Elizabeth said, "Adrian sent Anna some of the loveliest spring flowers this morning. Do you think men always apologize for something when they send flowers?"

Margaret said, "I wouldn't know. Men don't send me flowers." They had come to the house. "Wait, I'll just run Mr. Berg's car in," Margaret said.

"I ought to go on home," Elizabeth said. Still, she stood on the steps and waited.

Margaret returned and opened the door. They stepped into the hall. There, on a small table, lay a florist's box. Margaret walked to it, opened it without a word, as if she had

Best I ever ate

If your family is like mine, you
better count on two servings of this
rn souffle per person. I can promise
u everyone goes for this recipe.

Gertrude Crum



CORN SOUFFLÉ

By Gertrude B. Crum

Only fresh corn on the cob is used for this recipe. Freshly picked corn is best, because more sugar and milk are present. You will need 1 to 1½ dozen ears. Remove husks and silk. Slit the kernels lengthwise of the ears with a sharp knife. Then take the back of the knife and *scrape* (but do not cut) the ears, pressing out the inside of each kernel. The result is a bowlful of corn milk and kernels without hulls. Add 1 cup heavy cream to the corn and stir. Season with 2 teaspoons salt. Beat the whites of 5 eggs until stiff and fold into the corn. Pour into a 2-quart baking dish and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 70 minutes. The top should be a heavenly golden brown, the inside should be "set" but succulent.

LOW-COST STEW
with a High Hat Flavor



THANKS TO





The Kettle-Simmered cooking sauce

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Because *this* cooking sauce is different. Hunt's *alone* gives your recipes this Kettle-simmered blend of sun-ripened tomatoes and fine spices.

Best of all, a can of Hunt's costs you only a few cents. Get some and make this delicious stew! . . .

2 lbs. lean beef
2 tbsp. flour 2 tbsp. fat

Cut meat in pieces, roll in flour, brown in fat in heavy skillet or saucepan. Then add the following (and here's where Hunt's rich, all-tomato flavor really goes to work for you!):

1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce
2 cups water 2 tsp. salt ¼ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. thyme ½ a bay leaf

Cover tightly and cook over low flame until almost tender—about 1½ hours. Then prepare and add the following:

6 onions 6 carrots 6 potatoes

Cook about 30 to 45 minutes longer, till vegetables are tender. If desired, add a cup of green peas just before vegetables are tender. And now—

Get six lucky people together for generous servings of the best stew they've ever tasted—thanks to Hunt's rich flavor.

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Bakers of America

SEAL OF ASSURANCE

Buy a PIE today... taste how good it is!

forgotten Elizabeth's presence. It was full of the softest yellow roses.

"I thought men never sent you flowers," Elizabeth said helplessly.

Margaret sat down on the stair steps, put her head down on her knees, like someone sick. "Go away. Go away," she said.

Elizabeth turned and walked out of the old brown house.

In the morning Adrian came down to breakfast, sat down with the rest. "I won't be home till dinnertime. We're working all day today," he said, and that was about all he contributed to the conversation. But at the door he turned back. "Liz, don't let Anna overdo today. She is overtired."

But Anna seemed quite herself when Elizabeth got her up, did her hair. "You know," she said, "I've got so I can't take your days off, darling. I think, though I hate to put Adrian to any more expense, that I'll see if Jennie Leavitt will come for those days."

"I don't really need any days off," Elizabeth said.

"Of course you do. I like Jennie. Besides, she is a fountain of gossip!"

Elizabeth hesitated. "Perhaps you'd rather have her all the time, Anna."

"Does that mean you don't want to be here?"

"No."

"Don't think I wouldn't understand, Liz, if you suddenly wanted to go. Sometimes we simply have to run away—I know that."

"But I don't want to run away," Elizabeth said. "Why should I?"

That afternoon Elizabeth went down to see Jennie Leavitt and asked her about coming. Jennie, though she often did practical nursing, was hesitant

"Well, I don't know, Miss Burke," she said. "It keeps me awful busy looking after this place. I don't know as I'd want to say I'd do it regular."

"Try it for a few times, then," Elizabeth urged. "Try it tomorrow, will you?"

It was agreed and Elizabeth went home.

Anna said, "Will she come?"

"She'll try it. She didn't promise for good."

The doctor stopped in that afternoon. For some reason Elizabeth had no desire to escape him. She sat down with him and Anna and talked easily enough along with them.

When he was leaving he said, "Oh, by the way—Meg said to tell you she couldn't have Johnny tomorrow. She isn't feeling quite up to par. She's sorry."

Elizabeth was relieved and alarmed at the same time. She would have Johnny, but she would also worry about Margaret.

On Sunday morning, when she was almost through with breakfast, she said, "Adrian, could I have a talk with you?"

For an instant something old and sick came into his young, hard-fleshed face. "Well, talk," he said.

"In the living room."

He rose without a word, walked into the living room, and she followed. "What's on your mind, Liz?" he demanded.

"Calm down, Adrian. I want to ask a favor. You don't seem in the mood to listen, but now I've started I'd better go through with it. I want you to give a young man a job—not now, but next fall."

HE had expected something else. She saw the relief come to his eyes. "A job? Who is it? What is your young man good for?"

"I don't know. Office work, I expect, though maybe he's good at machinery too. He's been in prison for the last four years."

He stared at her, interested at last. "In prison?"

"Yes. His name is Anthony Daggett. He's Mrs. Daggett's grandson. He was driving a car for which he had no license and killed a man. He was a little wild, but I think not bad. He's getting time off for good behavior and he's been working in the office in prison. He may be caught up into the war—there's no way to know yet. But what he wants is a job. Mrs. Daggett told him she hoped to get him one with you. You see, Adrian, the property she left is really for Anthony Daggett. I hold it in trust, so to speak. She didn't want anyone to kno had been in prison, but he feels you ca keep it a secret, and I suppose he is righ I'm asking you. Do you think it woul possible?"

He didn't beat about the bush. "I'll Liz. If it is possible, I'll fit him in."

"That's fair enough."

"I suppose he's the one Mrs. Dag wrote to."

"Yes."

"Do what I can. . . . You're a queer Liz."

"Sometimes I quite agree with you."

He went out and up the stairs, but she there quietly, feeling strange, and yet some odd way, at peace. There was noth to prevent him from going straight to A with this bit of news. And yet she did think he would.

THE bell rang and there was Jennie Le itt. Elizabeth took her upstairs to Anna.

"Hel-*lo*, Jennie!" Anna said. "What angel you are to give us a hand!"

Mrs. Leavitt smiled. "It's how I earn living, Anna. Now if you'll just tell me w wants doing ——"

The phone rang and it was Peggy Jo "That you, Liz? This is Peggy. Susie's b begging for Johnny to come spend the with her. Could he come?"

"I don't know why not. I'll ask Ar What time?"

"Any time, from now on."

She went up and asked Anna.

"Tell her it's a godsend," Anna said. didn't know what he could do now M laid up. Do you want to take him ove

It was a blustery day. As she walked a from Peggy's house Elizabeth thought, *Johnny!* And yet Johnny was happy eno now. His fellow creatures liked him and was far less introspective than he had be But there was no change in his relations with Anna or Adrian.

It will soon be nothing to me, Elizab Burke murmured. For she was going. knew she was going. How soon? She did know, but quite soon.

"Oh, Elizabeth! Aunt Liz!" came voice behind her. She half turned and wind blew snow against her face. She wai and he was beside her. "We are always me ing in snowstorms," he said. "Hasn't y new suit come home yet? I thought we w going to have a date?"

"It will keep," she said.

"This is a good time for it, wouldn't y say? Suppose I get the car out and we'll on a binge. You go get your suit on."

"All right," Elizabeth said. "I'll come.

"Good! I'll wait out in front."

He turned and went back the way he h come and Elizabeth went up to her roo put on the new suit. She took the old topc over her arm, left her head bare. Then walked into Anna's room.

Adrian and Anna were playing cribba Elizabeth looked straight at Anna and sa "I'm going out to lunch with Huxley Rea Is there anything you want before I go?"

Anna put the peg in, her eyes lower "Not a thing," she answered carelessly.

"Good-by, then," Elizabeth said.

"'By," Anna said, beginning to deal.

The car stood at the curb and she walk straight to it, climbed in beside Huxley.

He moved away, not asking her wh she'd like to go, just starting out as if had a destination. After they came to t edge of town he said, "You don't look ve happy about the whole thing. Why do we just be happy for a change? Not hu around for psychological problems or ar thing?"

She couldn't tell him that she was st shaken from her announcement to Ann that all her courage had been used up. "I willing," she said. "But I don't kn whether you can just turn happiness on a off at will."

"I got fifty bucks for my article. We c have an elegant luncheon on that."

"Did you really? I'm glad."

"I am too. This is a celebration of r success. Did you know that Ed Botswor has as'k[illegible]ottsy?"

dy?" Elizabeth said, then flushed
t on. "I mean, it seems only yester-
Bunce turned him down."
sy is blooming like a rose."
's some salvage," she said.
they did not talk, but drove swiftly
the storm. It was nearly an hour
alf later when they came to the old
e back road. There was a fire burn-
e hearth of a low-beamed room and
re taken to a table near the fire.
h let Huxley help her take off her
which he did with a little grimace:
ou look like a girl out on a date."
ade her laugh as they ordered and
fire at her back warmed her and she
illusion of great happiness, knew it
illusion, but clung to it, shutting ev-
out.
aking of salvage," he said suddenly
coffee, then stopped.
aid, "Yes—speaking of salvage?"
article, that's a small bit," he said
y. "I know well enough not many
vill ever read it, only a few engineers
right through the Engineering Jour-
l, I did write it. I'm going to count
Would you mind if I told you the story
fe?"
ow most of it," she said. "Lives are
nuch open in Lakeville, aren't they?
n't mind, but you don't need to."
ughed aloud. "Oh, Liz, you are good
You simply won't let a fellow get
ic. I'm being defensive, I expect. I
ve been a fool, but
want it to show."
oesn't show much,"
th conceded. "Are
ng away?"
I don't think so.
I would, then I
my mind. It didn't
important as I'd
inking it would."
at the last minute
uldn't go," she said.
"That happens not to be true. I could
one very easily. But it would only
een an escape from admitting there
thing to escape from."
voice was steady and serious and she
up at him, looked away again. She
feel warm now, only still and fright-
e gone through it and come out
" he went on. "It isn't that I don't
her as beautiful and even desirable.
lo not any more desire her. That's bit-
ou like, but there it is."
abeth, to her own astonishment, felt
swift sorrow for Anna. "Have you
r so?" she heard herself say.
. But she knows. Anna knows every-
This was the day I'd set for telling
ut I saw you and evaded it."
t's go home," she said.
t's not. I like it here by the fire. I can
u are not liking me much right now,
ll I like it here. Aren't you the one
alled me a fool?"
s. Yes, I did."
en why are you so hurt because I'm no
faithful? You ought to be glad I've
o my senses."
lon't know—it's like realizing a fairy
isn't true. But I can't have it both
can I?"
p, you can't have it both ways. And
o old for fairy stories. I've been too old
ne time."
ease—will you take me home?"
right." He stood up rather abruptly,
he bill.

went out to the car, started home-
They had driven some distance before
d:
ok, Liz—Elizabeth, I mean—I'm
told you. I shouldn't have, not first.
rry—ashamed too."
at's all right. I don't want to talk
it."
was Johnny. Johnny doesn't love her.
r thought about it much. I don't know
but I never did. But he doesn't love
or she him. But you have to love your
on, don't you? It got to haunting me."

"She loves him," Elizabeth said stiffly. "I don't know why they aren't friends."

"Why aren't they, though? Wasn't it Steele who wrote a story about a man who was going to marry a woman and saw her suddenly through her little girl, who discarded old loved dolls for new and fancy ones? Not quite analogous. Well, I'll stop. I just wanted you to know how it was."

She did not answer. She sat huddled there, feeling the wind almost physically, though she was safe inside the car. She knew that she had gone today with Huxley because she had suddenly had to prove to Anna that she had the right to do so—it had almost nothing to do with Huxley that she had gone.

YET here she was, with his sleeve touching hers. They had eaten together and he had told her the state of his heart. She had, for a little space, been happy, but she had known that this was to be paid for. That it was going to be paid for dearly.

Then Lakeville was looming up before them. He stopped before No. 7, but for an instant did not get out. Then he smiled at her ruefully. "It wasn't much good, was it? We'll have another date, and make it really gay."

"The suit's unlucky," she said.

"No, we didn't make any mistake on the suit." He got out, came around and opened the door. "I liked sitting by the fire with you, though," he told her. "I could as easily have told you the story of my life as not."

"I don't doubt you," Elizabeth said dryly. "I almost told you mine!" Now she really did go, up the steps, inside the green door.

She had such a feeling of doing everything for the last time, as if her hours here were numbered. There was the sound of voices upstairs. But Elizabeth Burke did not join the party. She went quietly to her own room and closed the door.

Presently she was walking through the snow, Johnny's hand in hers. He was talkative, excited. Susie had a trapeze in the basement and wonderful had been his prowess on the trapeze. As soon as he was in the house he went scrambling up the stairs to his grandmother's rooms, and began telling her about his adventures.

Elizabeth went to the kitchen and said to Bunce that she would just make herself a sandwich for supper and take it up to her room. She did that.

She knew when the visitors left. She knew that Adrian had had supper with Anna. She knew when Jennie Leavitt shut the front door and departed, but she sat on there in her small room, unable to move out of it. She heard Adrian at last go down the stairs, then come up and go to his own room. It was now bedtime.

She carried in hot milk and toast, set the tray down on the table, fixed Anna's pillows. "How did you like Jennie Leavitt?"

"All right," Anna said. "She's very entertaining, a fountain of news. Did you have fun on your date?"

"Fun enough."

Anna went on with a small chuckle, "I never knew anybody so hipped on making her points. . . . Liz, I *have* been selfish. You know, I honestly did think that you'd be happier with me than anywhere else. I took it for granted—isn't that vain? And now Adrian tells me that you resisted like anything coming. That *was* a slap!"

"Yes, I resisted," Elizabeth said. "Because—well, Anna, you *do* get tired of people. I didn't want you to get tired of me."

"Nonsense! You know very well I love having you with me. But one thing I couldn't bear, and that would be having you here from duty's sake—I couldn't take that."

So this was the way it was going to be. It wasn't going to touch Huxley at all—only her own thorny character. "I don't suppose there's any use protesting if you've made up your mind," she said.

"I've had it made up for me," Anna said. "All you've ever wanted was to get away.

The denunciation of the young is a necessary part of the hygiene of older people, and greatly assists the circulation of their blood.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: All Trivia (Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.).



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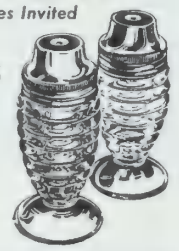
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That hurts, Liz—it really hurts. You've always been special to me, but really no one is special to you but yourself. You like to see yourself as generous and dutiful—but you didn't really want to come at all."

That rang some bell of truth and Elizabeth's face whitened. "Perhaps you're right," she said. "When shall I go?"

"Whenever you want to. You're not bound here, Liz."

So there it was. Suddenly she laughed. "Oh, but I am bound here!" she said. "And I don't want to go. Because, you see, it isn't any of it true. Not a word of it."

She got up, took the glass and plate, walked out of the room. After she was in bed, she laughed again, but silently. Then as suddenly as the laughter had come, tears came. *I've got to be here when she knows he's gone from her*, she said to herself. *Or maybe he won't go—maybe he's just fooling himself. And—and Adrian. Does Adrian want me gone too? Is that it?*

How could life be the same after that? And yet for a space it seemed to be so. Anna said no more about Elizabeth's going. The routine went on. Huxley Reals did not come. Friends thronged the gay room, played cards there, talked, and nothing seemed changed. On Friday Jennie came again, but Elizabeth did not go to Margaret McIntry's. She wrote a long letter to Anthony Daggett. She knitted. She stayed put. She did not know what this reprieve signified, but that it signified something she did not doubt. Then on a Monday night Adrian went out. He sat with Anna till nearly ten, then without a word went out. It was late when he came home.

When it came to the second Friday, Elizabeth, after lunch, went to Margaret. It had seemed a very long silence between them. She did not walk in, but rang the bell. The office door opened and the doctor came out.

"Come in, will you?" he said. "I'm busy right now, but I want to see you. Just wait in the living room."

So she sat down in the room that had been the friendliest she knew in Lakeville. She sat there for half an hour before the doctor strode in from the office.

"What a mess!" he said. He dropped down into the brown chair as if exhausted.

"What's the matter? Where's Meg?"

"You tell me. I'm going around in circles, Liz. Meg's gone, bag and baggage. She's got herself a job in a library, in Rochester. Just said she had decided to take a job and that I would have to make some other arrangements. She thought Jennie Leavitt might come. The truth is I depended on Meg and I'm lost. I don't know what got into her."

"There wasn't much for her in Lakeville," Elizabeth said.

"Just as much as there'll be working in a library in Rochester. Meg made herself a good enough life here. Of course she's never married, but I don't think that's upset her. Do you think Jennie Leavitt would come?"

"I don't know. She comes to us on Fridays and every other Sunday. But she might. Ask her."

MEG had gone, without telling her. She had bitten off a leg and got out of the trap. How would she manage, with only one leg? Meg. Meg. What agony had she gone through before she packed her things and made her firm announcement?

Elizabeth sat at supper with the rest, very quiet. She saw Adrian glance at her once or twice as if questioning her silence, but she could not talk.

Then Mrs. Suydam said, "Meg McIntry isn't sick, is she? She didn't ask Johnny for Sunday."

Elizabeth looked up. "No, she isn't sick. She's taken a job in Rochester. In a library."

"Meg?" Mrs. Suydam said in astonishment.

"Yes. So the doctor told me."

She couldn't look at Adrian, but was aware that he had risen. He walked out of the dining room without a word.

"Well, that surprises me. Meg's never seemed to have any ambitions like that," Mrs. Suydam said.

"You never know what people's am are," Elizabeth said.

She didn't tell Anna about Meg. E doctor did. He came about eleven th morning. He dropped down into th chair, said, "You see before you a pletely confused man, Anna. Look, you all, see all—what got into Meg any

"What's she done?"

The doctor looked at Elizabeth slight surprised frown. "Didn't Liz tel She's left me—gone out into the wor got herself a job. I can't make head of it."

"For heaven's sake! Liz, why didn tell me? What kind of a job?"

"In a library. I don't understand it. thought you might know what it w about."

"I don't. Meg never tells me much. I come to think of it, she's the only town who doesn't tell me much. But sume it's a man. It generally is."

"I DON'T know what man. Meg seems allergic to men. No, I don't kn that's so, but she seems to consider th the lesser species, tolerates them, that Huxley Reals drops in, but she treat like a small brother. Adrian has been i and then, to pick up Johnny or someth and that's all the men she knows much

Anna gave her warm smile and "Well, I hope she hasn't a yearning fo Adrian! But now you will really ha marry."

"I suppose so. But don't pick me out one else, Anna. I don't have any luck your pickings."

After he went Anna said, "Why didn' tell me? Whatever did get into her, I der? I can't imagine. But I'll find out!"

"Maybe she really did get tired of the doctor's housekeeper. It isn't a thrilling life, would you say?"

"I thought you were such pals. D she ever mention it?"

"No, never."

Adrian didn't come home for lunch, did come at about four. He kissed Anna out of his coat, dropped it across the and sat on the stool.

"Did you know Meg McIntry had to Rochester, taken a job there?" A asked.

"Somebody said something, I think. I'd heard that."

"The doctor was in. He's going aroun circles. I'd give a lot to know exactly she did go. It just didn't seem in charact

Elizabeth put in, "But it did. If she cided she wanted to go away and live own life, she's the very one who would She wouldn't dawdle over making up mind either."

"The doctor swears she had no love Hux dropped in there often, but I c imagine Hux giving her a whirl—though might have wanted him to, I suppose."

"That's nonsense," Adrian said evenly. "She treats Hux as if he wer quite bright."

Anna's smile had a faint edge of anger, she said, "You never know what spins are thinking. They work up the most extra dinary fantasies."

There was a small silence, then Adr said, "I don't think Meg has ever been gi to fantasies. And 'spinster' isn't a word have thought of for her."

"It's just a word," Anna said. "She's so old—thirty-two or -three, I imagine. have said she had some father comple only she's gone. But maybe gone to esc it."

"I don't think Meg has any father co plex," Adrian said. "I dare say she'd h lived a completely normal life if ——"

"If what?" Anna asked gently.

"If I hadn't ditched her," Adrian said. was engaged to her when I met you."

"Why, *Adrian!*" Anna's voice was amazed whisper. "To *Meg?*"

"Yes. If her mother hadn't happened die that year and the doctor hadn't happen to need her, I'd have been married her. . . . So I don't much care to hear y discuss her spinsterhood, Anna."

ling, I'm sorry," Anna said. "But
l you never tell me?"
was nothing to be proud of," Adrian
f you don't mind, let's drop it."
beth managed to escape then. She
know whether Anna dropped it or

was very tender with Adrian the
orning, gay and charming as only
new how to be.
n in her busybody she saw Huxley
oming down the street, she said, "If
could say I'm not at home! There
Huxley. Don't go away, darling—
he won't stay long."
Adrian did go away. He said, "Hi,
sent him upstairs and went into the
oom. Elizabeth heard him coming,
to go.
, stay, Liz," Anna said.
rather not."
Huxley was in the room. He looked
nd there were lines down his face that
th did not remember. He did not sit
ian's chair, but drew the rosewood
p and sat in that.
at's a very delicate chair," Anna said.
break it I won't forgive you."
won't break it," Huxley said. "How
, Liz?"
ne."
d Anna's fine and I'm fine. So that's
d of. How would you like to run
nd knit or some-
Liz?"
like it," Eliza-
said, but Anna
d her with:
, don't let him
you away, Liz.
wn. Hux and I
hold private
sations."
is one I mean to
ivate," Huxley
ietly.
ut my little
—she knows
hing about me,"
said. "You can
private as you
fore Liz."
H gave Elizabeth
den clear look
she could not
"All right," he
I just wanted to tell Anna I'd taken
vice at long last. . . . I'm going to be
d, Anna, and I wanted to tell you."
arried? Not really?" Anna said. "Oh,
ope I'll like her. Is it Charlotte?" She
very well, with friendliness, concern for
ppiness, pleasure.
o, I don't think so."
on't *think* so?"
I just say 'no' then," Huxley said.
Charlotte."
couldn't be Meg, after all?" Anna
d him.
eg? No, it couldn't be Meg. The truth
it's only a decision, Anna. There isn't
dy. But I've been bothering you and
long enough."
hy, Hux! You haven't bothered us. To
u the truth, you bolster up my self-
ence no end. And probably Adrian's
But of course you ought to marry,"
ld him. "If you haven't decided, I can
y mind to it!"

Huxley looked again at Elizabeth,
suddenly and said, "I think it'll be
ould that suit you?"
a looked at Liz as at a stranger, specu-
ly, with a little frown. "Liz?" she
"Oh, I don't know, Hux. She's a dar-
but she's awfully independent and
dy—she'd walk out on you, like Meg
d out on the doctor."
don't think so. Not if I put my mind to
ng her," Huxley said. "I could always
her in."
o I have anything to say about this?"
beth demanded. "Sorry, but I'm not at
disposal. I'm not at anybody's dis-
"
ell, it just came to me," Huxley said.
ave to give it more thought."

Elizabeth walked out of the room, straight out and downstairs. She went to the kitchen, where Bunce was getting everything ready before she started for church.

"What's the matter?" Bunce asked. "You're white as a sheet."

"Nothing's the matter."

BUNCE went, but Elizabeth sat by the kitchen table, very still, her hands tight-clasped on the table's edge. She didn't even hear Huxley come down the stairs, but he was there in the doorway.

"Well," he said, "that's that."

"I suppose you feel free as the air," she said coldly.

"No. I feel as if I'd taken a beating. But it's done."

"Is it?"

"All right. Perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it never will be," he said, and his voice, too, was cold. "All the same, Liz, I have wasted enough of life. I am not going to waste any more. On futility. I'm sorry I dragged you in. But, for an instant there, it did seem possible. I meant it."

"That's big of you."

"Do you have to be this way? I thought we were friends."

"Well, we're not. I know I'm contradicting myself, but I just don't like faithless people."

"Yes," he said slowly, "you are contradicting yourself. I thought you didn't like slaves."

"I don't. But I don't like faithless people, either."

"Well, I do have faith—but we'll skip it for now." He turned to go, then came back. "I wouldn't lock you in, Liz."

She did not answer and he went away. She just sat there, staring down at her clasped hands, knowing life was cruel, a trap indeed.

Adrian said, "So you are really leaving us, Liz?"

"Yes. I thought right after Anna's birthday, if you could find someone else by then."

"Well, you must do as you think best," Adrian said. "You've been a great help to us." He, too, was tied. He could not ask her to stay because he knew that Anna no longer wanted her.

She told Anna. "If you can arrange things, I believe I'll leave right after your birthday." Anna did not protest.

Anna was very sweet these days. She said to the girls, "I've been as selfish as all get out—keeping my little sister tied to me so long! She just came to 'help out' a few days and here I've kept her months! But you know how you impose on sisters!"

The girls made a little flurry of regret, asked her for lunch, for dinner, tried to crowd into a little space more hospitality than they had managed in all the weeks before.

Then Bunce said one day, "Miss Burke, would you want to come to Miss Potts' wedding with me? It's going to be next Wednesday morning at ten. At her place. You don't know her well, but it don't seem like it's a wedding without anyway a few there. Likely Mrs. Reals'll come. Maisie's done for her a long time."

"Why, I'd like to go," Elizabeth said. "What could I get her for a present?"

"Well, she's had her heart on a silver butter dish—but maybe that would be more'n you'd want to spend."

"No, I'd go that far."

So on Wednesday morning Elizabeth sat with Bunce on the horsehair sofa in Miss Potts' little house. The Reverend Mr. Smith was there, a big, earnest man, and Mrs. Reals, very stiff and dignified, and Huxley Reals. That was the entire wedding party, except for the bride and groom. Miss

---

Nobody ever quite realizes how his life is being woven day by day out of myriads of invisible threads. But, in fact, each unnoticed influence and every imperceptible tug up or down which the ordinary daily experiences furnish are silently making the life and shaping its course. The commonplace present we hardly count because we are always looking back on a past or dreaming ahead into a rosy future, which will be full of wonderful and epoch-making events. And yet all the time, in spite of us, the future is being made out of the present, and the stuff of our future is to be what we are now weaving in.

—RUFUS M. JONES:
Finding the Trail of Life
(The Macmillan Company, 1950).



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Potts, in a lavender silk dress, with violets pinned awkwardly, a little rouge on her thin cheeks, her gray hair curled unsuitably, stood beside an embarrassed Ed Botsworth. Mr. Smith, facing the pair, began the ceremony.

What a very little time a marriage ceremony took! All those heartaches, all those misunderstandings, all those sacrifices—and in a space of a moment the thing was done.

There was a wedding breakfast laid out in the little dining room. Pottsy and Ed were going to drive upstate to his cousin's for dinner and that was to be the extent of their honeymoon. They were too old for Niagara Falls, Ed said. They saw them off, and then the party was over.

"I told Maisie I'd tidy up here," Bunce said.

"I'll help," Elizabeth said.

"No, you'd better get back. I know where everything belongs. You run along."

"Come on, Liz," Huxley said abruptly. Then he went to Bunce, put his hands on her shoulders, bent and kissed her on either cheek. "Bless you, Bunce! You made it a real, honest-to-goodness wedding!"

Bunce's face broke up a little. "Well, a wedding ought to be special," she managed to say. "Now you all run along."

Huxley said, "Where'd mother go?"

"She told you—she wanted to do some shopping. She walked home. I guess you weren't listening."

Elizabeth was in the street with Huxley. "Come, get in," he said. "I'll run you home." She got in. "That was tough going," he said. "But it turned out well. Adrian says you are going away."

"Yes, I am."

They were already at No. 7.

"The town will seem empty," he said. She got out of the car, moved toward the steps. "Liz!" he said, and she turned.

"The butter dish was beautiful!"

She laughed and went in.

She tried to tell Anna about the wedding, but found there was little to tell. "It was very simple—but nice," she said. "Pottsy looked lovely, in lavender silk, with violets."

"Well, I suppose it's our gain—Bunce won't be leaving us. But it does seem hard on Bunce," Anna said. "I think I'll give myself a birthday party."

"That would be fun."

"A big one. I don't mean with presents and all that—I won't tell anyone it's my birthday, but just ask everybody. We'll call it a farewell party for you, darling."

They began to plan the party, and Anna was gay and even loving as if, now that Elizabeth was nearly gone, she could afford to be.

Then one afternoon Cornelia Suydam was sitting in Anna's room and suddenly said, "I *am* getting old! I must write to Alberta at once."

"Alberta?" Anna said.

"Cousin Alberta—stepcousin, really, no kin. I wondered, when I heard that Meg had gone to the Rochester library, why that seemed so familiar. Cousin Alberta has been there for years. I think she's head librarian. I'll write and ask her to show some kindness to Meg." She got up, murmuring something about her failing memory, went out of the room.

It was four days later when Mrs. Suydam received a letter from Cousin Alberta. She was in Anna's room when the mail came, and took her note, read it.

"That's odd," she said.

Anna looked up. "What's odd?"

"She went there *because* Cousin Alberta was there. Adrian sent her to Alberta. She says Miss McIntry is proving very satisfactory and that she likes her. . . . Adrian spent a summer with them once, but I didn't know he kept in touch with her. It's strange."

"Yes, it's strange," Anna said. "We certainly discussed Meg's departure very thoroughly with Adrian."

To Elizabeth's surprise, Mrs. Suydam said nothing to Adrian, at least in Elizabeth's presence, about Cousin Alberta. Nor did Anna say anything to him, so far as Elizabeth knew. It was only natural that Anna should speak of it, and perhaps alone with Adrian she had, but never before others. That was more frightening than speech.

One day as Elizabeth walked down the stairs to the ground floor the phone was ringing. Elizabeth said, "Hello."

"Hello—Liz? Would you help me pick out a birthday present for Anna?"

"No, I'm not much good at that sort of thing."

"All the same, will you? Come down the lake road at four-thirty, will you?"

"No."

"I'll expect you—Elizabeth." He hung up.

She sat with Anna and when it was four-thirty, she was still there. She carried the tea things down, lingered a moment in Bunce's shining kitchen.

"Anything you want?" Bunce asked.

"No. Just dawdling. I've been dawdling all day," Elizabeth said.

Then the doorbell rang and Bunce went. Elizabeth heard her say, "Yes, she's here—she's out here in the kitchen, Mr. Reals."

A Girl's Prayer

By Elizabeth Abbot

God, give me eyes that I might see
The work that can be done by me.
God, give me ears that I may hear
The cries of those who need me near.
God, give me lips that I might speak
Comfort and peace to all who seek.
God, give me a mind that I might know
To help the ones who need me so.
God, give me hands that I might do
Some large or simple task for You.
God, give me prayer, that I may pray
Thy help and guidance every day.
And these things all else above,
God, give me a heart that I might love.

Huxley Reals stood in the kitchen doorway and said, "Where's your coat? . . . It's spring." He said, as they walked in the street together, "Why did you stand me up?"

"I told you I wouldn't come."

"But I did think you would. I don't want to buy a present. I shall send flowers, as usual. Shall we walk down by the lake?"

"Why?"

"Because I want to. I've got something to say to you." He had his hand firmly on her arm and they were walking down the steep walk to the lake road. They came to the lake, walked along its edge for a moment in silence. "You're not very approachable, Liz," he said at last.

"I suppose I'm not."

"No, you make it very hard for me. You make me seem a fool, which I am not. You make me a man of little faith—which I don't think I am, either. But, Elizabeth, why shouldn't it be so—about you and me, I mean? Why shouldn't it?"

Spring was all around them. The air was soft, the light was a spring light. The water itself looked softer, warmer.

"Why should it? I just don't like second bests."

"You mean I'm not your first choice—or you're not mine? There wouldn't be many marriages in the world if the first choice was the one that led to marriage. I'm sure that in your girlhood you managed to go through a lot of loving that led to nothing. Didn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I did. But I am not a child now. What I suppose you're trying to say is that now you've had your cake, you feel as if you'd like a little plain bread for a change."

"No. Or perhaps I do feel like that. Do you mind being plain bread?"

"Probably. Most women do."

"I don't know why. The staff of life. Look, Liz—Elizabeth—I know all you can say. I loved your sister Anna a very great deal. I thought I would love her till I died. I am very much alive and I no longer love her. I don't even know whether it is because you came or because the thing had run its course or what. Let's say I've been sick and now am well. Only, of course, you could say, 'This, too, will run its course.' And perhaps it will. I do not think so now, but perhaps it will. It seems firm and everlasting, and as if I had never loved before. You see—well, my love for Anna had nothing to feed on, nothing to grow by. Love's got to be in a state of growth or it's nothing. It does seem as if we could grow together—but you look as stubborn as a rock."

Elizabeth burke stood still. She said, "You see, I happen to love you."

He put out a hand to her shoulder, stared at her. "Then ——" he began.

"No. I happen to love you. But I don't want to marry you—I wouldn't think of marrying you. I would always remember that you had loved Anna for six or seven years and had stopped. Anna needs love, she needs it very much. She has Adrian, but she needs love and she depended on your love, whether she encouraged it or not. Then you stopped. . . . Well, you could stop again."

He was very quiet, looking straight at her through the soft light. "Yes, I might," he said at last. "But I do not think so. I don't see any point in lying or being more prophetic than is possible."

"Let's go home."

He turned and they began to walk back. They said never a word till they reached No. 7. Then he put a hand on her arm and said, "You love Anna more than me—is that it?"

She said, "I don't know. It could be."

"Shouldn't you make up your mind about that? I'm talking nonsense—I'm feeling about eighteen because you said you loved me. I can't seem to think of anything else. Say it again."

"No. Never again."

It was still light and everything about the street swam in the light, in the soft light of a spring night.

"I think I'll come up and say hello to Anna."

"No, don't."

"But I am going to. I have some things I must say to her. I must tell her I know whom I want to marry. She has put a spell on you too. I will break it, Liz. Because I am going to marry you, you know," Huxley told her. "I am going to."

Now she could have him. She could have him if she liked. Why then did it seem as if life were ended? Why did her heart ache so? She went to her own room, huddled on the bed. The tears began to run down her face. It seemed a long time afterward when Huxley came out and down the stairs, when the front door closed and all was still.

At supper Elizabeth found herself looking at Adrian. He did seem older than when she had come. But he still looked strong. Strong enough to bear his own burdens. *I like Adrian*, she thought suddenly.

After dinner Adrian took his coffee upstairs and when Elizabeth went for the tray he met her at the door with it. "I'll get Anna to bed tonight," he said.

So she knew she was banished from Anna's room. She went to her room, wrote a letter to Anthony Daggett. She wanted to write to Meg, but she did not. No, Meg would write her if there were anything to write that should be written. How little preparation it took to change her life!

She sat still, trying to see the shape of her life ahead, failing. She had given herself to Anna again, been again rejected. But she had given more of herself than that. She was partly given to Meg, to Jen and Peggy, to the doctor, to Bunce and Pottsy. And she had given her heart away, foolishly. "*Because I am going to marry you, you know. I am going to.*" But of course he wasn't going to. It would never happen, becaus was not going to let it happen.

At that moment the telephone r sounded loud and shrill. She went down the stairs, lifted the receiver.

"Elizabeth?"

"Yes."

"I know it's late—just wanted to g something to go to sleep on."

"What?"

"Wanted to ask you this: Is it fair to devote so much of yourself to keep and not allow me to do the same? about that, Liz."

She could not answer, stood there the receiver foolishly.

"Are you there, Liz?"

"Yes."

"Are you thinking?"

"Yes."

"About me?"

"About Bunce. . . . No, it isn't fai

Now there was a silence at his end line. At last he said more gently, "Th for tonight. . . . But don't forget, L be all right if you don't forget. Good

"Good night," she said.

In the morning when Elizabeth wo thought at once, *I must tell Anna. I m her I have made up my mind.* But t the day of the party. There were so things to do. There wasn't time for Elizabeth went down to help Bunce. S to go to the store. She arranged flowe morning was gone. She went up with eon and Anna was still in bed.

"I thought I'd rest," Anna said. " all getting in such a dither about this

Elizabeth said, "Anna, I wanted with you about ——"

"About what? Huxley? I'm not mood. Run along and help polish. I re need a little peace before a party."

So Elizabeth went away again, de

It was midafternoon when Bunce sa hear Meg McIntry's home for over S Mrs. Suydam'll likely want to ask her party."

"Oh, is she? I don't think Anna k Elizabeth said.

"Well, you'd better give her a Bunce said.

But she couldn't do that, though sh a longing to see Meg. Nor did she thin would come to the party, nor that would want her to.

Elizabeth dressed at five, though had been asked for supper at six. She the chrysanthemum velvet dress. She into Anna's room. Anna was sitting window.

"Ready so soon?" Anna asked.

"I should have fixed you up first. I know why I got dressed so early," Eliz said confusedly. "Anna ——"

"Why, there's Meg McIntry! I th she was in Rochester."

"She's home for the week end."

"Go, call her in. I must ask her t party!"

"I don't think she will want to come

"Why ever not? I want very specia see her."

Elizabeth walked down the stairs opened the door and called, "Margare

Margaret McIntry was almost to th ner, but she heard. She began to walk toward No. 7. "Hi, Elizabeth!" she sa

"How good to see you!" Elizabeth "How awfully good to see you! Are y right?"

Margaret looked just the same as She laughed. "I'm fine. And you?"

"Fine," Elizabeth said. "Anna want to come up. Don't come, Margaret."

Margaret gave her a suddenly grave gl "Why not?"

"Just . . . don't come."

"Well, thank you for the warning, think I will. You see, Liz, Anna can anything to me any more. I'm not afr Anna." She was inside the hallway, m up the stairs.

"Hel-*lo*, Meg!" Anna said witn gaiet warmth. "And how's the job?"

(Continued on Page 104)



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AT GROCERS

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(Continued from Page 102)

"How are you, Anna? No need to ask. You look blooming. The job's fine."

"Sit down. I shouldn't ask you to, because you must run home and put on your best bib and tucker and come to our party tonight."

"This is my best bib and tucker," Meg said dryly, "but I'm not one for parties, Anna. I'll skip the party."

"Well, tell me all about your job. What do you *do?*"

"I keep books," Meg said briefly.

"I'm so pleased with myself for suggesting Cousin Roberta to Adrian! If you do want to get off on your own, it's so comforting to have a friend at court!"

Meg said only, "Yes, very comforting."

"Meg, there's something I have wanted to say for a long, long time, almost ever since I've been married. I didn't know at the time I was taking Adrian away from anybody. It wasn't a thing I could have done, had I known."

Meg gave a quick smile. "It's a long time ago. There's no need to speak of it now."

"I suppose not. But I've never felt you liked me awfully much and I wanted you to know that. I—I've almost felt I ought to share Johnny with you. And I have, what I could. But of course I can't share Adrian." Her voice was sweet, kind, regretful.

"Did anyone ask you to?"

"Of course not! But I know how it must feel living in the same town with Adrian—how you felt about getting away. You see, Meg, it *shows* so when you're fond of someone. Still, everything's all right now. Go home and make yourself gay and come back at six. I'd really love to have you come."

"But I'm not coming. I'm never coming to this house again, Anna."

"Why, *Meg!* Oh, I've hurt you and I wanted us to be *friends!*"

"There has to be honesty between friends," Meg said.

"But I've been honest! You mean you don't want me to be *too* honest—is that it?"

"No, I didn't mean that. You can pretend to yourself, Anna, that you've been speaking the truth, but of course you know very well you haven't. If you'd like me to list the lies, I can, but I'm sure you know them."

"Why, Meg! I've never lied in my life."

"First, you don't want me at your party. We'll put that down as a social lie and forget it. Next, you didn't think of Cousin Roberta at all. Next, you wouldn't have dreamed of sharing Johnny with me, had you known. You didn't know; that's another lie. Another: You'd have taken Adrian if you'd wanted him, no matter who stood in the way. You'd even take Huxley when he wants to marry your sister, if you could. But that, thank God, you cannot do. And my face shows nothing. No one in this town has ever dreamed I was hurt about Adrian. I have never talked of it except to one person I trust implicitly, and I am sure that Adrian never has. He saw you, he loved you, and that was the end of it. But you cannot bear it that anyone has ever touched your possessions. I am not taking any of your possessions, but I think it might be good for you to know that I could have, had I so desired."

"Could you, indeed?"

"Yes. And not because Adrian does not love you. But because he was so dead tired that he would have turned to anyone who could let him rest. I know how, you see. You have a kind of courage, I grant you that, but you haven't got the courage to go through another operation so that Adrian might possibly have a whole wife instead of half a wife. I know that you have to give a man great tenderness to compensate for not having a whole body to give him. I think you could have given it to him, but no, you thought only of yourself."

"So that's what you think of me," Anna said slowly. "But then, I suppose that's what I might have expected. If you've been hurt you can't bear kindness."

"Oh, I could bear kindness if I received any. But that wasn't kindness, Anna. Why don't you look in your busybody and see yourself? . . . And sharing Johnny! You mean you were glad to have him out of the house. He remembers the kittens, you see. You pretend he's afraid you're going to die. It's not that—he's afraid of *you*. . . . And now I think I've said all and more than needs saying. But never ask me here again, Anna."

She rose and walked toward the door. Elizabeth saw that Anna's hand was moving in a curious circle, round and round, on her table, but she went after Margaret, walked down the stairs with her.

Margaret turned. "A fool's effort," she said. "But I had to do it." She walked down the steps, away in the gathering dusk.

Elizabeth went up the stairs. Anna sat just where she had left her, her hand still making that circle on the table. She did not look up and that fact was frightening.

It was Anna who spoke first. She spoke not to Elizabeth, it seemed, but to her own moving hand. "I told him not to let her in," she said. "She was mangy and she had a bunch on her neck. She couldn't have taken care of them. . . . It wasn't my bedspread—she was mangy and she had a bunch on her neck. . . . Someone had to do it."

The cold was in Elizabeth's spine now, in her marrow. The voice was not Anna's voice, but one tired and flat and defeated. These were the kittens Meg meant. These must be the kittens, born on Anna's bedspread and probably drowned—and Johnny had seen. *The little clay cat fell on the floor, its tail off, its ears flattened. "I'll make her another cat!" Johnny cried.*

"He looks at me as if I were a murderer. You all do. Adrian does."

"No, Anna. That's not so." But her voice came like a whisper.

"And I suppose Adrian thinks I should have had the operation. He'd rather have me dead than half alive."

"Adrian's never mentioned it."

"But he did. And suppose I had the operation? Would it be better to walk around dead inside than to sit here dead inside?"

"Oh, *Anna!*"

Then there was Adrian in the doorway. "What's the matter? Aren't you ready yet?" he asked.

Elizabeth moved a space away, giving Anna room to breathe. Anna took her hands from the table, let them lie hidden in her lap.

"Don't rush me, darling," she said, and her voice was just as always, gay, amused, bright. "Are you feeling awfully strong? I thought maybe you could carry me down to the living room. It does seem silly to make everybody climb those stairs."

She sat in the round-backed chair with the angel-head carving. White tulips sat on the table beside her in a circle of light. The room was full of laughter and there were gifts strewn across the afghan on her knees, on the floor at her feet. "Happy birthday, darling!" . . . "Happy birthday, Anna!" Over and over the words sounded, like a chorus.

They brought plates of food and sat on the floor and the laughter was high and the talk exciting. And through it all Anna's voice came, tying them together in friendship, in warmth, making it another of "Anna's parties."

Elizabeth went to the kitchen after another bowl of salad and Huxley was there with Bunce. He smiled at her and said, "Did you know I was going to marry Liz, Bunce?"

Mrs. Bunce said, "I guess Miss Burke's got more sense'n that."

"No," she said slowly, "I haven't, Bunce."

"Well, for goodness' sake!" Bunce said. "I'd never have thought of it!"

Then it was over. They were reluctant to go, but at last it was over. Adrian carried Anna up the stairs.

"Do you need me?" Elizabeth called.

"No," Adrian said.

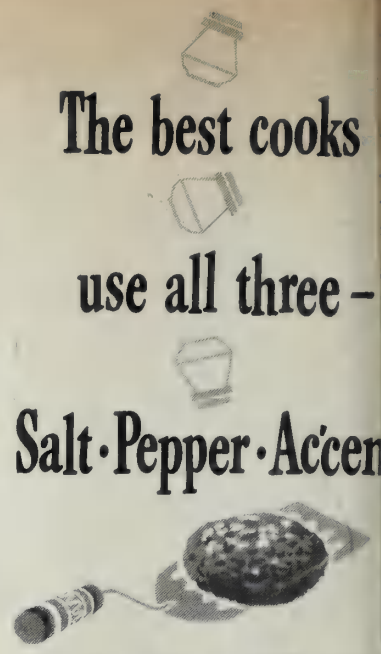
But presently she followed them slowly up the stairs. Though Adrian had said he didn't need her, she walked toward Anna's room. She stood in the doorway, did not come into the room.

"Is everything all right?" she asked.

Adrian turned angrily. "Is this some of your doing?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

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ng—don't jump at Liz like that. It's
.o do with Liz," Anna said. "I'm
do it."
Adrian said.
ny life," Anna said. "Haven't I the
decide what to do with it?"
nine too," Adrian said.
t's mine," Anna said, and her voice
ost cold. "It belongs to no one but
been too weak to decide before, but
ve decided. I told Doctor McIntry
go Monday. He'll call Graner in the
."
n't have it," Adrian said.
it's settled, darling. If it were you,
the same—wouldn't you?"
n turned away from the bed. He
over to the hearth, but did not look
even then. "I suppose I would."
, then?"
n't go through it all again," he said.
let you go through it. I thought you
opy. You've seemed so."
ned so," Anna echoed. "I'm very
must sleep now. . . . Do you want to
some milk now, Liz?"
beth went down the stairs, heated
. When she came back Adrian was
ne put the tray down, turned to put
ws behind Anna. Anna said: "You
I'm not hungry."
beth sat down by the bed, drank the
ediently.
'll stay till I get home, won't you?"
, I'll stay."
nt to pound these pillows up a little?"
moothed the bed, patted the pillows,
e lifted the tray.

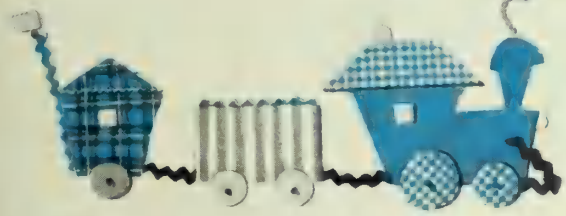
"Good night, Anna," she said. Surely there must be more to say, but Anna said, "Good night," and that was all.

She was back in her own room. She sat down, still in her velvet dress.

How peaceful this room is! she thought. But of course it wasn't the room. *I suppose I never loved her before,* she admitted. *Even if I've said I did so many times. I worshiped her and I envied her and I pitied her—and that was all. And why now? Because she's walking into danger with her head still high? No—oh, Anna—it's because you did it for love's sake—it sounded like for your sake, but it wasn't. You're afraid—but you're going to do it, because that's the only way you know how to say "I love you." Oh, Anna!*

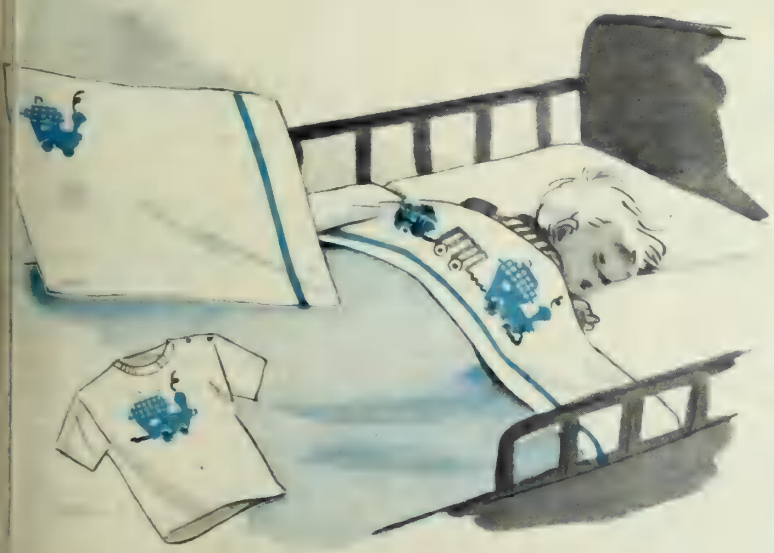
The house grew very still, but still she sat there in the little room. And nothing was finished, but the peace remained with her. And out of the peace came Huxley's face, a face with sober eyes and a firm mouth, a face to love and trust forever. And Johnny's small face, and Mrs. Suydam's proud face. Bunce's dark little eyes. Her people. She would walk these streets for the rest of her life. She would see Johnny grow up, she would grow old here and die herself. And Anthony Daggett might fall on some foreign soil or he might come to this town and be her friend. And Mrs. Daggett—she would never, never know whether Mrs. Daggett had trusted her to the end or not. It was all unknown, the future, and there was pain ahead, and anxiety. But the peace persisted. If you just loved enough, just trusted enough. . . .

"Why, I know—I know whether I'm coming or going!" she said aloud. THE END



TRAIN APPLIQUÉ . . .

Gay scraps make an amusing appliqué for a child's room. The "choo choo" goes across the top of a sheet or at the bottom of cotton curtains. The engine on a pillow slip or a shirt. The appliqué is designed for easy sewing. Pattern No. 2573, 15c.



Turn to Page 24 for information on how to order this pattern.

Cool makin'—Cool eatin'

ICEBOX "COOKED" WITH BAKER'S COCONUT!

Choose a frosty beauty for tonight!

Chilled Orange Chiffon Pie—refreshingly topped with snowy, tender-moist Baker's Coconut. No baking—not even the crust.

Frosty Strawberry Fluff—light and luscious with flavor-fresh coconut.

Ice Cream—so exciting topped with golden-toasted* Baker's Coconut. Or fold 1 cup coconut into 1 quart softened ice cream—and refreeze.

*Toast coconut in shallow pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 5 to 7 minutes. Stir often, to brown evenly.

ORANGE COCONUT CHIFFON PIE

Mix 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten, with ¼ cup milk in saucepan. Add 1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding; blend. Stir in 1¼ cups milk gradually. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil and thickens. Remove from heat—stir in 3 tablespoons concentrated Birds Eye Orange Juice gradually. Add ½ cup Baker's Coconut.

Beat 2 egg whites until foamy. Add 4 tablespoons of sugar, a tablespoon at a time, and continue beating until mixture will stand in stiff peaks. Fold in hot pudding gradually. Turn into chilled graham cracker crust. Chill pie. Sprinkle with ½ cup coconut.

Graham Cracker Crust. Combine 1¼ cups fine graham cracker crumbs and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add ⅓ cup melted butter—mix well. Press firmly on bottom and sides of 9-inch pie pan. Chill.

STRAWBERRY FLUFF

Dissolve 1 package Strawberry Jell-O and dash of salt in 1 cup hot water. Soften 1 3-ounce package of cream cheese with 2 tablespoons hot Jell-O mixture; blend well. Set aside.

Add 1 cup cold water to remaining Jell-O and chill until slightly thickened. Place Jell-O bowl in another bowl of ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in cream cheese mixture and ¾ cup of Baker's Coconut. Pile lightly in serving bowl. Chill until firm. Top with 1 cup sliced sweetened strawberries and coconut. Serves 6.

Birds Eye Sliced Strawberries may be substituted for sweetened fresh berries.

Products of General Foods

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BAKER'S COCONUT Southern Style

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is often this...



JOHNSON'S BABY OIL

Mild, pure, made specially to agree with delicate skin—Johnson's Baby Oil helps prevent irritations, soothe and smooth baby's skin after bath and at diaper changes.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Silky-soft, with a fresh, delicate scent—Johnson's Baby Powder is such a pleasant way to chase away prickles and chafes, keep baby comfy and contented.

Johnson & Johnson

RAY JOHNSON



Children should learn to recognize plants which may infect the skin—should know, too, the simple rules for care of the infection.

"Leaflets Three, Leave it Be!"

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

HEALTH authorities calculate that each summer at least 500,000 Americans have their vacations spoiled for a few days, or sometimes for as much as several weeks, by the painful, burning blisters of poison ivy.

It is annoying enough for an adult to acquire this affliction, but even worse for a youngster, for it is hard to make a child understand that he must resist the almost overpowering urge to scratch. If you live in a section where poison ivy or one of its kindred is prevalent, or if you vacation in a spot where it is found, you should know how to protect your youngsters—and yourself—from infection, and what to do if the poisoning should appear.

Itching and burning are the first signs of ivy poisoning. Usually these occur shortly after the exposure, but may not appear for several days. They are followed within a few hours by a red rash, and later by swelling and blisters which may multiply and become extremely large in some cases. Or the first symptom may be an itchy bump like a mosquito bite, and be mistaken for one.

When the affected area begins to itch and burn, children naturally begin to scratch and rub. A little of the poisonous oil from the plant clings to the fingers and may thus be transferred to the face and other parts of the body. I remember one little fellow who had sucked his fingers after contact with poison ivy, and had serious blisters on his lips and inside his mouth. I have also seen many cases where especially painful blisters have appeared on the tender skin of the genital area.

Since the worst feature of poison ivy is its propensity to spread when scratched, it is a good idea for mothers of children prone to it to train their youngsters to suspect every rash or itchy bump of being ivy soning until it is proved otherwise. them not to scratch *anything*, but to c to you at once. Dab the affected por with calamine lotion or antihistamine o ment, which you can buy at the drugst If it is a small spot, cover it with a rea made bandage. If the area is wider, an it copiously and then fasten a bandag gauze or other light material well over entire section, making it fit closely but so tightly as to cut off circulation.

This will usually banish the itching several hours. Tell the child to come to

(Continued on Page 108)

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

BEFORE THE BABY COMES (prenatal months), No. 2383, 50c.

First series of booklets, covering first eight months, 50c.

Second series of booklets, covering nine months to two years, 50c.

A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER (breast-feeding helps), No. 1346, 6c.

OUR BABIES (complete book and invaluable supplement to the monthly booklets), No. 1345, 50c.

Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY
Mrs Dan Gerber
(MOTHER OF 5)


Mrs. Dan Gerber

Isn't it nice that little playboys (and playgirls) need so little clothing in hot weather? More practical ways to make your washing and ironing chores dwindle: (1) Pick fabrics with a small, over print—they stay cleaner-look-i. (2) Choose seersuckers and cotton jerseys which need no ironing.

* * *

Shady decisions— those are the kind you want to make at the beach or equally sunny places. Where sunshine beats down, your doctor will advise you to keep baby in the shade *all* the time the first day or two.



* * *

Junior special. You can make a "sundae" in jig-time for that toddler of yours with any one of Gerber's three puddings. Just top off with two teaspoons of baby's favorite Strained or Junior Fruit!

* * *

Water frolic. Tots soon discover how blissful cool water can be during hot weather . . .



FOR OUTDOOR FUN, give your toddler a shallow basin of water to play with. Show how smart you are by making "sailboats" with clothespins!

FOR INDOOR COMFORT, a sponge bath before meals or sleep-time will go a long way in keeping your baby cool and relaxed.

* * *

Who's the lucky tot that's going to get Gerber's Pear Fluff Special? Make one for your angel (and yourself) this quick, easy way:

1 egg white
½ cup orange juice
1 tbs. lemon juice
1 Gerber's Strained Pears

Combine ingredients and beat until foamy. Makes 2 delicious servings! More, many more such recipes in Gerber's 32-page "Recipes for Toddlers." For a free copy, write to me, Mrs. Dan Gerber, Dept. 88-1, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, Gerber-Ogilvie, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.



Ready to put those teeth to work?



It's sheer JOY for tots with a few teeth to discover the toothsome morsels in Gerber's Junior Foods. The tiny, finely-cut particles encourage chewing, help growing tots make the big shift from strained to grown-up foods.

They help in so many other wonderful ways, too. By *tempting* your baby's appetite with colors that are true to nature . . . by *satisfying* him with flavors that are friendly and pleasing. All done on purpose, of course, for Gerber's Baby Foods are prepared from fruits, vegetables and meats that are specially selected for *babies.*

Nourishing, too! Gerber's, who make baby foods—and nothing but baby foods every day of the year, know how to help tots meet their daily quota of vitamins and minerals. Gerber's Junior Foods often have *more* of these important nutrients than foods cooked and chopped in your own kitchen!

Next time you shop for Baby Foods, Strained or Junior, look for Gerber's and notice how *completely* Gerber's meet your baby's food needs.

Has your tot tasted our Puddings? Doubly nourishing because they are made with egg yolks and milk. Three tempting varieties to choose from—Custard (Vanilla), Chocolate Custard and Orange Pudding. All velvety-smooth, delicious!

Babies are our business ...
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BABY FOODS
FREMONT, MICHIGAN

Yes, Mom! These swabs never come loose!



You're sure, with Q-Tips, the original sterilized swabs. They're made of softest, finest quality cotton **anchored securely** at both ends of the applicator, correctly shaped for gentle baby care.

Q-Tips are *sterilized right in the package* by the best hospital method. More Q-Tips have been used by doctors than any other prepared swabs.

Don't take a substitute. Take Q-Tips.



Do the job with a Q-TIPS swab!



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29¢, 49¢ *and* **98¢ pkg.**

® Q-TIPS



The original cotton swab ...in the famous blue box

Q-TIPS INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 106)

for another treatment whenever the sensation starts up afresh. Each time use a fresh covering. (Larger bandages may be washed and used again.) Ask the child to call you if he is awakened by the itching in the night, and renew the treatment then.

If you are in the wilds and no drugstore is available, soak clean cloths in a cold baking-soda or Epsom-salts solution and apply these to the affected parts, remoistening them when the itching starts again. However, if any member of your family is sensitive to poison ivy, you should take along on your vacation a bottle of whatever lotion or ointment has seemed most effective in giving comfort.

Where a child is old enough to manage the treatment himself, it is a good idea to let him do so. This serves the double purpose of providing relief and also of distracting him from his desire to scratch or rub. In the case of small children, however, the mother must keep a close watch.

When the blisters are large, or the inflammation is widespread and a dark, "angry" red; or when the face or genital areas are involved, the child should be taken to the doctor. He can usually bring relief more quickly and effectively than is possible with home measures. Moreover, unless the doctor's advice is sought and followed in severe cases, the sores may spread and become infected, prolonging the period of suffering and possibly causing disfiguring scars.

Mild cases usually begin to subside within a few days, though periods of itching may recur for as long as two weeks. After the pustules start to dry up and are no longer exuding liquid, it is not necessary to keep them covered. Dabbing with the lotion or ointment will banish the itching for the time being.

Of course the best thing of all is to try to see that your child is protected from contact with any member of the *Rhus* family, to which poison ivy belongs. If you vacation in the West, for instance, ask the natives to point out to you poison dogwood, poison oak and poison sumac, so that you may keep your own family away from them. Poison ivy, which grows in nearly all sections of the country, is easily identified. Its leaves, dark green and glossy, sometimes two or three inches long, invariably occur in clusters of three. "Leaflets three, leave it be!" is a jingle that has helped thousands of mothers and children recognize this form of *Rhus*, and keep away from it.

Poison ivy grows in the form of a clinging vine or creeping shrub. It clings to brick walls, trees, fence posts and poles, creeps along fences, paths and roads, grows in patches in fields or in woodlands, and often insinuates itself among innocent flowers and shrubbery. The substance that causes the poisoning is an oily sap, and, alive or dead, every part of this plant is capable of making trouble. Sensitive persons may be severely poisoned just from the smoke of poison ivy that is being burned. Most cases, however, are caused by direct contact with the leaves, in which the oil is brushed onto the skin of the legs, arms or hands.

Poison ivy should be eradicated from yards and other places where children play. If woodlands are infested, you should see that your child wears clothing that covers the arms and legs when he goes on hikes or picnics in the country. (It is safest for girls, as well as boys, to wear blue jeans over long stockings, or other garments which leave no bare skin exposed.) Some children are so sensitive that they can be affected by the oil left on clothing, so all garments suspected of exposure should be thoroughly washed or dry cleaned. If your youngster is highly sensitive, he may even contract ivy poisoning from the oil clinging to the coat of the family dog or cat. This is one source that often baffles mothers who have taken every other precaution, and sometimes it is necessary to give away a pet in order to protect a child.

If you have reason to think your child has been exposed—and the same is true for adults—as soon as possible thereafter wash thoroughly with soap and water. If the affected area is on the arms, legs or hands, as it usually is, use a yellow laundry soap. On the more tender skin of face and genitals a milder soap should be employed, but in either instance lather copiously several times. After washing, apply calamine lotion or antihistamine ointment.

For reasons that doctors don't fully understand, some people are immune to poison ivy. Infants are rarely affected by it, and I have seen relatively few cases of children up to two or three years of age. Mothers of babies and toddlers may be comforted by this thought, but should not count on it too much. Immunity generally vanishes as youngsters get older.

As with other allergies, artificial immunization is effective in a number of cases. If you have a child who gets severe attacks on the slightest exposure, see your doctor about immunization shots. However, they don't work for everyone and you should still do all you can to guard your sensitive youngster from contact with the *Rhus* family.

One thing you can count on is that when you recognize the symptoms at once and take prompt methods of dealing with them, you can usually confine the unpleasant manifestation to the area of the body where it originated, keep your youngster comfortable for the most part, and have him through with it in a short time.

THE BIGGEST FLOUNDER

(Continued from Page 43)

stern, almost hostile inspection of herself. "Do I look casual enough? I want to look strictly casual." That was Bunny's cue to break silence and tell her she looked casual, and Sis would whip out the door, her barn-dance skirt swishing out last, and then Bunny would pad over to the window and watch the car lights make a stage set of the grass and the rugosas, gritting her teeth at the shrieking gears and thinking that next year when she got her license she'd at least be a better driver than Sis. The red eyes of the taillights would move downward and blink out, there would be the rumble of the wooden bridge, and she'd be left alone in a sudden stillness. Crouched on the floor with her arms along the sill, she'd feel terribly lonely, terribly out of it, and then in spite of herself she'd listen to the silence and think she could hear the sea. Of course she couldn't, not unless the weather was really stormy, but the sea had something to do with the silence. You never found that deep kind of stillness except near the sea.

It was quite early Saturday morning—early from a vacation standpoint. Bunny was out on the pier fooling around. She held up a wet finger and decided the breeze would be right for sailing. Then, kneeling, she watched a little fish darting about the gently moving green film attached to a piling. The tide was exceptionally high, and as she bent over, her darkly shining reflection was close. Beneath her hands the boards even now were warm with the body warmth of an animal, and she stretched out flat on her stomach—very quiet because of splinters—to absorb their hard, warm comfort. With one hand she disturbed the tiny universe of the fish, and then the sky steadied back again, the sky and the dark reflection of her head and the pier with the bright narrow stripes of light between the boards.

The pier jarred to a footstep, and she lifted her head toward the approaching figure of a man. He was tall, taller than he should have been because of his aloneness as a vertical; he wore a sweat shirt and short shorts, the kind that athletes wear, and he had the wavy hair that made her sure he was Chris.

"Hello!" he hailed. The planks of the pier plunk-plunked like a xylophone all on one note, until he reached her. "Anything exciting going on down there?"

Get The Best—Ask For Evenflo

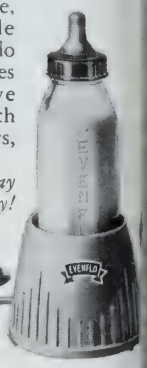


Mrs. Russell Jacot R. 14, Akron, O., with adopted son Donnie

Likes Evenflo For Adopted Baby

Hope Jacot gets a kick out of feeding her adopted baby son with an Evenflo Nurser. He goes after his bottle with such zest he empties it in no time. Mrs. Jacot learned about Evenflo from her girl friends who praised it because it is so easy to nurse and so handy to use, both at home and while visiting. Complete Evenflo Nursers 25c. Extra nipples and parts 10c. Attractive Evenflo Layette Package with six 8-oz., two 4-oz., nursers, pkg. cleanser, $2.25.

Costs less than 1c a day to nurse the Evenflo way!



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Send Them Back to School Foot-Happy!



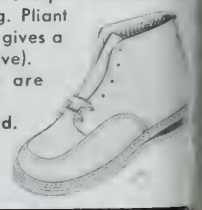
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—that keep active little feet dry, fresh ar comfortable . . . Smooth one-piece leather linir insures against chafing. Pliant leather Arch Protector gives a gentle lift (not corrective). STEP MASTER Shoes are good-looking, long-wearing, budget-priced.



Write for Illustrated Leaflet and Name of Nearest Dealer.

STEP MASTER SHOES INC. • Greenvil

rambled to her feet. "Hello!" She'd him altogether different, somehow g, but his face, though bony, was utting nor beetling, his eyes were a m blue—he seemed just nice and more. And his smile made him sud- ry young so you could forget he was st. "You're up early," she began tly, and now was the time to estab- self as a grownup by calling him ut she couldn't. ". . . Mr. Bement." re unfair." His smile *was* nice. "You o I am, and I haven't the ghost of a ho you are."

Ellen Snow." Right from the start it to talk to him. "You met my sister t."

ought a minute. "Oh, yes. The ryone calls Sis. Oh, you're the one l the Child."

ould have hated him, suddenly and but his smile told her—and she be mistaken—that the joke was on t her. Was it possible? Did he really, nd truly, accept her as an individual, hild, as a person like—like himself? ng back at him, she had the most ful swimming sensation. Only a mo- go she hadn't even known him and seemed like—like a big brother, the ther she'd never had, a brother who augh with her at all those obtuse peo- e felt all warm and relaxed.

'; I'm the Child," she said gaily. wise known as Bunny. I began being at the age of two because I wiggled e."

smile faded into mock seriousness. "I ell you the name I suffered with. Yes, oo. You'd be sym- c. Bub. That's what alled me. Bub."

laughed together. a dreadful handi- But while she d she felt sorry, too, ittle boy with Bub name, and tried to y him with the tall man beside her. ll me, do you do any fishing around Could we snitch one of those dories out?"

iantly she was startled and on guard, 'd put distance and age between them. you wouldn't enjoy it. I haven't any ackle, rods and things. It wouldn't be r you."

hat makes you think so, Ellen?"

name struck against her chest. No one her Ellen. If he had called her "Child" uldn't have minded, because he'd have uotes around it, and "Bunny" she n't even have noticed. Ellen. . . . She d him to say it again.

ELY, not quite sure of what she said, urmured, "An old hand line, just catch- unders and things." Then she pulled f together and said briskly, "Besides, e planning a long sail today."

ut wouldn't we have time right now? s just the kind of fishing I like, because an smoke your pipe and doze off. When the house there wasn't a sound. Every- still asleep."

on't you worry about that!" she d. "If they know you're up they'll be owing their breakfast whole by now. is—you see that kind of sun deck we've over the shed roof, the house up there e knoll? We can see the whole bay from . I'm sure she's spotted you already." hought, *And chewing nails because she down here instead of me.*

What about tomorrow, then? Is it a You won't forget? What time?" He persistent. He really did want to go. refully inspecting the water line on the gs, keeping her mind steady on practical- not daring to contemplate the miracle r going fishing with Chris, "Tide's high It'll be an hour later tomorrow. Eight ck. Is that too early for you? Fishing's just before the full. I'll dig some clams afternoon when we get back from the -if I go."

What do you mean, if you go? Why dn't you go?"

"There might not be room." She said it as a flat statement, without rancor.

He replied quickly, "If there isn't room *I'll* stay home," and his voice gave her a hint as to why Sis thought him conceited. But it wasn't conceit or even arrogance. She knew.

She had a vision of his staying home and gave a sudden snort of laughter. "That would fix it. That really would fix it."

FLOATING through the air came the clink of oarlocks against each other, so faint and distant she could pretend not to hear it; for a defiant moment she could refuse to raise her eyes toward the place where the knoll met the sky. Then she gave up. A single-file procession was straggling over the hill, a pair of oars momentary exclamation points against the sky, each figure silhouetted before it dropped down the winding path through the tall grass. Now their voices carried across the water; one of them called, "Hi, Chris!" and a hollow came into her stomach.

Good-by, she told him silently, not daring to let him see her face. *It was wonderful.*

Bunny rode the boom, steadying herself with one hand against the mast. As she looked across and down on the others they were mostly legs, a whole row of legs stretched stiffly out, a row of sneakers braced against the lee seat. Legs, then an elbow or two hooked at an acute angle over the coaming, then the individual faces with dark glasses or crew hats or blowing hair. Chris sat between Anne and Sis, Doug was next, and Jim was at the tiller.

She felt no shadow of either hurt or jealousy. She'd expected Chris to be miles away the instant the others swarmed onto the pier. She'd known that their moment of intimacy would become more and more improbable, and that even tomorrow's fishing trip would seem nebulous and not quite real. The high, bright voices of the girls had changed the focus sharply, and she and the past minutes had dimmed into fuzzy distance.

There ain't much fun in physic, but there's a great deal of physic in fun.
—AMERICAN PROVERB

But they couldn't take away Chris. He was there for her to look at, very real and somehow easier to see now that he was talking and laughing with the others; she knew for the first time the exact line of his jaw and the way his hair grew from his forehead. It was enough—it was exactly enough to know that he was there, to glance at him from time to time, and to feel the tug of the sail and the lift of the sea.

Chris and her sister were having a marvelous time, and as she watched them laughing and joking she exulted, *Good for Sis! She's winning this round!* Then the thought struck her, *Suppose—suppose he falls in love with her. Then I'd have Chris for always, in the family, my own big brother.* Sis really was a terribly nice person. Bunny set to work sorting out all the nice things about her that would appeal to him.

Chris wanted to light his pipe. Sis tried to shield the flame, and finally they crawled under a tarpaulin in the bottom of the boat and came out triumphant, disheveled, laughing.

Then Jim shouted at Bunny to get forward of the mast, they were coming about for the long tack to the island. And as they all settled into place again Chris hesitated, then moved unsteadily up the boat, worked his way past Bunny, and took a stand against the mast. His feet were spread and braced, his hands, clasped behind him around the mast, were near enough for her to touch.

He had separated himself from the others. He didn't talk to her, he hadn't even spoken in passing, had merely given her a small preoccupied smile, intent on not going overboard. He hadn't come up here to be near her. But the fact was—and it *was* a fact—that they were sharing an experience. He, too, through his hands against the mast and the soles of his feet, through his changing body balance, was accepting the rhythm of wind and sea.

Soon, too soon they would reach the island, he would help make the fire and do



Too bad! This child's mother was "too smart" to believe the ads that told her...

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

"Just another exaggerated claim," the mother thought when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even call her dentist, who could have told her about Amm-i-dent. She just kept buying the tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

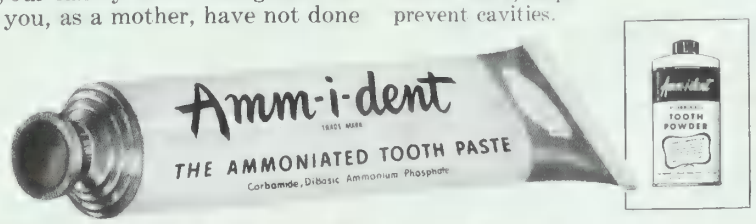
More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent

And now she's sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more cavities!* She wishes she had followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you, as a mother, have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities—beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. But Amm-i-dent supplies *for many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of people who suffer from tooth decay. And you don't have to change your brushing habits. Regular brushing at your regular time, with Amm-i-dent, helps prevent cavities.



pleasant, slightly flirtatious things to amuse the girls, and she would be the person of whom they'd say, "Give it to Bunny if you can't eat it. She has an incredible appetite." But right now they were alone together, she and Chris, feeling the rhythm of the sea, sharing. . . .

That afternoon when they returned, wind-whipped and sleepy, the others took naps and Bunny went out to the flats and dug clams, dug them with such fierce preoccupation that she had a whole bucketful, enough for steamed clams for the family that night.

Bunny was out on the pier with all the gear in a neat row beside her—oars and oarlocks, the bucket with the lines in it, the bait can—pretending not to be waiting for Chris. It was early—much too early for a person who had been out late last night. When Sis had slipped into bed cautiously Bunny had opened one eye and called across, "What time is it?" and Sis hadn't seemed to hear, so she knew it had been very late.

CHRIS wasn't coming—of course he wasn't coming. He was sleeping like the others after a late night. He hadn't once thought of the date they'd made to go fishing—yesterday morning was such a long way away, he couldn't have remembered.

She stood on the edge of an abyss of disappointment, but she refused to look into its depths. Chris was entitled to his sleep like anyone else, wasn't he? And men were always saying things out of politeness and then forgetting they'd said them.

Bunny was out on the pier merely to have a look around, as she often did. The fine weather had brought her out—although it wasn't such a good morning at that, it was one of those whitish ones that hadn't yet made up its mind. Maybe that was why he hadn't come; he'd decided it was going to rain.

The bay seemed asleep, the salt marshes were passive, there wasn't a movement anywhere. A screen door slamming far away sounded like an echo.

"I won't watch the path," she whispered. There was a narrow gap in the grass at the top of the knoll; that was the path down which he would come. But he wasn't coming. "It's bad luck to watch for him. It's ——"

Resolutely she turned away, counted the fishhooks, poked the head of a clam until it drew its serpent neck back into the shell. He wasn't coming. But it didn't matter. She'd go fishing by herself after a while. She'd catch the biggest flounder ——

It was so quiet that a rustle of the shore grass could be heard, but it couldn't be he. It must be a dog nosing through the marshes. Even when the pier vibrated to a step it couldn't be he. She refused to look around. It was one of the young kids who'd seen her out here and had come to beg a ride.

She looked out toward the entrance of the bay, her eyes squinting to find its outline through the whiteness, and she thought she could make out the nun shape of the channel buoy, and he said, "Good morning," slightly formal, slightly amused.

"Oh, hi." She gave him a quick shy glance and couldn't say another word, she was so completely undone.

"How are you, Ellen?" he said gently, as if he knew that the sound of her name, *Ellen*, although it struck her almost like a blow, would release her.

"Oh, I'm fine." She had sudden command of herself. "But I'll bet you're not. You were up awfully late. Did you have a good time?"

"Fair to middling." With three casual words he dismissed last night and closed the whole great gap of hours that had come between them. She stood contemplating the miracle, almost afraid to move. "How about it? Weren't we going fishing today?"

She smiled back at him, openly and radiantly now, then bent to pull in the rowboat. The pulley on the mooring post creaked and the boat swam slowly toward the pier.

She barely remembered to let him help her into the stern seat, and then he was at the oars rowing out into the bay. Settling herself to trim the boat, she leaned back, and one by one the little tensions broke, like so many elastic bands giving way. There wasn't one thing about him strange or frightening; his figure looked pleasantly familiar, the long legs with the knobby knees, the spare hands gripping the oars. And everything she said and did came easy, as if she were suspended, floating. Talk came easy. She wasn't conscious of how she looked. Her happiness had lost its sharp localized ache and was spread out through her body in an even warmth. And she knew, with that mysterious sense she'd had before, that Chris was happy too.

"I used to be a great oarsman," he bragged and feathered his oars not too successfully, then shifted on the seat for excuse and examined the oar blade, and they both laughed. He rowed easily, with a man's strength of arm, although she didn't approve of the jerk he put on the end of the stroke. "Guess I'll peel off. This is hot work."

His body was young and very white, and somehow vulnerable because of its whiteness—as if a coat of tan would be a kind of armor.

"You'll have to put your shirt back on when we start fishing," she admonished him, squinting into the bright-white sky. "This haze will give you an awful burn."

DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

IF:

You get pink candle wax on your white taffeta evening dress?

Johnny's cut finger bleeds all over his new white wool jacket?

Dye from a figured bathing suit runs into a good white cotton blouse?

A copper flower bowl has tarnished your best tablecloth? Should you launder or treat first, and with what?

The answers to these and dozens of other stain problems are found in booklet No. 1328, SPOTS AND STAINS. Send 15c to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Use order coupon on Page 24.

"Is this about right, skipper?" he said at last.

She took bearings on the buoy and the distant pier and said it was, and he rocked to the bow and threw out the anchor. As the rope eased out and the boat drifted back with the tide she cracked a clam against the gunwale, baited the hooks, and passed him a line.

He had lighted his pipe almost at once, but he didn't look comfortable up on the middle thwart, he didn't look *right*, the way she'd pictured him.

"Change places, will you?" she said, like an order. "I don't like the stern. The fish bite better up near the bow."

This was right. She glanced at him, casually and with a casual smile, as if they'd fished together for years. He sprawled across the stern seat, pipe in mouth, his hand with the line limp over the stern.

"Now you can doze off the way you wanted," she told him, teasing him a little, almost daring him to doze off.

He understood her but didn't answer, merely smiled back at her with squinty eyes, and said he thought he had a nibble. *I do hope he'll catch something*, she thought. *A big one. I do hope it'll be a successful trip.*

She caught the first fish, a small flounder.

"Will you look at that!" he exclaimed, as if it were astonishing to find fish in the sea, and offered to take it off her hook. She almost refused automatically, then passed it along to him. It was quite pleasant to have someone else doing the chore.

"Toss it down there under you," she told him. "It'll keep alive in the bilge water."

Chris had the next bite and pulled in a minister fish that puffed and swelled into a yellow-and-white ball. When he heaved it back again it bobbed for a second or two, then deflated and sank.

They chuckled about it. From time to time the flounder in the stern gave a flap, and Chris peered down between his legs to look at it. Occasionally another boat came by at hailing distance, its oars clucking in the oarlocks. "Any luck?" . . . "So-so," and everyone would wave.

It was all very real. And yet it was completely unreal, like being in a dream.

A pull on her line made her jump. She gave a quick twitch and began hauling in. Oh, but it was heavy. It could be something big—but maybe it was only seaweed or junk. And then, peering down, she could see it, white then dark as it turned on the line. Up it came in the resigned way of flounders, and Chris shouted, "Quick, pull it over!" and rushed to help her.

"Jeepers! Isn't it a whopper!" she yelled. "Did you ever see such a big fish? It must weigh four pounds."

"Five, I'll bet."

It really was the biggest flounder. She was terribly excited. And then she glanced at Chris and glanced away again. He was working on the hook and smiling in amusement at *her*, at her childishness, her excitement. He thought she was funny—and everything was ruined. She couldn't bear it. She wished she'd never caught the fish.

As if to steady himself he touched her arm, and she knew she must look up at him again, even with her lip caught between her teeth. He didn't say a thing, not with words. But he said as plain as plain, "Of course I'm amused. You're very . . . appealing—excited like that. So don't be silly." She drew in her breath almost like a sob.

At that instant a boat came by, and he turned from her abruptly and shouted, "Take a look at this, will you!" holding up the flounder. The people in the boat whistled and called back, "Some fish!" and he stood waving the fish, with a grin like a triumphant small boy's.

Like a small boy—and he wasn't putting it on. He was excited, too, about the big fish. That smile of amusement had been a man's smile, but there was a small boy inside him, too, and he stood right beside the small girl in her, bellowing about a fish.

"*I* was the one that caught it!" she called out to them, and the strangers, the lovely strangers cheered and waved.

She baited the hook again and tossed it over.

Chris settled back in the stern seat and struck a match. "It's a wonder the pipe didn't go overboard. Quiet, there!" he said sternly to the flounder under the seat.

Chris caught a medium-sized flounder; she caught one too small to keep. And suddenly she thought, *This is the happiest moment of my life. I've never been so happy, and I'll never be so happy again.* It made her want to cry, almost. If only this day could go on and on forever!

But it *would* remain. It would always be there for her to take out and look at whenever she wished, whenever she needed it.

She hadn't said one word aloud, but Chris took the pipe out of his mouth and answered, "This is something to stow away for the long winter evenings, isn't it?"

HER voice wasn't quite steady. "As long as I live, I won't forget it." She had to say it, she had to whisper his name urgently, "Chris! Chris!" but there wasn't any more to say. And as if he hadn't heard her, or as if he knew the words she couldn't say, he turned away and pulled up his line.

"Hand me another clam, will you?"

Then at last they rowed home, not talking much, and as he helped her out of the boat Chris asked, offhand:

"How old are you anyway, Ellen?"

For a wild instant she considered lying to him, but only for an instant. He had bent to take her hand, and his eyes were exactly level with hers. She looked into them, very brave. "I'm fifteen years old. Fifteen years and four months."

He laughed gently at the four "You'll keep," was all he said and s up onto the pier.

Bunny sat in her dark corner Gloucester hammock where she coul the dancers. She didn't expect Chris looking for her. She didn't even wan ask her to dance. It wasn't that afraid of her dancing, although tha tiny part of it. If she danced with hi turn into just another girl like the He'd mix her up in his mind with th wouldn't be clear and distinct, sitting dle a rowboat seat, in her blue jeans.

SHE watched him tensely, collectin detail and tucking it away carefull memory. He danced beautifully.

She sat very quiet in her dark cor any moment someone would discover pack her off to bed. It was late.

Then Chris was standing ove "Thought I'd find you somewhere he said. "I wanted to tell you good- leaving very early in the morning. Jin ing me a lift up."

She found her voice and said, "I' to you as you go by. You know our sur I'll be up there."

"Oh, but it'll be too early!"

"I get up early," she replied, a trac born.

He laughed, then stood looking d her. At last he said in a different ton had fun, didn't we?" She couldn't a her lips couldn't even form his name, And still he stood, and then, as if in ence to her thought, he bent towa Stopping halfway, abruptly, he reach and gave her shoulder a hard little s "Good-by, Ellen."

It wasn't yet morning. Much too Bunny turned over in bed, toward th dow. She must wait until the sky be lighten. If you shut your eyes the tim faster. But what if she dropped off to The horror of waking to broad dayligh the knowledge that he was gone ——

At last she got up, gathered her c stealthily, and went to the bathroo dress. Sis, in the other bed, didn't mo

It was cool and damp out on the sun and still too early. The birds had fi their first tune-up and were waiting n the sun. It was very quiet.

Suppose he didn't look up and se Suppose he'd forgotten her completely had a wonderful time with the others late last night, how could he remembe and yet he said her name, Ellen, in a special way. But it was only because h kind. He was kind and sympathetic, for her because no one else paid he attention.

But he'd said, "You'll keep." Why h said that? What had he meant? If he h meant anything, why had he said it? then that moment out in the boat they'd shouted over the fish together, a ple of kids, and the other moment when weren't kids at all and she'd whispere name and he'd turned away quickly t his hook, because ——

But she was fifteen years old. It al came around to that, again and again. could she expect? What did she *want?* then suddenly very tired, almost exhau she whispered, "Let him look up as he d by. That's all I want. Just to have him up at me."

The morning was so still she heard th start. She heard it come along the roa was opposite the house now, and she hear men's voices. There they were i roadster; Jim was at the wheel and Chri turned toward him, away from her.

They were past the house, past the with the sun deck, and Jim talked and nodded in agreement. He had forgotten They were completely past, going dow road.

Then with a sudden movement he tu looked back and saw her, waved and w again, waved until the car dropped int hollow and rumbled out of sight acros bridge.

THE

NARROW MARGIN

Even Mrs. Beale never knew how narrow it really was...

THE TELEPHONE on Fred Conlin's desk rang. He picked it up. "Conlin talking."

"Mrs. Conlin talking," the voice on the other end mimicked. "I just wanted to know if you'd be home for dinner at the regular time tonight, Fred."

Fred glanced at the calendar on his desk and said, "Looks as if I will, Mary. Anything special?"

"Well, I was wondering if you could pick up Nancy on the way. She's over at Susan Beale's birthday party, and it will be over about six. Would you stop for her?"

As Fred Conlin was driving down Locust Street toward the Beale house it occurred to him that Susan Beale must now be ten years old—the same age as his own daughter, Nancy—because they were in the same grade at school.

And if *that* was so, then it was already nine years since Susan's father was killed in that accident up state . . . nine years since he had gone to tell Susan's mother about the provisions her husband had made for her and the child.

He remembered how Tom Beale had kept wanting to put off talking about more life insurance—first "until he was better fixed," then "until next summer," and finally "until business picked up a little." But Fred had kept right on—and it was the additional New York Life insurance Tom Beale eventually *did* take that had made all the difference to his family. Fred was sure that even Mrs. Beale never fully realized by what a narrow margin she and Susan had missed being deprived of so many things that mattered . . .

Fred stopped the car and waved to Mrs. Beale as Nancy came running down the path.

As they were driving home the child said, "Dad, Susan had *such* a nice party today."

Fred smiled. "I'm glad to hear that, Nancy." He drove in silence for a moment, thinking how good it was to know that Susan would be able to have many, many nice birthdays just like the other children. Then he added, "Yes, Honey, gladder than you think . . ."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF BLANCHE SMITH



Early Staffordshire tea set with a Clewes platter shows the New York Zoological Gardens. The Chelsea-type tea set was collected piecemeal.

Teapot Treasures

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

FOR a century and a half, shiploads of china in all imaginable shapes and patterns, made by famous makers, poured into America. Almost every home had its corner cupboard filled with Wedgwood, Spode, Leeds or Staffordshire.

Strictly speaking, of course, most of early America's family "china" was soft paste and semisoft ware, glazed and decorated, correctly referred to as "dinnerware." True china is porcelain, hard and translucent. In the early days it was more ornamental than utilitarian. Today, everything is classified as "china."

If you are a beginner, you should acquire an old-china reference book with plenty of illustrations for comparison. By identifying your piece with a known one, you can usually discover the name, the maker of the pattern, and the approximate age of your find. For further pointers on china collecting, see Page 114.

Typical of the delightful teapots collectors find in unexpected places. In the top row center is a Ben Jonson teapot which holds one gallon.



HAROLD FOWLER



Silver and platinum luster made in England from 1790 to about 1820 in imitation of precious metal was called the "poor man's silver," and is a collector's prize.

Smart Wives Choose Those Heavenly Bibb Sheets

YOU MAKE THE PRETTIEST PICTURE
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Bibb Sheets
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EXQUISITELY TEXTURED . . . Heavenly to touch, these lovelier, longer-wearing BIBB Sheets bring blissful nights—joyful good mornings.

BIBB Sheets are the very finest you can buy in the three most popular types:

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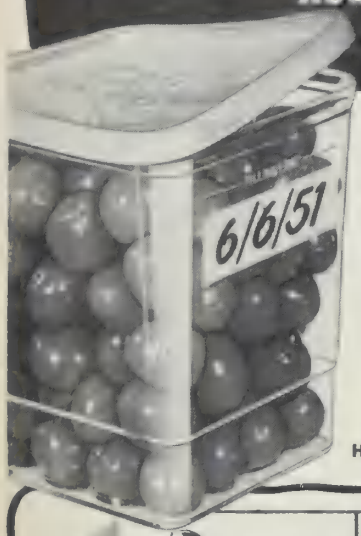
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Amazing Plastic Discovery!

New airtight refrigerator container keeps foods fresh and firm . . . days longer!

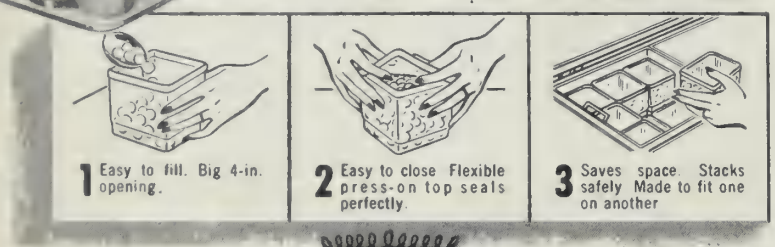


Sensational new kind of food container, called FREEZ-TAINER, is made of strong transparent plastic. Flexible press-on top seals airtight. No more dried-up leftovers or icebox odors. Saves those expensive foods so essential to the defense effort.

Perfect, too, for storing frozen foods in your home freezer or locker. FREEZ-TAINERS are moisture-proof, leakproof, spillproof!

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Ripe Olives... *in Salads*

Elegant!



Try this



Yerba Buena Salad

Cut ½ cup ripe olives from pits into large pieces. Stir olives, 1 tbsp. chopped green sweet pepper, 1 tbsp. chopped green onion into 1 cup cream-style cottage cheese. Salt to taste. Peel, core 4 medium-sized tomatoes; cut into halves crosswise. Put halves together with filling of cheese mixture. Serve on salad greens. Top with parsley sprig. Serves 4.

ELEGANT—that's the touch ripe olives add when you serve them in the olive bowl, when you use them in your cooking. Write for free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-8, 16 Beale Street, San Francisco 5, California.

RIPE OLIVES from CALIFORNIA

CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE

(Continued from Page 112)

Pointers . . .

- European and American teapots do not date earlier than 1700, and any china made even fifty years after that date is rare. Very little early china was marked by the maker and identification is made through comparing your piece with illustrations of similar pieces already authenticated.
- Borders are one of the best clues in identifying old china, for each maker had a variety of stock borders which he used with varying scenes and designs. One maker has left a list of 25 borders he was using in 1774.
- Oldest cups are without handles, have deep saucers and were small, for China tea was expensive. Substitutes for tea were brewed from bark and leaves of various kinds.
- Popular and therefore abundant a hundred years ago was Staffordshire china with scenes of American cities printed brown, mulberry and green. Also, po political figures from 1840 on were combination with one or more of th stock borders.
- Flowing blue was America's e china a century ago and is still not to find in many communities. Old wil also was abundant, and both plat tureens as well as plates are still hidi country cupboards.
- There are no standard prices china, either when buying or selling. the rarest pieces have been bought at sales for a few cents each, and th zealous collectors never pass up ar tunity to look in at wayside shops ondhand stores. Any collector will the story of every "find" in her c and each experience will be a unique, adventure with, of course, a happy

OUR OWN YOUNG MARRIEDS

(Continued from Page 45)

again—don't yield. I can almost guarantee that in a few days she'll be sleeping through the night. If, by the way, she starts crying the minute you leave her snug and secure in her crib, try timing yourself for ten minutes before you go in. Likely as not she'll be asleep before the ten minutes are up." There was a silence as he poured himself another cup of coffee and lit a cigarette. "Another thing," he began again. "I feel that you and your husband are definitely overanxious about the baby, and you've got to watch this, as it will be harmful to her in the long run because she'll tend unwittingly to take advantage of your anxiety."

"I know we are," said Dawn, "and I've been trying to guard against it." Her eyes twinkled, and she began to laugh. "As a matter of fact, a few days ago I heard a loud crash come from her room. I rushed in and saw she had fallen out of bed onto the floor. She seemed all right, but I went to the phone and called the doctor anyway. 'Diana's just fallen out of bed,' I said, 'is there anything I should do?' There was a long silence, and then the doctor said slowly, 'Mrs. Norman, that's the first normal thing that baby's done since she was born!'"

Brother-and-Sister Rivalry

Betty Gray combines her job at the JOURNAL with caring for an active young son and daughter, and managing a large apartment.

"Our most serious problem," she said, "has been rivalry and jealousy between our son, three and a half, and our baby girl, one year old. It started right after Jennie was born, but we sent Stevie to his grandmother's for a visit, and the situation was eased for a bit. Then when she started to walk around and demand more and more of our attention, his resentment flared up again; he doesn't like guests to pay special attention to her, and since he has the physical advantage over her, he pushes her around or hits her when he gets a good opportunity. She senses the situation—just like a woman, my husband says—and teases him; takes his toys, pushes over buildings he is making. I can tell that Stevie is really churning inside, and it seems to me that he is more upset than he should be over the whole thing. I've tried keeping them apart; letting him play in his own room with a chair in front of the door so that she can't get in. Also, I've tried to build up things for them to do together—getting him to help me with her bath, for instance. But nothing has done much good."

Doctor Hohman nodded slowly. "This is a common situation," he said, and Betty Hoffman, the mother of three- and five-year-old sons, sighed her agreement. "Keeping the children separate all the time," he said, "is no solution. They've got to learn to get along, and parents should try to break up the pattern of children fighting, early in their careers. But what you should do, when Steve starts in on the rough business, is to put him in his room by himself and let him stay there for as long as half an hour or so. Don't explain; he'll like an argument and will know that as long as you are talking yo mean business. Many parents have b cess with using the word 'gentle' as a lus to good behavior; make it stand f If fighting starts and he does not res the word 'gentle,' isolate him; it is on a word stands for action that it h meaning for a child. There should conditioning on the positive side, rew him for good behavior. When he, stance, is gentle toward her volunta should be praised."

Patterns of Development

Ellie Simmons was at Doctor Ho left—very young-looking with her blo cut like a little girl's and in her lapel a of cornflowers that matched her blu Her baby, "F. P." (for Frederick Po is seven months old.

"Our only problem so far is th was recently weaned, and was a lit upset about that. We fed him on de and he settled on a four-hour sche perfect baby," she laughed.

"The question of demand feedin difficult one," said Doctor Hohman your case, it seems to have worked pe well, but there is always a possibilit some preposterous schedule of feedi be established; one that is hard o mother. It's best, for instance, to cut o night feeding as soon as possible, to pr the mother's strength. Does he sit up

Ellie nodded. "Stands up, too," sh proudly.

"In connection with this, it always a me," said Doctor Hohman, "how few p know the normal development patte their babies . . . at what age a baby sho doing what."

"Isn't there, though," asked Betty "a normal variation from the 'norma terns'?"

"Of course," said Doctor Hohman just about everything—but a baby sho sitting up alone by the age of six or most seven months. By the age of one he should have four words—usually 'ma and 'daddy' and two others with de meaning. At twenty-one months, he s be putting words together. Parents babies are not using short sentences b age of two should take them to a doctor tested."

Betty Hoffman broke in here. "I am ticularly interested in this, Doctor Hoh because one problem with our three- five-year-old sons, besides the rivalry tion which we have already gone into, is neither of them can pronounce his *L*'s— say 'yeave it ayone,' things like that, wonder if I should do something about give them a chance to grow out of it."

"Don't worry about it yet," said D Hohman. "It's not necessary to bother pronunciation defects till children are their sixth year. After that, a little consi drill will probably take care of it.

"What about you?" he asked, turni Nora O'Leary Smith.

'his doesn't affect my son Stephen, who's
two," said Nora, "but what do you
about television for children?"

'he worst thing about television, I
:," he answered, "is that when children
h it, they are having something done
hem, rather than doing something. It
fore abolishes the desire to work, and
onal inventiveness. Also many programs
ad, and are preoccupied with guns, and
at deal of violence. Only occasionally, if
efully picked program is used as a seda-
or as a reward for good behavior, is
ision of benefit to a child, in my
on." All of us, by now, wanted some
coffee, and a tray of fresh cups was
ght in from the kitchen. "Another thing
is connection," said Doctor Hohman,
ng himself to sugar, "is that most par-
don't know how to play with their chil-
, and this leads children to depend more
more on movies, television and such. In
most people don't really enjoy their
ldren. Some parents' interest stops with
pride of having borne a child. Of course
are prepared to be interested in taking
of their physical needs, but not of their
ation and emotional needs. Children
t have parental interest in their learning
warm participating in their need for
vity and play. If the child is placid and
going and not demanding, the average
nt can enjoy the child because he has to
t little effort. But if the child is very
ve or demanding, and easily gets into
ble, ire is quickly aroused and then nag-
, scolding and too often angry spanking
w. Unfortunately, the little real enjoy-
t the parent felt is dissipated and then res-
tion and boredom and irritability envelop
parent. Children are quick to sense
ental boredom and lack of interest and
then try to get attention and affection
more bad behavior. It soon becomes a
e."

o you ever believe in spanking?" asked
ty Hoffman.

No!" was the emphatic answer. "Only
e child is so out of control that nothing
is possible. As a matter of fact, in most
s, spanking can satisfy a child's desire for
ntion and self-dramatization; and be-
s, spanking is nearly always done in
er, and anger is seldom reasonable. Chil-
n deserve reasonable, measured parental
avior."

Jennie," said Betty Gray, "although she
nly a year old, is ready for a little disci-
e. For instance, I've taken away most of
small things in the living room, and put
n out of reach, but there is a shelf of
ks that must stay where we can get at
n, and she can't resist taking them out
throwing them on the floor."

"When she plays with the books, isolate her in her room for half an hour," said Doctor Hohman. "It'll work like magic if she's at all like most children. You have heard me recommend only one form of punishment—isolation. Isolation is the best method of depriving an action of the rewards children want most—attention, affection and dramatization."

"Another thing," said Betty. "Is it all right to send my three-and-a-half-year-old son out to play alone? We live here in the city, in one of the big housing developments, where there is plenty of space to play in."

"It all depends on the neighborhood," said Doctor Hohman. "I don't see why more young mothers don't get together and take turns supervising groups of their children while they are playing. And the same thing for baby-sitting. If a scheme like this were well organized, it would work beautifully. And mothers would get a chance to see other people's children misbehaving as well as their own, which is good."

Making Friends With Your Children

"The best advice I can give you," said Doctor Hohman, "is to *make friends with your children*. I can't stress this too much. Make contact with them. In fact, I think it would be a good idea if there were nursery schools in every public school so that the older students might make contact with the younger ones, and get experience in handling children that will be valuable to them later on."

"How can we do this?" we all wanted to know. "What concrete suggestions do you have that would help us in making friends with our children?"

"First of all," he said, "you must be incredibly patient. Children have an enormous amount of energy, and they have to do something with it.

"Never say a thing, and not follow through on it if it is at all possible.

"Learn to smile at children; don't jump at them; be calm and quiet.

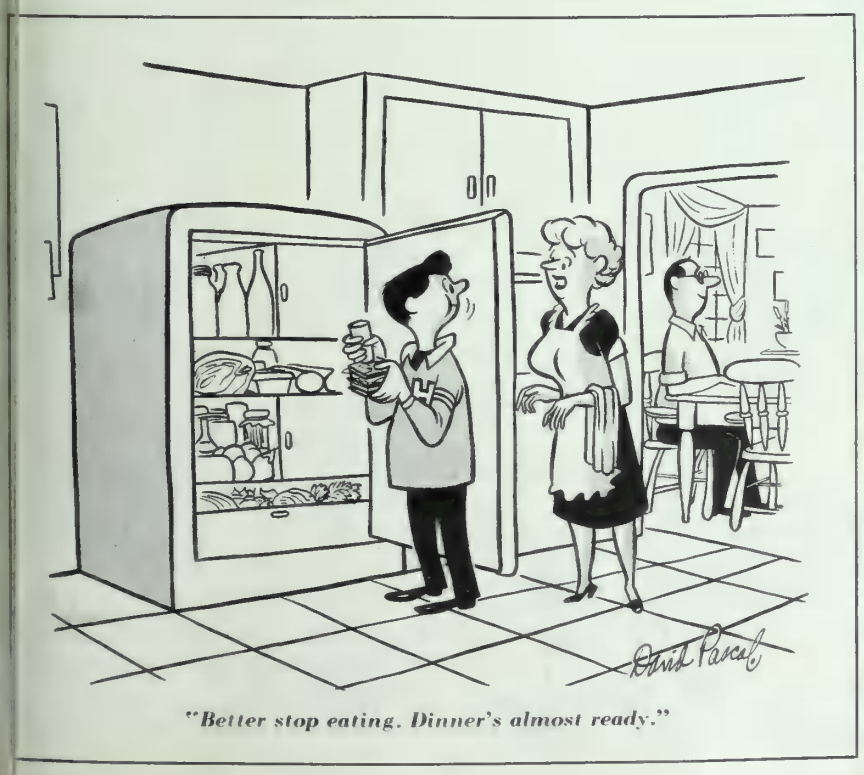
"When you don't know what to do, do nothing.

"Do all kinds of things *with* them and show interest; paint, build with blocks, go on jaunts together, set time aside to play together. Children must have your *time*—that goes for fathers as well as mothers.

"When you play with them, get down on the floor with them, get down to their height level.

"Talk to them about all kinds of things as you would to a friend. Whether they understand all of it or not, and even if they are tiny babies, you're establishing a feeling of communication that is invaluable."

THE END



"Better stop eating. Dinner's almost ready."











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NOT "FLIMSY" FOOD!

AND HERE IT IS!



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THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 31)

country you drive through that do not have some kind of outdoor fireplace in nearly every yard. America has really moved outdoors, and this is a fine thing. To eat a leisurely meal under a wide serene sky makes living more gracious.

Connecticut has picnic tables, fireplaces, benches, stacked firewood in dozens of places along the roads, and on any summer day we can see families unpacking their picnics and setting forth the sandwiches. I love to see them, for it seems to me a symbol of our belief in pleasant family living, our faith in the future. How much better for the state to build those little havens than to placard the country with "*Verboten*"! The trees cast a green shadow over the tables, the quick cool brooks are just right for the children to wade in, the firewood kindles well.

Mamma was an inveterate picnicker, she never minded what was fashionable. Our picnics were not very restful, however, for father always wanted to drive miles and miles over some hideously bumpy road, climb at least three barb-wire fences, build a huge fire, and then eat as if the house had burned down and we had to get back to dig in the ruins for the silver. He always preferred some spot beyond a No Trespass sign, which made mamma and me nervous. Often we leaped nimbly ahead of a charging heifer. Or else he wanted to eat right in some farmer's front yard. Then when the farmer came to chase us off, father would end by sampling his well water, telling him the history of his land, and lugging a few rocks back to the car. Not restful for us at all. But mamma would get out the old black frying pan just the same at a minute's notice.

Our picnics today would be too tame for father. And our small charcoal fire he would have none of. His fires were real fires. He would stagger from the woods with a whole fallen tree and cry triumphantly, "Look out, Grace! Look out, Gladys!" We looked out. The fire would blaze. It was hard to get near enough to cook over it at all. And then father would lug pails and pails of water, sweat and panting. "You have to be sure it's ou he would say, flinging the fifteenth pailful the sodden, smoky ashes. "Got to be s Start a forest fire if you aren't careful."

Sometimes I wish as I lay the neat fra furters on the grill that I had father's re less exuberance. It's fine to be comforta and practical, but it was exciting to be w father.

When the goldenrod and chicory come o I have such a wistful feeling. For they are t signature of summer. The pure feathe spikes of gold and the sky-cool blue of t chicory flowers are lovely, but they speak September. Summer is so short; has it ways been so brief?

I hurry over to Mr. Sears for another ar ful of dazzling gladioli. The long blossomi stalks are exquisite—the white, the deep v let, the sunset colors. All the beauty in t world seems to be distilled into one pu shape and color and texture. I feel humble feel grateful to God when I carry such boun in my arms.

After a very hot burning-glass day, t faint coolness comes from the woods with smell of leaf mold and hidden fern. The ev ning is very gentle, the birds quiet down a the cockers dig a last desultory hole in t lawn and then go to sleep beside it. The ca yawn and stretch their graceful bodies a get a mouse look in their inscrutable ey George is milking. Fireflies spangle the tw light meadow. The nicotiana sends a flo tide of fragrance from the quiet garden. J pokes around the vegetables, finding anoth whole bushel of squash, but that is for t morrow's work.

I think of my friends all over the worl the known and the unknown, and I ser them the sun gold of the goldfinch wrappe in the fragrance of the white-and-rosy nicot ana, and pinned together with a star.

But Little Sister and Jonquil send pa marks brown with fresh-dug earth, whic they say, is most wonderful.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD

(Continued from Page 55)

Ready for anything. It may be 99° in the shade when you plan a meal, and cold enough for shawls and mufflers when the time comes to serve it. So you better watch it and be prepared. August isn't always torrid, so, if your meal is to be a cold one, it's well to have a hot soup ready just in case.

The simple menus I've planned for you this month should come in handy almost any day, hot or cold. Save you some time, too, I hope, for there are many things that are more fun to do in August than dreaming up something new to have next Tuesday. There are only three, for you will want to picnic or porch-eat some of the time. Take your choice. Mix them up and be as original as you please. Only remember, it's the time when vacationers are likely to drop in and you'd better be set. Once they get there, they're apt to stop a spell. And, if it's like other summers, you won't lack for visitors. (Home folks like to eat too. Appetites grow with the year.)

A supper for six. Or it could serve a dozen or even sixty—according to which branch of arithmetic you favor. True to our word, we have a hot soup ready to start with.

CORN-AND-CELERY SOUP

Cut and scrape 2 cups fresh corn from the cob. Simmer in 3 cups milk until the corn is tender. Add 2 cans condensed cream-of-celery soup, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, and season with a little salt and pepper. Simmer together a few minutes until heated through.

One thing I'm not. I'm not stingy. In fact, I'm that original shirt-off-her-back girl—especially if the shirt has reached a certain stage. But no matter. I *am* generous wit chicken. We used to raise them, and, whe the neighbors got too disagreeable abou certain habits you *can't* break a chicken o we'd give the complainers a chicken pie ho from the oven, and that kept them quie I'm still generous with chicken, and here' one more two-legged dish:

CURRIED CHICKEN SALAD IN TOMATO PETALS

Steam a 5-pound roasting chicken. Don' boil it. Cool. Remove the meat from th bones; cut into largish pieces. Don't dice fine Add ½ cup diced celery, 1 cup diced tart peeled apple, 2 teaspoons grated onion, ½ cup seedless grapes, split in half. Blend 2 teaspoons curry powder with 1 cup mayonnaise and ¼ cup light cream. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and a good sprinkling o pepper. Then add ½ cup toasted shredded almonds. Mix well; chill. Cut 6 tomatoes into sixths—almost but not quite through. Place tomatoes in lettuce cups, then fill with spoonfuls of chicken salad. Garnish with parsley

Chickens have livers. I do not know any riddles anent the chicken and the liver. care nothing about that old chicken-*or*-the egg gag. But I can take chicken livers o leave them alone. And, in this supper busi ness, I've *taken* them, and here's what I have done with them:

STUFFED EGGS WITH CHICKEN LIVER

Fry 3 strips bacon until crisp. Drain and crumble. In the bacon fat, sauté a liver from one chicken until tender. Drain. Dice into small pieces. Cut 3 hard-cooked eggs into halves. Sieve the yolks and combine with 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon minced

…ve… teaspoons chopped parsley, ⅛ tea… …oon… ushed dried tarragon, ¼ teaspoon …ion… lt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Moisten …th … easpoons cream. Mix well. Fold in … … d chicken liver and fill the cooked …itel… rough a pastry tube. Sprinkle with …pril…

…ere… little more to be said about this …al, …xcept that an easy way to serve …ter… lon for picnics or summer parties is …sti… s. Square off your melon in a rindless …ick… d cut into pieces about 5″ long and …sq… re. Insert a wooden skewer in each …ce… watermelon for a handle. Hang on …the… handles" and the juice will go where …will…

…re… ***e go—one, two, three.*** All of us …n … …vily on cold cuts in the hot-weather …so… Whether we choose to bake our ham … t… key or take tongue, corned beef and …n… … of a can and pick up all the summer …sa… s at the delicatessen, we still have to …ve… me sort of salad relish to go along …h… em. Doing a quick turn, we've put …s… d relish in a ring mold which goes well …h… y cold cuts. This is a new twist, and …y… ng bride will learn that the molded …g i… omething she should know as well as … … ows her wed…g… ng. You will …e… hat, just in …e, … e've started off …h… tomato soup. …ve… a choice of …rd… breads, and …e'… meal that will …nc… you in good …ad… blow it hot or …w… cold at the …m… nt of your …ic… The dessert is …p…, too, as it …u… be on an un…di… able day in …gu….

…PICKLE RING

…i… 1 nine-ounce …c… wchow pickles …op coarse. Mix …h… cup chopped …led ripe olives, …e… chopped green …p… and 3 cups …p… d celery. Blend …]… nt mayonnaise, …a… espoons chow…w… ickle juice and 1½ teaspoons grated …» Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin …up cold water. Dissolve gelatin over …ter and cool slightly before adding it …h… vegetable mixture. Mix well and chill …il… lightly thickened. Pour into a 1½-…r… ring mold and chill until firm.

…ote—or not. If you think of a com…e… is only something cooked, forget it. … are more than one. My *favorite* is …s… l fresh fruit on rice. Have the fruit …l… he rice hot. Do what you wish and …a compote. You won't go wrong. And …ve it, here is:

…RESH-FRUIT COMPOTE WITH COCONUT

…ogether cantaloupe balls cut from 2 …oupes, 1½ pounds green seedless …, picked from the stems, 1 pint red …rries, and orange sections cut from 6 …s. Sugar the fruit and fold in ¾ cup …led coconut.

…tart right—keep right. The first … of our third menu is my favorite …n. And this time soup.

…ICKEN SOUP WITH SCALLIONS

…ans cream-of-chicken soup add 2 cups …n broth—canned clear chicken broth …ups water to which 2 chicken-bouillon … have been added. Heat. Just before …g, add ⅓ cup thin, sliced scallion tops. …2 minutes more. Serve with croutons or … crackers. Have them small. *And* hot.

… is a mousse? If you are asked the …is of the word "mousse," do not be thrown. It's not always a dessert, and it may be a jellied mold. Good red salmon is our choice for this one, and a more appetizing dish for a hot day is hard to come by.

SALMON MOUSSE

Drain two 1-pound cans salmon. Flake the fish. Soften 2 envelopes gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Heat 1¼ cups water with 2 bouillon cubes to boiling and dissolve the softened gelatin in it. Blend in 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ cup vinegar, ¼ cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons grated onion and 2 teaspoons prepared horse-radish. Cool until the gelatin thickens slightly. Blend in 1⅓ cups mayonnaise, salmon and 1 cup coarsely chopped ripe olives. Turn into a 7-cup melon mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on a chop plate. Garnish with wilted cucumbers in lettuce cups and lemon halves filled with avocado cream. And if you don't like your cucumbers wilted, let's not. Let's have 'em crisp.

Avocado Cream: Blend ½ cup sieved avocado (½ of an avocado) with ½ cup thick sour cream, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of Tabasco sauce.

Salute to summer. Peaches being at their best, and some ever-bearing raspberries are no doubt still to be had, let us give summer a final salute with:

PEACH-MELBA MERINGUES

Beat the whites of 2 eggs with a pinch of salt until stiff but not dry. Add ⅔ cup superfine sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each spoonful, so the sugar will be well dissolved in the egg white. Last, add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring. With a pastry bag and the rosette tube end, make 6 high rings, 4″ in diameter, of meringue on a greased cooky sheet. Bake in a slow oven, 225°–250° F., for 1 hour, until meringues are crisp. Turn oven off and let the meringues cool off slowly in it for 1 hour. (The meringues may be made on any yesterday or the day before.) Pick out ½ cup perfect berries from 1 pint red raspberries. Crush remaining berries and put in a saucepan with ¾ cup water. Simmer 5 minutes; strain through a fine sieve or cheesecloth. Add ⅓ cup sugar mixed with 4 teaspoons cornstarch; cook until thickened. (Frozen red raspberries can be used when fresh are not available.) Stir in the perfect red raspberries when the sauce is cool. Serve a peeled fresh juicy-ripe peach half in each meringue with the red raspberry sauce poured over it.

Survey with more than a compass. We now survey the fruits of our labors. We don't need any highfalutin tripods and compasses and those fancy gadgets I forget the names of to see the little peas grown into imposing bowers hung with beautiful green prisms, like chandeliers in the marble halls of dreamland.

And we needn't squint through shimmering glass to glimpse the high-hung tomatoes in their lush and scarlet gorgeousness, waiting to be plucked and to have the wind-blown dust brushed from their lovely coats and eaten under the shade of the cherry trees. You needn't necessarily wait for cut glass and silver, although those have their uses and their destinies.

The green beans and the yellow wax beans are ready for the hand of the plucker, and the cucumbers, royalty among vegetables, bask under the shade of the imposing corn—and such corn! No matter what the weather—here's to summer! THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Straw in an Ill Wind

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I'm wrong, you're right: that's that,
you say;
No further words we'll squander.
My love, against a bitter day,
Here's something you might
ponder:

Your headstrong arrogance is such
I long to kick or strike you.
For though I love you very much,
It's getting hard to like you!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Tomato-Cheese Macaroni

It's new 'n' EASY 'n' QUICK! Yes, and August is an ideal month for this tempting dish that's a meal in itself at any lunch or supper. Try it today! The folks will love it!

1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup
½ cup milk
2 cups grated sharp cheese
¼ cup finely chopped parsley
4 cups cooked macaroni
2 tablespoons buttered bread crumbs, if desired

Heat soup, milk and 1½ cups cheese over low heat; when cheese melts, add parsley. Blend with macaroni; pour into 2-qt. casserole. Top with remaining cheese and buttered bread crumbs. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.). Makes 6 servings.

Make it with America's favorite tomato cooking sauce!

Smoother...Richer...Better-Tasting!

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE AND IN COOKING

Yes, Campbell's Tomato Soup is used more than *any* other brand of *any* tomato product—as an ingredient and pour-on sauce in every day cooking! That's because women everywhere know that food tastes better when they cook with Campbell's. Use it double-rich, double-thick—just as it comes from the can. Campbell's Tomato Soup is made from the world's choicest *field-ripened* tomatoes—luscious and juicy—blended with rich table butter and delicate seasonings. The finest tomato sauce you can buy—Campbell's Tomato Soup!



Yes ... CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!

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Jell-O Patio Salad

There's just nothing as cooling in summer as a shimmering Jell-O salad—unless it's an air-conditioned movie! In this *newest* Jell-O salad there are crisp vegetables, tart seasonings, and the taste-tingling goodness of Lemon Jell-O. Put all together (and so easily, too!), they add up to swell summer eating!

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup hot water
1 cup cold water
1 cup diced tomato
½ cup cooked Lima beans
½ cup diced celery
½ teaspoon grated onion
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add cold water and chill until slightly thickened. Combine vegetables and seasonings and let stand about ½ hour to marinate. Fold into slightly thickened Jell-O. Turn into 1-quart ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with tomato wedges and water cress, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

Cool, Cool for hot, hot days!





Jell-O Parasol Pretties

Isn't it fun all the wonderful ways you can serve Jell-O to the youngsters? Yes, Jell-O is the most convenient dessert around! Imagine how the young ones will love these pretty paper parasols—just as they always love the rich fruit flavors of Jell-O.

FROSTED LIME SHERBET

1 package Lime Jell-O
1 cup hot water
½ cup sugar
2 cups milk
1 cup light cream or top milk
¼ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Dash of salt

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add remaining ingredients. Freeze in tray until partially firm. Remove to bowl and beat with rotary beater until fluffy. Return to tray and freeze until firm. Freezes in 5 to 6 hours. Serve with custard sauce. Makes about 1 quart.

Strawberry-Pineapple Fluff

A hat designer would call this dessert a "creation"—we call it just another unusual way to enjoy the wonderful goodness of Jell-O. Pamper lazy summer appetites tonight with this newest Jell-O dessert. We think it's going to be a big favorite!

Dissolve 1 package Strawberry Jell-O in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold water and chill until slightly thickened. Reserve ⅓ cup. Whip remaining Jell-O as directed on the package. Fold in ½ cup diced canned pineapple. Turn into serving bowl. Spoon the ⅓ cup slightly thickened Jell-O on top. Garnish with additional pineapple. Chill until firm. Serves 6.



JELL-O FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATIO



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONS IANNELLI

"A man is never wealthy until he is married," says Mario Occhialino, 34. "I mean by wealth a home, wife and children." And thrifty management adds bank account, new car, television.

UNHARRIED HOUSEWIFE

Meet the Occhialinos, of Poughkeepsie, New York, who feel a schedule must allow "time to just enjoy living." by BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Dear Editor: I love reading the How America Lives section of your magazine. You tell about such interesting housewives—harassed women who keep working from morning till night, but who never seem to get caught up. After reading one of these articles, I always realize how lucky I am.

You see, I'm quite the opposite. I have a husband and two sons (8 years, and 4) to take care of, and I do all the work, including washing and ironing, in a five-room flat. Yet I have lots of time to read all the latest books and magazines, see all the good movies, gallivant around in the car, and even take a nap every afternoon (I have had tuberculosis, and this last is a "must"). My work is always caught up, and my house is always spick-and-span. My husband brings home $72 a week—he's service manager in the shop of the oldest automobile dealer in America—and I save $10 every week, faithfully. Our new car was paid for in cash, and we have a couple of thousand dollars in the bank.

It's all a matter of routine, and budgeting. Sometime, if you would like to do an article on a homemaker who has lots of free time, I'd love to tell you all about it.

Sincerely yours,
ROSE C. OCCHIALINO

LAST month the JOURNAL brought you the story of the harassed housewife in Akron, Ohio, whose three very young children totally disorganized her days. This month we present a household where the handling of children, housework and money is organized down to the last careful detail. Three things come first with the Mario Occhialinos, of 40 Parker Avenue, Poughkeepsie, New York, in this order: the family, good health, and keeping out of debt.

Not on the priority list are: activity outside the family for the wife, a college education for the children, a home of their own. On $80 a week for a family of four you can't have everything, figure the realistic Occhialinos, who have, however, achieved a family life which is warm, purposeful and exciting.

Mario Occhialino, thirty-four, is foreman of the service department of an automobile agency, with six mechanics under him, all working under the constant goading of impatient car owners. Yet when Mario comes home at night, weary and grease-coated, he lays aside the day's irritations with his coveralls. "If I didn't, I'd quit and start digging ditches tomorrow," says this sunny-natured Italian-American with a smile as wide and warm as the Adriatic.

Along about five o'clock every night, Mario begins thinking about some family project for the evening. In the wintertime it is apt to be cards and games or reading

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Payday chore: sorting money into envelopes labeled "Rent," "Food," etc. Rose always puts a little more than needed into each envelope, sometimes "borrows"—but never from the envelope marked "Savings" ($10 a week).





"I like nice things, don't like to pay full price for them." Rose buys everyth g but the children's shoes at sales, always for cash. On a particularly good y in clothing she often stocks up in quantity in various sizes for future

Skilled stenographer Rose "gets bored with housekeeping at times," knows latter, too, is a skilled job; admits "The family comes first."

with his two young sons, or cooking up a big batch of popcorn f a session with television. In the summertime, the whole family cl s out of its steaming third-floor flat and works in the vegetable gar n. or they all hop in the car and go swimming at a nearby public pool r just lie on the grass at College Hill to watch the stars come out. S h an evening invariably ends up at Rose's parents' big back yard f a cool drink and lots of lively talk, with eleven grandchildren scamper g underfoot.

Mario says he neither worries nor plans, and he takes a dim view f any job which interferes with his enjoyment of the family. "Of cou e if a really good opportunity came along, I might feel differentl " When someone suggests that he start his own gas station, he po nts out this would mean working Saturdays and Sundays. "Uneasy lies e head that wears a crown" is one of his favorite quotations. He s content to let Rose do the planning and managing and saving. "A m n is never wealthy until he is married," says Mario. "What I mean wealth is a home, children and a wife." He also means a very tidy b k account which he probably never would have accumulated on his u

Mario's devotion to his attractive, beautifully spoken wife Ros s such that he declares that if he ever lost her, he would never ma y again; in fact, if he hadn't found her, he never would have marrie t all. Rose dismisses with a laugh these noble protestations from r good-looking guy, but admits in private that she is so crazy about h that she does everything she can to keep him feeling just that w



Mario thinks that his Navy training and experience (as machinist's mate second class) help in his present job. Hired four years ago by the auto agency, he is now head man of their service department at double the salary he received to start.



Sundays are spent with Rose's family. Soon after she became engaged Mario, tuberculosis put Rose in a sanatorium for eight months. Mario wa faithful visitor. "I often think how wonderful he was to stick by me like tha



ument gets out of hand now and then when the
oy has immediate appeal for both brothers. A
ill bring family disciplinarian Rose to arbitrate.



"He's spoiled," Rose says of Richard. "A stubborn cuss, just like his mother!" Mario claims. Both smile; mostly the boys are sunny-tempered, well behaved.



Because he is easier to reason with than four-year-old Richard, Teddy makes most of the concessions to family peace. "Just for the time being," Mario assures.

Rose has good reason to believe in the single-minded devotion of
husband, for they had been engaged only two months when she
covered she had tuberculosis. "Most men would have scooted right
n," she believes. "How many men would risk having an invalid
e? But Mario gave up his job in another town and moved right in
h my family, supporting himself with odd jobs, so he could see me
the sanatorium every day. I was out in eight months, but I don't
ieve I could have done it without Mario's constant encouragement."

Mario says, "When Rose phoned me she had tuberculosis she was
nost hysterical. I knew that even if I never saw her again after she
s well, this was the time to stick with her." Then, with a grin, "You
, I knew perfectly well how she felt about me."

The Occhialinos have now been married for ten years and have two
ys, Teddy and Richard, aged eight and four. The older boy resembles
dad, with a bright, outgoing personality, blond hair and blue eyes,
hough he is pure Italian on both sides of the family. Richard, four,
a walloping broad-shouldered 55 pounds of half roughneck, half
oy, with dark hair, and eyes "like black olives," says Rose.

From the moment they were born, the children have been taught to
obedient, careful of things, and always considerate of others.
ecause Rose requires a two-hour nap every afternoon (the lesion in
r lung is completely healed, but she is taking no chances), she makes
hard take a nap at the same time. This means that by nine o'clock
night Richard is still wide awake. Both boys go to bed together, but



rio is president of the Fathers' Club at the parochial school where bright
ht-year-old Teddy is at the head of his class and (like his mother before him—
skipped two grades) "the kind of pupil every teacher delights in having."

"More demonstrative" than Rose, Mario also has the rare ability to put aside irritations of the working day and enjoy wholeheartedly whatever evening fun the family chooses, from popcorn and TV to swimming or gardening.





Any holiday is occasion for a family reunion dinner, complete with homemade wine. The Occhialinos' family group is so large and congenial that they find little time for other social activities.

"I've risen a little higher in the world than my father—I hope my boys will go higher than me.

after the older one is asleep, Richard is allowed up for half an hour with his parents. He calls his special time "beating Teddy." Teddy understands the situation, but also mildly resents it. He is delighted when Richard fails to take a nap in the afternoon and so forfeits his special privilege.

Some might feel that perhaps Rose has made the boys overly careful. She is so germ-conscious that the boys hesitate to put in their mouths a piece of candy which has fallen on the ground.

Rose's insistence upon strict obedience, however, makes for an unusually harmonious household. The children come to meals promptly, go to bed when they are told, and ask her permission before they touch so much as one jelly bean in the candy dish on the buffet. This spring a traveling carnival came to town and pitched its tents just a block from the Occhialinos' flat, down near the freight tracks. For five nights the children could hear the tantalizing music of the carrousel and see the glitter of the Ferris wheel against the sky. Rose told the children they could go just once, and gave them each a quarter. They went the first evening, had a wonderful *(Continued on Page 128)*

Though the lesion in her lung is completely healed, Rose takes no chances with health, hers or her family's; naps every afternoon, gets nine hours' sleep each night, pays strict attention to her diet.





Man's flocks and herds

The earliest written records since the dawn of civilization bear eloquent testimony to the preoccupation of man with his flocks and herds. The propagation of meat animals brought forth the best thinking of those primitive days, for the threat of famine was ever-present. Man's earnest groping for knowledge in the field of animal husbandry availed him little until research methods were available which substituted fact for fiction. Although management practices and breeding methods steadily improved, little was accomplished in either prevention or arrest of animal diseases until very recently. Now rapid progress is being made. *Lederle* has made available many effective agents for the prevention and control of infection in animals, and has originated startling advances in the fields of animal nutrition and chemotherapy. Lederle research has produced such outstanding contributions to livestock raising as SULMET* Sulfamethazine, sulfaguanidine, AUROFAC** Vitamin B_{12} and Antibiotic Feed Supplement, aureomycin, and a number of equally useful products. In the field of immunology, *Lederle* vaccines and sera for animals are known wherever livestock are raised.

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DELICIOUS MONEY SAVERS

By
LOUELLA G. SHOUER

GOOD cooks usually like to cook, but not all good cooks lik[e] budget. Rose Occhialino says, "It's my job to set as good a tabl[e] I can on the money I have to spend. I really like to cook and plan [the] meals, although doing the dishes and cleaning up after a meal so[me]times gets me down. Ours are a combination of Italian and Ameri[can] dishes, but most of the special things I make are naturally Italia[n]

Tomato project. The one garden surplus the Occhialinos can is tomatoes. Last summer they put up 53 quarts—ample for Rose's sauces and Italian specialties through the winter. Because their own vines didn't produce enough for their quota, they went out to a farm one day after a storm, waded through mud, and picked all they wanted for 50 cents a basket. At nine o'clock that night they were still canning. Incidentally, Rose puts a leaf of basil into each jar when she adds the salt. If you can buy or beg some basil when you do your own tomato canning, give the basil treatment a trial—we recommend it.

The garlic-and-parsley duet. Practically every one of Rose's specialties, you will notice, starts with "fry garlic and parsley in oil." She learned this seasoning trick from her mother, who comes from the province of Tuscany, near Florence, Italy. After a week of trying these recipes, we, too, were completely won over to its rightness. The flavor of the garlic or the oil, if you use olive, is never evident when the dish is finished—but the blended flavor is wonderful. Could it be the parsley that does the tempering?

VEAL RISOTTO

(Approximate cost, $1.09)

Fry 1 split clove garlic and 1½ tablespoons chopped parsley in 2 tablespoons salad oil, then add ¾ pound stewing veal cut into ½" cubes. When the meat is well browned, season with 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper and add 1 quart canned tomatoes—or, if you have plenty of fresh ones, a good number of these, skinned and cut into pieces. Cover and simmer until meat is tender (1–1½ hou[rs] Add 1 cup raw rice and from 2 [to] cups canned chicken broth. C[ook] covered, until rice is tender and [all] liquid has been absorbed—about [15] minutes. Serves 4.

Soup while you sleep. An aftern[oon] nap is a must for Rose. Practic[ally] every Friday she makes a big po[t of] Roman bean soup for supper [for] hearty one and meatless. "I put [the] soup on to cook right after lunc[h]," Rose says. "It simmers along whi[le I] rest."

ROMAN BEAN SOUP

(Approximate cost, 50¢)

Pick over and wash ½ pound Ro[man] beans. (Roman beans are speckly r[ed] Cranberry, kidney, pinto, or any [other] beans, for that matter, will do if [you] can't buy Roman beans. Cover wi[th] quarts cold water and add 3 st[alks] celery, 3 carrots and 1 onion, cut [up]. Cover and simmer 1½ hours until [the] beans are almost tender. (Here's y[our] chance for forty winks, if you're [time] minded. That hammock's going [to] waste.) In due time, fry 3 tablespo[ons] chopped parsley and 2 cloves ga[rlic] crushed or minced, in 3 tablespo[ons] salad oil. Add to soup with 1 [can] canned tomatoes. Season with 4 [tea]spoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper ⅛ teaspoon dried basil or ¼ teasp[oon] chopped fresh basil, if you have Cover and simmer half an hour m[ore] until beans are tender. Remove 2 c[ups] of the whole beans with a slotted sp[oon] and save for later use. Put the remain[ing] beans, vegetables and juices throu[gh] food mill or sieve. Add ½ cup was[hed] raw rice and cook until rice is ten[der]. Reseason to taste with salt and pepp[er]. At this point you can either put [the] whole beans back into the soup o[r] you are receptive to ideas, hoard th[em] till next day. In any case, serve

J. DI PIETRO



Rose Occhialino's Roman bean soup gets off to a good start.

so› in large bowls with grated Par-
mian cheese to sprinkle on top and
lo› of fresh Italian bread to eat with
t. This makes about 7 cups.

SECOND-DAY ROUNDUP

(Approximate cost, 97¢)

Sc›on and brown 4 pork chops. Add
2 ›ps leftover bean soup. (There *will*
›come left if you are only four and
di›'t have seconds.) Add the 2 cups
sa›d-out beans. Cover and simmer
u› l chops are tender, about 45 min-
u›. If you had put back all the beans
u› the soup when you made it, this
nture, too, does well by the chops.

Thrifty surprise. Now you wouldn't
l›k a so-called tough cut, such as
›nd of beef, would make a tender
›n roast. Rose didn't either, until
sh› tried it. But if you like your roast
›f rare and consider rib or sirloin
›st too much of a luxury, this is for
y›. A 3-pound piece of eye of the
›nd costs in the neighborhood of
$›and will serve 4 persons 2 meals.
He's how Rose goes about it:

EYE-OF-THE-ROUND ROAST BEEF

(Approximate cost, $3.23)

S›son a 3-pound piece of eye of the
›nd with salt and pepper. If your
›cher has not wrapped a thin layer
›uet around the roast—this, by the
w›, is a boneless cut, no waste—
s›inkle chopped suet over the top of
t› roast to keep it moist. Put it in a
r›sting pan and sprinkle chopped
›on over and around the meat.
Bast in a moderately slow oven
3›° F., approximately 2 hours—to
t› rare stage, which you can judge
b›t by using a meat thermometer.
Mke gravy from the onion and drip-
›gs in the pan. "Once when I forgot
t› put onion on the roast, we all won-
›ed why the gravy didn't have its
u›al good flavor," Rose says. "And
›en you carve the roast, keep the
›f slices very thin, if you want it to
›tender."

Remember this one! Rose's father, who lives nearby, has an herb garden. She can go over and snip a few fresh herbs for her cooking whenever she's of a mind to. There's plenty of mint and sage, fragrant basil for her tomato sauces and her favorite herb, rosemary—"Particularly good," she says, "sprinkled on the roast pork before you put it in the oven or to flavor our favorite chicken dish."

CHICKEN WITH ROSEMARY

(Approximate cost, $1.59)

Season a chicken, cut up for frying, with salt and pepper. Simmer—here we go again—1½ tablespoons parsley, chopped, 1 onion, chopped, and a big clove of garlic, minced, in 2 tablespoons salad oil. Spoon out the vegetables and save till later. Add 3 tablespoons more salad oil and fry the chicken in it until golden brown. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine to the pan, sprinkle a little more salt and pepper and ¼ teaspoon rosemary over the chicken. (This is dried rosemary, which you can buy in a jar. You may not have rosemary on your shelf now. But it's in most grocery stores and well worth adding to your spice and herb collection. If you're lucky enough to have rosemary in your garden, use 2 teaspoons minced fresh rosemary. It's the rosemary that gives this dish its specially good flavor.) Now add ¼ cup cider vinegar diluted with ¾ cup water. Mrs. Occhialino uses sauterne wine instead of water and vinegar. Put back the fried onion, parsley and garlic. Cover and braise down until the chicken is tender—about ½ hour—adding more liquid as needed. Thicken juices with a little flour and water, blended smooth.

Serve chicken and the good gravy with cheese rice. Toss 3 cups hot cooked rice with 6 tablespoons grated Romano cheese, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. This is heavenly tasting, and Mrs. Occhialino serves it with practically all meats, in place of potato.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

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HOW AMERICA LIVES

THE LAST WORD!

Are you up to date on the latest word pronunciations? Check yourself on the following list:

Controversial	1. Contro-VER-shal	2. Contro-VER-sial
Harass	3. Ha-RASS	4. HA-rass
Despicable	5. DES-pikabl	6. Des-PIK-abl
Employee	7. Employ-EE	8. Em-PLOY-ee
Pianist	9. PEE-uh-nist	10. Pe-AN-ist
Protein	11. PRO-teen	12. PRO-te-in

All pronunciations are correct, but if you checked numbers 1, 4, 5, 8, 10 and 1 you are using preferred pronunciations!

Sound Yourself

WHEN pretty Rose Occhialino visited the JOURNAL Worksh recently we were impressed with the way she glided gracious and effortlessly through innumerable introductions to staff member All Journalites, from secretaries to editors, were treated to a friendl spontaneous smile, a firm handshake and Rose's use of the individual name. She promptly endeared herself to the young people. How By remarking simply and sincerely, to one girl, "With that shinir hair you *belong* in the beauty department," and to another, "I mu remember to pin a flower on my dress, yours looks so pretty!" Eve her briefest discussions with editors were flatteringly highlighted wit accurate references to their specific pages.

People do not acquire such engaging qualities of personality b chance. When Rose was asked how she managed to remember th various names and duties of the people she had met, she answered, " purposely took a JOURNAL refresher course in advance of my trip." B reviewing pages and studying editors' names and photographs, Ros equipped herself with a firm conversational footing for her visit. Sh delighted the people she met, and won a reputation for genuine courtesy

It's All in the Family

With little effort and no cost, all of us can improve what we hav to say as well as the way we say it. Domestic Relations courts repo the most common reason a husband gives for leaving home is "m wife's nagging voice." Dr. James F. Bender, speech authority, tell

THE ANSWER IS YES

Do you speak as courteously to servants as you do to friends?

Do you regularly add to your vocabulary by looking up definitions of unfamiliar words you hear or see?

Do you keep your voice natural and conversational when telephoning?

Even if you know what the other person is going to say, can you let him finish without interrupting?

Do you depend on your choice of words rather than the volume of your voice to win an argument?

TIPS ON TALKING

If you have an important telephone call to make, rehearse out loud what you plan to say. Words are always mor persuasive, authoritative or convincin when presented unhaltingly.

When you are unsure of the nam of the person to whom you have jus been introduced, ask to have it re peated or spelled out, if necessary. I flatters others to know you really care

If you are a working girl, learn th special words and phrases which ar a part of your company's business. I makes you a more valuable employee

Read something each day. Ten o fifteen minutes with a book of poetry the editorial page of your newspaper o a chapter on child psychology wi make you a more interesting person and give you something to talk about



DONALD STUART

Rose Occhialino enjoys a dinner date with her husband, Mario, dresses for it with special care. Discussion of the day's "worries" is abandoned in favor of small talk, gaiety and laughter!

Out

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

s that children learn their speech habits from their mothers. Probbly your husband is perfectly happy and possibly you *like* the vay your children sound. But with such emphasis on the imporance of vocal harmony at home, it might be fun—and helpful—to liscover the way you sound to the people who mean the most to ou. Following are some of Doctor Bender's suggestions for detectng and perfecting your sound effects:

Is That Me?

Most women's voices are higher than their owners suspect. Often hey are shrill or nasal. An entertaining, if not always gratifying, way o find out about yours is to have a recording made which can immeliately be played back for you. But if you prefer to make your disovery at home, try this: Stand in the center of the bathroom, cup your ears until they make right angles with your face and talk to the ile. The words *should* bounce back with clarity and pleasant modulaion. Still feel unsure? Then ask someone: your mother, husband, lose friend or boss; someone who wants you to be your most attracive. If the answer is less than complimentary, then it's time to tune up!

Here's How!

Did your voice sound dull, monotonous? It is possible, you know, or the most exciting idea or the tenderest thought to sound humdrum and unconvincing if delivered *(Continued on Page 139)*

Sound *others* out. Interest yourself in other people by asking them questions about themselves, their work, hobbies, children, favorite vacations. If you listen attentively, you will be sure to find a mutual bond of interest which makes for genuinely good conversation.

Make a conscious effort to talk at an easy, conversational pace. Nervous spluttering betrays your self-consciousness, makes others feel uncomfortable too.

Think out your thoughts before you begin talking. Hanging phrases, such as "er-ah," "what I mean is," "it seems as if" weaken your story, make you appear vague and unsure of yourself.

Fall into the mood of the party. Invading a purely social affair with a monologue on your political views or household problems won't encourage second invitations.

Don't overuse the personal pronoun. It makes you appear selfish, ungracious and bossy to refer constantly to "my car," "my house," "my children," "my plans."

Dress appropriately for the occasion. Self-consciousness about your clothes or grooming can make the most promising evening a shattering experience! If you are unsure about the type of clothes which you are expected to wear, it is perfectly correct to check beforehand with your prospective hostess.

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UNHARRIED HOUSEWIFE

(Continued from Page 122)

time, and never asked to go again, although their cousins and other friends haunted the place.

In parochial school Ted gives every indication of being like his mother, "the kind of student every teacher delights in having." A full year younger than his third-grade classmates, he stands near the top of his class. "Just where he should be," says Rose.

Rose and Mario see to it that their children have plenty of good times. "You have to put yourself in the child's place sometimes," believes Rose. "For instance, you can't expect children to be quiet as mice when grownups are talking and they're bored to pieces."

Boredom is a negligible part of these boys' lives. The neighborhood swarms with children of all ages and there is always a game of cowboy or baseball or marbles to be had simply by running down two flights of stairs. Rose loves to get outdoors herself, and every morning and afternoon takes the boys out visiting or shopping. All of her four sisters and her parents live within walking distance, and she also has the family car at her disposal every day.

Rose Cortopassi Occhialino is one of five daughters of an Italian couple who emigrated from Tuscany to New York in 1910. Her father, a poor tenant farmer, came here in hopes of improving his lot. Gradually he picked up a smattering of trades—carpentry, plastering, painting—and although he cannot read or write, he put five girls through high school and one of them through Vassar, owns two houses (made into six apartments) in Poughkeepsie and a farm in Italy.

Papa Cortopassi has turned the gray dirt of his Poughkeepsie city lot into a picturesque bit of old Italy with fig and peach trees, a grape arbor, and herb garden for making his own wine vinegar. The spacious ground-floor Cortopassi flat is always alive with bustle and laughter and the aromatic smells of garlic and spices. An unmarried daughter lives with the elderly couple and takes care of Mrs. Cortopassi, who has never fully recovered from a stroke a number of years ago. (The stroke occurred the day after she learned that Rose had tuberculosis.) Rose is intensely attached to her family, and not a day passes that she doesn't visit her mother. So close is the family that Teddy and Richard call two of their aunts "Mom Edith" and "Mom Alga." Indeed, with all the events of this huge family, with five daughters, four sons-in-law and eleven grandchildren—the birthdays and anniversaries, the baptisms and confirmations—Rose and Mario have little time left for people outside the immediate family.

Rose, who was always smart and quick to learn, skipped two grades in school and graduated from high school at fifteen with all the top honors in the commercial group. Her parents' beliefs on how to raise a family, based upon the customs of their Italian childhood, frequently made her resentful. "In high school, I was supposed to be home from all dates by ten-thirty. When I began earning my own living, I had to turn over my whole pay check to mother."

Rose is proud of her Tuscany heritage, and very sensitive on the subject. "Some people tend to look down on you just because you're Italian. I never let them get away with it. I worked with a man once who was very mean to the Italian stenographers in the office. One day I told him, 'For a man as well educated and well known in Poughkeepsie as you are, you're about the rudest man I ever met.'" From then on, Rose got the courtesy and respect her work deserved.

Mario's father emigrated from Peso, Italy, and married the daughter of his Albany landlady when she was fifteen and he was thirty-five. He still runs an elevator in an Albany office building. Mario was the oldest of six children and finished high school in 1934, just in time to meet the depression head on. He took whatever jobs he could find—laborer, distributing handbills, painting, clerking, working in a print shop. In those days, if you found a job that paid twenty-five cents more, you walked across the street and took it." His lowest-paid job was butchering meat from 7:30 in the morning until 10:00 at night for $2 a day.

Rose met Mario when she had a civil-service job with the Public Health Department in Albany. He had an apartment with his sister Edith and another girl. The place was always crowded with young Italian boys in search of free refreshments and of innocent fun. They kept telling her about Mario. "You'd like him," they'd say. "He's tall and he reads books." One night when she came home from a movie with Edith, one of the boys announced, "Mario's upstairs."

Rose walked over to the hall mirror and fixed her hair. "Just like it was all predestined," murmured Edith. Rose continued unhurriedly upstairs. "In a minute I saw the wide white smile of his and that dirty blond hair, I thought, 'There's the man I'm going to marry.'"

Mario, who was broke and out of work, entertained no such thoughts, although he was immediately attracted by the way Rose spoke, and moved, and looked. Dating was difficult, as Mario had absolutely no money and it never occurred to Rose to do such an unwomanly thing as to foot the bill. Instead she put her ingenuity to work and entered all sorts of contests to win them free movie seats and prizes. The first prize they won was a living-room suite. They sold it.

The next prize was a radio. By this time Mario was sufficiently launched upon the road to matrimony to suggest that they keep it.

Rose was eighteen when they met, a willowy slender five feet eight, weighing only 120 pounds as against her comfortable 150 pounds today. Away from their mother's watchful eye, the two sisters snatched meals on the run, worked hard at their jobs, and seldom went to bed before midnight. Rose was soon feeling way below par. It was a great surprise, therefore, the day a routine chest X ray revealed a moist lesion in her lungs; there was TB in the family and Rose had always secretly dreaded it. Luckily, the disease was discovered in such an early stage that her eight-month stay in the sanatorium was almost pleasurable. She had no cough, no sputum, no symptoms of any kind. Because the public sanatorium in Poughkeepsie was full, she was allowed to stay at a private institution at half rates ($18 a week) and enjoyed a bedroom and sitting room of her own.

Next Month

HAVE you dreamed of burning bridges behind you, pulling up your stakes, and starting all over again? Would you have the courage to do what Harry Hulce, of Gary, Indiana, did—throw over a white-collar job to become a laborer again in order to bring health to your wife and the great open spaces of the West to your three children? Don't miss this inspiring chapter in the September issue.

A NEW START IN LIFE

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

How America Lives, in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

WHAT WE BELIEVE IN

ROSE OCCHIALINO, a Roman Catholic, feels a close personal relationship with God and the saints. "I believe in God, though I think I could be more religious than I am," she confesses, "and I am a firm believer in doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you. I thank God often for all my blessings. I have so many things to be grateful for—my continued good health and being able to do what I have in spite of tuberculosis; a wonderful husband, two lovely boys, a nice home, no financial worries—that I would be very smug indeed if I accepted them all as my rightful due. I can't believe that I have so much through just myself. Someone else is guiding us."

Six months after she was discharged, Rose was married. Mario was earning $14 a week as a paint shop in Albany. Rose, back in her old job at the Public Health Department, was getting $17. With her customary ingenuity ("Rose is wonderful at writing letters," says Mario), she wrote to Socony-Vacuum and got Mario a job as a service-station attendant for $21 a week. Rose kept on working for another two years, then quit to have her first child. When Teddy was five months old, Mario was drafted into the Navy. The next two years took him from Florida to California and all over the Pacific on a troop transport. As a machinist's mate second class the training he received has been invaluable help to him in his present job.

Rose worried about him so much that she developed severe stomach trouble which disappeared after she left her baby in sister Inez's care and took a job. She supported herself and the baby on her $1575-a-year salary and saved almost all her $80-a-month allotment. When Mario returned, they were able to buy their first car.

For the past four years Mario has been working at the Van Benschoten Auto Agency (Dodge and Plymouth) in Poughkeepsie. The owner, who started the business as a bicycle shop back in 1891, believes he has the oldest auto shop in the country. Mario was hired as a lubricating man at $40 a week, is now head man of the service department at double the salary. On dance nights Mario collects tickets at the Tennis Club where he is well known and liked among what Rose terms "the Poughkeepsie Four Hundred." He is president of the Fathers' Club of the parochial school Teddy attends, a Cub Scout leader, and a member of the Knights of Columbus.

Rose, for her part, devotes her considerable skills to homemaking. Occasionally she takes a part-time stenographer's job, more for the stimulus than the money, but finds herself so tired and cranky by the time she is preparing dinner that she soon quits. "After all, the family comes first, even if I do get awfully bored at times with housekeeping." She guards the family's health with great care, paying especial attention to their diet. "Cost is not one of my economies," she says, "using lots of butter over the vegetables. The Occhialinos eat plenty of salads, fresh fruit and a variety of meats, as well as Italian dishes such as hearty homemade soup, spaghetti and ravioli.

Rose takes a two-hour nap every day from one until three, tries to get to bed at night before eleven and stays there nine full hours. Mario co-operates by getting his own breakfast and Teddy's and helping him off to school. Rose reports with clockwork regularity for a chest X ray every six months, worrying about it for weeks in advance. "It wasn't so bad going into a sanatorium at first, but now the idea of being separated from Mario and the children just kills me." Fortunately, she has had no cause whatever for alarm.

Money is Rose's third great preoccupation. Mario has only recently been earning as much as $80 a week, yet the Occhialinos own a car, a $360 television set, a new $250 range, new living-room sofa and chairs costing $325, a brand-new $100 dinette set, and still have more money in the bank than many couples with an income four times as big.

The Occhialinos buy on a strictly cash-and-carry basis. "If we weren't so well off financially," explains Rose, "I might consider having a charge account." She uses the envelope method in budgeting, and here her real genius at managing is displayed, for she *always puts more money into each envelope than she needs*. First of all, $10 each week for the savings account is tucked away from the $72 Mario brings home. This is one envelope she never touches. However, in the other ones, for gas and fuel, rent and food, there is always a surplus that she can borrow from.

Rose makes it a point of pride never to buy anything in the way of clothing at the original price (except the children's shoes). If she finds a pair of trousers for her boy marked down from $5 to $2, Rose buys not only size 6 but sizes 8, 10 and 12. "I look ahead. I have drawers full of clothes we don't need right now, but will someday."

The Occhialino apartment is, as Rose claims, "always spick-and-span," but she does not tackle house cleaning with the aggressiveness of a woman to whom every speck of dirt is a personal insult. "When I clean," she says, "I do one corner at a time, never disarranging everything in the room at once." Several times a day she empties ash trays or straightens slips covers, but all in an easy, deliberate way. Each night after supper she sets the table for breakfast and puts the water and coffee in the pot. When the television set is turned off, she picks up the empty glasses and crumbs, leaving a neat and straightened room to greet them in the morning. All her housework is accomplished in the morning, generally by eleven o'clock.

Rose used to be an avid movie fan, but since they acquired a television set she goes only about twice a month, picking the pictures with great care. She particularly enjoyed The Bicycle Thief and All About Eve. The Occhialinos read six magazines regularly, and use the local library extensively.

Eventually the Occhialinos hope to own a house of their own, but Rose, with her usual hedging against the future, wants to live on one floor, with an apartment above which they can rent. Mario realizes it will be years before they can afford to build the kind of house his perfectionist wife wants.

They expect to see both boys through high school, and that's all. If they want college, the boys will have to work their way through. The Occhialinos do not believe that parents should be sacrificial door mats for their children. "I figure I've gone a little higher in this world than my father," says Mario, "and I hope my boys will go higher than me. But it will be mainly through their own efforts. And that's the way it should be."

THE END

HOW THE OCCHIALINOS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH WEEK

Food	$25.00
Utilities (including phone)	5.50
Milk	4.50
Rent	6.00
Insurance	4.00
Fuel (kerosene)	1.00
Church and charities	1.00
Papers and magazines	1.00
Clothing and gifts	4.00
Recreation	1.00
Drugs	1.00
Car upkeep	2.50
Mario's allowance	4.00
Mario's cigarettes	1.50
Savings	10.00
	$72.00 *

**Mario's take-home pay per week*



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THIS IS YOUR HOME

(Continued from Page 56)

life when Tony had his appendicitis operation. Now they had been married almost three years, and she rarely thought about Dirk. All of it had receded into another life—the apartment in Greenwich Village, the newspaper friends, the gay celebrations, and the hours, even days, when she would wait for him in a nightmare of suspense.

She had followed his career, of course, and read the notices of his second divorce and third marriage. She had seen his pictures in the papers, and knew that he still had that young, gaunt look that used to make her heart turn over.

But it had been a shock as well as a surprise when he had written last spring from Paris, after a silence of six years, asking to have Tony for a visit.

She could have refused. Legally she could have kept her child separated from his father. But of course Tony had seen the newspaper clippings and read the books too. She hadn't wanted to deny him that; she had never wanted to deny him anything. And so she had had to let him go.

Now the separation was almost over, and it was strange that the relief of that could be a real pain, the kind you feel when your fingers, numb with cold, begin to thaw. Now they would have Tony back again. Bill loved him every bit as much as she did, and they would have again their energetic, eager, uncommunicative little boy, with his dark hair, his questioning eyes and his perennial layers of dirt. Once more she would find a BB gun in the front hall, a baseball glove on the living-room table, and perhaps a pair of sneakers under the sofa.

And all those things you took for granted until the day when there was no baseball glove, no disreputable sneakers and no self-absorbed, excited little boy to strew them around. . . . Ellen tossed Kate's blocks back into the pen. When she turned around, suddenly, incredibly, they had arrived.

Inevitably, those first few minutes were blurred into a series of pointless exclamations. "My, how you've grown!" . . . "Does she walk yet?" . . . "How was the trip?" . . . "I have a Moorish sword!" Tony's kiss was shy, but he hugged her hard.

Ellen could see in Bill's eyes the same relief that was gradually easing the tension in her own heart. Because Tony hadn't really changed. He had grown some, and he had a French beret and a new suit of clothes. But essentially he was the same—active, eager, bursting with vitality.

After a quick inspection of his room, the house and the workshop back of the garage, he brought out his baseball glove and ball and wanted Bill to toss him a few. But Bill had to go down to the hospital for a few minutes.

"We'll save that till after supper, son," he said, rumpling Tony's hair. Then he got back into the car. "I'll try to be on time for a change," he called to Ellen.

She smiled. "We'll believe that when we see you!"

But she knew, as she never had with Dirk, that Bill wanted to be with them whenever he could. Now he waved cheerfully, and she watched him drive off, his kind, intent face already concentrated on the job ahead. Bill Rutherford had a quiet way of accepting things that Ellen was never quite able to understand. Sometimes one of his patients would die following an operation. When that happened the squarish lines of his face would settle into a different kind of heaviness. But almost at once he would be himself again—cheerful, humorous, seemingly undisturbed by the conflicting demands of his life.

Ellen picked up Kate. She said, "We're having hamburgers for supper. But first I'll have to bathe the baby."

"I'll go call up Dickie," Tony decided.

From upstairs she could hear him talking on the telephone to his best friend. After a while she found herself listening intently to everything he said. "Sure, I went in a plane lots of times. . . . Yep, our car goes ninety miles an hour. . . . One time dad and Gloria took me to London."

Dad and Gloria. Ellen felt again that vague uneasiness. Tony had always called Bill by his first name, but he loved him the way any child loves his father; she was sure of that. Their relationship had started when he was five, and had his emergency operation; but over the years it had progressed through all the give and take of family life until it had become to Tony as natural as the air he breathed and the clothes he wore. And to Bill she knew it was the same.

"Well, I'll be over tomorrow," she heard him say. And then he yelled up the stairs, "Mom, I have to go see about the tires on my bike!"

"All right, darling." And suddenly she hugged Kate hard, feeling close to tears, because it was so good to have him back.

Later on Tony hung around the kitchen and watched her make the corn pudding. He said, "Dad showed me how to eat snails."

In spite of herself, Ellen longed to ask questions. She wanted to say, "What does your father look like now? Does he still have that vivid way with him, that knack of making you feel like the most important person in all the world?" She wanted to say, "What is his house like? And his wife—is she beautiful? That one picture I saw was only so-so!"

She said finally, "You had a good time, didn't you, Tony?"

"Sure." Tony's dark eyes were dreaming now. "One time we flew to a place where they had a lake, and went in a speedboat. Dad let me steer."

We reach the divine through someone, and by dividing our joy with this one we double it, and come in touch with the Universal. The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, our acquaintances are never so gracious, as when we are filled with love for someone else. —ELBERT HUBBARD.

Suddenly Ellen was overcome by memories of what Dirk Hammond could do to a person he loved. When he was in the mood he could give you a sensation of life being heightened, a curious, intensified awareness, so that the possibilities of fulfillment seemed limitless. At those times his dark blue eyes would have a special look, intimate and adoring, so that for a while you would feel that you were the only person who mattered in his world. Once, before Tony was born, he had left her alone for three days, ill and almost penniless. But when he came back he brought yellow roses and a kind of tender elation, too, treating her as though she were a queen. And the relief and happiness of that had been almost more than she could bear; so that she had thought, *It's worth it, because Dirk is different from other people. No one else could be like this—ever.*

After a while she said tentatively, "I imagine you must be very glad you went."

"Gosh, yes! Dad says he doesn't know how he ever got along without a son."

Bill got back sooner than she'd hoped, and she said, "I'm afraid he's been a little spoiled. Dirk gave him all kinds of excitement over there."

Bill grinned. "Don't worry. Kids are adaptable. He'll settle back into the old routine before you know it."

She said with relief, "I suppose that's true."

"You watch. In a few days he'll have forgotten all about the trip."

By the time they sat down to supper Tony had changed to blue jeans, a jersey and the inevitable sneakers. Ellen was glad. Changing into country clothes was part, as Bill had said, of settling down into the old routine. Telephoning Dickie was part of it too.

"Don't tilt back in your chair, Tony," she said.

He brought the legs of his chair do a clatter, and applied himself to th burgers. He made the announcement mouth full. He said, "I'm going to sc Paris this winter, and Christmas we' skiing in the Alps."

The suggestion was so absurd tha didn't register at first. Then, for a br ment, she fought off a queer, unnatura ness. She thought vaguely, *What a thing for Dirk to do!* And she saw that watching her with concern, trying words to reassure her. Then he tur Tony, and changed the subject.

"The Giants are looking pretty good he said.

Tony nodded. "Dad told me. It was Paris Herald." And then he added th fully, "I think I like horse racing bett baseball. It's more exciting, and you c money."

Bill shook his head. "I can't see mu in watching a lot of horses chase each around a track. Give me a home run any

"Or a grand slam, with the bases ful

Feeling slightly relieved, Ellen went the kitchen to bring in the apple pie.

After supper, while Tony was outsi ing his bicycle, they tried to talk it ov said, "Of course it's out of the ques wouldn't dream of sending him back t

"That's right. You don't take a chil his mother and ship him off on a wil chase like that. Or at any rate, not our

But Ellen could see that he was w "Look at the life he's been leadin there," she pointed out bitterly. trips, speedboats, horse racing ——"

"I know." He ran his hand through h in a gesture of distraction, and stared i empty fireplace. And Ellen thought un *It isn't fair to Bill, either. He's made home for Tony when he needed it most.*

She said, "I should have foreseen all never should have let him go over in th place."

He tried to reassure her. "Don't wor much. Time takes care of a lot of thing little while he'll settle down, and for about that other project."

She sighed. "You never know what thinking. What if he should resent our ing him here?" And suddenly she sa the situation was intolerable. She said fully, "His values will be confused, to For instance, when we try to discipline make him do homework and all that

"It's a problem, all right," he agreed ily. "You can't explain much to kids they resent something you're reall against it."

She wondered what he meant by that he trying to suggest that it would be be send Tony away than have him at holding a grudge against them? And th phone rang, and Bill had to leave fo hospital.

While she was unpacking for him night, Tony showed her the letter from But first he showed her his trophies Moorish sword, an air pistol, a fine le wallet, and some books in French that h learning to read.

"I talked French a lot," he said. fun." And then he said, "Here's the dad wrote about me going back the school."

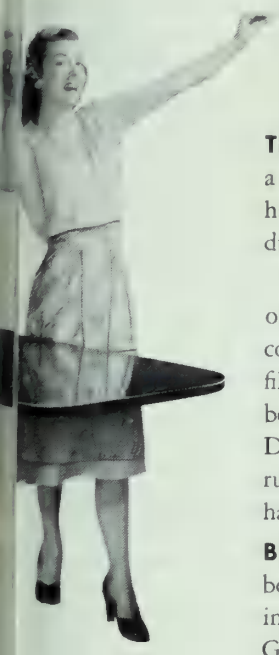
Ellen took the letter and said mechani "Don't forget to brush your teeth." Sh trying to hold herself in check, so tha wouldn't hug him hard and say, "Da darling, how can you bear to leave mother?"

When he was finally in bed, she too letter to her room and went over it se times. It was long, carefully written, quite evidently sincere. "Our son made hit over here," Dirk wrote. "He certainl plenty of what it takes—brains, abilit that. I'm glad he isn't all polished up lik French kids. Give me an American youn every time!"

(Continued on Page 132)

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(Continued from Page 130)

In spite of herself, Ellen was warmed by the words. Of course it was easy enough for a man to come along and claim his child, once the hard early years were over. Nevertheless, Dirk's approval had always done that to her—given her a lift, a feeling of well-being.

"Tony wants very much to come back," he continued. "I know the decision is in your hands, Ellen. But a winter abroad would give him an invaluable background, not only in languages but in other ways too. Besides, I can see now that it isn't right for a child to be deprived of his father."

She went to bed finally, but she couldn't sleep. Phrases in the letter kept repeating themselves; and she saw images too. The most vivid was Dirk and Tony in a speedboat. They were going fast, and there was a spray, and their faces were alive with that same unbridled vitality. She thought, *But all these years Bill has been a father to Tony. He's given him security and a home, and someone to turn to. And that is what a child needs most.*

She turned on the light, finally, and tried to think. But the confusion didn't get any better. Six years ago she had resigned herself, somehow, to the divorce; three years after that had come her marriage to Bill, and this good, happy life for which she was deeply grateful. But now all that had been split apart. Now she was two people, and one of them was the woman who would never quite forget Dirk Hammond, or the way he had made her feel. . . . She turned again for another look at the close of his letter.

"Ellen dear," he had written, "don't think I have ever forgotten you, or that I will ever cease to be grateful for the wonderful job you have done with our son. I know that you had a rough time of it, and that I wasn't much of a husband. But Tony is one result of our marriage that we can both be proud of."

How easy, how easy for Dirk to write that now! And yet, reading the words, she felt close to tears.

Bill came home finally, and she saw that he was tired, and that his face had that older, withdrawn look. He told her briefly, "An automobile accident. One of them may pull through." Then he fell asleep.

The weeks that followed were increasingly painful, and after a while Ellen began to see that there was no easy solution to what was happening. She wrote Dirk several letters, trying to base her objections not on her own dread of being apart from Tony, but on a very real desire for his welfare. Dirk's answers were logical, persuasive, and tempered by a friendly spirit of co-operation. He had a good home for the boy right now, he wrote, and had already entered him in a fine school. The chances were that this opportunity wouldn't arise again; next year he might be sent to India, Egypt or Timbuktu. He hinted also at the fact that, since she had had ten uninterrupted years with their son, this one concession seemed little enough to ask.

To Tony he sent foreign stamps and post cards. The pictures on the post cards were all action scenes, depicting the fun they had had together already, linked with glowing promises of more fun in the months ahead.

As the weeks passed Ellen became aware of a curious lassitude, almost an acceptance of defeat. Whatever happened now would be wrong. But Tony's resentment would be the worst of all. Her efforts to talk to him were unrewarding; most of his thoughts and feeling she gleaned from overhearing his conversations with Dickie. She listened shamelessly to the two boys while they played and talked together. And soon she realized that a single thread wound through every conversation, for Tony talked constantly of Dirk. The concentrated fun and excitement during the summer had certainly contributed; but it was easy enough to see that Tony was involved now in a form of hero worship, a very real bondage to his father.

Finally, one day in late September, while they were raking leaves together, she said, "If you really want to, Tony, you can go back to Paris this winter."

"But of course I'm going!" He stopped raking and looked at her in surprise. "Why, dad said—that is, he has it all arranged."

Ellen smiled uneasily. "But this is home, Tony," she told him. "Don't forget that."

He scuffed at the leaves. He said, won't miss me too much, mother. Not Kate here." But for a brief momen thought she saw a shadow of guilt in h mature little face. "I'll be back in the spr he pointed out hopefully. "And I'll be h next summer."

Darling, darling, she thought, *this sho be happening to you. It shouldn't happ any child*! Finally she said, "Just the I'll miss you dreadfully. We all will. So decide to come home ——"

"Oh, but I won't!" And he added puzzled tone, "The best thing of all wou if you could come too. Then we could skiing Christmas."

"That would be best," Ellen agreed she wondered what her young son thought, how much he understood.

Between herself and Bill the subj Tony's departure became gradually mo ficult. They tried to be matter-of-fact i discussions—but the constant referen her first husband weren't easy to h Once, while they were talking of Dirk the strong hold he'd taken on Tony, B a sentence hanging in mid-air. He lool her closely, then walked across the roo put his hands on her shoulders.

"Does it still hurt you to talk abou Ellen?" he asked, and there was an current of strain in his tone.

She said quickly, "Of course it doesn only Tony I'm thinking of!" But she that Bill wasn't fooled, that he, too, f vague unhappiness that had recently possession of their lives. She said, alm emphatically, "I wish I'd never seen Hammond in my entire life!"

He tilted her chin then, and looked i eyes and walked away. And though sh he wasn't satisfied, she couldn't think thing else to say.

The last week of September was d entirely to Tony—his clothes, his ticket, a haircut, the dentist and the Much of this had been gone through spring too; but now there was a fee permanence, something drastic and doomed about it that Ellen hardly contemplate.

Once or twice she said to him, "Wh you stay home this year, Tony, and France another winter?"

But invariably he was astonished, ing the suggestion as more or less of And she saw that even Tony's age was them. Right now he was at that stage where the days pass in a series of c images, without any clearly defined p tive.

She stopped trying to question h probe into his state of mind. She told that he was an individual, with a righ own life. But that wasn't altogethe either; ultimately he was her respons

She sewed name tapes on all his though he assured her that that wasn' sary. "We have about eight maid there," he said, "and one of them do ing all day except sew things."

And though he wasn't exactly b she saw that it was all part of the Tony was lazier now about making and helping with the dishes; and it hard to detect a touch of childish arrog his manner.

For a going-away present, Bill bou a camera, and naturally the little boy to start right in using it. Because they more than anything else to make him they put their other plans aside, and s hour out in the yard taking picture posed Kate in her sandbox, and Ton bicycle, and Ellen and Bill, standing the car. Tony was leaving in three that all the time they were taking Ellen had a feeling of suspended tim they all four were—nothing was changed. And yet a month from n picture of Tony astride his bicycle have a special meaning. And she th despair, *Families should never, separated!*

nally Tony and Bill retired to the swing
ot ne terrace to study the camera; and it was
jit then that a boy came by on a bicycle,
a handed Ellen a cablegram. She held it in
h hand a moment, and glanced across the
la n at Bill. But he was taking out a new roll
o m, saying, "We'll have this all set, so you
c snap a few on the airfield."

"And when I land too," Tony said eagerly. "I take some of dad meeting me."

Ellen tore open the cablegram then, and s ned it hastily.

U AVOIDABLE CHANGE OF PLANS NEW AS- S NMENT REQUIRES CONSIDERABLE T AVEL ALSO GLORIA UNWELL SO DON'T T NK WISE FOR TONY COME AFTER ALL T L HIM TERRIBLY SORRY PROBABLY N CT YEAR AM SENDING PRESENT BY BOAT L E TO TONY DIRK

She read the cable through a second time
b ore she turned and looked again at her
h band and her son. They were still bending
c r the camera, both frowning slightly, ab-
s ed in the complexities of photography.
H was in his shirt sleeves, his trousers
b gy, his hair sprinkled slightly with gray,
h high, intelligent forehead creased by the
h izontal lines that had become by now so
f miliar to her. Tony was wearing shorts and
a triped jersey, and beautiful new sneakers.

Feeling dazed, she turned back to the
c le. "Probably next year," Dirk had wired.
A d that, for Tony, would mean hope de-
f red. But then, Dirk had always had a tal-
e for easy postponement. Innumerable
t es, after he'd let her down on some treas-
u d plan, he'd say, "Never mind, darling.
N xt month we'll take a trip together!" Or
e e, "Tomorrow I'll come home early, and
w 'll have dinner at Luchows!" But the trip
n ver materialized—when the time came he
w uld simply have forgotten. Generally the
d nner didn't materialize either. . . . Because,
j st as now, Dirk had meant the promise
w en he made it, in some surface compart-
m nt of his mind. But his self-absorption was
s great that the needs of others could never
p netrate into the real fiber of his life.

FINALLY Ellen started across the stretch of
l wn with the cable in her hand. But she felt
a though she were about to deal to Tony the
s me sort of casual cruelty that had played
s ch a big part in her first marriage. She saw
t e eager light in her little boy's face, and she
r membered too well how he was going to
f el. Because when he heard the news the
l ht would go out, but Tony would keep on
h ping. For years to come he would be sub-
j ct to the whims of his father.

She thought angrily, *Dirk had no right to
b ild him up, play on his emotions like that,
m ake him dependent and trusting.* But the an-
s wer to that was easy enough. Dirk wanted to
b loved, without the burden or responsibility
o love; and so he had learned how to turn his
a fection on and off whenever it suited his
n eeds.

She wondered why she should be so angry
n ow, when, during her marriage, she had felt
i mply inadequate and helpless. But perhaps
i was different when you had to be the one to
i flict the hurt. And certainly Tony was in
n o sense to blame.

She sat down beside them on the swing, and put her hand on Bill's arm. And she saw with surprise that the communication between them was so complete that already there was in his face a certain alertness. Under the relief and anger she was aware of a new and almost painful love for this man who was her husband.

She said carefully, "A cable just came, Tony. A boy brought it on his bicycle."

"From dad?"

She shivered nervously then, because when he spoke of his father Tony looked almost too happy. And Dirk wasn't worthy of their son's love. Underneath that easy charm of his there was no foundation at all, no substance; nothing that a child could count on, nothing that was even very real. But how could Tony know that?

"Yes. It's about your trip," she said.

BILL took the cablegram and scanned it. "Never mind, son," he said quickly. The camera was beside him on the swing, and now he picked it up and weighed it in his two hands. "There's been a change of plans, that's all. But we'll figure out something just as good."

"You mean I'm not *going?*"

In Tony's face there was real anguish; and she thought stupidly, *They say children don't suffer the way we do. If only that were so!*

"Not now, at any rate." And then Bill added firmly, "Probably never, Tony. I wouldn't count on it if I were you."

Tony started trying to read the cablegram then, and she saw that he was very pale, so that his freckles stood out abnormally. "He's sending me a present," he said finally, in a flat dull voice that repudiated such an easy panacea. "And he says probably next year."

"I wouldn't count on it, son," Bill advised again. "We'll make other plans instead. The four of us. Right here."

But Tony wasn't interested in that, either; and she realized that the shock was so great that he wasn't even able to cry. He protested finally, "But just the same we're going skiing Christmas! Dad promised me! He promised!"

Ellen said heavily, "I know, Tony. It's hard when you've counted on something." She went into the kitchen and brought out some cold drinks.

Bill said, "Why don't you and your mother go to the movies tonight? If I can get away from the hospital in time, I'll join you."

Tony nodded listlessly, but a little of his normal color was coming back.

Bill lit a cigarette. "It's a pretty good picture, some sort of western. Isn't that right, Ellen?"

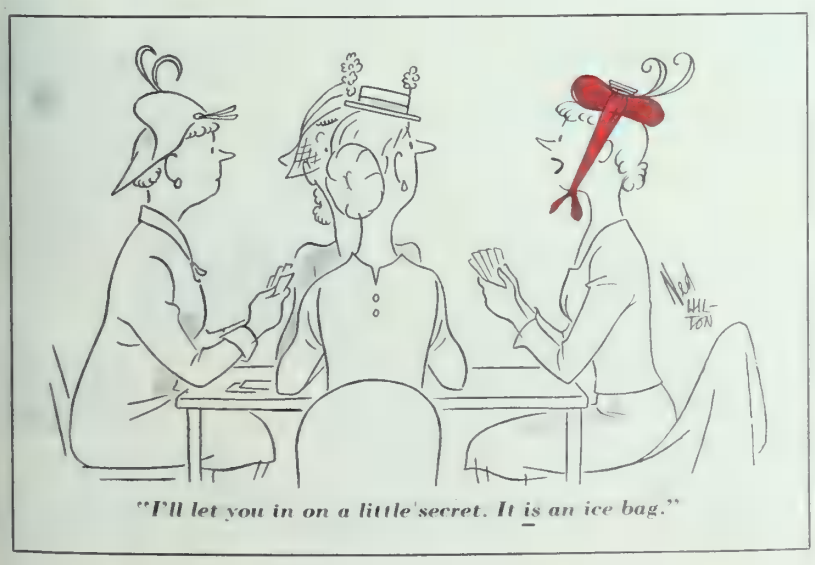
"Yes, that's right," she said. And she wondered if he would learn in time how much she loved him. "I think I feel like a good western," she said.

Tony began to cry then. "But he promised, mother! He promised!"

"I know, Tony. But you see, his plans were changed. He says so in the cable."

"He could have had me anyhow!"

Ellen turned back to the kitchen so that Tony wouldn't see her face. Because what he said was true enough. She had no faith in Dirk's glib explanations, either; and she wondered now why she ever had. THE END



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LET THE SECRET DIE

(Continued from Page 35)

The war ended. One by one the children were taken away by parents who were strangers to them. For Crystal no one ever came. Crystal pitied the children who had but one mother. Crystal had fifty-three mothers, all of them gentle and soft-spoken, all of them selfless and kind.

The reverend mother herself undertook the greater part of the girl's education, and Sister Fidelia had charge of her clothes and her general physical welfare, clucking like a happy hen. Sister Ambrosina taught her home nursing. Sister Mary Clare taught her embroidery and darning and how to make altar cloths. The gay little kitchen sisters taught her cooking and the laundry sisters showed her how to iron and they taught her, too, to sing the sad songs of old Ireland as they worked.

No one realized the girl was growing up.

It was Sister Fidelia who came in one day, clucking, shocked. "As we came down the main street, mother, a man on a lorry whistled at her!"

Then the reverend mother took a look at Crystal, and she knew why. Crystal had grown up. The carroty hair was suddenly a warm chestnut gold, her eyes reminded the reverend mother of the eyes of the little roe deer that had sometimes looked in at the windows of a Scottish castle, long long ago.

Crystal herself noticed no change, and whether she was plain or fair she had no idea. In summer, the straight blue linen frock she wore did nothing to encourage female vanity. In winter, the stout blue serge and enveloping cape were handy coverings, and rendered her shapeless as the sisters themselves.

But the hair! There was no disguising that. It flamed out under the little cap she wore. And lorry drivers outside the gates had started to whistle!

A friend of mine overheard her small son, five years old, offering to explain to his four-year-old sister how babies got their navels. Wondering what information he had picked up "in the gutter," she did a little eavesdropping. This is what she heard: "When God finishes making little babies, He lines them all up in a row. Then He walks in front of them and pokes them in the tummy with His finger and says, 'You're done, you're done, you're done'—and that's what makes navels."

The reverend mother, who knew what she knew, spent some time in deep meditation and thought. Then she sat down and wrote a letter.

The nursing home was full. They hadn't a spare bed or an empty room, and the sisters were run off their feet. Crystal was helping, this afternoon, by taking round the trolley with the tea trays.

She did not stop at the door of No. 10. No tea tray was needed there and she knew that she must not go in. The kind old judge, who had come visiting there in other days and patted her on the head, and been closeted with the reverend mother in her office at regular intervals, was now in No. 10, and he was dying. Sister Ambrosina was his special. She attended to his ever-diminishing wants.

Mr. Mallilieu lay with his eyes closed. Mr. Mallilieu himself was not really there at all. No one could have guessed it, but Mr. Mallilieu was twenty years old again, and he was in a punt on a wide river, and there was a girl with him. She wasn't a startlingly pretty girl or anything, but she was the one he should have married. He had had a nickname for her, and he could not remember it, and this worried him so that he moved his head restlessly on the pillow.

People told him they knew best, the older and wiser people who considered it their duty to interfere. They had not known best. He had listened to them, but in the end it had been a mistake. He had never loved anyone else. He should have backed his own judgment. He had done his best with Amy. She was well connected. She had money and lots of ambition. She had run his life efficiently for him. He had been immensely successful, but he had never been very happy, and he knew that all his life he had been trying to find his way back to the river, and the punt, and her hand in his.

And now he was there at last, and he was devoutly thankful. He heard the tea trolley pushed by Crystal go rattling by, and he thought it was a tram passing the law courts where he had held some of his most famous trials, in a busy world now mercifully far away.

Crystal passed the door, tapped on the door of No. 9 and went in.

In No. 9 Barbara Cappett sat in the sun in the window. She was waiting for her baby. Her pretty face was screwed up into an expression of disgust and resentment. The baby was already a week overdue. *I shall probably die*, thought Barbara Cappett, and tears of self-pity trickled down her pretty face.

Why had she ever been such a fool? Why had she allowed herself to be caught like this? *All our grand schemes and fine plans, ruined!* She thought of the fur coat she had meant to have that winter, the trip to Switzerland, the new car. How would they ever be able to afford anything like that now?

Nothing can stop it. Nothing, she thought, appalled. She was no longer herself. She had been turned into a kind of duplicating machine which must shortly function whether she wanted it to or not. From the bed table, Barry's good-natured boyish face looked at her out of its picture frame. She stared back at him, now almost with loathing. It was entirely his fault, and there he was, going off free and unhampered. She hated him.

"Come in," she said, wiping her eyes.

"It's your tea," said Crystal, putting the tray down beside her. She envied young Mrs. Cappett. It must be fun to have a baby all your own. Crystal knew all about birth, and it was nothing to her. Just two voices in a room where previously there had been only one.

Barbara looked at Crystal, and she hated her, because her hair curled, and her figure was girlish and slim. *I once was like that, and I hadn't the sense*, thought Barbara, *to look out for myself. Once my hair was bright like that, and it curled, and look at it now. A handful of hay.* She gulped and looked at Crystal. She wanted, suddenly, to warn her: *Have nothing to do with men, or look what will happen to you. Look at me! I was pretty once.*

She didn't say it. She gulped back her too ready tears, and picked up the teapot and wished the girl would go.

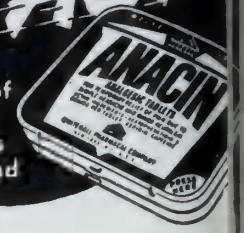
In Room No. 8 Miss Alicia Jones was recovering from the removal of two bunions. She told herself that more than half her troubles in life had come to her because of her ugly feet. After this, everything was going to be quite different.

But for those bunions, she had managed to convince herself, Mr. Challice would have proposed to her, and she, not that empty-headed little Moira King, would be honeymooning with him in Switzerland. Miss Jones was one of those people, she told herself, who have never had any luck. Her parents had been separated and Miss Jones was apt to blame everything on that, forgetting she had been sixteen years of age before her mother finally decided that to expect her to support her husband as well as her child was too much.

"Your tea, Miss Jones," said Crystal shyly. She never could say just why, but Miss Jones always made her feel uncomfortable.

"How nice," cried Miss Jones, very bright, noting there were only two pieces of cake

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nvinced that Crystal had eaten one plate outside the door. "Can't you ?"

n very busy today," Crystal said, lov- be busy.

ey do keep you on the trot, don't Just at an age when you ought to be a bit of fun. You know!" said Miss coyly. Then seeing the girl's look of e, she said dryly, "Or maybe you in a dump like this."

don't think this is a dump," Crystal er. "I love being here. I want to stay ll my life."

ow don't tell me they are going to a holy sister out of you!" cried Miss "Why, with your looks, you might ywhere. Why, it's against nature. You to go around, see life a bit, fall in

stal said nothing. She had already in love, but no one knew it, not even verend mother. It was a beautiful se- e hugged to herself and it made life erful.

s Jones poured out her tea, and de- l Crystal, avid for gossip.

ell me, the old boy in Number Ten. slipping his cable, isn't he? Such a fa- man he was too. I remember reading out his criminal cases. Most eloquent s. There was one speech he made, I re- ber, it was that case where the man his wife and cut her up small and her in the cellar, oh, horrible it was," Miss Jones, enjoying every moment of But you'd be too young to remember. man was hung and quite right, too, but nny to think it's the old man's turn now, for all he was so famous and t. And that baby in Number Nine arrived yet? Fancy."

e wave of discomfort she always felt in Jones' room crept over Crystal again. nd that woman in Number Seven. 's *she* here for?" pursued Miss Jones.

am not allowed to discuss the pa- s," said Crystal, as she had been taught

ss Jones snorted angrily. *That child a good slap*, she thought. *Nothing but a nt brat anyway, come from dear knows e. Now, I wonder! I wouldn't be a bit sur- d if it wasn't one of the sisters, for all their ness. Yes, I bet that's it. It's always safe to follow your intuition in these mat- I bet I'm right, just as I was over Moira , at the office. Her telling me she was Mrs. yne, when all she had been was the old s mistress for years! I saw through that, all*

was queer that her telling Mr. Challice t it as a good joke should have had the result it did, though, mused Miss Jones, enly bleak, suddenly hollow. For off he and within a month he had married a. When everyone, including Miss s herself, had been convinced he was t to propose to Miss Jones. The memory a constant annoyance to her, like a nag- tooth. She was quite quite sure that e had not had those bunions, and come a broken home, it would never have ed out the way it did.

STAL tapped at the door of No. 7. Just e never could get out of Miss Jones' fast enough, so she always wanted to r in Mrs. Damon's.

rs. Damon wasn't young, but Crystal ght her lovely. She had a wide forehead, eyes and the sort of smile that made feel at home with her right off. She had e in to have a little operation she hoped ld land her in the fix in which young . Cappett now found herself. She and kie wanted a family so badly. This ned to be a sort of last chance.

Pour it out for me," said Mrs. Damon.

he smiled at the girl, and watched her, king how wonderful it would be to have owing-up daughter.

So lazy I am. Lying here like a cat and ng other people do things for me," said s. Damon.

rystal did not think she looked at all like t. She thought she looked like a rose. A at the end of summer, she thought sud- denly, before the first frost had come to the garden, and she wished unhappily she had not thought that, and could not say why.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" said Mrs. Damon, sipping her tea. "I am going to ask the reverend mother to let you come and spend your holidays with me one day. There are ponies to ride, and a swimming pool. Would you like that?"

Crystal nodded shyly. If she were going to stay with anyone she would have liked it to be with Mrs. Damon, but she knew in her heart she could never go away. She was in love. She had to see him every day. Now that the trays had all been delivered, her golden moment was approaching.

When the door closed behind Crystal, Mrs. Damon lay back among her pillows and did a bit of daydreaming too. She wondered what the girl's story was, and where she came from. "She is one of our problems," the reverend mother had said one day, half smiling, half sadly, but she had said no more. *I might help*, Mrs. Damon smiled to herself.

THE smile died suddenly, and she winced and drew her breath. There it was again, that stupid little pain. She had never told anyone about it, not even Doctor Paton. She had always felt so certain that if she ignored it, it would go away. Sometimes it did, for months, and then when she had almost forgotten about it, there it was again.

It's nothing, she told herself firmly. *Nothing whatever. Best just forget it.*

In the big airy kitchen, Crystal stood patiently waiting, holding out a square tin tray. Sister Rubina filled a mug with hot tea and set it there. She spread two thick slices of bread and butter sparingly. Sister Rubina was adept at making a little go a long way. She paused for a moment, looking about her. A wire rack of saffron buns stood cooling on a side table. Sister Rubina took one, split it, put a dollop of jam inside it and handed it to Crystal.

"That's for you, me darling," she said.

Crystal went off carrying the tray carefully, but she did not eat the bun. She put it on the tin plate beside the bread and butter. For him. There was so little that she who longed to do so much could do for him, but at least she could give him her saffron bun. With jam.

The corporal was digging in the cabbage bed. He was a ramshackle figure, an old soldier with a vast hooked nose and fierce blue eyes that were always suspiciously red and inflamed on the morning after payday. He was hardly a romantic figure, but a girl of seventeen with a loving heart must park it somewhere. Crystal loved him because he was so fierce, so lonely and so generally battered. Perhaps she saw in him, for the last time, a sad ghost of that old gay charm that had made him a devil with women, in other days when he was upright and smart in his uniform, and off to the wars. He lived in the cottage just outside the convent gates, and kept the garden tidy and saw to the convent bees.

He took his tea tray from Crystal with a grunt. "Cold, as usual," said the corporal, taking a drink.

"I came as fast as I could. They are very busy today," she said breathlessly. "Maybe they kept it standing."

She waited a hopeful moment as she always did, thinking the day must come when he would unbend and say something friendly to her. Today was obviously not the day, so she turned and went.

It was not much to hold to, for twenty-four hours, but it was all that she had, and at least she could dream. She dreamed that she inherited a vast fortune from her long-lost parents, and went to the vegetable garden and told the corporal the good news. It was all his. He would have new shirts, and a warm thick coat for the winter, and he would also have a fine new suit.

The corporal would have been very surprised if he had known about all this devotion, for he had never so much as looked at Crystal. He did not care about young girls. He was not a very good man, and he was

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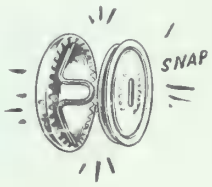
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always incredibly thirsty. In the town they were surprised he was kept on at the convent, and they wondered if the reverend mother knew he often sold the convent honey for the price of a pint.

The reverend mother said a man who had fought in all the wars the corporal had fought in was entitled to a little honey from his country, if he needed it.

In No. 10 old Mr. Mallilieu heard the birds in the garden singing, the way they used to when he was a boy.

"Her name. What did I call her?" he said aloud, for it bothered him that he could not remember.

In No. 9 Mrs Cappett felt a hopeful qualm and touched the bell. It was nothing. Just another false alarm. She began to weep with rage and frustration. "Why can't some of you do something?"

Male footsteps sounded in the passage outside and she thought it was Barry, the cause of all her woe and misery, coming to see her, and she beat her pillow, and almost shouted:

"No, no. Don't let him come in. I don't want to see him."

"It's not your husband at all," said Sister Fidelia patiently. "It's the colonel come to see his wife next door. You ought to take shame on yourself, a big girl like you, making so much fuss."

Miss Jones had also heard the footsteps. She opened her door a chink and peeked out. *So that's him*, she thought, *and a fine, handsome, upstanding figure of a man he is too*. She heard Mrs. Damon's voice:

"Darling, how lovely!"

After that there was silence. *Something fishy*, thought Miss Jones. *Don't tell me that old married people carry on like that. Now I wonder* ——

Mrs. Damon held her husband's hand against her cheek. "There is nothing to look so grim about, Dickie. Honestly there isn't. It's the simplest thing. Dozens of women have it done. This time tomorrow I'll be back here in my little bed, my sorrows all behind me."

"I don't like it. I hate the whole business," he said roughly. "I'd rather have abandoned all hope of having children than go through this." He was always cross when he was anxious about her.

She took a cigarette out of his case, and lit it for him, and put it between his lips. "Think what fun it will be, darling. A year from now we might be fixing a gate across the stairs." She managed to talk away gaily and brightly. Only much later that night, when he was leaving her, just for a moment she almost broke down. "Darling, I do adore you so. More and more than ever. Thank you for everything—all our lovely times."

Sister Fidelia, making her way down the passage, was nearly mowed down by him, a large man walking blindly, as if he could not see. She opened the door of Mrs. Damon's room and looked in quite anxiously, but everything seemed all right.

"Now would you believe it, that tiresome corporal has slipped and fallen down in the town, and put his shoulder out. Just when we need him. Just when we're so busy, we're all after needing three pairs of hands apiece," she said, hurrying off.

The reverend mother had had a tiresome morning. There had been an interview with the corporal, off work for a week just when they most needed him. *I suppose I ought to send him away. He isn't really a very suitable person for this place*, she thought—but he was old, and had nowhere to go.

She had in front of her now a letter from the reverend mother of one of their houses in Geneva. They had been in correspondence about Crystal and her future. The reverend mother in Geneva wrote, "I can well appreciate your problem, and think your plan to send this child out of the country, where it is not impossible she might one day be connected with what is best forgotten, is a wise one. Here she would be a young girl amongst other young girls, and her story will, of course, be known to no one save myself."

Crystal tapped at the door and came in. The reverend mother smiled at the girl, surprised again at the change in her.

She went back in mind to that winter's night when the police had brought the child in. She remembered the words of Mr. Justice Mallilieu, who had tried the horrible case and condemned a criminal to death. He had given her certain papers.

"Whether you tell her or not is for you to decide," he had said. "The poor child has a dingy heritage. Take care of her."

That was many years ago. Now, by some quirk of fate, they were all three together once again under the same roof, but old Mr. Mallilieu was dying, and could be of no use to her—and Crystal had grown up, and whatever decision had to be made, the reverend mother must make alone.

Crystal had no misgivings. Recently she had told the reverend mother she wanted to become a sister herself, and she thought perhaps it was this they were to talk about now.

The reverend mother picked up the letter. "In Geneva we have, as you know, another house belonging to our order. Sister Fidelia goes there at the end of the week for her month's rest. You will go with her, and remain there for a year."

Crystal's heart seemed to stop beating for a moment. "Mother!" she exclaimed. "You can't do that!"

"But you will enjoy it. There will be skating, other young people, you will learn to ski, you will learn French."

"No, mother. No. I want to stay here always. This is my life."

"It is your life because you know no other, dear child. You need young companions for a change."

"I don't. Oh, I don't. Mother, please, I have the vocation. I told you that long ago." She flung herself on her knees, hiding her face against the rough serge of the reverend mother's habit.

"Naturally if you have the vocation you will return to us. But a year in Switzerland first."

"A year?" sobbed Crystal. "I shall die."

The reverend mother laid a hand on her head. "For the moment we will not speak of it, then, but you should think it over and try and be sensible. And if you change your mind, come and tell me."

"I shall never change my mind."

The reverend mother's old, wise eyes twinkled, and she said quietly, "My child, in the course of a lifetime you will change your mind many times."

When the door had closed, the reverend mother sat for a moment in stillness. *Now what lies behind this?* she wondered. To be sure, Crystal might have the vocation. It was too early to make such a decision. In her own heart the reverend mother knew she hoped the child would marry. But there seemed little chance of the girl's ever meeting anyone there inside the convent walls. It had been partly from this point of view that the Geneva project had seemed such a good thing.

Later, perhaps, thought the reverend mother. Meantime there was no point in insisting, and making the child wretched.

A figure moving beyond the window caught her eye. It was Crystal, taking the corporal's lunch to him on a tray. Since his accident his lunch as well as his tea had to be taken down to him. *Such a dear, helpful child*, mused the reverend mother, watching her fondly.

One week later Sister Anastasia bustled into young Mrs. Cappett's room, arms full of medical equipment. *At last*, she thought, *and thank goodness for that*. She passed the trolley that was taking Mrs. Damon down to the theater for another X ray. Mrs. Damon, very cheerful and composed, gave her a smile as she passed.

Miss Jones opened her door a crack. It was the third time in a week that Mrs. Damon had gone down to the theater. Something was up. *And I bet*, thought Miss Jones, *I know what it is too. One of those illegal operations. At their age, they would not be likely to want any children.*

She teetered uneasily around, learning to walk all over again. Her feet still hurt, and the shoes she insisted on wearing were just a trifle too tight.

"That's right," said Sister Fidelia, looking in on her. "Keep on practicing, dear. You'll soon be back where you were before."

Miss Jones leaned on the window sill, feeling a sudden chill. She did not want to be back where she was before, she wanted to be somewhere else entirely. *I've never had any luck anywhere*, she thought again. People seemed to like her for a while, and then they dropped her. Mr. Challice had not been the only one. Why? Somewhere there must be a man for her. To look at, something like the colonel who visited the woman next door in No. 7.

In Room No. 10 Sister Ambrosina bent over the bed. "Mr. Mallilieu. Can you hear me, sir? Would you like to see a clergyman?"

He turned his head on the pillow. "It's too late. Much too late. That should have happened long ago, only I was very foolish. When you are young, you should have the courage to take chances," said Mr. Mallilieu.

That remark struck Sister Ambrosina as strange, and she repeated it later, a little bewildered, to the reverend mother. It was clear enough that he was rambling in his mind.

He was smiling now, looking oddly peaceful, even rather amused. He put out a hand and caught idly at a scented bullrush. The punt was drifting slowly down the river, and he noticed the shadows were beginning to deepen a little. But it did not matter. She was there beside him, her small hand in his, though he could not see her. *Presently*, thought Mr. Mallilieu, *the moon will rise. Then I shall see her again.*

Sister Fidelia was calling over the garden, "Crystal, dear. Crystal! I shall have to ask you to go down to the chemist for me. I need the things immediately. Oh, dear, that tiresome corporal! Just when we need him so badly."

It was wonderful to be out in the world alone and free. It was a sunny morning, the sort of morning that should have made anyone feel happy and lighthearted—but Crystal had too many troubles. The one she loved was suffering, and there was little she could do for him. And over her there hung like a cloud this threat of being sent away to Geneva.

If she were only older, and already a sister, she would be allowed to look after him as Sister Rubina did. *Oh, why do people say it's lovely to be young?* Crystal wondered. *It isn't lovely at all. The things you long to do you may not do.*

There was a crowd in the chemist's. Crystal amused herself by looking into the showcase. She did not notice the tall man with very black hair who was buying a bottle of lotion, but he noticed her, and stood looking at her, forgetting to collect the change laid out for him on the counter. He had at that moment the strangest sensation of a dream come true and he wanted to put out his hand and touch her hair, just to be certain he wasn't still dreaming.

His leave had, on the whole, not been a great success. He had hoped rather much from the old country than the old could had to give anyone since the war. He had found the women too hard and bright and competent for his liking. They scared him. He had practically decided, after his duty visit to his last remaining relation, to go right back to Australia.

He turned, and slowly picked up his change, aware his heart was hammering. When he looked round again, she had gone. He turned to Mrs. Batson, who helped her husband in the shop. "Who is that girl with red hair?"

She hesitated for a moment, eying him suspiciously, but he seemed a nice, honest young man, and not the kind to be up to anything. "It's the girl from the convent. Crystal, they call her. They've had her there a child. I've often thought it's not much of a life for a young thing. But she seems happy enough, I will say."

He stood in the street, looking up and down, with a heart full of hope, but there wasn't a soul to be seen.

But his luck was in. When he went into the stationer's to buy a paper, there she was, buying a packet of cigarettes. That astonished him, and his heart sank. From a distance he watched her pay slowly, in pennies and sixpenny pieces. Then off she went up the hill, and the convent gates took her.

"Bless you," cried Sister Fidelia, taking the basket, and never noticing the telltale bulge the cigarettes made in her pocket. "Here's the corporal's lunch tray, if you will be a dear girl and take it now."

She had hoped they would let her take him his lunch. Today was a special occasion because she had done what she never had done before, she had bought him a present. She laid the packet of cigarettes on the tray and went off down the garden.

Someone was sitting on the low lichen-covered wall beside the lodge gate. Someone so like the corporal in build that for an instant she thought it was the corporal. Then that spraining his shoulder and getting a chill had done something to him, had given him back his youth. For this was the corporal, but it wasn't the corporal. The hair was thick and black instead of ragged and gray, the skin was wholesome tanned brown instead of weather-beaten and leathery. But the eyes were the same astonishing blue, and the nose jutted out in the same bold, commanding fashion. And to make it still more strange, he smiled at her as though he,

(Continued on Page 138)

Life is a Picnic By CORNELIA McCOOK

THE best argument against shyness I ever heard is one a mother gave her teen-age son. The boy was intelligent and painfully shy—a combination which is usual; he seemed to find it impossible to talk in any group other than his family circle. When his mother told him that he should make an effort he shrugged and said that "all that dumb chitchat" bored him. She didn't rationalize, as so many mothers do, that he would outgrow it, or that he was just too bright for his contemporaries. Instead she gave him a stiff lecture.

"Getting along with people is like going on a picnic," she said. "If you went on a picnic and one person brought the sandwiches, another a chocolate cake, and so on, and you went and didn't bring anything—that wouldn't be very nice, would it? And you'd feel pretty uncomfortable. It's the same thing with people. If you sit like a lump in a group or at a party, you're not bringing anything to the picnic.

"Not everyone has the same talents and personality, very luckily. The world would be a dull place if everyone cracked jokes the same way or looked the same; if everyone was a football player or everyone a chemist. Some people bring potato salad, and others pickles. There will always be people who like and *need* whatever you have to contribute."

Since she wouldn't let him get away with thinking himself specially privileged not to make an effort, he did try. He started with the contribution *any* shy person can make—an understanding of other shy people. He learned to talk to them and found out that they were as grateful for attention as he would have been in their shoes. The rest came naturally, as it always does: the discovery that everyone likes to be liked and that respect and politeness breed—friends.



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(Continued from Page 136)

knew her. He held out his hands and took the tray.

"It's your dinner, Uncle John," he called back into the house. "Come and get it."

The corporal appeared, red of eye and grumpy as ever, nicely trussed up with one arm in a pure white parcel arranged by Sister Rubina new every day. He picked up the packet of cigarettes and glared at them.

"What's this?"

"I—I brought them for you. A present," said Crystal, suddenly embarrassed.

The corporal threw them ungraciously onto the bench outside the door. "Never smoke the things!"

There was a short silence. Then the young man picked them up. "I do," he said. "Will you give them to me instead? That is, unless you'd like to smoke them yourself?"

"Smoke them?" she said, and her eyes grew wide with horror. "Why, I don't know what would happen to me, if I was caught smoking them."

"Well, then, I'll keep them," he said. "The first present I've had for years. Don't you mind about him. He's always grumpy. Besides, his shoulder hurts him. Even when I was a boy, I remember him being that way."

"Then you lived here as a boy?"

"I owed my chance in life to them, up there," he said. "Wait awhile, and I'll walk back there with you. I have to visit the reverend mother. I'm a black sheep returned."

When the young man had gone, the reverend mother went to the window and stood in the sunshine, her old face serene. Just now and again, when life seemed too complicated and difficult to be borne, something like this would happen. She saw the small boy he had been, defiant and rebellious, standing in that very room beside her desk. *I always had a soft spot in my heart for the bold ones, the naughty ones,* she thought. She remembered how many people had wanted him sent to a reform school. It was she who had stood out against it, and managed to arrange for his going to Australia to a family she knew out there. She had been right. The boy had not only made good—he had had the grace to come all the way back from Australia to visit her, and thank her, and to see his old scoundrel of an uncle, to whom he owed little enough.

So that among the many tangles and bothers of the day, this one interview stood out for her, like a golden thread woven into the pattern. For the rest, Mrs. Cappett had had her baby. It had been a long and difficult birth, but now she was over the worst of it. And the charming Mrs. Damon would go out—for a time—at the end of the week. A shadow passed over the reverend mother's face at the thought of that case, and she closed her eyes for a moment. Miss Jones, from No 8, was going out today. The reverend mother passed quickly over Miss Jones, for she might not dislike her. It was forbidden. The old judge would shortly leave, also, but by another door. She thought again how strange it was that the three of them, who all played a part in that tragedy of long ago, should be under one roof again, and she the only one of them to know it.

As she turned away from the window, she saw Crystal going through the garden in the end of the sunset, taking the corporal his tea.

The young man was sitting on the bench outside the lodge door, for all the world as if he waited for her, and he detained her there for a long time, and talked. He told her about his farm and the sheep that looked like a great sea of white wool when they were herded together. And he told her the fine life it was, but lonesome, with never another soul for miles, and no one to cook his meals.

Then he walked back slowly with her through the garden, and she had no idea how time had passed, until Sister Faith rang the Angelus. She slipped late into her place in chapel, and hid her hot face in her hands, hardly knowing now what it was she prayed for. All she knew was that something beautiful and exciting was coming nearer and nearer, and that when she went to the lodge next day, he would be sitting there on the bench beside the door. Waiting for her. To the corporal she never gave another thought.

In Room No. 9 Barbara Cappett was busy nursing her baby. Morning sunshine gilded her hair. Barbara herself had a made-over all-brand-new look, fresh and clean as the child she held in her arms.

She looked down fondly at the small head tucked in close to her breast. *Why,* she thought, *I was mad. What in heaven's name can have made me imagine I didn't want him? He is the image of Barry—he is just little Barry with my nose and eyebrows, and a spit curl I had when I was a kid. And the fuss I made,* she thought. *Really, I don't know how I shall ever look the reverend mother in the face again. I behaved like a horrible spoiled child and all they ever did was just smile at me. And in the end, what was it, after all? Nothing so very terrible, or if it seemed so at the time, I can't remember much about it now,* thought Barbara. *And look what I have got!*

In Room No. 7 Mrs. Damon lay very still. The surgeon had been in to see her, and had just gone. He had tiptoed out, miserably closing the door behind him, his young face drawn. He had been so upset and bothered that in the end it was she who had to help him out, and comfort him.

"Supposing I'd come any sooner, would it have made any difference?" she had asked.

He did not think so, and went into endless technicalities. She let him run on, not listening with any great care to what he said, because now it did not matter.

"How long," she asked at last, very practical, "do you give me?"

"Not more than a year. Not less than six months."

She smiled at him consolingly. It was hard on him, having to tell a woman of her age a thing like that, and he hated it. "Well, now. Look, I don't want you to worry about it," she said. "There's only one thing. I don't want my husband to know. I shall tell him," said Mrs. Damon, "all in my own good time."

The surgeon went away, closing the door very quietly behind him. *Well,* thought Mrs. Damon, lying back among her pillows, *that's that.* Beyond the window she could see the chestnut trees in the garden, now almost stripped of their leaves. *I shall say nothing to Dickie at all. Not until right at the end,* mused Mrs. Damon. *Anticipation is always so much worse than a thing when it actually happens. We shall have another spring together—even maybe another summer. No one can have everything. We were the fortunate ones,* she thought.

The door of No. 8 stood wide open. Sister Fidelia had the feeling that it needed a specially good airing. Miss Jones had gone.

Things were quieting down, after the rush of the last weeks. Most of the rooms on the first floor had emptied now. Old Mr. Mallilieu had not yet gone, but he soon would. The colonel had taken Mrs. Damon away that morning. She had left a great bunch of roses behind her. Their scent filled the whole room. Sister Fidelia had carried them down to the reverend mother's office, together with the little note thanking them all for their help

Ruth, aged six, had been naughty all day and wound up by being very rude to the little girl next door when she came in to play.

That night at bedtime Ruth's mother said, "I've tried hard to make you a healthy, good child, Ruth. I've tried to teach you to be kind and courteous to others, especially guests. In spite of all the trouble I've taken with you, you're still disobedient and rude."

Ruth looked at her mother a minute thoughtfully and then remarked, "What a failure you've been, mother!"

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...adness. "I only hope that when my ...omes," wrote Mrs. Damon, "I shall ... kind friends to help me across!" It ...artening when you got a few words of ...iation. People did not always re... ...r.

T... reverend mother put Mrs. Damon's ... a big bowl and carried them to the ...v. Two figures passed by, indistinct in ...thering twilight, and she saw it was ... l and the corporal's nephew, and she ..., her eyes very soft. You schemed and ...d, instead of just learning to trust. ...earched this way and that for a solu... a difficulty—and in the end it came ...in entirely different direction, where ...ever thought of looking. She remem... the young man's pleasant, earnest ...is he talked with her that morning: ... know I'm much older than she is, ...r. Thirty, and she's seventeen. But ...uit one year, two, whatever you think ...ary. You see, I came to the old country ... for a wife, and I'd almost given up ...ill that morning I saw her come into ...emist's."

...as what in my heart I always wanted ...r, thought the reverend mother. How ...e that this had come to them through ...id scoundrel the corporal, whom every... ...ld her she should have sent packing ... ago. The reverend mother smiled to ...f. *I shall tell him to come back next year ...etch her. Next year the child will be ...gh...n.* The question of an outfit and a ... would raise a few fresh problems, but ...e that, too, would be taken care of. ...re was another and more pressing ...em she had to attend to. She opened ...ife, and took out a bundle of papers. ...ther you tell her or not is for you to ...," the judge had said. She remembered ...he had said after that: "A dingy heri... for a child"—but in all the years ...al had been with them, there had been ...n of any taint. She had grown up sound ...weet and good. She wished old Mr. ...lieu were well enough for her to consult ...gain. But he wasn't, and she knew the ...on would have to be hers, alone.

She picked up the documents reporting the case, carried them to the grate and put a match to them, her mind suddenly made up. It was best forgotten, drawn up the chimney by the draft, a mass of charred paper that was presently scattered to the four winds.

Someone tapped at the door urgently as the last scrap whisked out of sight. It was Sister Fidelia.

"It's Mr. Mallilieu, mother. Could you come, please? He wants to see you, he says—to thank you."

Just for a moment the reverend mother looked at her, half bewildered, for it was uncanny, that message coming just when it did.

"I'm coming, sister," she said.

In old Mr. Mallilieu's room the lamp was shaded now. Old Mr. Mallilieu stirred and turned his head on the pillow, and she went and stood beside him. He opened his eyes and looked at her, but he did not see her, or the darkened room and the shaded lamp. He was drifting now, very peacefully but rather faster, down the river. It seemed to have widened suddenly, and he realized this was a part of it that was not familiar to him any more.

Not that it mattered, for she was there beside him, the only one he had ever loved, the one he had been waiting for all his life. He held her hand a little tighter.

The clouds parted. It began to grow slowly lighter. To his pleasure and astonishment, Mr. Mallilieu realized it was not, after all, the moon coming out. It was dawn breaking on an entirely new day. He turned his head then, slowly, and at last he saw her there beside him. She was as she had always been. There was nothing extraordinary about her. She wasn't even startlingly pretty, but she was the only one for him. He remembered even the silly name he had had for her, long years ago.

"Tilly!" he cried, delighted.

The reverend mother stood beside the bed, with Sister Ambrosina, who had been his special, opposite her. Then Sister Ambrosina turned slowly away, and went into the chapel and lit the tall candles on the altar.

SOUND YOURSELF OUT

(Continued from Page 127)

...shallow monotone. Here is an exercise ... courage flexibility, build concepts for *...itions* and add flavor to your words! ...e any sentence in an exaggeratedly low ...tone, then repeat the sentence using ... highest vocal pitch. Say the sentence ...al times (high and low), making sure ... is no break in tone. Repeat for five ...tes, three times a day.

...o shrill? Try learning to breathe for ...y. Your breath supports the tone of ... voice, giving it quality and resonance. ..., shallow breathing often produces ... metallic sounds. Central breathing ... calls for the co-operation of your chest, ...ragm and abdomen is the best means ...oducing prettier sounds and prettier ...re. Try this exercise each morning be... arising:

...e flat on back, knees flexed, arms resting ...des. Breathe in deeply through your ... feeling your chest and diaphragm ex... . Now exhale through your mouth with ...parted on a good loud "ah-h-h." Relax ...pletely. Repeat eight times.

...ere's another. Co-ordinate your ...hing with your walking. Shift into your ...iest posture, head and chest high, shoul... back and down, spine straight. When ...walk, inhale s-l-o-w-l-y and fully to the ...t of six steps, then exhale s-l-o-w-l-y to ...same number. Practice regularly until ... can do this automatically and com...bly.

...e you a word muffler? Lots of people ...her their words and sound inarticulate ...ly because they do not open their mouths ... enough when they talk. You should be ... to open your mouth the width of two fin... without strain to your jaws. If you ..., try these exercises to relieve con...tion in your throat and face muscles: Let your head roll in slow, wide, lazy circles with your jaw hanging loose, your tongue relaxed. Pretend exaggerated yawns. Fill your cheeks with air, purse your lips and puff until the air is gone. Slump into a lazy-dog position, shoulders drooped, chest caved in, back curved. Now s-l-o-w-l-y straighten out—and up! Indicate "yes" by nodding your head up and down in exaggerated movements, then swing to "no," side to side.

Sing for your sound effects. Many of the speaking voices you hear on the radio attribute part of their lovely lilt to practicing scales and humming special sounds. Try singing the vowel sounds—da, de, di, do, dum. Hum the *m*, *n* and *ng* sounds, feeling the vibration against the roof of your mouth. And don't forget the scales, using your full voice range up and down—and often!

Husband-and-wife-at-home voices. Do you ever accuse your husband of talking too loud? Does he often tell you to "speak up"? Your inaudible sounds are probably as annoying to him as his manly booms are to you. In either case, here is a way to detect—and perfect—your marital tones at home. Ask the man in the house to sit at a distance six feet from you. Now talk to him as you ordinarily would. (No cheating on this occasion!) Next, send him to a distance of fifteen feet and talk to him again. Now, shoo him out to the kitchen or bedroom and ask him a question. If, at all three distances, your words reached him clearly and *pleasantly*, count your voice as an important part of your wifely appeal. But he may be frank enough to say you sounded too loud in the living room or indistinct when he was out of sight. If so, make a conscious effort, from now on, to adjust your voice volume in relation to his proximity. Now it's your turn to test him!

THE END

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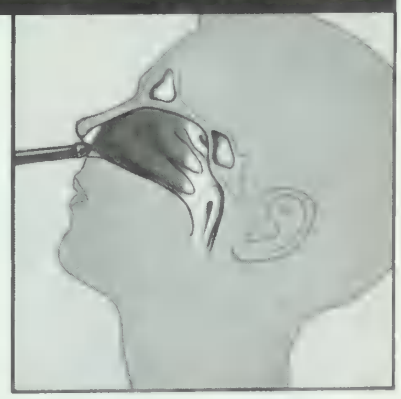


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Conversation Piece

by Ruth Mills Teague

If the weather won't co-operate on outdoor dining, shish kebabs are as easily done in the kitchen broiler

STUART



AN OUTDOOR cooking party with shish kebabs as the *pièce de résistance* is sure to be a smash hit. Most people like to have a share in the cooking—that's part of the fun—and with shish kebabs each one not only cooks his own but arranges it too. I know of no better way to get a party rolling happily than to provide each guest with a long wooden-handled skewer and a choice of delicious titbits to impale, and let him go to it, every man to his taste. Since this clearly has some decided advantages for the hostess, too, what are we waiting for?

Salted almonds and chutney-and-cheese-stuffed celery will provide something good but not too filling to eat while the fire burns down to a bed of coals. This meal won't involve a heavy cooking schedule and you may want to prepare the *(Continued on Page 142)*

How to make Potato Salad De Luxe



ook and cut into dice enough potatoes to make 4 ps. Prepare 1 c. diced celery, 2 tbsps. chopped mento, 2 tbsps. chopped onion, and 4 tbsps. opped pickle. Measure out 2 tablespoons of the ckle juice to add when mixing the salad.



Blend in the pickle juice, salt and pepper to taste, and ½ cup of Kraft Mayonnaise. Deluxe potato salad demands deluxe mayonnaise, the delicacy and richness you get in Kraft's. Luxuriously rich, Kraft's is true mayonnaise at its finest.



Arrange lettuce on a round chop plate, pile the potato salad in a mound in the center, and garnish with hard-cooked egg halves. Roll slices of bologna into cornucopias, fill with chopped pickle relish, and arrange on the lettuce around the salad.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 140)

almonds yourself. I'll go into the process later.

There can be as many versions of shish kebab as there are cooks who concoct them, and they are all good. But the quite simple one I'm going to suggest is hard to beat and it's comparatively easy on the pocketbook. Lamb, eggplant, bacon and red and green sweet peppers are the ingredients, plus a highly seasoned barbecue sauce which is brushed on the kebabs before and during the broiling. For an added touch you might have some large mushroom caps, one or two for each plate, which can be cooked in a pan or skillet. It makes my mouth water just to talk about this dish. I do think shish kebab is one of the prize foods of the world.

The other main dish will be potato salad.

Buttered hot rolls and bread sticks will complete the main part of the meal. If they are wrapped in aluminum foil, heated in the oven and then wrapped in a large bath towel, the rolls will stay warm for a long time.

On the dessert we'll let ourselves go and have date-and-walnut pie. I can't say this is a light dessert, but I can safely say it's so good that no matter how enormous your shish kebab may have been, you'll want a big piece of date-and-walnut pie as a finale.

Now to recipes, which are planned for six people. Unless you have a tremendously big outdoor fireplace, six is about as large a number as you can handle conveniently.

CHUTNEY-AND-CHEESE-STUFFED CELERY

To 6 ounces cream cheese add 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon cream and 1 teaspoon curry powder, and work into a smooth paste. Add 5 tablespoons Indian chutney cut into small pieces, blend thoroughly and store in refrigerator. The mixture will be quite gooey, but when it is cold it will harden to the right consistency. Chill some short pieces of celery in ice water until very crisp. An hour or so before the party, dry the pieces of celery and fill them high with the cheese and chutney.

TOASTED ALMONDS

A couple of days in advance, blanch 1 pound almonds and spread them out to dry. To blanch, cover almonds with boiling water, let stand 7 minutes, drain, cover with cold water and slip off skins. When thoroughly dried, put them in a skillet with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and cook over low heat until they are a delicate brown. Turn often with a pancake turner and shake skillet so they will be evenly browned. Salt well and spread on several thicknesses of paper towels.

SHISH KEBABS

Ask your butcher to slice a small leg of lamb into steaks 1″ thick. Cut the steaks into chunks approximately 1¼″ square. Obviously you won't get too many perfect squares, but this is an approximate shape and size to aim at. Use only the nicest pieces, allowing 4 chunks of lamb for each shish kebab, and have a few extras to play safe. What is left over, which will be quite a lot, will make a fine meal another day. (The last time I made kebabs I pressure-cooked the lamb that was left over, removed it from bones, added some peas and carrots and cooked fluffy dropped dumplings over the top.) Cover lamb squares with a mixture of two thirds salad oil to one third vinegar and let stand in refrigerator overnight. This will make the meat more tender.

The day of the party cut eggplant into slices ¾″ thick and then into 1¼″ squares, cut red and green sweet peppers into 1¼″ squares and cut thin slices of bacon in half, then fold each half three times to make squares.

My idea of filling a skewer for a fine hearty shish kebab is bacon, pepper, lamb and eggplant in sequence repeated four times and ending with an extra piece of bacon. Push everything together tightly on the skewer. For 6 shish kebabs, that would mean 24 pieces each of lamb, pepper and eggplant and 30 pieces of bacon, but I advise having a few additional pieces of everything.

The makings for the kebabs can be arranged on a large tray, and they will look surprisingly attractive—perhaps a row f folded bacon pieces at either end of the t with alternate rows of the lamb, eggpl and red and green peppers between. And can garnish liberally with parsley with feeling that you're being too fancy, beca people eat it like rabbits. When the tra arranged, cover it with wax paper, store refrigerator and carry it, still covered, to scene of the cooking.

If you decide to have the mushrooms, them in a skillet with some melted butte margarine. When all the kebabs are cool and people are serving their plates, put skillet over the fire for a few minutes.

BARBECUE SAUCE

In a saucepan melt ¼ pound butter or m garine, add 1 large clove garlic, finely minc and sauté a minute or two. Add ¼ c vinegar, ½ cup chili sauce, 2 tablespo Worcestershire sauce, ¼ cup water, 1 t spoon salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground bl pepper and 1 tablespoon mono sodi glutamate. Bring to a boil and add 1 teaspo cornstarch blended with a little water a boil a minute or two.

The kebabs should be brushed generou with the sauce before and during the broili A 1½″ paintbrush makes an ideal implem for applying the barbecue sauce. Cook time depends on how well done you like y lamb. I like it a little on the rare side, everyone to his own taste—and that goes the arranging of the shish kebabs too.

DATE-AND-WALNUT PIE

Make piecrust by whatever method you li My favorite is the boiling-water method cause it's so quick and so completely depe able. Here's the recipe which will make 3 shells. Pour ½ cup boiling water over 1 c shortening and beat until creamy. Sift bef measuring 3 cups flour—preferably c flour—and sift again with 1 teaspoon salt a ½ teaspoon baking powder. Stir shorten into flour, work into a ball, wrap in wax pa and store in refrigerator. It is too soft to r until it is chilled. The remainder of the dough will keep in the refrigerator for at le a week, or it can be frozen and kept m longer.

Use the deepest pie dish you have. Lin with piecrust, rolled ⅛″ thick, and build as high a rim as you can.

To make the filling, cream together tablespoons butter or margarine, 5 w packed tablespoons light-brown sugar an tablespoons flour. Add 1¼ cups corn sirup teaspoon salt, ¼ cup water and 3 beaten yolks. Beat with rotary beater until blend Stir in 1 cup dates, cut into fairly la slivers, and 1 cup walnut meats brok into pieces. A pair of scissors is a lot eas than a knife for cutting the dates. Fold 3 stiffly beaten egg whites and spoon m ture into the uncooked pastry shell. Bake a moderately slow oven—325° F.—for minutes. Serve very cold with a topping unsweetened whipped cream and a garnish nut meats.

Service. Now a word about the weath which will do as it pleases, no matter h clever a manager you are. If the party planned is called because of rain, don't le throw you. Just turn your party indoors a cook your shish kebabs in the range. Preh the broiler, put the loaded skewers on a coo sheet very near the broiler and cook. Lea the oven or broiler door open—if you're us the long spears you couldn't do otherwis but even if you're using short skewers, wh are okay for indoor cooking, it's a good id to watch carefully and turn the kebabs soon as one side is browned.

But let's assume the fates are with you, t weather is fine and you are going to cook the open. This party is easy on the hoste especially in the service department. E what little there is to do should be carefu planned, and here the good old habit of l making is invaluable. If everything that w be needed has been written down and doub checked before you leave the house for t outdoor cooking scene—be it close or fa you can relax as completely as if you w guest, not hostess. THE E



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BABY KILLER

(Continued from Page 53)

feeding another, were potential killers. When they washed, it was cursorily, in tepid water.

One hundred and thirteen women delivered their babies in that Buffalo hospital during the hot month of August, 1947. Fifty-seven of these babies contracted diarrhea. Fifteen lost their lives.

The expectant mother will ask what was wrong with that Buffalo hospital. How could such an epidemic occur in these days of sterilization? What about antiseptics, the hospital's precautions against infection? A scandal like this in a hospital sounds, to most people, incredible.

Unfortunately there was nothing unusual about it. Figures show that between 1200 and 1500 babies under one month old annually die from diarrhea. But these are only the official figures. "A large number of deaths among the newborn which should be accredited to diarrhea," explains Dr. Albert E. Heustis, Michigan health commissioner, "are signed out as prematurity, pneumonia or other diseases." Prematurity has long been a convenient tag to hush up the scandal of a diarrhea epidemic. A Massachusetts health officer, suspicious because of the large number of premature deaths reported by one hospital, investigated to discover that an epidemic had been raging for a month. But no one had bothered to notify the authorities.

The question becomes even more urgent. How could this happen? Curiously enough, diarrhea epidemics are partially the result of progress. When women decided to have their babies in a hospital, they made childbirth vastly safer for themselves. They protected their babies, too, by bringing them within swift reach of oxygen, incubators, blood for transfusions.

But they created a new problem, group living for infants. And they created it at a time when our hospitals were least able to solve it. Twenty years ago only one out of every three women was delivered in a hospital. Today nine out of every ten go to the hospital to have babies—and many more women are having babies.

Hospital facilities have been overwhelmed by this onslaught of babies. During the depression and the war years few hospitals were built. Hospitals were understaffed and equipment was meager.

WOMEN shopping for a maternity hospital were not aware of these dangers. They chose a hospital because the visiting hours were generous, or the food good. How many women thought to investigate the quarters where their tiny infants would live? It was natural to assume that everything would be well taken care of. The first indication that things were not going well would be a sick or dying baby.

The lack of hospitals, of adequate space and help, of enough equipment, was not the hospitals' fault. Not so easy to explain, however, are some of the contributing causes discovered in the wake of diarrhea epidemics.

Milk has been unclean. In Washington, D. C., formula bottles were discovered spoiling because the refrigerators were out of order.

Nipples have been dirty. In one Midwestern city the sink in which they were washed was also used by the scrubwoman to clean her brushes.

Hands have been germ-spotted. In New York City investigators found nurses drying their hands on a common towel that was seldom changed.

Hospitals have temporized. Many authorities believe that the only successful method of stopping a diarrhea epidemic is to close down the nursery or even the entire maternity unit until all the sick babies have been discharged and a thorough cleaning job done. But hospital officials, fearing scandal, loss of revenue, have knocked unscientifically on wood, and kept the doors wide open.

IN many cases, "just a few more deliveries" has meant a few more deaths. In one Illinois hospital the staff prayed, delayed, discussed for days, then took the decision to close down its maternity service. The last-born baby didn't have a chance. "We closed down," the superintendent recalled later, "just after a baby was delivered, at eleven o'clock at night. It took that baby only thirty-six hours to develop symptoms and it lived just forty-eight hours."

Slowly, hospitals have been learning from incidents such as these. Slowly they have been learning to build up a sterile wall around each newborn infant so that no germ can break through from the baby in the next bassinet. Hospitals are now adopting in infant nurseries the hand-scrubbing technique of the operating room, terminal sterilization to make the bottle safe, individual aseptic care of each infant in his own bassinet.

Chicago licked the disease first, a full ten years in advance of other cities. In 1937, after an outbreak which killed sixteen babies, Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, the health commissioner, got tough. He ordered a sweeping revision of his city's sanitary code and told his hospital inspectors to crack down hard on violators. Almost immediately Chicago saw results. Although individual infants have died from diarrhea, because no one as yet knows how to stop the first case, Chicago has had no epidemic of infant diarrhea for the past thirteen years.

Since then other groups have jumped in to lick the epidemics. The Children's Bureau in 1943 issued a pamphlet laying down standards for a newborn hospital nursery. The American Academy of Pediatrics prepared another manual of standards and organized local committees to investigate hospitals and work for high standards. New York revised its sanitary code and, in the two years since, no babies have died in an epidemic of diarrhea. Since 1946 over a thousand new hospitals have been built, partly with Federal funds that stipulated the very highest standards. For the first time, in the last five years, every state has some form of hospital licensing.

Changes in the care of newborn babies have also been brought about. You may be surprised to find that your hospital, if it is really top-notch, does not give your baby a bath, does not weigh him daily after the first few days, and takes his temperature once daily instead of every six hours. This leaves

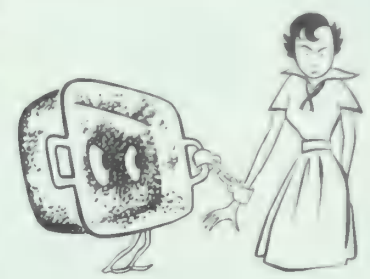
Lullaby

By Elizabeth McFarland

Lay your dove head down
On my love-warm breast;
War and war's alarm
Grant this simple rest;
For the world, though deep and wide,
Suffers every man his bride.
Sleep, my love, there's naught to hide
When love's confessed.

Evil like a darkening tide
Rises round our bed.
Violence breeds in the stars,
Ocean upon ocean wars,
And waves count the dead.
Sleep, my love, I'll compass keep.
Strength will gird you as you sleep;
Be comforted.

May God give all some sweet surcease:
A bride, a buoy, a raft of peace.



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more time for individualized care to prevent infection.

You may be even more surprised, if you are not nursing, to find that baby and his bottle are brought to you for feedings every four hours, instead of the baby's being fed in the nursery. With our present shortage of nurses, individual feeding of every infant is impossible in many hospitals.

Rooming in, the system whereby a mother and infant are kept together during their hospital stay, is growing in favor as a means of cutting down epidemics. Duke Hospital in Durham, North Carolina, began this over three years ago and, out of 1700 babies, only four have had infections sufficiently severe to require removal to an isolation nursery, and only one has had diarrhea.

All these steps are helpful, of course, but they by no means remove all possible danger. If you are about to have a baby, you would do well to ask several pertinent questions:

Are there specially trained doctors, an obstetrician, and a pediatrician preferably, in charge of the maternity division, and available for consultation if needed?

Are there facilities for separating sick from well infants? Is there also a suspect nursery to which a baby can be removed if he shows signs of illness?

Is the formula prepared in a separate room, apart from the kitchen? Are there facilities for sterilizing bottles in a modern way, and a specialist to supervise their preparation?

Is there a place in the nursery for proper hand washing, with plenty of soap and hot water?

Is there a trained nursing supervisor who can teach other personnel how to care for babies, who has the authority to remove an ill baby without wasting time in red tape?

Having made sure of your hospital, you can protect yourself by obeying its rules. You're only hurting yourself and your baby if you try to sneak in an extra visitor or suggest that a friend remain behind for when the baby is brought in for nur

Hospital administrators complain "country-club" atmosphere many expect of their maternity hospital. who sit on beds, throw their coats ar chairs, and leave shortly before the brought out from the nursery are a contact which may be one factor spread of disease.

If friends with a cold or diarrhea visit you, tell them bluntly they welcome. More important, report doctor any illness or diarrhea you m suffered in the week or so prior delivery. Babies can be infected b mothers during the trip through th canal. If the hospital knows of your you will be delivered in an isolatio and your baby separated from other to prevent any infection from spread

To protect your baby, you must alert for symptoms of diarrhea dur first week the infant is home. Delay in s and treating this disease may mea infant's life. If he has four or mor stools in a day, especially if they are sive or leave a watery ring on the d he fails to gain or starts losing weigh drowsy, hard to waken, refuses food, c doctor at once. Do not worry, how a breast-fed baby with no other sign ness has more than four stools a day

Far better than treatment is prev As Mrs. Public, your voice raised abuses where they still exist in hospi series will carry heavy weight. Rem too, that hospitals do not deliberate ace the infants entrusted to them. T ditions revealed here have been due of funds, lack of trained personnel, aries, outmoded buildings, ignorance you can help better such conditions, have struck a blow in defense of your The demand for action should not a not wait on tragedy. TH

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VOL. LXVIII NO. 9

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September 1951

Journalities

BORIS



Grace Boynton

Ideas of what makes "the full life" vary, but if you were to ask GRACE BOYNTON, who has certainly lived one, she would tell you about her New England ancestry, her home in Medford, Massachusetts, where she was born and now lives, and her years of travel, study and teaching in China—and fail to mention her own gentle, indomitable spirit which makes all the difference. Readers will learn of that between the lines of her novel, ***The River Garden of Pure Repose*** (Page 38). In 1919 she sailed for China, under an appointment of the missionary organization of Congregational Churches, and taught in Yenching University in Peking for thirty years. For twenty years her hobby has been the study of Chinese gardens—a little-known and fast-vanishing branch of Chinese art. ▪ JEAN TODD FREEMAN says her story, ***The Green Scarf*** (Page 10), is "fiction based on fact—it changed from a basic experience in the writing process." Jean was graduated from Mount Holyoke this year. Other than writing, her interests are dancing (ballet) and riding—especially her own colt, Tennessee Tango. Her home is in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. • The JOURNAL presents LAURA WINSTON, who knows about love. "I'm twenty-three," she tells us, "born in Auburn, New York. I am the product of many Wood Hollow Halls, and my love life during these formative years consisted of a half-dozen Clarence Rassmussens. The only flaw was that I adored all six of them. Their letters, complete with 'ha-ha's,' thrilled me. (See ***Devotedly, Patrick Henry Casebolt***, Page 46.) I've always wanted to write and I began at the age of thirteen, submitting stories to magazines under my brother's name. He was a football player and I thought his name would carry more weight than mine."



Jean Freeman



Laura Winston

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■ **Just-the-right notions**—everything you need at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. Everything from pinking shears to braid. And SINGER will make buttonholes, cover buttons, make belts at tiny prices.



These back-to-school sister outfits—pretty, practical little jumpers and blouses—are made from Simplicity Patterns 3649 and 3647.

Choose yours today! Prices from $89.50

MINIMUM DOWN PAYMENT **BUDGET TERMS** **LIBERAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE**



The SINGER SEWING CENTER above is at 1010 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. More than a thousand others from coast to coast. For address nearest you, see classified phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION, SINGER sells and services its Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red "S" Trade Mark and "SINGER SEWING CENTER" on the window, and never through department stores, dealers, or other outlets.

YOURS with every new SINGER

- Course in home sewing. A series of lessons under expert SINGER instructors at your local SINGER SEWING CENTER.
- Basic set of SINGER* Attachments, including hemmer, gatherer, ruffler.
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SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

100th ANNIVERSARY

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Our Readers Write us

Help Still Wanted

Oak Hill, Ohio

Dear Editors: Thank you for printing a How America Lives article about a mother who does more yelling and spanking than I do. I've just read about Algy Peterson, and she has my sympathy completely. I have four children and not as many housekeeping conveniences as she has. Like Algy, I wait until after the children's bedtime to give a sigh and relax.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. ART CRUSAN

• *Most popular How America Lives stories are, invariably, those about wives up to their eyes in trouble. Is this because women love soap opera? Or do women love soap opera because it's so much like life? ED.*

A Kiss in Time

Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors: Love makes a big difference with all children, and making a child stay in a room seems a poor way of expressing it. Sitting for just ten minutes reading to a child or building a house or making a scrapbook would save Algy Peterson a lot of grief.

Sincerely,
(Name withheld by request.)

• *In for a penny, in for a pound. It's love that makes the world go round. ED.*

Democracy Begins at Home

• *Following is a condensation of a letter which appeared in the bulletin of the Madeira School Alumnae Association. The Madeira School, Falls Church, Virginia, is a school for girls, generally thought to be "sheltered" from the mundane facts of homemaking and the harsh facts of war. Miss Madeira, the school's unusually sagacious head, gives instead some blunt but sound advice. ED.*

Dear Girls: In Communism we have a totalitarian form of government; in a democratic society we have a freedom of choice. When we chose a democratic way of life to live under, we chose the most difficult form that has ever yet been invented. The opposite side of a democratic society is responsibility. Unless a very large majority of the people in a democratic society take an active and vigorous part in the life of that society, it will not function properly and it will not last. Its success depends upon how many care.

In the last Federal election only 51 per cent of the possible voters went to the polls. That meant that 49 per cent were indifferent and stayed at home. This is a pretty dreadful story. In 1800, when there was not a paved road in the whole country, 80 per cent of the voters went to the polls. Our early passion for our country seems to have grown cold.

Now we have the possibility of another great war on our hands. If war should come, we shall be devastated. No one will be either safe or secure. We must be prepared to find a way to live in serenity, if not in safety. So I am urging you all to have gardens: to work in them with your own hands, to grow the food you will eat; then to become excellent cooks and have what I like to call deep family life. By deep family life, I mean enjoying one another by reading aloud as a family; playing games together; hearing good music every day, and bringing in friends. Family life is the richest thing in this world.

I am one who believes that we shall not have a World War, either now or in the future. Perhaps it is fortunate for us that we have the atom bomb, for it may become a deterrent to war. We have a choice between the atom bomb and trying to find a way to get on with people all over the world. I feel bound to say that it is harder to find a way to get on with people than it is to use the atom bomb. We must demonstrate a democratic society on a finer scale than we have ever done. We must gird our loins for greater strength of living than we have ever done before. Unless a very large per cent of the educated and intelligent people in the country take a part in its life, we shall not survive.

LUCY MADEIRA WING

Happy Work

Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Editors: Your How America Lives is so interesting and enjoyable that I wonder who gets the greatest thrill out of it—the photographer, the writer, the editors of the JOURNAL, the people who read the magazine, or the people about whom the article is written?

Sincerely,
MRS. EMIL KUBIN

■ *Our feeling is that everybody has more fun than the stay-at-home editors, but even that is a pleasure. ED.*

Shapely Armful

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Editors: When you see my baby's picture, I just know you'll want to further adorn your magazine with it. She's 2 years old and 35 inches tall. She weighs 38 pounds, which makes her a shapely armful, as you can see.



The smaller doll is probably a boy.

Yours very truly,
MRS. I. CRACCHIOLA

Lackadaisical Lovers

Rome, Italy

Dear Editors: Is it true that the American man considers love and love-making a secondary thing to be taken in doses, coolly, like pills prescribed by the doctor? No wonder, then, that the American woman becomes irked and authoritative. She, perhaps subconsciously, is only giving vent to frustrated feelings. It's logical that she should find other ways to channel her affection and love when the man, more



New IVORY FLAKES
with Radiant Action
keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer

Give yourself a lift in your leisure hours . . . dress your prettiest while you relax! Why shouldn't you? New Ivory Flakes will keep your precious "at home" washables sparkling bright, washing after washing.

You see, new Ivory Flakes has "Radiant Action"—an entirely new kind of beauty protection for fine washables. So when you change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes, your nice washables will keep their radiant, brand-new beauty through more wearings and washings than you ever thought was possible!

Why take chances? You *know* your fine washables are safe in Ivory Flakes! It's the soap millions of mothers use for baby's clothes, when only the mildest soap will do. It's the *only* flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too. Get a box today!

Longer wear for nylons!
Change to gentle care and use pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then you'll keep stocking colors fresh up to twice as long!



If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care

99 44/100% Pure!



Now you can deep-fry all foods at home.....

as Expertly as the World's Finest Chefs!



DOUBLE ORDINARY SIZE

JUMBO FRY-BASKET (9 x 9 x 4½ inches) provides greater frying capacity. Enables you to deep-fry as little as you want or as much as you need for average family servings ALL AT ONCE.

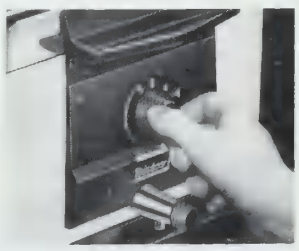
Yes, *it's fun to keep house the* PRESTO *way!*

Deep-fried foods, the kind usually served only in the world's finest restaurants, can now be made right in your own kitchen . . . easily, quickly, economically, with the amazing new PRESTO *Automatic* DIXIE-FRYER!

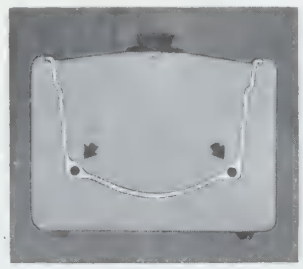
How the family will go for these golden-brown, crispy, full-flavored deep-fried taste-thrillers! Whether it's chicken or doughnuts, steaks or shrimp, fish or fritters, onions or okra, croquettes or canapes, potatoes or hush-puppies, PRESTO deep-fried delicacies always have that "French chef" appeal!

Exclusive, exact, PRESTO *automatic temperature control* prevents soggy, grease-soaked foods, and over-heating of shortening. And, you can use the same shortening, over and over again, without transfer of food flavors! For best results in preparing deep-fried foods every time, use a PRESTO *Automatic* DIXIE-FRYER!

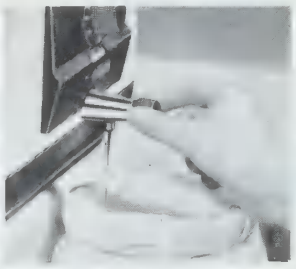
Get your PRESTO DIXIE-FRYER wherever quality electrical housewares are available.



AUTOMATIC TEMPERATURE CONTROL KNOB . . . Once set, this highly accurate thermostat automatically maintains proper heat for best frying results. 200-400 degree range for frying all foods.



CAST-IN LONG LIFE HEATING ELEMENT . . . Sealed type heating unit in sides, leaves a cool well below heating unit . . . prevents burning of collected food particles. 1350 watts AC only.



FLO-RITE DRAIN SPOUT . . . For extra convenience and safety in removing shortening . . . makes cleaning and storing of shortening for repeated use a fast, simple process.



GIVEN . . . Included, at no extra cost with every PRESTO DIXIE-FRYER, a beautifully illustrated 40-page instruction-recipe book on deep-frying of all foods . . . more than 100 individual recipes.

Give ELECTRICAL HOUSEWARES . . . *First Choice for Every Gift Occasion*

NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY, Eau Claire, Wisconsin ©1951 N.P.C. CO.

Made by the Makers of World Famous PRESTO COOKERS and PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRONS!

frequently than not, is not receptive to those things.

It takes more than a mirror to understand women—American women in particular. I have met American women behind the front lines, in offices, in hospitals and in social work, and I can truthfully say that I admired their way of thinking and seeing things. I admired their morale, their work and, above all, their frankness, which no European-born-and-bred woman has.

Cordially,
PAOLO SUMAN,
Conte Di Cesana

• *It is our considered belief that American women are wonderful—but we reserve the right to believe that many are more wonderful than others. ED.*

Blood Bank Pays Dividend

Dem Haag, Netherlands

Dear Editors: Miss Hickey's feature on the Red Cross bloodmobile has reminded me to count my blessings especially fervently again today. Last spring I flew home to have our long-desired second child. "Home" is an Illinois community in the area served by the St. Louis blood center. The eight pints of blood I received undoubtedly saved my life and my child's. The blood bank made it possible for me to have as much blood as I needed as soon as I needed it. And though one doesn't count cost where life is concerned, it was wonderful to know there were no professional donors to pay.

Sincerely,
JAYNE S. MILLER

• *Anyone who has not, at some time, donated blood—unless medical reasons prohibit—is a stinker, a no-good, and ought to be run out of town on a rail! What we mean is that such a person certainly isn't doing his part. ED.*

Are Divorcees Glamorous?

Hackensack, New Jersey

Dear Editors: One of the things that have often puzzled me is *where* authors get their models for divorcees. In the ten years since my own divorce I have, through my work, become acquainted with well over 100 divorcees—in the Midwest, California and Washington, D. C., as well as metropolitan New York—and only one of them in the least resembles the brittle, irresponsible creatures that women's magazines are so fond of portraying. Most divorcees I know are hard-working women, too busy trying to be both mother and father to their youngsters—too exhausted from bringing home the bacon and cooking it too—to be even as sociable as the married women who are their neighbors. The *average* divorcee is not particularly glamorous, and I would like *just once* to see a writer dramatize the hundreds who are uncomplainingly and courageously paying with their mature years of life for a mistake in judgment (of one kind or another) of their youth.

Sincerely,
BARBARA WHITMORE HENRY

• *Glamorous or not, sociable or not, the facts are that chances for remarriage for the divorced are, age for age, greater than for the widowed and even greater than for the girl who has never married. For the divorcee of age 30, the chances of eventual remarriage are 94 in 100. This is more than 50 per cent greater than the chances for the widow of the same age, which are 60 in 100, and almost double the chances of eventual marriage for a spinster of age 30 (48 in 100). ED.*

What Christian Science Really Is

Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Friends: We are reluctant to write to you with regard to Mother is a Schiz, by Rita Eng, in the May issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, because we are well aware of, and respect, a writer's right to interpret life as he sees it. On the other hand, we feel sincerely that the reference to Christian Science gave an unnecessarily misleading picture of what Christian Science really is.

"When the crisis had passed, Beth said, 'Polly, what good does your training do you if you can't apply the concepts to yourself? Now just lie there and tell your-

(Continued on Page 8)

Avoid soggy crust in pumpkin pie this easy way



—a pie-baking hint from MARIE GIFFORD, *Armour's famous home economist*

To keep the crust from soaking up moisture in pumpkin *or* custard pies, spread a little beaten egg over the unbaked crust with a pastry brush or the back of spoon. You can do this economically because you'll later use the rest of the beaten egg to make the filling. Place crust in refrigerator to let egg dry before adding the filling.



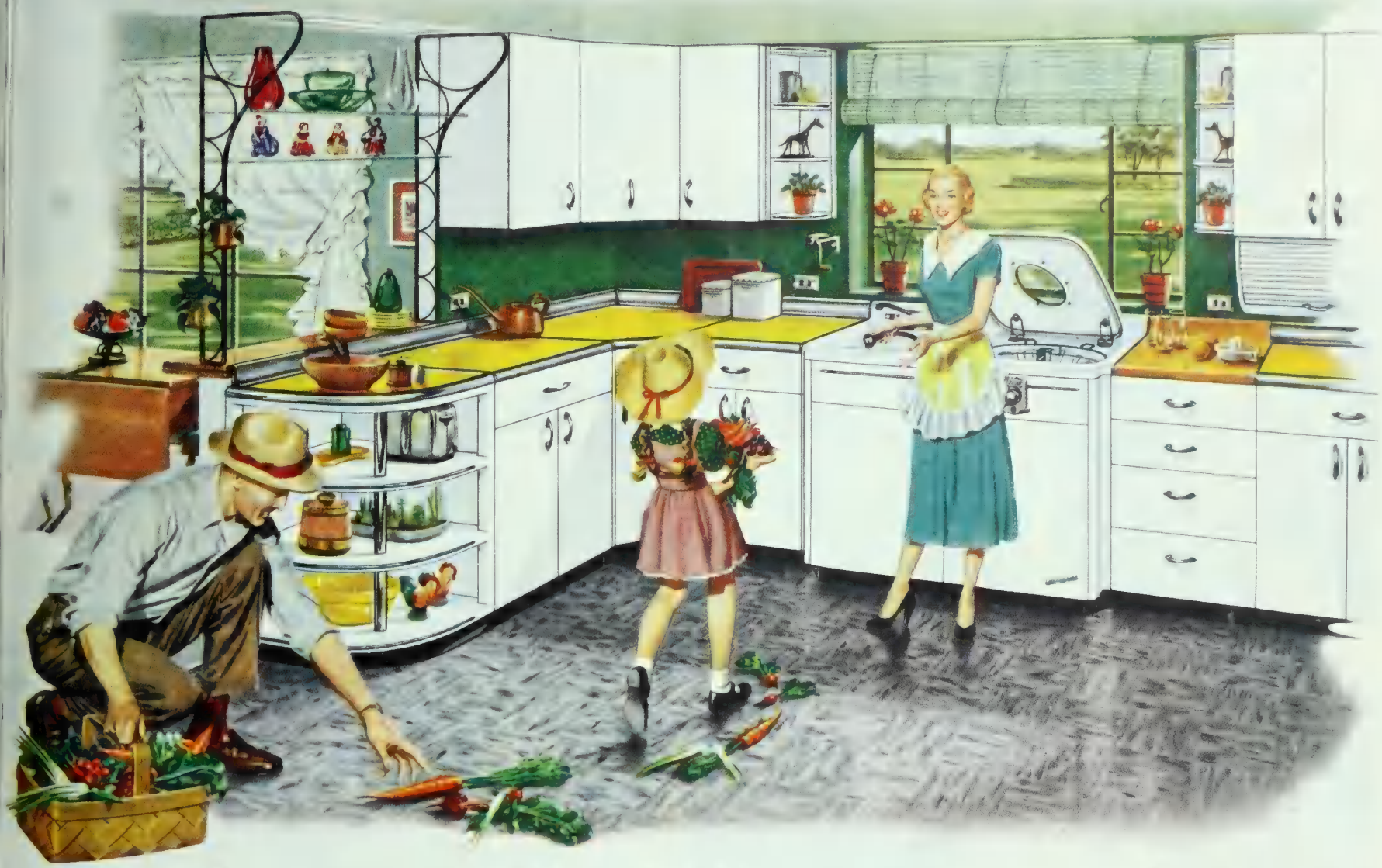
And for crusts that are always delicciously flaky and tender, use America's perfect pie lard! It's Armour Star Lard—the lard of pie-baking champions! Next time you visit your grocer's, take home one of the handy, self-measuring cartons of Armour Star Lard. And be sure to try Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe that's printed on it. With this easy, can't-fail recipe you mix all ingredients *at room temperature.* Armour Star Lard makes wonderfully light and tender biscuits — makes all your fried foods more digestible, too!

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 462, Box 20, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois. She will help you with any pie-baking problem you may have. Write to Marie Gifford, too, for an interesting free booklet of her favorite baking recipes.



Armour Star Lard

—the new-type lard that stays fresh without refrigeration. Remember, lard saves you money, too!



The house with a Youngstown Kitchen is worth more!



The minute your Youngstown Kitchen is installed you'll set a higher value on your house . . . and so will somebody who would like to own it. And this is lasting value, because a Youngstown Kitchen is of sturdy, die-made steel that stays lovely. So start enjoying happier kitchen living now . . . and increase the value of your home investment at the same time. No home improvement could give you greater pleasure!



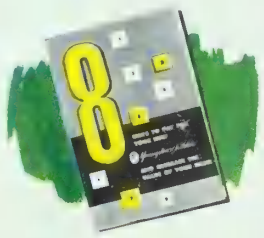
Imagine the kind of kitchen you've always wanted . . . with just-right storage space and work areas . . . with garbage completely eliminated . . . with such work-saving marvels as the new Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower Dishwasher that completely modernizes dishwashing! This brighter, easier living can be yours because Youngstown Kitchens gleaming, *white-enameled steel* units are designed to give you a luxury kitchen at piggy-bank prices.

Youngstown Kitchens

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • WARREN, OHIO

Youngstown Kitchens are sold throughout the World

Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.



8 easy ways to buy! Did you know that there are eight ways to buy a Youngstown Kitchen today? Send the coupon for Youngstown Kitchens' famous "Ideas and Decoration" booklet and the new booklet that tells about these purchase plans. You'll find it much easier than you'd thought to have the world's most famous kitchen.

Let your factory-trained Youngstown Kitchen dealer show you your dream kitchen in perfect miniature and how to save on installation. If building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen—you'll *save!*



Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. L-951, Warren, Ohio

Please send me your "Kitchen Ideas and Decoration" booklet plus "8 Ways" booklet. I enclose 10c in cash (no stamps, please) to cover cost of mailing.

I plan to build ☐ I plan to remodel ☐

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

COUNTY STATE

© 1951 Mullins Manufacturing Corporation

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



Blonde hair gleams with bright gold



Brunette hair dances with dark fire



Red hair takes on burnished glory



Gray, White hair shines with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

A DAZZLING LIFT! New lanolin-enriched Shasta Cream Shampoo glorifies your natural hair color. It does not add artificial color to your hair, but gives your own true color a dazzling lift.

"SUPER" CLEANS HAIR! New Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair. This super cleansing action is the secret of the shining, sparkling color after your Shasta shampoo. For Shasta leaves each strand so radiantly clean the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA IS SAFE! Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe. Lathers *out* color-dulling grime. Leaves *in* precious natural oils your hair needs to be soft, healthy, glamorous.

MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a lock of hair. Put this lock aside while you shampoo the rest of your hair with new Shasta.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is dry, compare the unwashed lock with your soft and radiant Shasta-washed hair. If not convinced that new Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

Big economy jar 4 full ounces 89¢
also 57¢..... 29¢



NEW COLOR-SPARKING Shasta *"SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY*
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

(Continued from Page 6)

self over and over, 'I'm not sick, I'm scared. I'm not sick, I'm scared.'

"'That's Christian Science.'"

Just for the record, Christian Science neither ignores sickness nor does it consist merely of trying to tell oneself that one isn't sick. It does heal sickness through correcting false concepts in human thought and bringing to light man's real nature as a child of God.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE CHANNING,
Manager, Committees on Publication
The First Church of Christ, Scientist

The Trouble With Parents

Boulder, Colorado

Dear Editors: Mothers and fathers are quite a problem sometimes. But other times they are quite useful things, as when you get very sick or have big problems to decide.

Parents are always bothering. If you want to go out, you have to stay in. If you want to stay in, you have to go out. Another thing is that they talk too long. We want to ask something, but we know it is rude to butt in, so we just have to wait our turn.

Parents are always disturbing children from their play to do something. Another thing, they give out free spankings, and that makes me mad.

Sometimes, us children run into difficulties, then my parents blame me for things whether it is my fault or not. But I can see their point of view, for I'm the oldest of our five kids, so I have most responsibility, but I also have the most allowance and privileges and things like that.

Yours truly,
CONNIE PEPER
Age 10

• ***No comment. ED.***

When the Past was Still Future

Oakland, California

Dear Sir: According to 50 Years Ago in the Journal, in 1901, there were no electric refrigerators, irons or phonographs. No electric irons? I *doubt*. In the winter of 1887–1888, an egg was fried for me on an electric plate. No electric phonographs? Possibly correct, but *very improbable*. In the summer of 1878, at Marietta, Ohio, I talked into one of the first three phonographs made by Edison, and heard my speech repeated. It does not seem likely that the phonograph waited 23 years for electric power when electric streetcars were operating in the 1880's. I have before now encountered young folk to whom 50 years ago seemed like the prehistoric past. I distinctly remember Grant's first presidential campaign in 1868. Yours truly,
LINCOLN DARROW

■ ***One of the hardest things for people to believe is that people 50 years ago lived and loved—and called each other harsh names—very much as people do now. This despite the fact that everyone knows that, in half a century, we—you and I—are all going to be those queer old people who lived 50 years ago. Imagine! ED.***

On the Ball

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England

Dear Bruce and Beatrice: This is the season of fairs, when every village green suddenly sprouts a roundabout (or carrousel), swing boats, and a terrible thing called a jungle ride, on which you tear round an undulating course on a crocodile or tiger which emits fearful wailing bellows. There are rifle ranges and hoop-la stalls (the prizes are no longer what they once were) and a thing where you throw tennis balls and knock things down and then they are yours. This particular stall recalls poignantly to me a day when my children were small, and I took them to the fair, and Jock anchored at this particular stall. He was rather good with a ball. After he had won the best box of chocolates, a bottle of eau de Cologne, quite a decent doll which he gave to Mary, and a safety razor which he said he would save up for the future, the stall keeper drew me aside and said savagely, "How much to take the little —— home!"

Love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK



Skin beginning to look dry?

after 25
drying skin
begins to **show!**

IT'S NOTICEABLE the way skin often begins to *look drier* after 25.

At about this age, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

You need a *special replacer* to offset this drying out. Use this special Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

See below how this quick *un*-drier works to soften and repair common dry skin troubles. Begin to get this wonderful help—now!



Little Dry-Skin Puckers under lip make your mouth look "set," older.

To Relax—Always at bedtime help supple this dry skin with softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream, smoothing in well from center of lip out and up to corners. This rich cream is homogenized to soak in better. Feel it begin to soften your dry skin right away.



Tiny Dry Lines Etch In between your eyes, on forehead.

To Smooth Down—Circle on plenty of Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream. Work it firmly *up* between your eyes—*out* over eyebrows to temples. Leave a little of this special-rich cream on overnight for extra softening help.

start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream today.

Rich in *lanolin*, it is *homogenized* and has a special softening *emulsifier*.

At night: work this rich cream in generously. By day: use very lightly under make-up. Get *your* jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream right away! 98¢, 55¢, 31¢, 15¢ (all plus tax).

THE LADY MAUREEN COOPER says: "*Pond's Dry Skin Cream is superbly rich—quite the nicest I've used.*"

"Let the tide take her out... I WON'T!"





WHAT A DAMNING thing to say about a pretty girl out to make the most of her holiday! Attracted by her good looks, men dated her once but never took her out a second time. And for a very good reason*. So, the vacation that could have been so gay and exciting, became a dull and dreary flop. And she, herself, was the last to suspect why.

How's Your Breath Today?

Unfortunately, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) without realizing it. Rather than guess about this condition or run a foolish risk, why not get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic? Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and between times before every date where you want to be at your best. It's efficient! It's refreshing! It's delightful!

To Be Extra-Careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . *not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.* So, don't trust makeshifts effective only momentarily . . . trust Listerine Antiseptic. It's part of your passport to popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE...

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

...it's Breath Taking!

They wear the cleanest clothes in town

. . . "Mother" swears by TIDE!



♪♪
They wear the cleanest clothes in town–
It's **Tide** that does the trick!
It's **Tide** that keeps both Pop and Junior
Looking mighty slick! ♫

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!



No soap—no other product sold throughout America will wash as clean as TIDE!

CLEANER CLOTHES! When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got the *cleanest* clothes in town . . . cleaner clothes than any other woman will get with *any* soap of *any* kind. And here's why—Tide not only gets out the ordinary dirt, but *removes dulling soap film*, as well.

WHITER, TOO! Tide has been tested time after time against *all* leading washday soaps. And—tests made in *hardest* water—prove that Tide gets clothes cleaner and *whiter* than any soap! What's more, after just *one* Tide wash, soap-dulled colors actually come *brighter!*

WASHDAY PROOF! Millions of you women have *proved* Tide's miracle. You've seen the proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts . . . in your own bright wash prints. And, with all this, Tide is kind to your hands—milder than ever before. Get Tide today—for the *cleanest* wash in town!

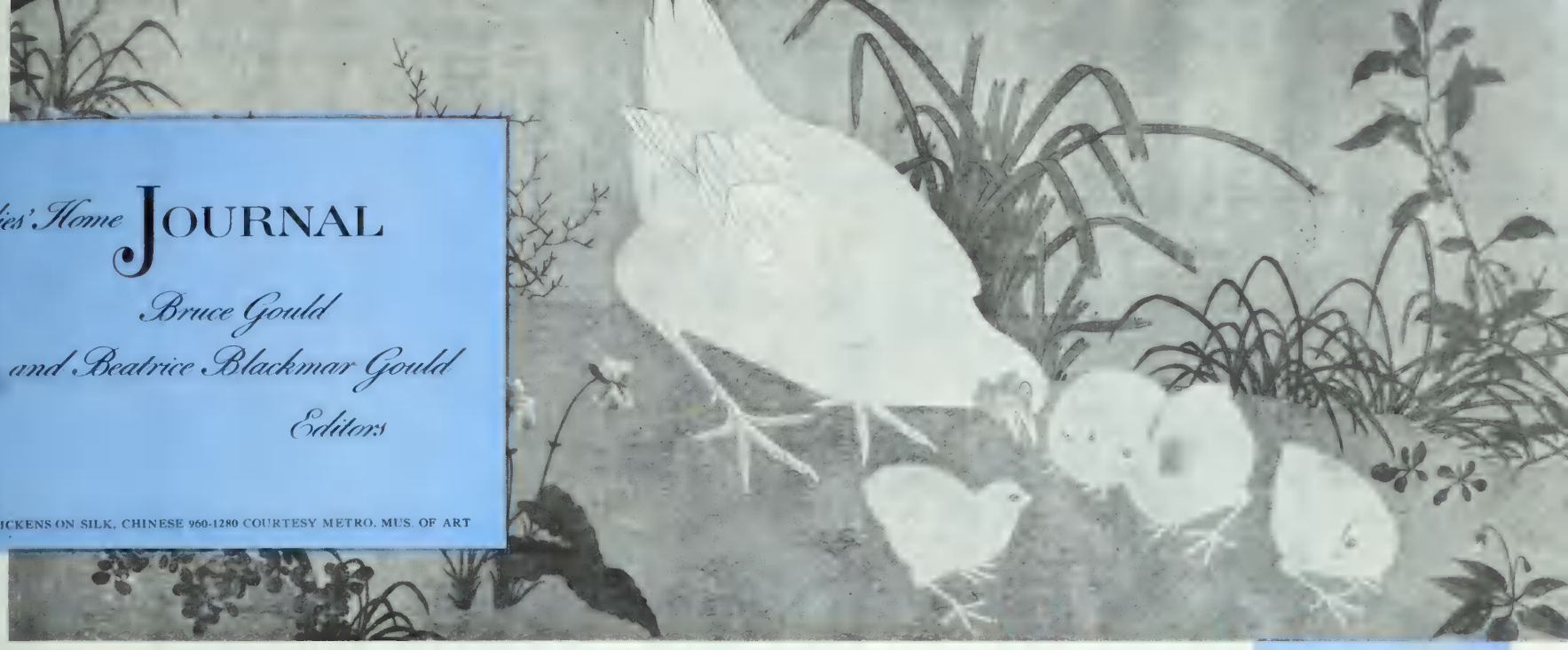
P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you *can* skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould
and Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors



...S AND CHICKENS ON SILK, CHINESE 960-1280 COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART

"I Love You"

A Lesson in Basic Semantics for a Beloved Daughter

By CHARLES INGERMAN

Much depends on whether the man who says, "I love you," is married or single, especially if he's married and you're single.

In a canoe on a placid lake with the moon shining and music from a portable radio sweetening the night air, it may mean no more than: "We've escaped the old folks, baby. Give me a kiss."

It may mean: "Let's hit the trail for Gretna Green, darling," or it may mean it's time to hide your savings-bank passbook.

It may mean: "I want you."

Some people think it sounds better in translation—Italian, Swedish or Hungarian.

Many an otherwise satisfactory husband has gone to his grave without warming his wife's heart enough with these magic words.

One observation is that women put more stock in it than do men.

There's a curious convention: some men think any philandering acceptable conduct as long as they say, "I love you," to only one woman—or only one woman at a time.

Many a man has come to his silver-wedding anniversary with only the foggiest idea of what the little woman means when she says it. Many a woman too.

It may mean: "I'm glad I'm alive"; "I'm glad you're alive"; or even, "I'm glad we're alive."

It may mean, depending on the circumstances and the tone of voice: "You're dead right"; "You're dead wrong"; or "You shouldn't believe me under oath."

(Continued on Page 202)

The Lesson of Korea

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

THE great experience of the twentieth century that requires digestion is that war no longer serves any ends—ideological, material or spiritual.

It does not serve society, but destroys it; it does not serve the state, but absorbs it, along with the whole of human culture. It does not release the heroic virtues except in isolated instance, nor purify the human mind and heart, but brutalizes, and makes vicious and callous.

This is, above all, what women must communicate to the world—and communicate it free of censorship or propaganda for official policies.

The war in Korea will not have been fought in vain for those who will learn its lesson. On that Asian peninsula great powers have clashed. One may assume that neither side anticipated the extent or duration of the conflict. The surprise attack from the north, launched without warning or declaration of war, held every promise of immediate and definitive success. Political aspects were beclouded by a war between two states, each of dubious legitimacy.

Korea, under the remote suzerainty of China until, in the last century, it was conquered by Japan, had been "liberated" during World War II by Russian and American troops. The two occupation armies faced each other at an artificial dividing line—the 38th latitudinal parallel. At no time was Korean unity an issue, either between the great powers or the Koreans. Both North and South Korea desired unification.

So in January, 1948, a commission was empowered by the General Assembly of the United Nations to supervise election of an all-Korean national assembly. It was refused admission to North Korean territory. Instead, a communist government was set up there, and the formation of a "People's Army" was announced. In May elections were held in South Korea, and the Republic of Korea proclaimed in that part of the country. Thus, two states came into being—each to some degree under the aegis of foreign armies of occupation.

(Continued on Page 14)

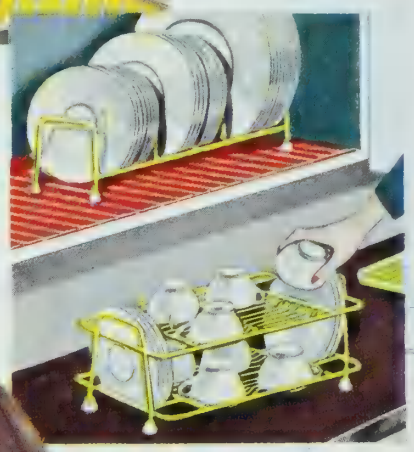
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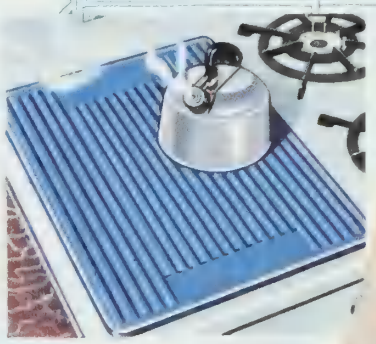
YOUR DISHES—DRAINED DRY IN A WINK! Rubbermaid Deluxe Dish-Drying Combination features deluxe dish drainer with stand-up silver holder, extra-wide draining tray with room for pots and pans. Just stack your dishes, rinse with scalding water, and they're dry in minutes!





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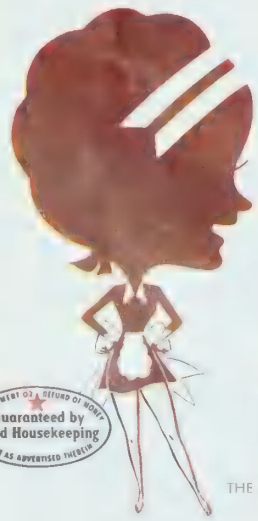
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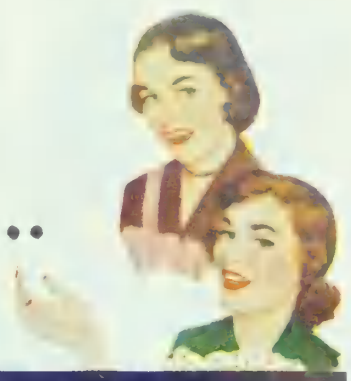
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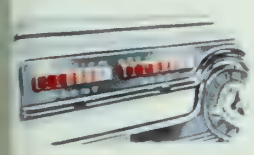
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GAS RANGES for *you*, from one of the world's finest plants, by the makers of over 2,000,000 highest-quality major home appliances!

Each of the 6 gracefully-styled models is full of Murray improvements to make *your* cooking finer than ever . . . *your* range-cleaning *easier* than ever! One-piece tops eliminate seams! High broiler is more convenient for you; truly smokeless! And every Murray range is all welded to give you *many years* of dependable performance.

ELECTRIC RANGES combining all the delightful features you want for easier, better-controlled cooking! You'll enjoy the new, simple, color control heat tuning, the high-speed 7-heat surface units so quickly cleaned, the dependable Robertshaw automatic thermostats, the economy of full Fiberglas insulation!

Any one of the 7 beautiful new models you select will give you *long years* of care-free, reliable service.





DEPENDABLE CONTROLS (Robertshaw) for excellent results every time! Interval Timer (audible) is built into accurate electric clock.



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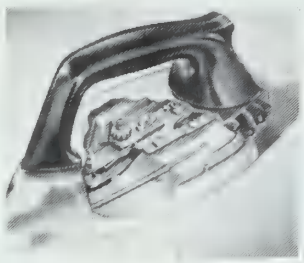


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5 full years

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HIGH-SPEED HEAT WITH THE SPLIT-SECOND COMEBACK

1000-watt element is cast into aluminum sole plate for instant, uniform heat distribution; irons faster, irons better.



THIS AUTOMATIC CONTROL MEANS WHAT IT SAYS

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Think of an iron so dependably built that it can be guaranteed —not for 90 days—not for a year—but for *five full years!* A beautiful iron — packed with easy-ironing, time-saving, work-saving features to add hours to your leisure! That's the Arvin automatic electric iron—built to bring new ease and comfort to you, every ironing day for years and years! See it at your dealer's! Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana (Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.) Model 2100 illustrated: $12.95

Model 2200, Arvin Automatic Iron, $11.95; Model 2300, Arvin Dual Control Iron, $14.95. All Arvin Irons guaranteed five full years!

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Also makers of Arvin Electric Housewares, TV, Radios, Car Heaters, Metal Furniture, and Ironing Tables.



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Arvin's safety-locked cord is anchored for keeps, jerk-proof and secure. Unbreakable rubber plug for longer life.

(Continued from Page 11)

For nearly two years there was an uneasy peace between the two states. The American and Russian forces departed, each leaving organized armies behind. The United States did not encourage the building of formidable South Korean forces. They were hardly more than a frontier guard. But the North Korean People's Army was trained as a strong offensive force. When it attacked in June, 1950, its successes were immediate. It was obvious that, without assistance, South Korea would easily be conquered and another state added to the already vast communist dominions whose guidance and direction are centered in Moscow.

Something had to be done, assuming that the premises of the United Nations were worthy of support—and on those rested the whole of American policy. So troops were sent from Japan, followed by troops from the United States, and from other countries. The battle was on.

Seldom—as a London Times military correspondent put it a year later—"has there been a war in which fortunes have swayed so frequently and so violently." Yet a decision could not be reached within the confines of Korea on either side.

This realization impelled the hearings in Congress: to extend or not to extend the war. The whole world was distressed. Outside the United States, UN countries feared that a long, indecisive war might disastrously affect their fortunes. Realization was widespread that a war with China proper might continue forever, given equal will on both sides. The frightful destruction wrought by the opposing armies upon Korea itself, the immense loss of civilian life, the millions of homeless refugees appalled every conscience.

> **They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.**
> —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

One could not say, in the grave words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, "Both sides invoke the same God," for communists do not invoke God, but only the "inevitable historical process" and the dialectics of their materialist philosophy. Yet both sides do invoke the same ideals. Each—with whatever mental reservations—proclaims the sovereign independence of nations. Each has abjured, in the United Nations Charter, resort to force. Each declares itself to be "fighting for peace." Each champions "democracy." Each claims to protect the economically oppressed.

Each side is fearful of the future—and the Korean war cannot have encouraged the hopes of either for an easy victory in any general war, or, for that matter, of any victory at all.

I DO not assume for a moment that the lesson of Korea is lost on Russia. There are, to be sure, voices predicting that this year or next, when the Soviets have built up an atomic stockpile, they will launch satellite armies against Yugoslavia or Germany. There are even those who think that we should manage, somehow, to provoke an attack, wage a "preventive war" and "get the dirty business over with."

I, for one, do not anticipate such action from the Soviets. Nor am I sure that, in the minds of Soviet leaders, there may not be dawning an inkling of forces at work in the universe, hitherto uncomprehended in their philosophy. I believe that Soviet leaders are genuinely afraid—however hateful and aggressive their words may continue to be. It is difficult for a leadership trained for a generation in an idiom to speak in any other. Whatever advances may be under way in Soviet atomic science, they must know that advances here are even more rapid.

On the credit side of the balance sheet in Korea must be put some elements of restraint shown by both sides. Although there were public demands for the use of the atom bomb, it was not used. In this war there was no cry for "unconditional surrender," nor did General MacArthur's statement, "In war there is no substitute for victory," awaken public response, from those who so enthusiastically tribute at his home-coming. Rather human heart responds, "There must substitute for war."

The extent to which the Soviet U encouraged and aided the Red Chine not exactly known. Yet there were signs from last spring onward that the sians, if they could achieve it without of face, would like the war to end wit having to commit their own forces. sides, it was apparent, feared the exten of the conflict.

IF Korea teaches any lesson at all, that the days of decisive wars are over Russian in his senses can believe that Eurasian land power, or combinatio them, could defeat the United States North America, or win anything from a struggle.

No American in his senses can be that the United States could defeat Soviet Union or the great land mas Eurasia, or win anything from suc struggle.

And no one in his senses can believ day that a people can be "liberated war fought on its soil.

War, which is the art or scienc destroying the enemy, has, in fact, rea such perfection that it has become ut senseless, destroying not only the en but all alike. Even were decisive vic possible, it would offer the victor not but the intolerable burden of pouring wealth, work, labor and men, indefini to maintain its Py victory.

The engines of mo war are even destro all previous concept military strategy— as the traditional or the necessity of b near the "poten enemy." Soon there be no part of the world that canno assaulted directly from any other without intervening way stations. Ar to assume, then, that one or the othe the great powers *will* assault the oth— for no conceivably desirable end?

That is to assume that the world is r by maniacs. It is, in fact, ruled by lim and, for the most part, mediocre men, r of them very much afraid. For their fulness, and even for their mediocrity should, perhaps, be thankful. Hitler, i way, was a genius, but his fate and the of his country recommend less genius more common sense.

Thus the war in Korea, which threate to set off a world war, may more rea ably prove to be only a postwar convul following half a century of war, if its le is fully grasped.

However it ends—or may have end we shall not have the peace that prophets have proclaimed in vain for th sands of years. Neither side will h realized its hopes. The lion will not down with the lamb, nor a little child them, for such a peace would require a versal act of conversion and determina to do unto others as one would that ot should do unto oneself.

But if a Cold War is turned into a C Peace, even on the restraining basis mutual fear, and precarious coexiste that is a step forward.

If gradually more and more people come aware that it is not the end t justifies the means, but the means always determine the end—that will step forward.

If, after a century and a half of ramp materialism, promoted not first by the R sians, but by the most advanced Wes peoples, there comes a new spiritual aw ening; if once again large numbers of pe not only believe, but really *know*, t those who seek righteousness will ach adequate material rewards from natur

(Continued on Page 215)



Parties are more play and less work with Samson folding furniture



Sets up in a jiffy . . . No cloths to launder . . . Spills wipe right off!

Parties practically give *themselves* with Samson. No cloths to launder, for Wright Tones are company colors, and oh, what eye-appeal they have!

Let drinks splash, olives drip . . . it doesn't matter. Spills wipe right off Vinyl Samsontex upholstery with a damp cloth. And once the meal is over, tables are cleared in a jiffy . . . ready for bridge or what have you!

Samson folds faster and easier than your umbrella. Tables are strong enough to stand on; made with electrically welded, tubular steel frames and legs. Spring-cushion, posture-shaped chairs give honest-to-goodness comfort. Keep extras on hand for parties! You'll find Samson folding furniture on sale at your favorite department or furniture store.

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Deluxe Spring-cushion Folding Chair, ***$8.95***
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Economy Set; 5 pieces (not shown), ***$34.75***



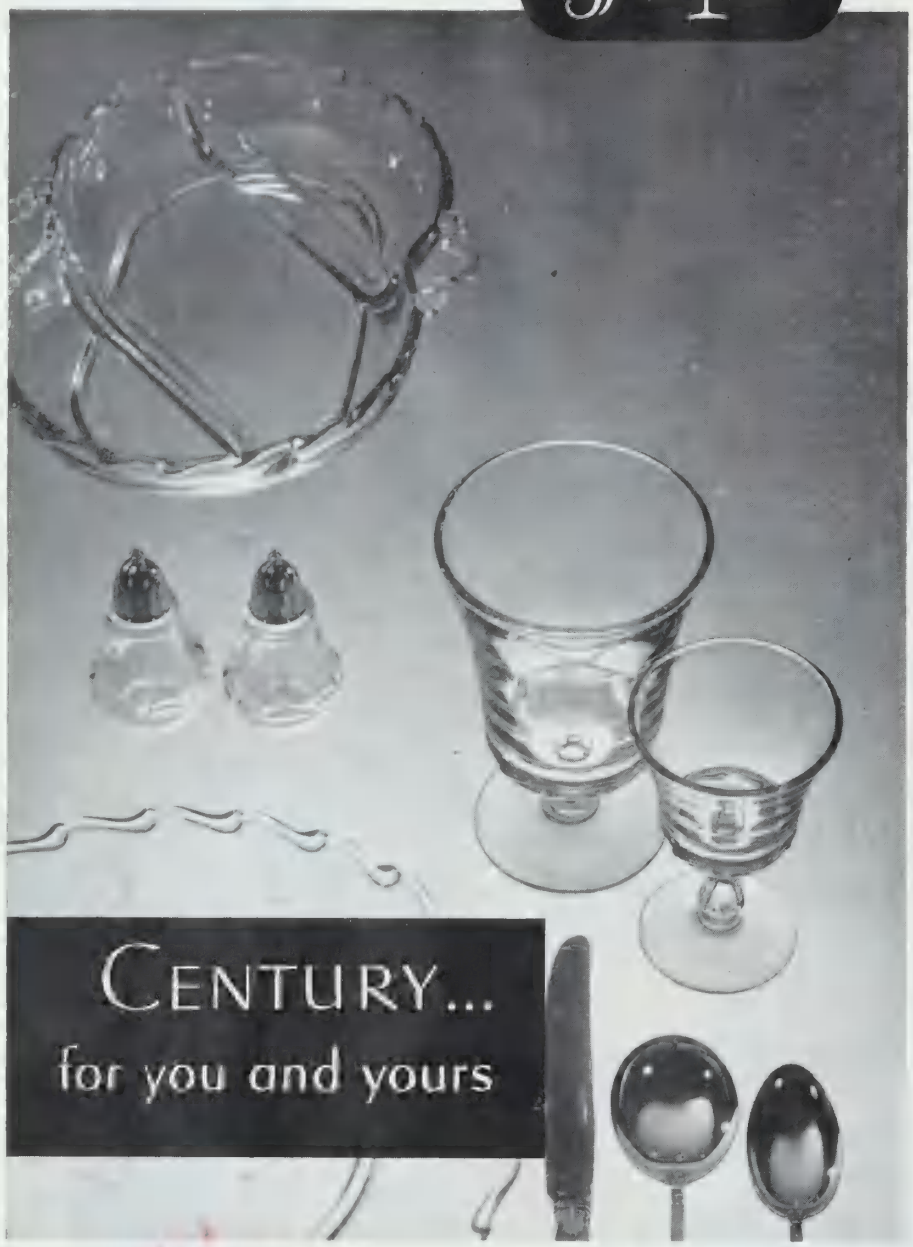
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There's a Samson institutional chair for every public seating need. For special quantity prices, ask your local authorized Samson Contract Dealer. Or write Shwayder Bros. for the name of the nearest you.

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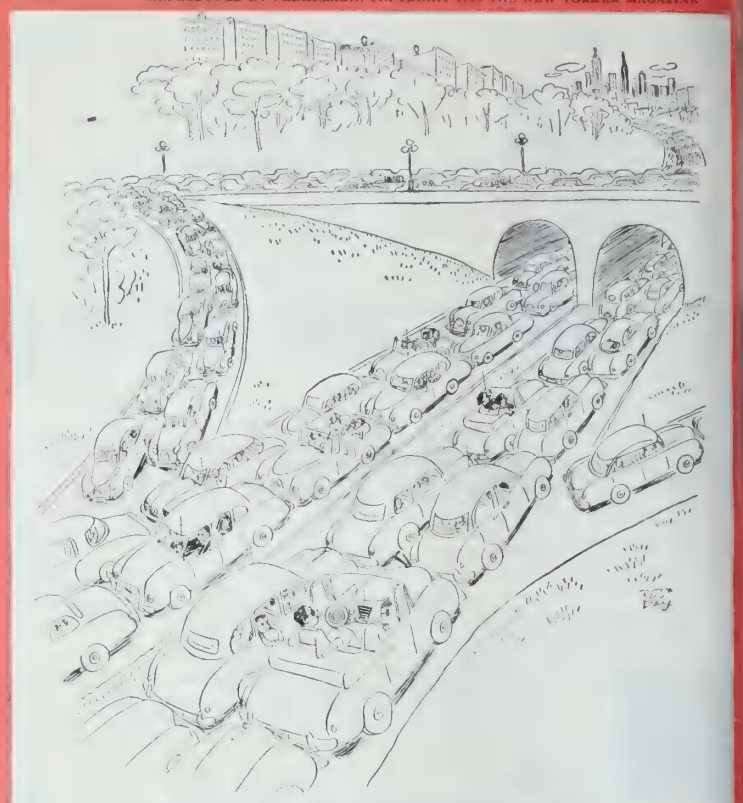


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"Keep tuned to this station for the latest information on traffic conditions."

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

ON September 11, one hundred and one years ago, Jenny Lind's first concert took place at the old Castle Garden in New York. The prices paid nowadays for theater tickets no doubt sound scandalous to out-of-towners (who actually are the ones that pay), but they are as nothing to what P. T. Barnum managed to get for Jenny's concert. He'd given her a fine build-up. There were thousands of people down at the dock to greet her, torchlight processions, and so many serenades that she had to change her hotel. Tickets for the concert were auctioned off, and the first one sold for $225. A mere pittance. In Boston, the extravagant city, the first sold for $625!

And speaking of processions, the big traffic jams, in New York at least, are almost always concerned with personalities. One day this summer traffic was held up for an hour and a half during rush hour because a man climbed to the highest tower on the Queensboro Bridge and threatened to jump! It took a priest and three policemen to talk him out of it and finally to lure him down with the promise of a steak and a ticket for the ball game. The officer who was most effective was the one who tried to reason with the would-be suicide on the fifteenth story of the Hotel Gotham a few years back (see the movie, Fourteen Hours).

•

You don't have insomnia because you are unhappy, says ***Dr. Martin Gumpert***, in **THE ANATOMY OF HAPPINESS**. "An unhappy life situation which is well understood," he says, "does not usually interfere with sleep. Sleep comes to the heavy heart as a

(Continued on Page 18)

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TV Sunday Night Supper starring *Gorham Chantilly*



IT'S NEW to put your wedding present sterling to work for a living...to make your cherished Gorham* Sterling tea tray the focal point of a casual Sunday night buffet. Fill your tray with fragrant brown bread, sharp cheese, cold meats and crown it with a relish-filled pineapple mounted on a sterling compote for an eye-filling, taste-tempting centerpiece you can eat. Ask your Gorham dealer for a free diagram for setting this table.

It's new to background your table with coral and brown and serve the hot dishes in earthenware casseroles. Your Gorham "Chantilly"* is the magic that pulls this whole scheme together. Chantilly is such a satisfying pattern...a beautiful blend of traditional elegance and modern adaptability. And so easy to own. A six-piece place-setting (knife, fork, teaspoon, salad or pastry fork, soup spoon, and butter spreader) costs only $29.75 (incl. Fed. Tax).



Ecy way to complete your Gorham set! Tell your ir nds and family that you want Gorham Sterling as a ft on special occasions and don't be shy about tell- in them your pattern choice. Sixteen timeless pat- te s from $29.75 to $39.25 (incl. Fed. Tax).

Ask your Gorham dealer to show you Gorham's *new* exclusive one-piece sterling knife handle. Doesn't dent if you accidentally drop it—no seams to discolor—remains rattle-resistant.

Giving or getting you'll be proud

"IT'S *Gorham* STERLING"

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Carter's Puss in Boot-ifulls

Gown approx. $3.75. Smocked shoulders. Elasticized waist and wrist ruffles.

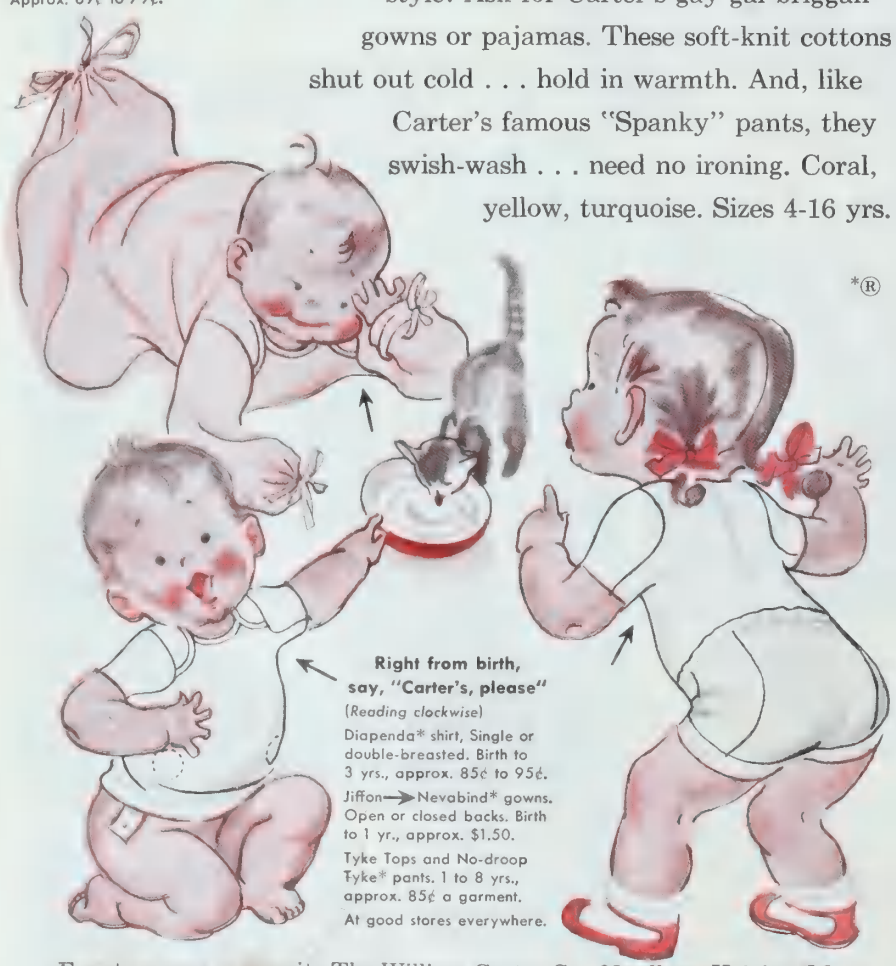
Saucy peplum pajama twin. Elasticized wrists, ankles, waist. 2-piece. Approx. $3.75.



Puss wears "Spanky" pants which you can buy in a rainbow of colors. 2-16 yrs. Approx. 69¢ to 79¢.

Hi, grade-schoolers! . . . here comes dream-talk, college-style! Ask for Carter's gay gal-briggan gowns or pajamas. These soft-knit cottons shut out cold . . . hold in warmth. And, like Carter's famous "Spanky" pants, they swish-wash . . . need no ironing. Coral, yellow, turquoise. Sizes 4-16 yrs.

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(Reading clockwise)

Diapenda* shirt, Single or double-breasted. Birth to 3 yrs., approx. 85¢ to 95¢.

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Tyke Tops and No-droop Tyke* pants. 1 to 8 yrs., approx. 85¢ a garment.

At good stores everywhere.

For store near you, write The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass.

(Continued from Page 16)

salvation, as a vacation from reality. We find the deep and blessed freedom of sleep after difficult achievements, after victory over disease, after strokes of fate and loss; we also find it as an ingredient of happiness after the ultimate effort of making love. But indecision, anger and confusion, suspicion, secret and suppressed despair, hopeless frustration and hate, guilt and loneliness are the demons of our sleepless nights we have to exorcise."

Doctor Gumpert talks to the reader as a physician to his patient. He approaches the problem of individual happiness from the medical point of view in a sound, honest, sensible book. He is the author, you will remember, of YOU ARE YOUNGER THAN YOU THINK.

•

Some time back this column wondered aloud what happened to the sex-education program for parents in Bridgeport, which prompted Dr. Mary Steichen to write us about the experiment along the same lines in Great Neck, Long Island, New York. As school physician she initiated it, the Board of Education sponsored

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"This concludes our study of that wonderful bird, the stork. . . . Are there any questions?"

three talks, and various lay groups of the community, including the Catholic Church, co-operated. The lecturers were well-known educators, the hall was filled to capacity each time, and they hope to have a follow-up soon.

•

Thomas B. Costain has now written the second book in his triumphal pageant of England, THE MAGNIFICENT CENTURY. This is history with a sparkle. In the first volume, THE CONQUERORS, we had England from the Norman conquest, 1066, to Magna Charta ——

William the Conqueror,
Then William his son.
Henry, Stephen and Henry
And Richard and John.

Now we have the thirteenth century, the building of the great cathedrals, the beginnings of Parliament, the great figures—William Marshal, Roger Bacon, Simon de Montfort—the long reign of Henry III.

This was Merrie England. In summer the whole village kicked a ball or frisked around a Maypole. In winter they fastened the bones of animals to their feet and skated on frozen ponds. They played a game with a crooked stick in which they clouted a ball about a sheep field (no need for golf links). They bowled and shot the mighty longbow.

Women were what really mattered. What with the men at their Crusades or at war in France, the women ran the households, took care of the finances, superintended the planting and harvesting of crops. In cities they kept shop,

(Continued on Page 20)



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Jack and Jill are in love . . . with **Edwards** exciting back-to-school styles! Jack goes for that husky, just-like-big-brother's look . . . Jill for the pretty, trim styling. Mother loves them all, for she knows there's long wear and easy comfort built into every pair. And she knows **Edwards** dealers fit them in a way her family doctor would approve. See them at fine shoe stores, coast to coast.

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for Junior's jeans



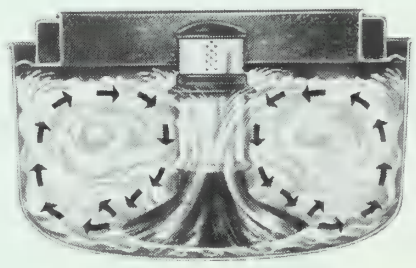


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THE FIRST TIME you actually see Live-Water Action you'll know, instantly, why the Frigidaire Automatic Washer gets clothes so clean—yet is so safe for all your fine fabrics!

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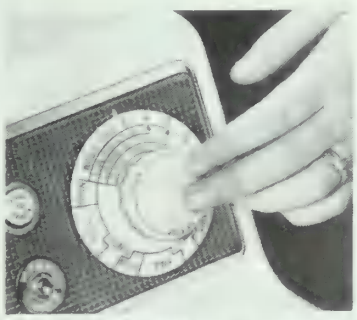
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sk your Frigidaire Dealer to show you the wonderful Frigidaire utomatic Washer—and the other Frigidaire Appliances for kit-hen and laundry. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your hone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

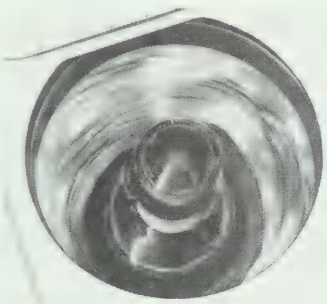
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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. —and Van Raalte is famous for stockings and underthings, too.

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

(Continued from Page 18)

slapped careless apprentices, and drove shrewd bargains.

Clothes, of course, were very important, as aren't they always when women are in a position to make them so! It was the day of the long train—and we mean long, with a page to hold it up. The priests preached against this frivolity, but milady continued to wear her train longer and more elaborate, in spite of the fact that invisible demons rode upon it, and that every so often she had to stop and shake her skirt vigorously to dislodge any grinning imps that might be clinging to it.

•

DIZZY, THE LIFE AND PERSONALITY OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, by ***Hesketh Pearson***, is excellent reading. Certainly Disraeli was one of the most picturesque figures of the nineteenth century, and Hesketh Pearson takes on his biography with the same aplomb with which he tackled such characters as Dickens, Shaw and Oscar Wilde.

Though there was some early hesitation about accepting Disraeli into



Mary Anne Disraeli, Viscountess Beaconsfield

London's exclusive Grillion's dining club, he was asked to join in 1863 and did so, though he knew he would be bored—"A dozen prigs and bores (generally) whispering to their next-door neighbors over a bad dinner in a dingy room." It was Disraeli's settled opinion that a men's dinner party, in middle life, was horrible. And we're inclined to agree with him.

Twenty-four years earlier Disraeli had married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis. Their first dinner party after the honeymoon was en famille with a party of Rothschilds, Montefiores, Alberts, Disraelis—"Not a Christian name," said Disraeli, "but Mary Anne bears it like a philosopher."

The married life of the Disraelis, Mr. Pearson says, was serenely happy. "Dizzy has the most wonderful moral courage," Mary Anne used to say, "but no physical courage. When he has his shower bath, I always have to pull the string."

"She is an excellent creature," said Disraeli, "but she never can remember which came first, Greeks or Romans."

•

A vote as to the greatest living novelist today would almost without question put ***Thomas Mann*** at the head of the list. And now there is *no* excuse (such as "too long" or "too erudite") for not reading the world's greatest writer, be-

(Continued on Page 23)



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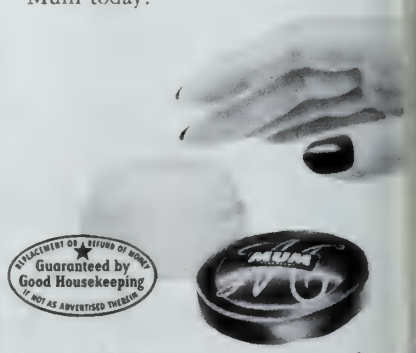
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Lovely Louise Irving is an imaginative hostess. The appointments of her charming Montchanin home speak for her faultless taste. "Utica-Mohawk sheets and pillow cases are my first choice," Mrs. Irving says, "because I'm particular about quality, and I like to get the very best I can for what I pay". Utica-Mohawk sheets and pillow cases will be your first choice, too, if you appreciate the finer quality and longer wear of truly fine appointments.

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Joliet, Illinois
A NON-PROFIT RESEARCH CENTER OF THE TEXTILE-LAUNDRY INDUSTRIES

(Continued from Page 20)

cause THE HOLY SINNER, once you've hurdled the first dozen pages, is completely fascinating (and we use the word deliberately). It is the story of Good Pope Gregorius, a story that involves and describes the greatest sin that mankind knows, but does so without offense, a story of deep penitence with passages of unforgettable beauty and superb humor.

(Sometimes it would be a pleasure to list the books one does not *like.* MR. BELUNCLE, *by* ***V. S. Pritchett****, is one, and all books by* ***Henry Green:*** LOVING; LIVING; NOTHING.)

•

The nearest possible approach to the Middle Ages to be found in the twentieth century is probably in a monastery. In I WAS A MONK, by ***John Tettemer***, there is a full picture of that austere, ascetic existence.

It seems incredible, but it's true, that in this hard-boiled scientific day and age, the Passionist monks still chant the Divine Office in choir: at Matins (midnight), Lauds (break of day), Prime, Tierce, Sext and None (six, nine, twelve and three o'clock), Vespers at six o'clock, and Complin at nine. To make getting up easier, they sleep in their habits. They wear them night and day, and on going to bed remove only sandals and belts.

But for all that, the monk's life with its regularity, its absence of worry and frustration, the mind at peace and the spirit content, seems, from where we sit, like a preview of heaven.

Father Ildephonsus remained a Passionist monk for twenty-five happy years, at the end of which time he was formally released at his own request—released from his three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and from his oath to persevere in the order till death. For those interested, this represents a remarkable document.

•

There's usually a good mystery on hand, and usually a good Irish novel.

This month's recommend for the best mystery is one that came out a longish time back but is worth looking up: THE 31ST OF FEBRUARY, by ***Julian Simon***. We were disappointed in the Manning Coles, NOW OR NEVER.

The Irish tale, a dark one, is CALL FOR A MIRACLE, *by* ***Benedict Kiely****. If one could understand how it is the Irish can be so amusing and so tragic at the same time, one would comprehend a race. The Russians (in novels) can be quite as tragic, but never so amusing.*

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"It wasn't any one thing I wrote you about. I was just curious as to what sort of father a boy like that might have."



are you wearing a
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PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT
Edited by
MARGARET HICKEY

Working Mothers.....

San Diego's Problem

Is substitute care of small children ever good enough to justify mothers' taking jobs when not forced by economic necessity to do so? Teachers and psychologists point out the dangers to parents and children. Many hold that the family well-being is based on the mother's staying at home. Is it wise, therefore, to invest public funds to expand child-care centers? The Public Affairs Department explores these problems in San Diego, California.

IT was after five o'clock, but the three- and four-year-olds were still in "school." They were there because their mothers work. The writer, watching quietly from a corner, was wondering how they felt about it.

A three-year-old whirled up to her, grabbed her frantically around the waist, and thrust a mop of curly blond hair in her skirt. The attack was so sudden that the visitor instinctively put her arms around the baby and lifted her up, but she was not prepared for the tense strangle hold of thin little arms and legs clinging as if for dear life. Here, at least, was one answer. This child needed physical closeness and affection, even from a stranger. A brisk, kindly teacher rescued the visitor by bundling all the children off for a sing around the piano.

"We have to change activities every few minutes at the end of the day," she explained. "The children get restless waiting for their parents. Some of them have been here since six this morning."

If the four aircraft manufacturers in San Diego had their way, there would be more children in child-care centers and more young mothers in factories. The industry wants women who were "factory broke" in World War II whether they've acquired children in the meantime or not. Many mothers are so eager to get back on a payroll that they leave home early in the morning, taking their little children to wait with them while they apply for jobs at the factory gate.

Those who've been rehired say the work is tougher now. There's more standing than there was in 1944 *(Continued on Page 96)*

Child-Care Centers

By MARGARET HICKEY

TRAGIC results during the nation's period of peak employment in World War II were the neglect of children and the rise of juvenile delinquency. As defense plants and other employers sought desperately for workers, thousands of mothers of young children took jobs. But neither public nor private child-care plans met the needs of all the children. Incompetent friends and relatives were pressed into service. Exorbitant prices were paid to overcrowded, understaffed private-nursery centers. Older children ran wild after school hours, and it was not unusual to read of babies found locked in cars, parked near the defense plants in which their parents worked.

Again the tightening supply of man power and the growing needs of defense production are drawing young mothers into the labor market. Before risking the experiences of the last war, parents of young children should weigh the hazards carefully. Who will care for their children? Is additional income important enough to incur the dangers separation from home brings to a very young child? The community, too, must face its share of responsibility if industrial mobilization of young mothers is encouraged.

Already employed are 1,625,000 mothers, 1,701,000 of them with children too young to attend school. Yet there's no state in the Union with enough centers for small children, either publicly or privately supported. Domestic service, scarce and dear, is not to be afforded by the average working mother.

Substitute Care Comes High

Some of the larger cities provide funds for child care, but at present only California, Washington and Massachusetts have state-supported *(Continued on Page 96)*

These children express their longing for their mother in this final parting at a nursery-school window in San Diego, California. They will not see her again until her day's work is done.



LEONARD NADEL

While his father works at the naval base in San Diego, Ken stays in a state-supported nursery school. During the day he has just about everything a child could wish except more time with dad.





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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

The woman who wants to marry,
and doesn't, may be her own stumbling block.
How can she learn to feel at ease with men?

Why Some Women Don't Marry

WHEN a woman passes her thirtieth birthday without marriage, her chances of finding a husband are very slim *unless she makes some fundamental changes within herself.* For after this age, men suitable for her become steadily fewer, while the traits which interfered with her marrying become more fixed and more obvious.

Some of these traits have been objectively identified in two independent studies comparing wives and single women over thirty. Though the results are particularly significant for women in this age group, the same characteristics influence the marriage prospects of women at any age. So, if you are still single and wish to marry, study the differences listed here, with a view to self-improvement.

As a group, unmarried women are distinguished from wives by:

Lack of ease in the society of men. Some girls try to conceal their nervousness and tension in masculine company by talking and laughing too much and too loudly; others go to the opposite extreme and withdraw into a shell, if not into a corner. In either case, their presence is anything but relaxing, for they communicate their own uneasiness to men. Too little masculine companionship, in such casual associations as school or business, is often responsible. One approach to improvement is to cultivate friendships among much older or much younger males. The poise developed in talking to these "ineligibles" will gradually carry over into all your masculine associations.

Self-consciousness about sex. Some women, and girls as well, seem not only embarrassed but even frightened by the fact that they are women. They visibly shrink from the most casual physical contact, even brushing hands, and seem to avoid any mental contact. Stiff and unsmiling in expression, they are unresponsive in conversation and unyielding in manner. Such behavior can only convince a man that the girl neither likes nor trusts him—and he is not likely to force his company on her often or for long.

Pursuit tactics are often adopted by the overanxious woman. It is futile for her to make the telephone calls and suggest the dates, to interpret a casual compliment as a declaration of love; and still worse to seek a commitment by encouraging too intimate petting. Such methods cheapen a woman and frighten a man; though they occasionally snare a husband, the outcome is seldom happy.

Masculine appearance. While downright homeliness detracts from a woman, few individuals suffer from so severe a handicap. But many spinsters suffer from a handicap they could avoid, that of creating a masculine effect in looks and deportment. Femininity is always an appealing quality in a woman. Mannish hair styles, severely tailored suits and harsh hats do not enhance it.

This summary cannot cover all the traits which distinguish the confirmed spinster from the marrying type, but the headings suggest the major kinds of mistakes to avoid. Guided by them, and by the quiz, perhaps you can identify—and correct—the traits which may keep you from marrying.

Preparing for Problems

THE first few months of marriage bring a new appreciation of the realities of domestic life. One June bride described the situation in this letter: "Tom and I are very happy together and we want to stay that way. But several couples we know are already having difficulties, and they started out happily only a year or two ago. Can you help me avoid some of the troubles they are having?"

Her friends' problems, as Alice went on to describe them, are much the same as those found in thousands of marriages, whether recent or long-established. Certain types of difficulties are common to almost all marriages, and are a *potential* source of friction between every husband and wife. It is not possible to avoid all problems, but it is possible to prevent them from disrupting harmony. What is required is that each partner develop an understanding of the other's point of view, and a willingness to adapt to it. The bride who wholeheartedly devotes herself to promoting this understanding is preparing her marriage to achieve happiness, and to withstand adversity.

Managing money. No matter how large the income, money matters are a source of friction unless they are governed by a mutually satisfactory plan. But in evolving the plan, the needs and tastes of both partners must be considered. In trying to please your husband, be governed by his individual preferences, rather than by your ideas of what men like. He may consider an evening's bowling a greater treat than a steak dinner. If so, settle for a casserole.

Social life can be one of the most rewarding aspects of married companionship, if it provides for the tastes, capacities and friendships of both. The bride's previous activities and circle of friends are a natural part of the couple's shared social life, but they should not dominate it, nor absorb all the husband's leisure.

Relationships with in-laws, to be harmonious, require that each partner respect the family ties of the other. A bride puts her husband on the defensive if she criticizes his family, and invites resentment if she shuns his relatives but welcomes her own. At the same time she and her husband should recognize that their claims on each other outweigh those of any outsider, whether related or not.

Outside interests, independent of home or job, are essential for self-expression. Though a bride will not be able to maintain all her previous interests, she can continue some, and will be a more rewarding companion if she does. By the same token, she should encourage her husband to continue some of his previous hobbies and activities.

Satisfactory sexual adjustment depends in large part on the capacity to forget self. Important though responsiveness is, far more important is each spouse's desire to please the other.

Problems which arise in marriage, whatever their nature, can be regarded as a challenge to understanding. If approached in this spirit, difficulties can become a bond instead of a barrier. For married love matures through sharing experiences, good and bad.

Will You Marry?

Research shows these questions to be crucial to your chances of marriage. If in doubt, answer *yes* rather than *no.* (Wives also may find this quiz helpful if they fear a rival.)

Are You

1. **Rather critical of other people?**
2. **A very ambitious "get-ahead" person?**
3. **Frequently moody, depressed or "out of sorts"?**
4. **Prudish or inclined to feel sex is disgusting?**
5. **Deeply attached to or dominated by your mother?**
6. **Disappointed in most of the men you meet?**
7. **Too busy to take time out for fun?**

Do You

8. **Feel men try to boss their wives?**
9. **Go to relatively few social events?**
10. **Dislike children or find them annoying?**
11. **Have a jealous or possessive disposition?**
12. **Lack sex appeal?**
13. **Think most men take advantage of women?**
14. **Try to get your own way?**

With even four "yes" answers, your chances aren't too good for holding either a sweetheart or a husband. Use your wrong answers to guide you toward a more insightful approach.

Do You Agree?

My husband is wonderful and we get along beautifully, but I am missing happiness since I don't love him. Shouldn't I divorce him?

No, the trouble is in yourself. Stop chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, seek counsel, and grow up. In the process, you may learn to love—an ability that you have never had.

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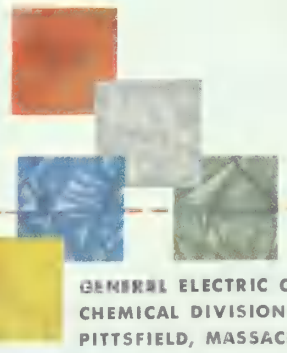
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ask any boy... his opinion

and he has plenty to say:

Should a girl ever date a boy who is younger than she is?

"That's happened—and it's okay if the boy is a kid who's mature enough for the girl. In some schools girls are actually driven to it because the older boys get disillusioned with dating or something, and only the younger boys will take them out. If a boy and girl like each other, and the girl isn't more than a year older, what's the difference if they do go out on dates together?"

How should a girl act if she spills a cola or makes some other faux pas?

"She shouldn't have a breakdown, or moan about it all evening. She should try to pass it off lightly—'There I go spilling a cola again,' or 'There are *holes* in these glasses'—and if she spilled it on the boy, she should help him wipe it off, and tell him she's sorry. Then she should *forget* it—and the boy will too."

What's the best way to refuse a date so you don't hurt the boy's feelings?

"This depends on whether you want the boy to call again, or are trying to brush him off. When a girl doesn't want to date a fellow, she should get the idea across to him. Maybe they've been out a couple of times and she's not interested in any more dates. She could say—in a *nice* way—'I'm sorry, Bill, I like you, but I just don't think we hit it off as a couple.' Or if they've never had any dates and she wants to say no, she should be honest—'I'd like to be friends, Joe, but I'd rather not go out on dates. There's someone else I like.' A fellow feels foolish calling again and bothering her when she doesn't want to go out with him, and if she just says she's busy, he probably would call again. On the other hand, if she really *is* busy that night and wants him to call again, she can show him that easily by telling him she's awfully sorry she has a date, that she would have liked to go otherwise. If she knows the guy well enough, she could even say, 'Maybe we could go some other time.' If he's interested, chances are he'll call again a couple of nights later for another date."

Should a girl ask a boy she doesn't know very well to a dance?

"This depends on how well she knows the boy. He might think she's bold unless they've talked to each other or been in the same class. He should at least know who she is. It would add to his ego that a girl he hardly knew wanted to go with him—and there's no sign he has to accept unless he feels like it."

Do boys like girls to wear make-up?

"No boy likes to be seen with a girl who cakes her make-up on with a putty knife—or a 'ghost rider' who doesn't wear any make-up at all. Lipstick and a little powder on a girl show a fellow that she really cares what she looks like when she's out with him. Also, when a girl goes out on a date, she should avoid a few other things that embarrass fellows—false fingernails, real fingernails that are extra-long and *lacquered* with bright red polish, stockings and *high* heels when all the other girls are wearing socks and *low* heels, and dangling earrings. In fact, earrings of any kind are out of the question in school, and a girl should use only small ones on dates. Teen-age girls should stick to their *types*, and not try to dress as if they're twenty."

How can you let a boy know you like him without chasing him?

"Tell your best friend and let her hint *subtly* to the boy—'Sally's a sweet girl—have you ever had much chance to talk to her?' Or if she knows the boy quite well, she might even suggest, 'Why not take Sally out sometime? I think you'd like her.' And then change the subject so the guy doesn't feel embarrassed or as if he *has* to take the girl out. Another thing the girl herself could do is look up the guy's schedule and make it a point to be where he is so she has a chance to talk to him—and to get him to notice her. Or if he works in the local drugstore, she could drop around there a few times. She could get her best friend to give a party and invite him with some other fellows; she could ask him herself to a school dance where it's okay for girls to invite boys—'I like the way you dance. Would you go to the prom with me Saturday night?'; she could really show her interest by finding out what things he likes and then casually asking him questions about them without letting him know she found out beforehand. How much—or how little—a girl does to kindle a guy's interest would have to depend partly on his reaction. If he likes her, he'll act friendly and take it from there—but if he doesn't respond and she keeps on hanging around, then she *is* chasing him, and no guy likes that for long. If a boy really wants to go out, he'll find a girl he wants to go out with."

by Joyce Behr, age 19



"I hope it's not Philander, he's always so anxious!"

by Joyce Behr, age 19



"It's the same when I quarrel with Mervin. It leaves me like a hollow shell!"

What's the best way to tell a boy you have to be home at a special time?

"*How* a girl tells a boy doesn't matter so much—it's *when* she tells him that counts. A guy likes to know the curfew hour at the *beginning* of the evening so he can plan the fun to fit the time. Boys don't mind curfews, but they *do* mind being told about them at the last minute."

What a girl!

We polled a cross-section of teen-age boys on their "dream girl," and here's what they had to say, just as we received it:

Her name is Barbara. She's 17, weighs 110, is 5'4" tall. Her hair is blond and short, her eyes are blue. She's easy to get along with, understanding, friendly, talks easily, and has a good sense of humor. If she can look at a boy "in a sweet way," he'll like it, and if she can "act stupid unconsciously," that's even better. To be a good date, she should dance well—preferably a "slow fox trot, or if she's real sharp, the Charleston or Valentino tango"—and she should "give a guy a break by not letting him spend more than a couple bucks for a special date unless he lets her know that he's got more green cabbage than usual. This is the greatest sin of some girls." Most of all—"She should like *me!*"

Feeling sorry for yourself **because you have to wear glasses? Actually you *can* look prettier than before. To find out *how* and *why*, send 5c to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and ask for GLAMOUR FOR GLASSES, No. 2268.**

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you can lose a few inches of waistline, the bulge over your ribs, the bumps on your hips by this simple Jantzen method of redistribution... this marvelous new Jantzen figure-fixer with light breathe-easy boning knit right in the top... with very smoothing panels fore and aft... with the lightest, airiest nylonized® nylon net sides (the magic new absorbent, silky-feeling nylon). Girdle or panty-girdle, white only, 7.95 to 10.00... at most stores.



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You'll get compliments every day for coffee made the Wear-Ever way. Why? Because every Wear-Ever coffeemaker incorporates the results of exhaustive research by a great American university to determine the exact coffee pot construction to give you perfect coffee every time.



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It's Wear-Ever, of course! Like all Wear-Ever aluminum utensils, it's preferred for fast, even heating that means better cooking results.



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Because of the big demand for aluminum, your dealer may be temporarily out of stock of some types and sizes of Wear-Ever utensils. Ask him to save the utensils you want from his next shipment.

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WEAR-EVER *Aluminum*

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Take it Easy Darling

Daddy will fix dinner.



By ROBERT N. TAYLOR

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

DARLING, forget the kitchen. It's time you enjoyed a meal you didn't cook yourself. Suppose you take it easy. I'll look after Susan and Robbie. Know how it must be living in a small-fry world all day long.

You'll help daddy, won't you, kids? We'll let mommy have some time to herself. Good idea, Susan! You can watch Robbie. Yes, sir, you're our big four-year-old. What? How could daddy make such a mistake . . . four and a half, of course. Susan! You mustn't tease Robbie. He can't help being only two; you were only two once. Why, yes, daddy was once . . . and mommy. The cat will be two in December.

The poor gal seemed ready to collapse; guess I didn't take over any too soon. Lucky my nobler impulses come to the fore when the occasion arises. It doesn't hurt a man to pitch in now and then although it seems to me she gave in too easily . . . after all, I work hard ——

What, dear? Yes, I see you have put the roast in. Scrub the potatoes? And put them in in ten minutes? And watch the children? *Watch the children. Why must mothers exaggerate their children's naughtiness?*

Now to demonstrate why all good chefs are men! Wo-wo-wo-wo, wo-wo-wo-wo? Susan, why does Robbie say wo-wo? Oh! And you want water too? *How often busy mothers deny so simple a request. How can* anyone *be too busy to refuse a child water?* You what? You want a big glass? Why not drink two small glasses? Your brother seems happy with a small glass, why can't you —— Oh, you're big and he's small. . . . Robbie, don't share your water with the cat!

This family should eat salads more often— not just a lettuce leaf and a few tomato slices, but a real *salad, one that shows the true creative touch, a thing of beauty and exotic taste. First, some crisp green lettuce, now the firm white meat of apples, orange slices, the tang of tuna fish bordered with the soft tropic yellow of bananas. Only a man with a chef's instinct could know to trim such a salad with slices of dill pickle. Now for a cherry at the top. Out of walnuts! How can anyone do a good job without the proper tools?*

Robbie, get out of the sink! No excuses for him, Susan, he doesn't have to do everything the cat does. Oh, he loves the cat? But *you* are good? Yes, I *know* you are a good little girl. Daddy knows you can set the table. I have seen you set the table; that is very clever, very grown-up. Yes, you may set the table now. You don't think we should put the butter on yet? Might as well, dinner won't be long. Very well, here is a big glass of water for you and a small one for Robbie. *Robbie!* You *deliberately* poured yours on the floor. Susan, let's not laugh at such a naughty boy. . . . *Discipline, that's what we need around here. Time we returned to the old-fashioned methods of child rearing. . . . Perhaps I should make him call me "sir." . . And to think that my own wife is willing to s by while I get the Sunday meal. Perhaps hard-working man* should *spend more of h time in slippers and robe with pipe and boo*

What, dear? Yes, I put the potatoes o Yes, Susan, daddy just told a fib. Daddy sorry. I know you always tell the truth. Yes, *am* a naughty daddy. No, Susan, it will jus upset your mother if you tell her about the p tatoes. Robbie, put the butter down. I know Sue, you told me not to put it on the table Suppose you just lift that blasted cat off th table. I don't know *what* blasted means! Susan Stop saying blasted! It is not a nice word

No, dear. I don't need any help. I know I'm getting hungry too.

H'm-m-m-m-m, these potatoes are still hard Too bad I forgot them. Maybe if I push th heat to 600 ——

Susan, why is Robbie crying? Well, we're a hungry. Takes a while to make a good dinner

Sorry, cat, but if you insist on wrappin yourself around my ankles you deserve to b stepped on. Come on, out you go! Robbie you mustn't hit daddy. Yes, kitty go out. No Robbie no go out. No, kitty no come 'side Stop that screaming and kicking your feet

Now to dump these frozen beans into som boiling water. Guess three packages will b enough. Better hadn't try creamed carrots Haven't had any decent ones for years, though Maybe if I just cut up a few raw ones ——



Robbie, please don't put the silver under th rug. See what you can find in the toy box Susan, help Robbie find something to play with. I do *not* make you do everything!

Thanks, Robbie. No, Susan, we won't nee to wash the silver, the floor is pretty clean don't you think? No, no need to ask mommy Maybe the floor is dirty when mommy re washes the silver. Rewash? Rewash means t wash again . . . to rewash. Well, we are no going to rewash anything tonight, young lady

Now, wife, prepare to enjoy a rare feast That? Why that is your salad. It should b sprinkled with walnuts. Since there were n walnuts, I sprinkled it with coconut. Yes, suppose it is unusual, but after all, you de serve our best efforts. . . . Your butcher hasn' been giving you very good meat lately; thi roast seems awfully dry. Perhaps if I try th other side. Let me just slice off some of th meat which is so well done. Guess you're right I do seem to be halfway through the roast Better to overcook than undercook, though The potatoes took a long time. Susan!

Let's not make a face like that, Susan If you don't like the salad, just eat the res of your dinner. The beans are *not* burned they are just a little bit brown. My, you don' have milk, do you? Daddy will bring you eac some. What did you say? Good boy! Robbi said thank you. He does *not* have a large glass than you. No! Absolutely not! N more water! *Where did that blasted cat com from? Put her out right now!* Robbie, take th bread out of your ear! Susan—— THE EN





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COBRA-MATIC Radio-Phonographs give you these vital safeguards for the future!

First . . . Zenith's exclusive Cobra-Matic goes *far beyond* any 3-speed record player! For the Cobra-Matic plays not just 33⅓, 45 and 78 R.P.M. records of any size, but *any* record speed from 10 to 85, including the coming new 16 R.P.M. for full-length operas, stage plays, even novels! Lets you select the *exact* speed for perfect pitch, tempo, tone quality, or for accompanying with voice or musical instruments. Only two simple controls —the simplest automatic record player ever invented!

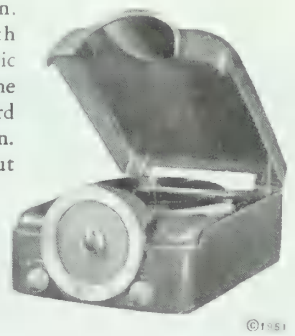
Second . . . Zenith combinations bring you the ultimate developments in radio . . . Super-Sensitive FM that far surpasses usual FM in static-free tonal beauty and reception range, plus Zenith Long-Distance AM, and superlative speakers built entirely by Zenith. In the table model shown, the 7½ inch speaker is the largest, most powerful *ever* used in a Zenith table combination!

Third . . . Exceptionally important in these times, Zenith's quality-control and costlier materials assure you greater freedom from parts replacement and service problems — longer years of truly dependable enjoyment. To safeguard *your* musical investment, see your Zenith Radio and Television dealer, today!

Above, New Zenith® "Mayflower" Radio-Phonograph Console. Cobra-Matic® Record-Player, Super-Sensitive FM and Long-Distance® AM radio, Broad Range Tone Control. Ample record storage space. Period cabinet, Mahogany veneers.

• • •

At right, New Zenith "Saratoga"® Radio-Phonograph table model with Cobra-Matic Record-Player. Compact new design. Super-size 7½ inch speaker gives dramatic new tone quality—the finest you've ever heard in a table combination. Modern swirl walnut plastic cabinet.



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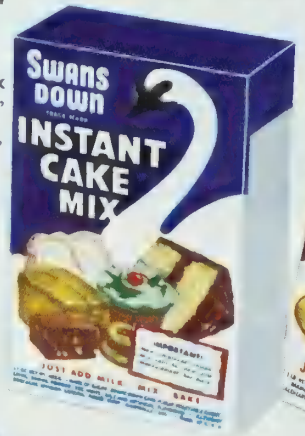
Bridge Club Lunch—The girls will rave, with reason, about Swans Down "Ribbon" Cake! Lovely to look at, heaven to eat, thanks to the extra-luscious chocolate flavor of Swans Down Devil's Food Mix. Bake in a 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan as directed on package. Cool; cut in half vertically, then horizontally, making four oblong pieces. Tint seven-minute frosting; flavor with almond; lavish it on each layer and spread generously on top and sides of cake.

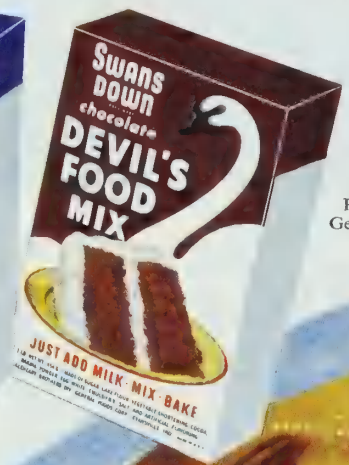
After-the-game Buffet—Reward the teams' rooters with a gorgeous chocolate-frosted yellow layer cake, whisked together in minutes! Only Swans Down new "high-ratio" Instant Mix could make such a high, proud beauty—so Swans Down fine and tender! Recipe is right on the package, with many other grand cake ideas.

Make 'em festive! Make 'em fast—with Swans Down Cake Mixes!

—the only mixes that make cakes "Swans Down good"!

Instant Cake Mix—new "high-ratio" mix for higher, finer, lighter cakes!





Devil's Food Mix—with that super chocolate richness!

Products of General Foods

Company Showpiece—"Swans Down wonderful" cake that wins praises galore! Make spice cake batter as directed on the Instant Cake Mix package. Blissfully easy! Bake in layers. Cool. Then spread tangy orange-juice frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle top of cake with chopped nut meats.

Back to School—Yummy chocolaty-rich goodies to tuck in a good child's lunchbox. Quick to do the Swans Down Devil's Food Mix way! Prepare grand, good-for-them cupcakes as directed on package. Dress up with fluffy white or chocolate frosting, surprise toppings.

Harvest Moon Festival—Sunnyside-up cake, old-fashioned favorite, better than ever, made the *new* way, with never-fail Swans Down "high-ratio" Instant Cake Mix. See recipe for pineapple upside-down cake on package. Some folks serve it with whipped cream, but it's sheer eatin' delight *as is*, when Swans Down Instant makes it!

50 Years ago in the Journal

IN September, 1901, Pres. William McKinley was shot in Buffalo while shaking hands with a young man whose bandaged right hand concealed a revolver. The President said, "Let no one harm him," and died eight days later of gangrene. Actress Maude Adams bought an Oldsmobile, the U. S. Navy replaced homing pigeons with the new wireless telegraph, and H. G. Wells wrote The First Men in the Moon.

In the September, 1901, JOURNAL, *Editor Bok maintains that school children are overloaded with work, and often their parents are to blame. "Again and again I have seen parents drilling their children in their studies. I have seen fond mothers do this before breakfast, and again at the noon recess, and fathers keep up the agony under the evening lamp. Their children go to bed with their little brains on fire."*

"All women like palms," remarks the author of a piece called Plants That Can be Raised in the House.

"The plain mannish leather belt has been discarded. The belt of silk or satin, sloping in front, shapes to the figure and imparts a dainty, womanly touch to the wearer."

Writes Margaret Sangster in her column called My Girls: "No girl in traveling should make confidants of strangers of either sex, disclose her name, her destination or her family affairs, or make acquaintances on the road. She may, however, show kind attention to a mother traveling with children, or amuse a little wearied one."

Baby's layette: "Her very best bib is French linen with hand-embroidered edge of lace insertion appliqué, with a centerpiece of Valenciennes lace."

"Little Furbelows for Autumn: The artistic effect of this season's gowns will depend upon the tasteful stock and cape collars, the odd girdles, the dressy little bolero jackets, the fanciful vest fronts and the elaborate sleeves."

"Skirts for the street clear the ground. House dresses are slightly trained."



Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know Editors you like and what goes on in New York

MORRIS ENGEL



Journal food pages provide inspiration in Sheila John Daly's kitchen.

THE other day we went up to New York's most modern apartment building, Manhattan House, and saw the kitchen that *Sheila John Daly* and her husband, *Peter White*, have completely and colorfully papered with *Ann Batchelder's* food pages. Sheila John says they're a constant inspiration, while Peter says that any husband who helps his wife carry out a similar scheme will find it well worth while in a culinary way—menus right there when you run out of ideas. In a decorative way, we can only say it makes one of the most attractive kitchens we have ever seen.

*The most recent occurrence of the following kind was at the opening of a **Jacques Fath** collection in Paris, when **Eve Curie**, whose clothes are made by this great French designer, came over to admire the dress **Beatrice Gould** was wearing. And once again Mrs. G. had the pleasure of explaining to a connoisseur of clothes that the dress was one planned for* JOURNAL *readers—by **Nora O'Leary**, and shown in photographs on* JOURNAL *pattern pages.*

You may be able to make out, by the way, on Nora's pages this month, that there are nineteen different coating, lining and dress materials used to make the clothes shown there. But what you'd never guess is how many swatches of materials had to be looked at before the Pattern Department picked out nineteen that would do. How many? Seventeen hundred and fifty-eight!

Walking down Fifth Avenue the other day, we suddenly saw *Wilhela Cushman* motioning from the window of a taxi—not at us, but at two attractive girls driving in the same direction, and looking rather bewildered by Wilhela's gesticulating. Then we lost sight of them all in the traffic. The next day Wilhela explained. Always has her eyes open for finer, more photogenic girls to use in fashion pictures. And there all at once, she said, were two who were just what she was looking for. "Took me twenty blocks to make them understand—they'd never modeled before. . . . But I must hurry—they're waiting for me now at the studio."

How famous models were discovered often makes a Cinderella story. We remember when *Al Parker* was looking for someone to model the young mother for our mother-and-daughter covers. Walked into Charley's Economy Market in Westport, Connecticut, one day and there she was, clerking behind the counter: her name, ***Debbie Reynolds***. you've seen her since on countless covers, in illustrations and ads. We asked Al about her the other day. Seems she went to Europe last September with just enough money for a two-month vacation, and is still there, and modeling triumphantly—the kind of girl who takes her lunch out to the Bois de Boulogne and eats it on the grass. . . . And not to be confused with the cute little ***Debbie Reynolds*** you'll be seeing this month in Mr. Imperium with ***Ezio Pinza.***

OTTO

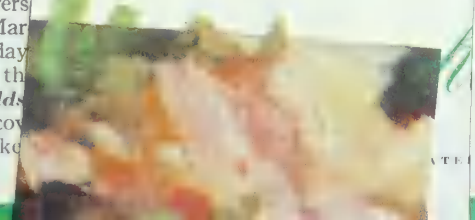


The two Debbies: above, the model; below, the actress, with Ezio Pinza.

E-ISSUE NOVEL

y faces, and war unmasks

of a man for a woman.



Visitors who arrive at his Bucks County home and chide Richard Pratt, as a champion of contemporary architecture, for living in an early Pennsylvania stone farmhouse, are led around to the other side—where they find he has added a frankly modern wing.

Ever since ***Margaret Hickey***, who never sleeps in her clothes if she can help it, told us about the time during the war when she was grounded overnight in Pittsburgh and woke up at dawn in the pilots' dormitory, where it seems a hostess had sent her in the dark, we have been trying to find out how far various people, on overnight trips by plane or train, go in for disrobing. Don't ask the names of the ones who hardly even loosen their collars or take off their shoes. They're shy. But we can tell you that on transatlantic flights ***Trygve Lie*** changes into navy-blue pajamas, and ***Frank Sinatra*** into something a little less conservative; and that when ***Joan Bennett*** marches down the aisle from the dressing room to her berth, in a delectable peach chiffon negligee, every woman on the plane turns green with envy.

Ruth Mary Packard **sent a little memo about this month's cover. "It reflects the big fall fashion for red and black," her note began. "Most men like red. Most women feel gay in it. We predict many women will love that red jersey dress for its color, its pleats, its price—$39.95. *Pat Warren*, whose favorite color is red, designed it. *Dovima*, whom we nominate for Model of the Year, wears it. The hat is a Paris copy by *Mr. Alf*. The black fox fur is by *Maximilian*." . . . The phone rang. It was Ruth Mary. "I forgot to tell you," she said, "the dog is a blue-blooded French poodle by *Dana*."**

Men dream twice as often about males as they do about females. Women dream equally of both sexes. Sixty-four per cent of dreams are concerned with apprehension, danger or sadness. . . . Children sleep most soundly during February and March. June marks the peak of their restlessness.

It seemed that Daisy was aware
of a power over her—
and defenseless against it.



Back to School—Yummy chocolaty-rich
ies to tuck in a good child's lunchbox.
to do the Swans Down Devil's Food
way! Prepare grand, good-for-them cup
as directed on package. Dress up with
white or chocolate frosting, surprise top

The River Garden of Pure Repose

By GRACE BOYNTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

The Journal Presents GRACE BOYNTON AND HER FIRST PUBLISHED STORY

WILFREDA GRAYSON finished her letter. The stamp would cost so much that she thought she would not buy her usual handful of peanuts when she went out on the street. It was an ordinary refugee letter, written to tell an ordinary refugee story. Jane was not going to live long. Wilfreda read carefully:

Dear Bishop Chambers: A fairly decent journey. The truck lost two wheels, but one is grateful to arrive anywhere in China—especially West China—still intact.

Went at once to Jane. She knows her days are numbered and her one desire is that nobody shall be troubled on her account. She understands she may have days, perhaps months, of freedom from suffering, but that each ordeal brings her nearer to the end.

What do you think of my remaining with her? She is not one of our mission, of course, but the Friends have no one else here, and while all the overworked people in this hospital do their best, Jane must lack attention if I leave her. The most that can be done is to give Jane a room to herself. I think it was originally a supply closet, but it has a window. Here she lies, and my traveling cot has been set up at the foot of the best bed the hospital could find for her—trestles with planks, but free of vermin. There is no such thing as quiet or comfort, nor can she have much attention if I am not here. Let me know whether I may stay. W. G.

Wilfreda slipped the sheet into its envelope and addressed it to The Right Reverend Michael Chambers, Bishop of Ho Si. Subordinates and friends addressed him as "R Square," but Wilfreda, a junior member of her mission, had never ventured to adopt that informality. She was aware, however, that hers was not a usual sort of bishop. His concern over Jane was a case in point. It was not the affair of an English bishop to look after an American Quaker. But R Square, upon hearing of Jane's illness, had sent Wilfreda to investigate and report.

Pushing her stool back from the table where she had made a place to write, Wilfreda rose. She picked up the light—a saucer of crude pottery in which burned a thick wick fed by evil-smelling rapeseed oil—and held it over the figure stretched in the shadow behind her. The face was turned away, but the breathing was quiet. Jane's last attack had left her weak, but she was now out of pain. Wilfreda opened the door and went out into the corridor.

A nurse loomed up in the yellowish darkness created by the lamps which burned at infrequent intervals in the passage. She spoke in Chinese.

"Ther[illegible]nts to see Miss Breasted.

Will yo[illegible]

(Continued on Page 136)

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

[illegible] faces, and war unmasks them all—

Love has mar[illegible]f a man for a woman.

love of money, love of God, and love

The Green Scarf

By Jean Todd Freeman

CON swam her way doggedly out of the fog of three gin rickeys and a champagne cocktail, and felt for her purse. Somebody's hand was waving slightly in front of her, offering assistance. But where was the blue leather purse? Ah, there. Slipped down behind the seat.

She took the hand in hers and pulled herself up. Really, she thought, I should be the one to render assistance, not Toby. They can't fool me. I can count, and I know how many they've drunk. Toby and Greg, trying to drink each other under the table. What's surprising is that they're not both there, and Marian and I dragging them out.

She shook her head, and the dim cool room swirled. Murals merged into murals, the long bar switched ends, and the square aquarium in the center of the room churned with purple and pink monsters. Fish. What in hell—no, what in the *world* do they have fish for?

Someone answered her, although she could have sworn she had only thought the words. It was Toby, and he didn't know *what* the hell they had fish for. Con grinned a little bitterly. She pointed her high-heeled shoes toward the door, and amazingly they went that way quite steadily. It was hard to keep from watching them as they walked, a little incredulous of their skill. These aren't my feet, surely. But in dancing school they had said Don't Watch Your Feet. So Con kept her chin up and her eyes on the revolving door.

Revolved into the hot dark night. There was a warm salt breeze coming in from the beach, and stars piercing the sky. Gravel twisted under her feet. There was a regular swishing rhythm, and her eyes went fascinated to where cars were speeding along the beach road, one after another, as steady a stream as the wooden ducks in the shooting gallery. Once a horn honked—a long blast that strangely flatted into the minor as it flashed past them.

Con wondered how much longer she could stand up. If they didn't find the green convertible soon, she might have to sit down on someone else's fender. She shut her eyes, and behind the lids she saw the gold bubbles of champagne rising, rising, rising. . . .

If Lennie could see me, she thought. Drunk. Me, Con, the gal that never touched the stuff. If Lennie could see me, sitting on somebody's sedan fender, just as high as a kite!

Or maybe Lennie had seen her. Because she was on the coast too. Drinking? Con wondered. Drinking champagne cocktails with bubbles that rise and break like skyrockets? Maybe . . . and maybe she's seen me. Because I darn sure couldn't see her. I darn near can't see how to walk.

Toby's hand appeared before her eyes and guided her toward a jumbled sound of voices. Marian and Greg were arguing.

"I'll drive, I said."

"The heck you will. You couldn't stay on the road."

"I told you I'll drive."

"And I said—listen, Greg. I have to make dorm hours."

"Yeah? Well, I'll get you there."

"Let Toby drive."

"Toby? Hell, he's stewed."

(Continued on Page 213)

Wild young fun twisting



into tragedy... paralyzing Con with horror.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DE MERS

Johnny could mak

Carry-on Johnny

By I. A. R. WYLIE



SHE turned the huge convertible, purr
like a pleased cat, between the ste
pillars into the Giffords' service drivew
Mr. Clive Gifford, who had had the creatu
built in France to his own specificatio
called her the Prima Donna. Primro
yellow, low-slung, fourteen feet long, f
tooned with gadgets and sizzling with Gal
temperament, she could, when she felt li
it, pass anything on the road. When sh
didn't, when a spot of dust or a rough gea
shift upset her works, it took the most sens
tive handling to get them on the mo
again. Liz's father, Jim Hipps, boss of th
Hipps Motor Works, and Liz herself were l
this time wise to her. The two of them, wit
young Johnny Gifford, who had spent a sum
mer in France with his dad, ostensibly a
quiring culture and a French accent, ha
too often crowded together in the Hipps in
spection pit or peered side by side into th
mysterious maze of wires, piping and spar
plugs. Besides, Johnny had a sort of flai
for distressed or merely bad-tempered mo
tors. It was like a doctor's gift for diagnosis
He had a bedside manner. "*Allons, mo
petit chou-chou,*" he would coax with a no
noticeably French accent. "Just tell poppa
where it hurts," and the stone-cold Prima
Donna would suddenly tick over, as though
in the midst of a fit of operatic tantrums a
bouquet had been handed up to her.

Liz drove past the big lighted
house to the parking
lot. Bill Somers,
the Giffords'
chauffeur,

motor purr . . . . .

but the mechanics of love

had him riding for a f a l l .



"I thought you'd run out on me," Johnny told Diana. She pulled back a little to smile up at him.

ILLUSTRATED BY

l was due to spend the night disentangling
ly limousines, rakish sports cars and
e jalopies, welcomed her sourly.
So you've got the old buzzard on the
g again," he said. He helped her slide out
n behind the wheel. "Big doings," he
erved unnecessarily.
he could hear them. A ten-piece orches-
playing a jaunty fox trot, announced
t Johnny had made the grade. He was a
nton freshman. His father's alma mater,
oding over the tree-shaded little town.
a big gray hen, had at last taken him
ler her wing. Liz tossed back her short
own curls. The music danced in her
art. Besides, she was so darned pleased.
e knew what it meant.
Johnny had told her, perched on her of-
e desk, earnest, even a little desperate-
unding. "I've got to make it, Liz," he'd
id, a smear of the Prima Donna's oil on his
unt, freckled nose. "I've got to."
Well, there he was. He'd made it. *Good*
r you, Johnny.
Liz strolled back the way she'd come, but
en made a sudden little detour so that she
ood out, a slender, rather lonely-looking
gure in the square of light thrown by the
g French window onto the flaming green
retch of lawn. In her jeans and sweater she
ight have been a boy, peering wistfully
nto the window of a candy store.
Bill Somers thought, *She ain't exactly*
retty. But she sure is a winner. Some guy
as going to be darned lucky. A head on
er too. Everyone knew she ran the busi-
ess end of her *(Continued on Page 219)*



The author,
Lt. Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr.

What secret charm has the man
who can yawn through his wedding ceremony,
forget to kiss the bride—
and live to tell the story?
You met him in
Cheaper by the Dozen and
Belles on Their Toes—
here is proof that his life
is as full and amusing as ever.



Liz (see title).



Betsy
at 8 months—
"midnight-
oil burner."

I'm a Lucky Guy

By Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr.

I HAD spent the afternoon raking leaves a tidying up the yard. There wasn't any re reason for me to work around the place on n last day at home, but I wanted to keep occ pied so that I wouldn't think about leaving.

Going away to college had become a fair commonplace occurrence in our family. But it was an old story collectively, it still was a ne story for me. I was nervous about it. I knew couldn't say so, though, because Mother w making considerable sacrifice to send me. was 1929. My father had died five years befor leaving Mother with eleven children—six bo and five girls. I was the oldest boy.

Mother had worked with my father in h motion-study and management-engineering firr Since his death, she had been supporting th family by running the firm. It was generally a sumed that I would take engineering in colleg then perhaps work my way into the firm.

The three oldest girls all had done exceptio ally well at various colleges. Anne had been Phi Beta Kappa at Michigan, which was m destination. Ernestine had edited the monthl magazine at Smith. Martha was an officer c her class and active in half-a-dozen campus a tivities at New Jersey State College for Wome



This Betsy learned
from her father?

Behind that grin:
3 years' practice.



The girls seagoing Frank
left behind. Grandma Gilbreth, left.



From the day he left,
Frank "looked forward to seeing
Liz and Betsy again."

The family took it for granted that the girls' onors and achievements were merely a pre- iew of those that the oldest man-child would arner. At least that was the impression I re- eived, when they finally gathered under the orte-cochere to bid me farewell.

I tried to point out that I had been merely an verage student, scholastically and socially, at Montclair (New Jersey) High School. But the lder girls brushed off my arguments.

"College," said Anne, while Ern and Martha odded agreement, "is different. You'll see. Besides, they still know all about me at Michi- an, and you're my brother, aren't you?"

As for my five younger brothers, they were nanimous in the belief that I was destined for tardom on the gridiron. In view of the fact hat I was six feet, one inch tall, weighed 142 ounds and never had got above the third tring in high school, I didn't think they were eing very realistic.

I kissed Mother and the girls good-by, and ried to appear self-possessed and confident. I limbed into the car and sat behind the wheel. Martha and my young brothers, who were going to see me off at the Newark station, limbed in too. I blew the exhaust whistle and waved my porkpie at Mother. The driveway spit gravel as we took off.

We sat in the automobile at the station until my train arrived. Then the boys carried out my suitcases and ruglike camel's-hair overcoat that was meant to resemble raccoon. They came up one at a time and shook hands. I couldn't trust myself to talk, so I just grinned.

"Good-by," I finally managed. "And, gee—well, thanks for everything."

I turned to board the train. Suddenly, bedlam accompanied by a shower of rice broke out.

"Happy honeymoon," shouted Fred, producing a hitherto concealed cowbell and ringing it.

"Here comes the bride," hollered Dan, beating a kitchen spoon against a kettle top.

"Now you stop that, Bunny Boy," Martha tittered coyly. "You bold thing, you!"

"Aw, gosh, Bunny Girl," Bill whined in a deep bass. "We're married now, aren't we?"

Each shout was accompanied by a new shower. I put up my arm to screen my face, and knocked off my porkpie. I would have chased after them, but the train started to pull out and I had to grab my hat and get aboard.

I was so humiliated that I felt sick to my stomach. There wasn't any relief in the knowledge that the train went through Niagara Falls, or that I had organized a similar send-off for Anne, a number of years before. I wondered vaguely, for the first time, whether perhaps Anne had felt humiliated too.

I had been on Pullmans a good many times before, sometimes alone. Nevertheless, I had been especially concerned about what sort of impression I'd make on the Pullman taking me to college. I had intended to breeze into the Pullman and stop at the drinking fountain to get a paper cup of water, thus showing my familiarity with the facilities. Then I'd tell George, the porter, that I'd leave my shoes out so that he could shine them. Instead, I slunk into the car, with the porter complaining loudly that he was going to have to clean up all that rice I was shedding, and that I'd better go back to the vestibule and shake myself again.

The train had been made up in New York, and most of the passengers were in their berths. But heads were poking out of the curtains. They were leering at me, but especially they were looking for the bride—Bunny Girl.

It was at that moment, which I still think of as the nadir of my existence, that I first saw Sallye.

(Continued on Page 104)

Copyright, 1951, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. This is a condensation of the book soon to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.



"We ran a mighty taut ship— USS Hotel Fort Sumter."



"No man in his right mind would ever let her out of his sight."



During New Hebrides assignment, Frank made many friends (and one enemy).



Reunion— several complications later.



Clarence must have
written at precisely
the time I wrote to him.
"Read it aloud,"
they commanded.
"Come on, Martha

Devotedly, Patrick

By **LAURA WINSTON**

The Journal Presents
LAURA WINSTON
AND HER FIRST PUBLISHED STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY
Monet

A PAUL JONES is a deviation of the old game of musical chairs, only instead of sitting on what you are in front of when the music stops, you dance with it. That was how I first met Patrick Henry Casebolt. It happened that warm September afternoon Wood Hollow Hall gave its initial tea dance of the year—a fearfully boring affair in the arid surroundings of the gymnasium.

Promptly at one-forty-five, the cadets from nearby Hillside Academy had massed in platoons and marched down the hill to be our guests—white-gloved, red-faced and grumbling.

For a solid hour I was exposed to all the types: the near-bald cadet major from Macon, Georgia: the stuttering fat boy who jitterbugged to Deep Purple; the anemic Chinese who told me I looked like his sister; and half a dozen nonentities. The exception was a dashing boy with round brown eyes and straw-colored hair. His name was Clarence Rassmussen.

They met at a dance.
The orchestra played All or Nothing at All
and there he was . . . nothing at all.



Henry Casebolt

At the end of our dance, he took a small red book from the cuff of his uniform and asked if he might write to me. We had danced Temptation together. We had not said a word. And his smile was as warm as a summer breeze by a babbling brook. Write to me? I would die for him—in chains! I rushed off to the side lines to share my good luck with my roommate.

"I thought the Paul Jones was supposed to be an opener," Candy said, completely disregarding the item about Clarence Rassmussen. "We haven't had anything *but* Paul Joneses and *I* just had to dance the last number with that *midget* over there!"

Candy was my age, almost sixteen, and any man shorter than her own six-foot stature was condemned as hopelessly abnormal.

Miss Budde, the chaperon in charge, a thin rail of a woman with giant ankles pushed into a pair of prim English Oxfords, blew her whistle sharply. "All right, everyone," she said; "let's have another Paul Jones!"

Like the automatons we were, we formed the human-slave circle and trotted busily about the gymnasium to the insidious lyrics of All or Nothing at All. Just as the vocalist came to the phrase "nothing at all" the music stopped. I was facing an enormous, redheaded, freckle-faced ruffian who even surpassed Candy Lane's length requirements. He looked as if he were about to burst out of his gold-braided jacket, from whose sleeves his red wrists hung in defiance of all tailoring.

"Greetings," he boomed out obnoxiously. "I am a prince from Paris, and I believe we have this dance."

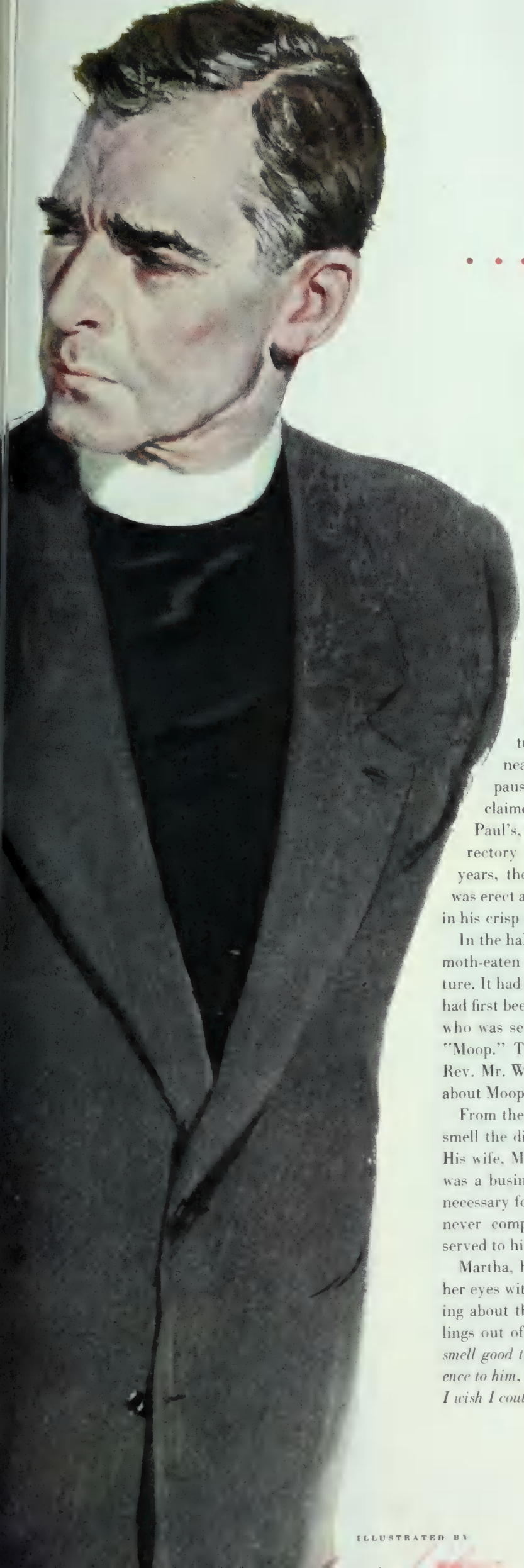
His name, of course, was Patrick Henry Casebolt. He was indeed from Paris—Paris, Missouri! He clobbered about on my new patent-leather pumps, admonishing me for being so "beautiful," while I, all too aware of the bright red pimple which had arrived on the tip of my nose early that morning, hated him passionately.

(Continued on Page 228)



"You have to love him
very hard."
Martha told James' grandson,
"then someday
he will love you back."

"No, we're not going to have another dog,"
James Weatherby said heavily
"Dogs seem to make everybody too unhappy."



. . . and have not charity

By MARY ELIZABETH VROMAN

THE Reverend James Weatherby crossed the street at the intersection of Peach and Smythe and turned west down Peach, past the neat green-and-white houses. He paused before the billboard that proclaimed the unimpressive church was St. Paul's, and then moved briskly on to the rectory beyond. Despite his fifty-three years, there was no stoop in his walk. He was erect and flat-bellied. There was little gray in his crisp black hair. Only his eyes were old.

In the hall he hung his hat on the horns of a moth-eaten deer's head. The head was a fixture. It had been there when James Weatherby had first been appointed to St. Paul's. Theresa, who was seven at the time, had christened it "Moop." There had been a time when the Rev. Mr. Weatherby would joke with Theresa about Moop, but that was before Eben.

From the living room Mr. Weatherby could smell the dinner almost ready in the kitchen. His wife, Martha, was a good cook, but eating was a business with him, like his daily walk, necessary for the maintenance of the flesh. He never complained about the food if it was served to him on time. Nor did he praise.

Martha, brushing a wisp of hair away from her eyes with the back of her hand, was thinking about that. She drew the fat apple dumplings out of the oven. . . . *You look good . . . smell good too; not that it will make any difference to him, but Muriel will like them, and Eben. I wish I could get Theresa to eat—to really taste food again.* Thinking of Theresa evoked a sudden tight, nameless passion in her. *It's been so long. . . . The church people have forgotten almost. And forgiven long ago . . . not that he's let them forget, or Theresa or me or Muriel. I wonder how long Eben can escape. Poor Eben. It's hurt him worst of us all, because he doesn't understand. I can help Theresa a little, but no one will ever be able to help Eben except James . . . if he could ever want to.*

Her husband was standing in the doorway, watching her with the strange, intense expression she often surprised in his face when he thought she didn't see him.

"You're home early, James."

"A little, perhaps. Where's Muriel?"

You have two daughters. "She's at school this afternoon, helping Miss Ritchie with the new library books."

James frowned. "Couldn't Miss Ritchie have found someone else to help her?"

"Muriel wanted to, James."

"It strikes me that Muriel finds too many excuses to be away from home. I don't approve of it. She's entirely too young."

"Is it so bad to be young, James, or have you forgotten?"

He ignored that. "I'll be in the study."

Theresa was coming through the swinging kitchen door as he turned to leave. "Good evening, father."

"Good evening." He said it coldly.

She smiled at Martha. "I'll set the table, mom. Visitors?" *(Continued on Page 205)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

The husband, a research engineer, went all out for this modern design; for its unsentimental looks, clean-cut lines, simple construction. "Livability" won his wife completel

SANDERS, MALSIN & REIMAN, ARCHITECTS; PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER



Holding the downhill half off the ground on steel posts creates a carport and a lofty balcony outside the living room. An easy house for a difficult, uneven site, and particularly attractive in a wooded situation.

A general booklet, No. 2639, A PRIMER FOR THE OWNER-BUILDER, *can be ordered from the Reference Library,* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for $1. Use order blank on Page 26. To the Easi-Bild Pattern Company, 462 Bedford Road, Pleasantville, New York, send 50c for Shopping Guide, No. 513, to estimate cost of materials; or $5 for both Shopping Guide and Construction Plans, No. 513.*

This time the Journal Sweat Equity Plan cuts the price in half! Again it multiplies the money value of owner effort by expert designing, simple methods. Gives clear instructions on how to purchase materials, equipment. Tells how to hire skilled assistance, how to make your own spare-time work really count.

By **RICHARD PRATT**
Architectural Editor of the Journal



The corrugated asbestos panels (painted gray) happened to be a bargain buy. Outside walls could just as well be plywood or vertical barn siding, the latter shown below.

COST $9,175 . . . WORTH $20,000

A ready-built house this size would have cost $23,500. The lowest contractor's bid on this JOURNAL design was $20,375. But Paul and Virginia went to work the Sweat Equity way. It took nine months to build: 1400 hours of spare-time work. They hired their own masons, carpenters, plumbers, heating men, electricians—all according to Sweat Equity schedule. They used Sweat Equity's complete, explanatory shopping guide for making all purchases. As a result, their labor bill was only $3884.99; their materials and equipment, only $5290.01. . . . Here's the whole idea. Your design has lasting value, your floor plan real livability; the construction is simple, sound and picture-clear. You pay no fees, profits, overhead. You hire and buy direct. You have only one person to please: the owner. And that person is *you!*





The room for living and dining is traffic-free; can be kept attractive and tidy while multiuse space, with outside entrances and equally convenient to kitchen, is used for informal meals, sewing, ironing, as well as for children's play.



Barn-siding walls can be with or without battens.

Simple methods, modern materials raise owner efficiency, lower costs.



HAROLD FOWLER

MONEY SAVERS for furnishing a large room

There's a way to furnish a large (18′ x 24′) living room at moderate cost:
keep an eye out for inexpensive, well-built stock items:
keep in mind that home- or carpenter-built pieces can sometimes be more budget-wise than ready-mades.

By H. T. WILLIAMS

PAUL and Virginia need seating space for ten or twelve in their large new living-dining room, for they have lots of friends in their young New Jersey community, and love to entertain. These young householders were on the lookout for money savers to make their 18′x 24′ room as complete as possible, with sturdy, well-designed pieces that would be easy for Virginia, the mother of a live-wire two-year-old, to care for. They chose wisely from among the many clean-cut, inexpensive stock items available now throughout the country; the coffee table, for $40, the upholstered club chair, for $89, the two rounded "tub" chairs, for $35 each, are all good buys. The two comfortable end-to-end day beds were ordinary cot springs and mattresses incorporated with carpenter-made frames and legs, and supplied with back cushions (lumber cost $14.90; if you have a bent for carpentering, or if carpenters' rates are reasonable in your neighborhood, you might follow this lead). The big 12′ x 12′ cotton rug is washable and reversible—a real bargain at $134.40. The old wicker porch chairs were a gift from Virginia's mother; with bright new seat pads, they strike an unusual note in a modern room.

(Above) Day beds placed end to end go far to furnish a considerable part of the room's wall space. The unusual throw pillows are covered with 49c rag rugs. Stock-item standing lamp cost $14.95.

(Right) The circular dining table expands to seat six; its leaves drop to push flat against the wall when not in use; $70. Easily accessible storage shelves at right, for linens, china and flatware.

(Opposite page) Cherrywood-and-oak desk-table was made by a local carpenter; lumber cost $15. Ottoman: $24. Sunfast linenlike rayon dress fabric at $1.69 a yard was used for traverse curtains.

FOWLER



The music was that old waltz from "The Chocolate Soldier."
He put his arm around her. "Don't kid me, Dottie."



ILLUSTRATED BY

Melville Goodwin USA





By JOHN P. MARQUAND

In October, 1949, General Melville A. Goodwin became man-of-the-hour when news stories told of an incident in Berlin which could have brought war. I. Sidney Skelton, a "well-known commentator," was asked by Army Public Relations to help with Mel's publicity because I'd known him briefly during my Army days. I was the one, in fact, back in 1945, who introduced him to Dottie Peale, head of the Peale publishing house, when she toured the battle areas in France with a group of writers.

I invited Phil Bentley, magazine writer; his researcher, Miss Fineholt; the General and Mrs. Goodwin; and Colonel Flax all up to the new place which Helen and I had bought in Connecticut. There the interviewing could be done in comfort, and Gilbert Frary, my boss, hoped for good publicity for me.

The General began to tell the story of his small-town background and military career. He married Muriel, his school days' sweetheart, the day after graduation from West Point, and left for France in two weeks. There in front-line combat he made an exceptionally good record.

At this point in the story I had to drive Mrs. Goodwin to New York. Then I lunched with Dottie Peale. She was determined to see the General again, determined—in her words—to "help him." I was afraid catastrophe would be inevitable, but I couldn't stop her.

Back in Connecticut, Mel described the years between wars; how as a peacetime officer he moved from post to post, watched his children grow up, advanced slowly—sometimes by luck, sometimes by merit. We were ready to hear about the General's World War II career.

It was Mel's last day in Connecticut. I tried to warn him about Dottie, but he was already looking forward to having dinner with her in New York that night.

I FOLLOWED the General into the library and closed the door. He had a well-compartmented mind that could move effortlessly from one thing to another.

"Let's get this thing cleaned up, Phil," he said. "I have to be in New York by five o'clock. Where did we break off last night?"

"You were back in Washington," Phil Bentley told him, "in the summer of 1941."

Melville Goodwin laughed and sat down by the fireplace. "It was really hot that summer," he said. "Everyone, as I remember, was sort of crazy with the heat. . . ."

In the final draft of his profile, Phil Bentley came up with only a paragraph on Melville Goodwin's pre-Pearl Harbor experiences:

With his deceptively boyish smile that softened but did not obscure the tough corners of his mouth, Melville Goodwin described those months of shoestring improvisations and basic organizational blueprinting as follows: "The whole crowd were like jugglers in a three-ring circus, keeping pie plates in the air. No sooner did you catch one than you had to get rid of it in time to get the next one that the Old Man was scaling at you, and you couldn't break them either. It was lucky for me I was a fast mover."

He meant by this that he was a sort of liaison trouble-shooter in Washington, shuttling back and forth among high echelons because A. C. Grimshaw, who had already attained a temporary two-star rank, began using him more and more as a second pair of legs and eyes. Grimshaw would send him as his representative to policy conferences on training and plans, and he did a lot of doubling and tripling in brass that summer. He never mentioned Muriel's place in this picture to Phil Bentley, but he did take up the subject of Muriel with me privately.

Muriel, he said, came up from Benning to Washington and they had a few differences of opinion. Of course the whole town was overcrowded. He wanted Muriel and Charlie to stay where it was cool until he could at least find out what the score was. He could not very well afford to keep them in some Washington hotel on a lieutenant colonel's pay, and though Muriel and her mother never did get on well sharing a house together, because both of them were *(Continued on Page 74)*

Copyright, 1951, by John P. Marquand



Short black-and-white tweed coat. Persian-lamb collar. matching hat. wool skirt. by Christian Dior. New York.



Salt-and-pepper tweed cloak with red, bell sleeves, high velours cloche, by Hattie Carnegie.



Poodle-cloth straight coat with set-in sleeves, by Lo Balbo. Chin-strap velours fez, Mr. John.



Shawl-collared cocoon suit. black-and-white tweed. by Nettie Rosenstein.

ALLIGATOR BAG BY RICHARD KORET, CALFSKIN BAG BY HELEN RAITT.

A big shawl collar to drape around your shoulders, the flash of shock-red or green in a coat, the new aspect of a tweed cloak over an afternoon dress, the new feeling of stepping out in a skirt with flare, slightly shorter—these are first significant impressions of fall '51.

THE NEW AND YOU

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

You are the critic of the new. Your constant question—Is it right for me? Each season certain new silhouettes, details and colors provide the basis for renewing and changing your clothes. This fall, the most notable new coats and suit-jackets are *cocoon-shaped,* hem-length or hipbone-length, usually in tweed, worn with a narrow skirt. The flat-back coat with bell sleeves, straight or slightly flaring at the sides, often reversible or lined with color, is an important alternate. The *fitted coat,* belted or princess-line, flares from the waistline. All coats have a warm, wrapped-against-the-weather look. Tweeds are designed for town. In contrast to the loose cocoon-jacket suit, the *sculptured* jacket seems painted on your figure, has a narrow or a flaring skirt, is worn with a jersey or taffeta blouse, or is buttoned up, stark plain, without a blouse. The newest dress has a *skater's silhouette,* with a gored bell-shaped skirt and tight bodice, worn over petticoats of taffeta or stiffened nylon net. The fencer's dress with high neck and long sleeves comes in all-black crepe or jersey, the double-breasted coat-dress in tawny beige or gray gabardine. The wool dress, in black or vibrant color, under a long or short coat, is the *costume fashion* of fall '51. You'll see it in a scarlet-red dress under a black coat, green with green, black with black-and-white tweed, gold matching gold.



The fitted-jacket suit in navy-blue wool, with sleeves set high, side-tilted velour beret, by Hattie Carnegie.

WILHELA CUSHMAN

The New And You





Tiger-tweed cocoon coat, black jersey dress. Omar Kiam of Ben Reig.

Fabrics are full of texture and electrified with color—scarlet and rouge-red, emerald green, stained-glass blue, bright turquoise, and new ginger and shell shades. A coat can be in any of these colors, a velours hat or velvet evening dress most often in red or royal blue, a capeskin glove in tawny gold or red. On the other hand, your costume may be all-black, oxford gray, oxford brown. Gray is still a wonderful basic to count on.

Suit with gored fullness, Nettie Rosenstein. Matching hat, Mr. John.



ess worn with tweed coat is black jersey, blond pigskin belt and buttons.



Poodle-wool jacket, wool dress by Hannah Troy. Hat, John Frederics.

Your hat is a calot, a pillbox, a turban, a side-ilted cloche or toque, often with a big gold stick-pin. One extra-large piece of jewelry has enor-mous chic — a gold medallion, a gold-and-rhine-stone dagger, a choker of big gold or baroque pearl beads. Your bag is box or satchel-shaped with a frame or a flat rectangle, alligator or calf-skin. Your scarf is taffeta or a fold of satin, or a velvet ascot combined with leopard fur.



Wing-shawl collar on a wrapped tweed coat by Pauline Trigere, matching turban.



Ribbed French velvet with mink collar and cuffs. Ben Reig original, by Omar Kiam.

WILHELA CUSHMAN

CLOTHES YOU WEAR AGAIN AND AGAIN

This fall, you'll wear a taffeta blouse or a jersey shirt with a tweedy wool suit, a dressmaker wool dress will be as basic as a crepe, a flecked faille suit will take a new fur ascot or a favorite scarf, the jacketed taffeta will be for day or night. Prices are dollar-conscious. By Ruth Mary Packard



$55.90

$35.00	Suit in flecked rayon faille
3.95	Tilted black velvet beret
12.95	Black calfskin bag
1.00	Hand-sewn, 8-button gloves

FUR ASCOT FASHION, CIVET CAT, $14.65, PLUS TAX



$55.95

Gray wool dress, side closing	$45.00
Visor cloche in black velvet	6.95
Fall-weight cotton gloves	4.00

MUFF IN GLOSSY BLACK FOX, $32.00, PLUS TAX

LEOMBRUNO · BODI



Wool suit, poodle-cloth collar	$39.95
Deeper pillbox, black velvet	6.95
Top-handle calfskin bag	10.00
Gold medallion on a chain	8.95
Washable, wearable cotton gloves	4.00

$69.85



$85.90

$69.95	Taffeta dress, with jacket
6.95	Bow-and-veil dinner bandeau
5.00	Navy blue lambskin bag
4.00	Long white cotton gloves

RAYON FAILLE AND WOOL SUITS BY MARY KAY DODSON; WOOL DRESS AND TWO-PIECE TAFFETA BY LEONARD ARKIN; BOW-BANDEAU, THERESA AHRENS; PILLBOX, ELIZABETH MARKS; FURS BY HAROLD RUBIN; OTHER HATS, MR. ALF; BAGS BY MURRAY SELTZER. MEDALLION COIN PIN BY KENDALL SMITH.

COLOR IS THE REASON

Color is the newest (and the oldest) way of achieving variety in your new clothes, or an effective change for a last-season's favorite. This year the colors are shock colors, deep and brilliant. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Sapphire blue, especially in velvet, is a wonderful accent with black furs, or a black wool coat or suit. Double-brimmed hat by John Frederics, fox scarf by Harold Rubin.



The fashion of black and red. Pauline Trigere's black wool dress is worn with a huge boutonniere of red carnations, red capeskin gloves, black jersey turban with stickpins.

Accordion bag in black-and-red calfskin, striped satin scarf, hand-sewn cotton gloves.



Gray fur, worn with burnished gold or any deep bright color. Tina Leser's chinchilla-rabbit coat is lined with wool felt matching Mr. John's new deep-crowned gold cloche.

Emerald green is an important scarf color. Calfskin bag, matching belt and gloves.







WILHELA CUSHMAN



A scarlet-red coat is more basic than you think. Wear it with a leopard turban with a feather *cocarde*, by Mr. John, or with a black hat. Gloves are hand-sewn capeskin.

The bag of the season is alligator, the jewel oversized, the scarf satin, gloves sand-beige.



COLOR IS THE REASON.

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for her bridge
matoes, Melba
rdonic glances
in unison.

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-end household chores are prob-
se as eighteen holes of golf. Espe-
ething I intend to do in the basement
p repeatedly to the attic to hunt for some-
, only to wonder, after climbing three flights,
what it is I'm after.

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neurosis.

●

In my more pessimistic moments I estimate that our youngest inflicts at least $2 worth of damage of one kind or another on our house every day. . . . But fortunately, these are sandwiched between sanguine moods when it seems to me he provides us with at least $5 worth of entertainment daily.

●

Another clue to why we won't have a feminine President for fifty years or more: When men dropped vests from their suits, women adopted the "three-piece ensemble," so they could be sold a separate topcoat with every suit.

●

My coed friend around the corner tells me four years of college have made her sorority sisters more sensible. "When they were freshmen, they set their hearts on men tall, dark and handsome," she confides. "Now they'll settle for husbands short, fair and homely!"

●

Every time I see twenty-four ounces of genuine Vermont maple sirup advertised at $2.50 I'm reminded of my last tour of the White House, when I espied in the pantry a gallon tin of synthetic maple sirup with $1.85 scribbled on it. (So they are frugal in one way!)

●

"What really arouses a wife's suspicion," murmurs Betty Comfort, setting seven quart milk bottles out in the driveway, "is a woman who makes her husband feel too young and wear bow ties too often."

●

Apparently nothing else I've ever said to Junior about cigarettes has impressed him so much as this: that his cigarette money could pay the premium on $5000 worth of life insurance.



Our sentimental neighbor with the $290 camera sneaked up to get a snapshot of his eleven-year-old (in white cross belts) controlling traffic at the school curb. . . . Children giggled, motorists honked, his boy looked stonily away, but he's got a picture he cherishes as one of true historic significance.

●

If a man marries a college girl, one thing is certain to happen to him: she'll force him to eat a lot of salads. Even when I'm away on a trip I have a guilty feeling if I skip a salad; afraid my pet dietitian'll give me a crisp little lecture on greens and vitamins.

A modern mother is one who, rather than teach her small brat to hang up his clothes, prefers to do it for him herself, rather than run the risk of giving him an anxiety neurosis which might someday goad him into throwing a drink in his boss's face.

●

Our eleven-year-old is no smarter than other children. But I'd bet $2 that often the wittiest things said in an evening at our house are his stage-whispered comments in the next room, where he's presumably watching television, on some of the grownups' chatter he overhears.

●

I yielded again this year on our vacation trip to my Princess of Sheer Delight: We never drove more than 350 miles a day. . . . But in exchange I insisted on covering at least 50 miles daily before breakfast, and on cooking at least one meal a day on our gasoline stove, as best I could, under the family's inspired barrage of witty sallies.

●

Secretly I have moments when I think our offspring are smarter than their pa. For instance, I doubt that I'd ever have thought (as Junior has) of using a pair of antlers as a necktie rack.

●

It bothers me that some of our boys' chums' fathers don't make 'em do some chores. Our own boys wouldn't be so restless about doing theirs if their chums didn't sit around needling 'em and telling 'em to hurry or they'll be late to the movie. But I've stipulated no movies, TV or radio till chores are done.

●

In our block it's plain when a girl really likes a boy: She brings him home and fixes him a skilletful of bacon and eggs in the kitchen instead of letting him spend two or three dollars for 'em downtown.

●

A dish of well-browned roast-beef hash never tastes better to me than just after I've seen sixteen ounces of *pâté de foie gras* at $12.75: it's the vulgar plebeian in me.

●

My nostalgia for bachelorhood dwindles:

When my daughter picks me up at the office without moaning if she has to wait twelve minutes . . .

If my Dream Girl detects that I'm spoofing when I say something preposterous with a dead pan . . .

When Junior offers to work all summer for me at one half the rate he'd charge if hired by any other farmer . . .

If our youngest (eleven) breaks into a smile when he reads something I've written and says, "That wasn't bad, dad!"——And when and if the lure of the club keeps me downtown till six o'clock, a phone call brings me galloping home in ten minutes.

There's a Man in the House

By HARLAN MILLER

Women without Children . . . *victims of a new disease*



By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

THE red-haired doctor from Harvard leveled his finger at his audience of fellow obstetricians and gynecologists. "If you men have daughters and they want to get married, see that they do, even if you have to support them," he said. "Let them start having their babies while they are young. Otherwise, they may never have any at all."

The speaker was Dr. Joe V. Meigs, head of gynecology at the Vincent Memorial Hospital Gynecologic Service, affiliated with the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. The occasion was a panel discussion at a meeting of the American Medical Association. The subject was endometriosis.

Endometriosis is a relatively new disease of women, but one of the most common and most talked of among gynecologists. It has become a frequent indication for surgery. It is held responsible for much of the menstrual and other abdominal pain suffered by women. In its extreme form, it can incapacitate. Most serious and tragic of all, it is believed to account for the inability of many women to bear children.

Dr. Joe Vincent Meigs, of Harvard, is a world authority on the disease, having studied it closely since 1922. (It was only in 1921 that Dr. John A. Sampson first described it as a clinical entity, though cases had been observed as early as 1897.)

"It is my belief that late marriage and infrequent childbearing are the reasons for endometriosis," says Doctor Meigs. "Our young people have been putting off marriage and families because, under our present economy, it is nearly impossible for a young man to make enough money to support a wife and family. Hence endometriosis is an economic disease of our times, and a serious one." The idea of a "new" disease will be startling to most readers, but here is a true case, a disease caused by a new and unusual condition of society.

The disease is important sociologically because its victims are found largely in the educated, successful stratum of society. Failure of these people to reproduce themselves adequately has alarmed eugenists for a generation or more. (For instance, a study of graduates of leading men's and women's colleges showed that they average less than two children per couple. A corresponding group of women with not over four years' schooling averaged more than four children apiece.) Doctors like Joe Meigs, of Harvard, and Clayton T. Beecham, clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Temple University, Philadelphia, another highly rated authority on endometriosis, believe that the newly-discovered disease has much to do with this situation.

"It is noteworthy that the frequency with which the diagnosis of endometriosis is made parallels the increased use of contraception, the emancipation or rise of womankind to careers, and/or late marriage with late childbearing," says Doctor Beecham.

Says Doctor Meigs, "Because of economics, we are allowing our most highly trained young people to protect themselves against having children, when as a matter of fact I don't think they can afford not to have them. For if they do not, the wives come to us gynecologists later on with endometriosis, and we have to struggle and work to try to make pregnancy possible for them."

The malady which, in the opinion of these experts, is as significant from the economic and sociological standpoints as it is from the medical, takes its name from the endometrium, or lining of the uterus. It is this lining which, sloughing off and bleeding each month, causes menstruation.

There are two important theories concerning endometriosis. The one suggested by Doctor Sampson is that cells from the menstruating endometrium flow, or are regurgitated, through the abdominal ends of the Fallopian tubes and implant on tissue in the pelvis. The other theory, a more recent one, considers that the lining of the pelvis can, following irritation or inflammation, grow and produce cells as it did in the formative days of the uterus, tubes and ovaries. The leftover material attempts to create endometrial cells again.

These cells, labeled "aberrant" by Doctor Sampson, have been found in the extremities, in the lungs, the navel, the bladder and the appendix. Ordinarily, however, they remain in the pelvis, around the organs there—the ovaries and their supporting ligaments, the Fallopian tubes, and most commonly of all in the peritoneum, or lining of the pelvis.

Just how the errant material originates and how it is disseminated through the body is a matter of dispute. On the essential point, however, all authorities are agreed, and this is the strange, almost weird feature of the disease. After a girl reaches puberty and begins to menstruate, these cells may group together, form glands and bleed each month, wherever in the body they may be. According to Doctor Meigs, they act like a second uterus.

"Within the last ten years, a very large percentage of my gynecological cases, operated upon for various reasons, have the small, telltale, blue to black

(Continued on Page 198)

Two looks for Fall

by NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal





Salt-and-pepper tweed is an old favorite enjoying new popularity in the fabric field. It is a substantial fabric which tailors well. Our suit has two details worth special mention: a new notched collar, and pockets over the hipline. Vogue Design No. 7438. 12 to 42.

THE most important decision to make in a season with TWO looks is which look is YOUR look. If you are going to be practical, that decision isn't made simply by looking at pictures, but by considering these many things: Can your figure stand the shorter, more shapely jackets that invariably accompany full skirts? If you are not planning a new winter coat, will last year's do over a full-skirted dress or suit? And, if you are planning a new fitted coat, can you wear it over whatever important clothes you have left from last year? Generally speaking, if you are quite short, straight skirts will be most becoming. If you are tall, chances are you can wear the fuller skirts well. Average figures can wear either, as long as they are not in extremes. Fabric is important in making the most of a silhouette. Straight skirts need firm fabrics that will not "sit" out of shape. If you are making a full skirt in a soft fabric, by all means wear a petticoat under it. The fabric department in your favorite store is bursting with pretty fabrics . . . look for the tweeds and rough-textured ones.

This is our idea of a very feminine suit made in a sturdy fabric . . . especially nice in such a pretty shade. The shaped collar and double-breasted effect look new. A taffeta petticoat to match the lining improves the shape. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7460. 12 to 20.



A dress to be comfortable in . . . the skirt has easy fullness, pockets; the buttoned-back tabs at neck may be crossed and buttoned down if you find it more becoming; linked sleeve bands. Vogue Design 7481. 12 to 20.

© VOGUE



A button-front dress is always a good bet. It's easy to slip into and out of, as well as being a practical choice for wool. Pattern includes peplumlike patch pockets—optional. Vogue Design No. S-4243. 12 to 20.

Most of the excitement in new fabrics has to do with texture, and you will notice that we have used several examples. This nubby purple woolen has been shaped into a semiprincess line. Vogue Design No. S-4233, 12 to 20.



MARK SHAW

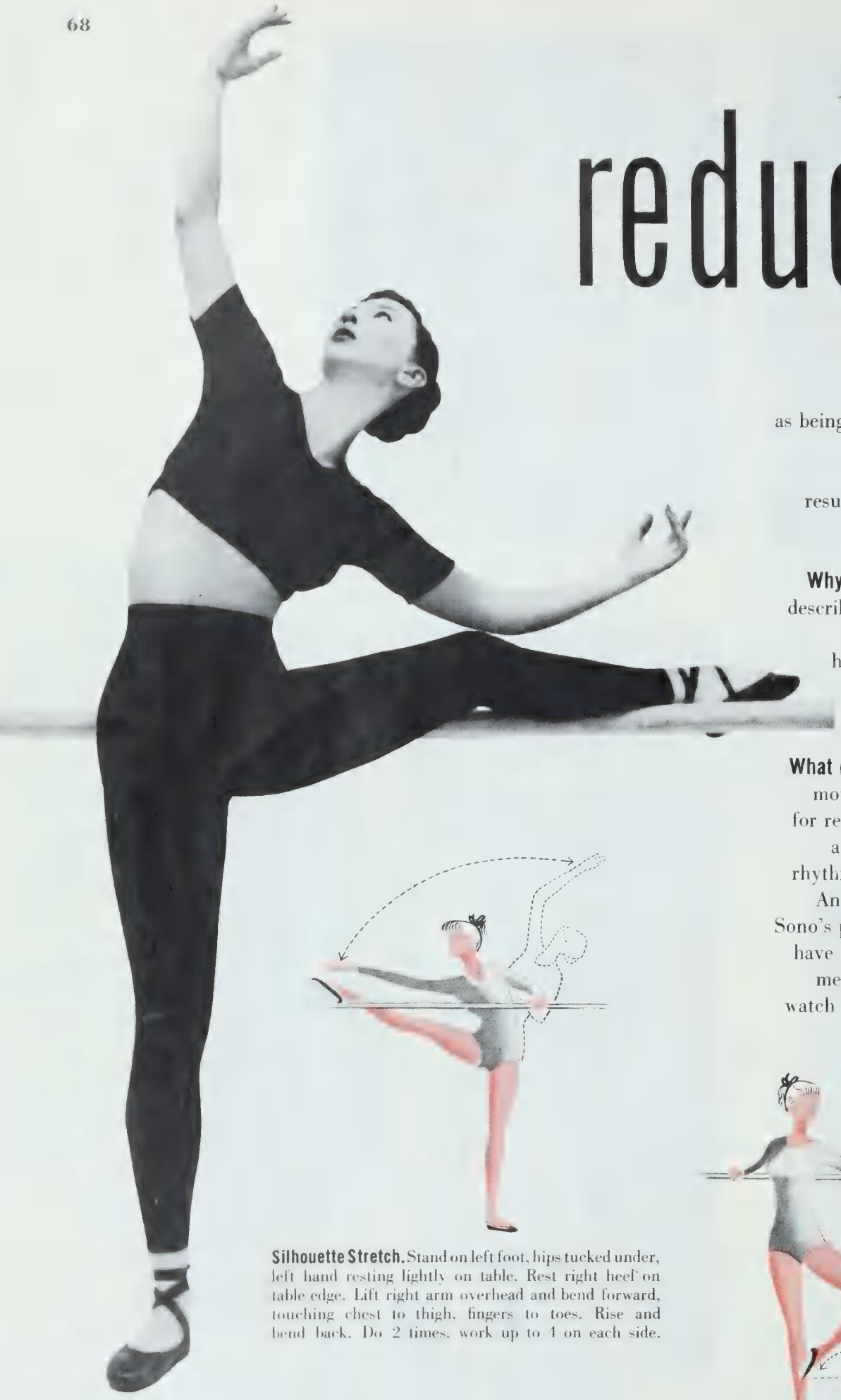


It's nice to have a coat that slips over a suit without too much bulk . . . just what this coat will do. The long uncuffed sleeves (which we have turned back) are practical and warm. If you are not too good at buttonholes do them on the sewing machine with the attachment. Vogue Design No. 7485, 12 to 20.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, * from Vogue Pattern Service, Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)

Other views and prices of these patterns on Page 213

reducing...*for*



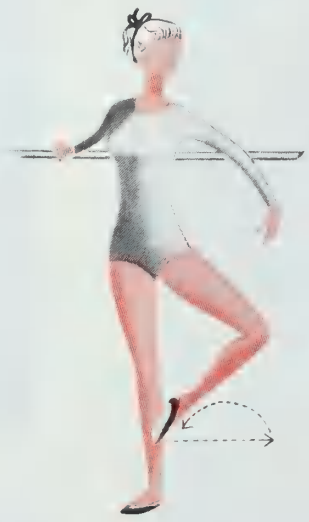
If You are Solid. You are usually describe as being a "big" girl or a "sturdy" woman, but no one accus you of being fat, and you seldom get guidance i how to reduce. In fact, diet alone does not produc results; your measurements remain discouragingly firm an unyielding and prevent you from achieving that lith elasticity in your body you would like to hav

Why? Here is the way Nicholas Kounovsky, exercise exper describes the average "solid type." See if you can recogniz yourself! "She is nervous, tense. She does things th hard way. When she bends over to pick up a penny sh uses as much power as she would to lift a heav weight. Her tension increases her muscle tonicity She is creating her own solid weight!

What can you do about it? Sono Osato, delightful dancer an mother of two young sons, gives us her favorite exercise for releasing such muscular tension and bringing new sprin and suppleness to the body. She says, "Do them slowly rhythmically. Feel the s-t-r-e-t-c-h through your entire body And do them regularly, ten to fifteen minutes every day! Sono's photograph, at left, shows how effective such exercise have been in maintaining her own slim modellike measure ments. Try them—cut down on sweets and starches, an watch concentrated flesh become streamlined in a few weeks

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Silhouette Stretch. Stand on left foot, hips tucked under, left hand resting lightly on table. Rest right heel on table edge. Lift right arm overhead and bend forward, touching chest to thigh, fingers to toes. Rise and bend back. Do 2 times, work up to 4 on each side.



Thigh Stretch. Stand erect, hips tucked under, heels together, toes pointed out. Now flex left knee out to side, pointing toes down to touch right calf. Maintain this position and move left leg, from knee down, to describe a large semicircle. Rotate each leg 5 times, work up to 10.





CLAYTON GHOSAY

Diaphragm Stretch. Stand on left foot, toes pointed out, left hand resting lightly on any object for balance. Stretch right leg back, let toes touch floor. With right arm raised above head, bend forward slowly to touch floor with finger tips. Return to upright position and bend back as far as possible. Repeat 4 times, work up to 8 each side.

Hip and Leg Stretch. Stand erect, hips tucked under, heels together, toes out. Rest hand lightly on any object for balance. *Keeping heels on floor* for as long as possible, slowly lower yourself to "sitting" position. Return slowly and repeat. Do 4 times, work up to 8 times. Follow all exercise directions exactly for prettiest, fastest results.

your type

The pretty young brunette photographed below is Patrice Munsel, Metropolitan Opera star, whose measurements are: bust, 36″; waist, 24″; hips, 36″; height, 5′ ½″; weight, 120 pounds. Here, Patrice is practicing her favorite outdoor sport, bicycling, indoors. Right side up or upside down, this leg-rotating exercise is one of the best for keeping your hips and thighs slim and streamlined!

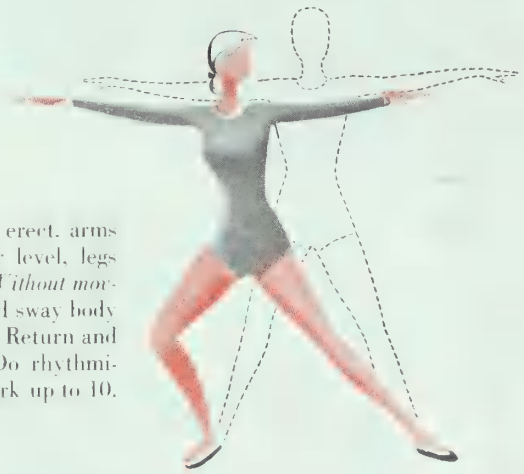


LILLIAN BASSMAN

If You are Soft. Your worries concern an upper-arm bulge, a spare tire, a thickened waist, cushioned hips. One or more of these figure offenders make you appear pounds heavier, possibly years older than you are. Gradually, over a period of months or years, you find your selection of clothes is guided by what they will hide rather than what they reveal. If this is your category, take temporary solace in knowing you have "ample" company—for this is the most common of all feminine figure complaints!

How did it happen to you? If you have added pounds as well as puffs, chances are you have slipped up on your diet—as well as your exercise. But if your weight has remained fairly constant, blame your bulges on lack of proper exercise alone. Unused muscles lose their ability to stretch and contract. They lazily abandon their jobs of holding your tummy in, your waistline taut, your flesh firm. Intelligent exercise nourishes as well as beautifies, increases circulation, allows your body to absorb and assimilate properly the food you eat.

What can you do about it? The twist-and-turn exercises shown below are designed to firm your body and minimize your measurements. If you want to combine weight reducing with them, have your doctor approve a low-calorie diet which you can follow. Begin by exercising ten minutes a day; work up to thirty if there is time. Be faithful to your plan . . . a firmer, more youthful figure will be your reward.



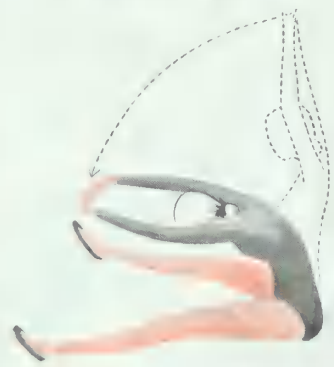
For Firmer Thighs. Stand erect, arms stretched out at shoulder level, legs apart, toes pointed out. *Without moving feet*, flex right knee and sway body as far to right as possible. Return and repeat, swaying to left. Do rhythmically 5 times each side, work up to 10.



Shoulder Roll. Lie on back, legs apart, shoulders and head lifted from floor, finger tips resting lightly on shoulders. Roll on upper back as far to left as possible, then to right, trying to keep hips and thighs on floor. 10 rolls on each side, work up to 25.



Double Hip Spank. Lie on back, arms out, palms up, legs together. Flex knees and roll on hips and thighs to slap floor, first on right, then on left, keeping upper back flat on floor. Repeat 8 times each side, work up to 16.



Waistline Twist. Sit on floor, legs apart, hands clasped with palms up, arms overhead. Now turn sharply from waist to right, bend forward and reach for right toes. Sit up, repeat, going to left. 1 bends each side, work up to 10.


Menu
(Planned for 8)
Veal Paprika
Noodles with Buttered Croutons
Green Beans
Brown-and-Serve Rolls
Sliced Tomatoes
West Coast Onions
Hot Fruit Compote
Sugared Crullers
Coffee

Just Help Yourself

YOU didn't figure on summer's being over, I hope. It isn't. It's just right for parties and buffet suppers. Not too hot, not too cool. Watching the last birds go gives us exactly that sweet combination of melancholy and nostalgia that the end of summer wears like a veil over her sober bonnet in the evening of the day. It's a time to share the mood with friends and to join with them in holding onto summer for a while. So let's gather round the table with friends we know or with friends we'll make. Just help ourselves, get a second if you can. The hours will slip away, but we shall linger on—until the sun is set, until the moon is full.

A word or two about veal. I'll bet a doughnut to a punched Canadian quarter (both have holes) that you can't remember the last time I brought up the subject of veal as the main feature of one of our meals. Although I don't exactly go into a tail spin about beets, carrots and parsley, veal has a fairly good rating on my culinary list. I have nothing really against carrots either. They are good, all these fruits of the earth, but some of them seem about as exciting as the tail end of a parsnip after its winter siesta in the cellar sandbox.

Since the help-yourself kind of party has become popular, more and more people are searching for a tasty dish that lends *(Continued on Page 180)*

By Ann Batchelder

STUART-FOWLER


WAYNE ANDREWS

Bethesda Presbyterian Church, Camden, S. C., 1820.

Every Day

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 What is an "important writer"? Is it a man who writes importantly or one who writes of important people or is he—or she—a writer whose work is so important that it is not to be missed by any thinking being? It seems to me that Carlo Levi answers to all these definitions in the affirmative. His Christ Stopped at Eboli was an unforgettable experience. His new book, The Watch, has made long strides ahead of that. He is important on all counts.

2 Italy thinks up more things! This, for instance: Take as much cream cheese as you please, add as much prepared sweetened cocoa as suits your taste. If the mixture is not sweet enough, add a little sugar and you'll come out all right. Pack in a mold, chill overnight and serve with rich chocolate sauce. This is a dessert, *not* an entree.

3 Always add a little salt to any chocolate dish or drink. It does something good, but never ask me why.

4 It won't be long now before the curried this and curried that will cease to cause the perspiration to start from the fevered brow. No, sir, it'll sound *good*. One thing you might bear in mind, and that is to serve the chutney in canned-peach halves. Looks well, tastes swell.

5 I love to tell you things that sound sort of wild but turn out fine. So work together until smooth ⅓ cup butter and 1 cup powdered sugar. Add the flavoring of *your* choice—and *please* add enough so folks will know there's flavor in it and not hot water. It's the works on hot gingerbread.

6 Thinking up something different for hot waffles, someone suggested a Welsh rarebit. I'd prefer another little nifty. Only this is honey and peanut butter. Can you beat it? If you can, you'd better not beat it very much.

7 Cold vichyssoise is memorable if it's smooth and perfectly seasoned, and honestly *cold*, but when you add a little grated onion at the last moment, it becomes a godlike food such as the Olympians had their fill of. Be generous, too, with minced chives or cress.

8 And that reminds me that sliced tomatoes are delicious dressed with equal parts of mayonnaise and chopped water cress, not forgetting, of course, the tantalizing taste of basil. *That* makes perfection perfect.

9 When I eat dinner at *your* house, I'd like a cold melon to begin with. But don't, I beg you, chill your melon by the cracked-ice routine. It hurts the melon and spoils the flavor. A reasonable time in the refrigerator is all the melon needs.

10 A fine first course is a halved ripe melon filled with little melon balls of a different breed. Add a little ginger ale. A sprinkle of salt for those who want it. Sugar for those whose sweet tooth is in good order.

11 Here's a new one on me, but it may not be to you. It's a fried-bread sort of idea and a smart trick to play on the "brown and serve" clover-leaf rolls. Don't brown. Separate into sections. Fry in deep fat, turning all the while. Drain on paper towels. Dip in sugar and cinnamon, mixed—or better still, in maple sirup.

12 When garlic is needed or wanted (could be either and be right), a garlic crusher is the latest thing. But you can pound the buds in a bowl with a potato masher. The old mortar-and-pestle idea. Pound other herbs along with the garlic too. But keep one masher for this use and hang it in the air or someone may hang you.

13 Black pepper goes with meats and vegetables. White pepper strings along with chicken and poultry dishes, and fish would go swimming again if you tried the black on them. Shellfish whimper for a touch of red pepper, but they can stand more than you can, so be careful.

14 For luncheon or supper, spread hot toast with sharp cheese. On each slice put a neatly poached egg or a spoon of scrambled egg done with anchovies or plain. Garnish with crisp bacon. Pretty good eating, this.

15 *Answer to query:* An oysterette is definitely *not* a baby oyster. It is a cracker designed to be eaten with oysters, and one of my favorites. Let me know anything else on your mind.

16 Some like their pumpkin pie straight, some like it with cheese, others like a trimming. To these, we suggest crushing up a handful of lemon drops and folding them into whipped cream.

17 Something pretty to see in a crystal pitcher or glass, and delicious to drink on a nice hot day, is a tiddly-wink, very cold and only one to a customer. This is made by mixing a can of frozen orange juice and one of frozen cranberry juice, adding water as usual. Serve with a cracker of some kind.

18 Most cheese dishes call for a touch of mustard, some are improved by adding celery seed to the rule. (Rule means recipe and recipe means receipt to me. Keep that in mind.)

19 The unexpected guest is, as always, on the way. And such must be fed. One way is to open a can of tuna or crab meat, also a can or two of cream-of-mushroom soup. Heat all together, adding whatever seasoning suits you. Serve on toast or on a bed of cooked rice.

20 For a toasted sandwich that's different from Mrs. Brown's, take a can of tuna, season it with salt, pepper and lemon juice and a careful dash of Tabasco. It's the seasoning that fools 'em.

21 A surprise muffin that will surprise even you, it's so good and easy to eat. Make up a receipt of muffins. Add to the batter 1 cup chopped apples, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Put in the muffin pans and sprinkle with sugar before baking.

22 Tomato-rarebit amandine: Make a snappy rarebit. Serve over a broiled tomato slice on toast, and sprinkle with a few slivered almonds.

23 If you chop crisp bacon fine and add it to peanut butter for a sandwich filling, you've got somewhere, even if it's only to a picnic.

24 A good-looking, delicious-tasting way to serve ice cream is to half fill a halved cantaloupe with lemon sherbet, top with vanilla cream. Sprinkle a little coconut over the top and serve right away.

25 Something that is likely to get talked about, especially if served with chicken or chops, is pepper fritters. Chop 2 green peppers fine, add 2 tablespoons chopped onion, mix in a regular fritter batter and fry by spoons in deep hot fat. Drain and serve hot.

26 To those who eat a regular breakfast, greetings, and may I recommend sautéed mushrooms on toast. Pour the butter from the pan over the toast, add three mushroom caps to a person and serve hot.

27 If he doesn't like spinach this way, then he'll never like spinach. Fry 4 slices bacon until crisp, take out the bacon, drain and break into small pieces. Add 1 pound spinach, 2 tablespoons chopped onions, ½ small can tomato paste, and salt and pepper to the bacon fat in the pan. Cover and cook 8–10 minutes or until spinach is just done. Add the bacon and serve hot.

28 *Baked-bean trick No. 37:* Sprinkle canned beans with grated raw apple, dot with butter, sprinkle with brown sugar. Top with small pieces of partly cooked bacon, bake in a moderate oven until heated through.

29 Here's something that might make a dessert for that unexpected company that arrived several paragraphs up the page.

30 Break stale sponge or pound cake into small pieces, add chopped nuts and chopped candied fruit. Fold into stiffly whipped cream—flavored slightly. Chill until it is firm.



School Days *are* SOUP DAYS





ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

MOTHERS of growing children know instinctively what nutrition experts have long insisted—that the school-day lunch is a vitally important meal. Morning energy must be replenished for afternoon study and play.

Authorities say the noon meal should include a hot dish—whether lunch is eaten at home or carried to school. Among the many reasons they give is that a hot dish makes *everything* taste better.

Well-made soup is ideal for this hot dish. Children really enjoy good soup . . . take to it readily . . . digest it easily . . . and assimilate it completely. Moreover, soup is substantial and nourishing without being heavy. Here are three tempting school-day lunches built around soup. Why not try these quick, easy menu suggestions?



A HOME LUNCH CHILDREN LOVE

Here's an appetizing lunch for your junior or junior miss who comes home at noon. It features this almost-a-meal-in-itself vegetable soup.

Vegetable Soup
Cheese Spread Sandwich
Vanilla Pudding with Chocolate Chips
Milk

. . . Nourishing . . .

SOUP-MAGIC for Youngsters!



For a change—and for extra nourishment! Prepare soups for school-day lunches by adding milk, instead of water, to your child's favorites.

Heat together over low heat:

1 can chicken with rice soup
(or green pea, vegetable, chicken noodle, vegetable-beef, tomato)
1 soup can of milk

THIS LUNCH, TOO, STAYS AT HOME

It's built around that great favorite of most children—nourishing chicken noodle soup.

Chicken Noodle Soup
Potato Salad and Ham **Hot Rolls and Butter**
Sliced Peaches **Milk**





THIS LUNCH GOES TO SCHOOL

It includes piping-hot tomato soup—"the soup most folks like best"—in a vacuum bottle.

Tomato Soup
Bologna & Relish Sandwich **Carrots & Radishes**
Fruit **Cake**



"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!



Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

MELVILLE GOODWIN USA

(Continued from Page 55)

always taking over without consulting the other, he did hope Muriel would keep out of Washington, not that he would not miss her. He pointed out to her in several long letters, which he did not have much time to write, what with all the reports and directives he was always drafting for the boss, that he had no time for family life anyway.

When he was not being sent somewhere around the country, he was at the Department during all his waking hours. Whenever he got back to the room he had rented in "Shorty" Telfer's apartment, he was in his sack in five minutes. Shorty was on the training program then, and Shorty was so tired at night that his wife Beatrice couldn't get a word out of him, and even if there had been time for family evenings, you couldn't tell your wife what was going on because everything was being classified. Of course he must have known subconsciously that Muriel would never keep out of Washington. However, he did think that she might have warned him that she was coming instead of just appearing at Shorty's apartment with Charlie as though she had been air-borne. It meant that for five days Muriel and Beatrice had to share the main bedroom while Shorty took over the guest room and he had the studio couch and Charlie used a bedding roll on the living-room floor. They all used one bathroom, and he was always forgetting about Charlie and tripping over the bedding roll when he got home at night.

Finally they did get settled, because Muriel called up Enid, Bud Joyce's wife. Bud had rented a little house in Alexandria, and Enid told them to move right in. As a matter of fact, Bud and Enid kept Muriel and Charlie right there through the whole war, and they were all still good friends.

It was an added complication when Muriel came to Washington. As Bud said, the gals made up a general staff of their own and began doing long-term planning. Bud with his desk at G-2 and a limited disability was not much for Enid and Muriel to work on, but Melville was really good material for two bright girls. He had done well at both the Staff School and the War College, and Muriel was always thinking in the higher echelons. If there was going to be a war, he did not want to be on any staff. He had been to the tank school, too, as he pointed out to Muriel, and somebody had to fight the war, but Muriel wanted him to be nearer the top and more on the administrative side, where the big brass would see him, instead of being lost in some training area. When people wanted someone, she said, it was only human nature to look around and pick someone in sight instead of down in Texas. He did not have time to discuss these matters with Muriel except occasionally when they went for a walk on Sunday, but Muriel had lots of time to consider them.

ONE night in August when he had a few minutes alone with the chief in his office, he brought up the subject of the Southern maneuvers and expressed a sort of wish, as definitely as you could express such a thing, that he might get down there with a regiment or something, but Grimshaw only said that he was needed where he was and the situation was still fluid.

You could never tell what was in the chief's mind, and he never knew why the chief was keeping him on ice. When he asked for a job in the Philippines just before Pearl Harbor, the chief turned him down flat, and twice that winter when he asked for something in the Pacific, the chief turned him down again. Grimshaw was never a Pacific man. By the spring of '42 he was still sweating it ou Washington. Then suddenly the boss s him out to Arizona to observe desert neuvers, but not to take command of a thing. He got the connection only when w began on "Torch" and he was promoted temporary colonel. Muriel was beginning find him pretty hard to hold when they w in the middle of the North African planni but not until September did the chief say word, and then he dropped it casually.

"MEL," he said, "some of you younger lows will have to be going over. Maybe yo better start thinking about packing."

Two weeks later his orders were cut Paisley, where they were training the arm Muriel had cried half the night when heard he was going to Paisley, because was certain he would be lost down th There were lots of rumors, but "Torc was all top secret. The truth was Mu did not want him to be killed, and it did good to point out to her that it was ab time someone did a little fighting.

Her feelings were hurt when he gave the word that she had better stay w Bud and Enid and not go to all the trouble following him down Paisley.

"But you'll be there a year," she said, "bef you go overseas."

Muriel could not be ri about everything. She o got the point when he f up to Washington to good-by, and of course could not ask him wh he was going. Secret ord never did help home l and curiously enou Charlie was the one w came closest to guess it, because Charlie wa smart kid. He had j turned fourteen and really followed the news.

"Say, dad," he sa "I'll bet you're go after Rommel."

He always remembered this. Cha thought a lot of him and knew he could l anyone.

"No," he said, "I'm going up to the No Pole to help out Santa Claus."

"Shucks," Charlie said, "you wouldn't packing khaki pants along with your wool if you were going to see Santa Claus."

Charlie was smart and he had narrow down the operation. The only thing to him was to believe in Santa Claus and take care of his mother. Actually he had o an hour or two to talk over plans and t was just as well. Sitting there in the livi room in Alexandria looking at Muriel a Charlie, he realized how big the break w going to be, even though it was somethi for which they had all been waiting. He a Muriel had been together ever since he h come back from the AEF. They had be everywhere as a family unit, even as far Tientsin, and now it was all over.

"Muriel," he said, "don't you think would be best for you and Charlie to go up Hallowell?"

"No," Charlie said, "ma gets into arg ments with grandma."

"We don't get into arguments, Charli Muriel said, "but your grandmother is old lady and she has rather fixed ideas. T schools are better in Washington, and may I can be of some help here in Washington. least I'll be able to get some news."

Still, North Africa was quite a way fr Washington.

"All right," he said, "and say good-by Robert for me, won't you? Tell Robert keep his nose clean, will you?"

"You always pick up coarse expression Muriel said, "when you get away w troops."

(Continued on Page 76)

BLUE JEANS

Many noted European cities specialized in the manufacture of some particular kind of cloth. This was the case with Janua (modern Genoa), which produced a type of heavy twilled cotton called *jene* or *jean*. Jean became popular for use in making trousers. For many years they were manufactured from undyed jean; then someone made up a batch from cloth dyed dark blue. Such *blue jeans* were an instant success with workmen, outdoorsmen and, latterly, American youngsters.

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo

Her sparkling, beautiful face sends you grace notes about her inner charm

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo has a wonderful look of poised beauty. Her lovely face with its Celtic blue eyes, perfect complexion, mirthful lips—reveals with fascinating charm the *inner glow* that is her delightful self. Your face, too, is revealing you to others every day of your life. Help your face to show your *best self*—attractive, charming, beckoning.



Beautiful Lady Bridgett is the daughter of an English Earl, wife of a prominent Colombian diplomat. Lady Bridgett insists on Pond's for her complexion care. She says, "Pond's Cold Cream is the finest beauty care I know."

An enchanting woman within you is at your call

... ready to show everyone how charming you can be

W THINGS can smother happiness more thorghly than that "ugly-duckling" feeling many men have about themselves.

But—*you can change into a lovelier, happier you.* magic power within can help you. A power that rks through the interdependence of your Inner f and Outer Self—the way you *feel*, and *look*. This power beams a happy confidence from you en you know you *look* your prettiest. But—en you don't show your best self, that glow is affed right out. That is why you can't be offhand out the daily helps that do so much to keep you *king lovely, feeling at ease.*

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

ur face counts on those *cream cleansings* that p give it a *cleanness* that looks luminous—and that never dry the skin. And this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream has a genius for freshening your face, making it softer, waking up color! Do it *always* at bedtime (day cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

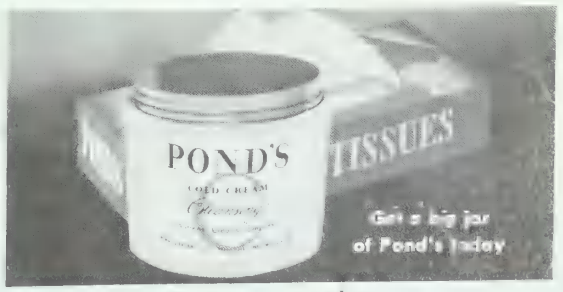
Cream Rinse—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue *lightly*.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This face care acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream cleanses, softens as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo says, "For cleansing, softening, smoothing—Pond's is *splendid!*"

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely, you become charged with a happy confidence that brightens your face with charm—brings others closer to the Inner You.

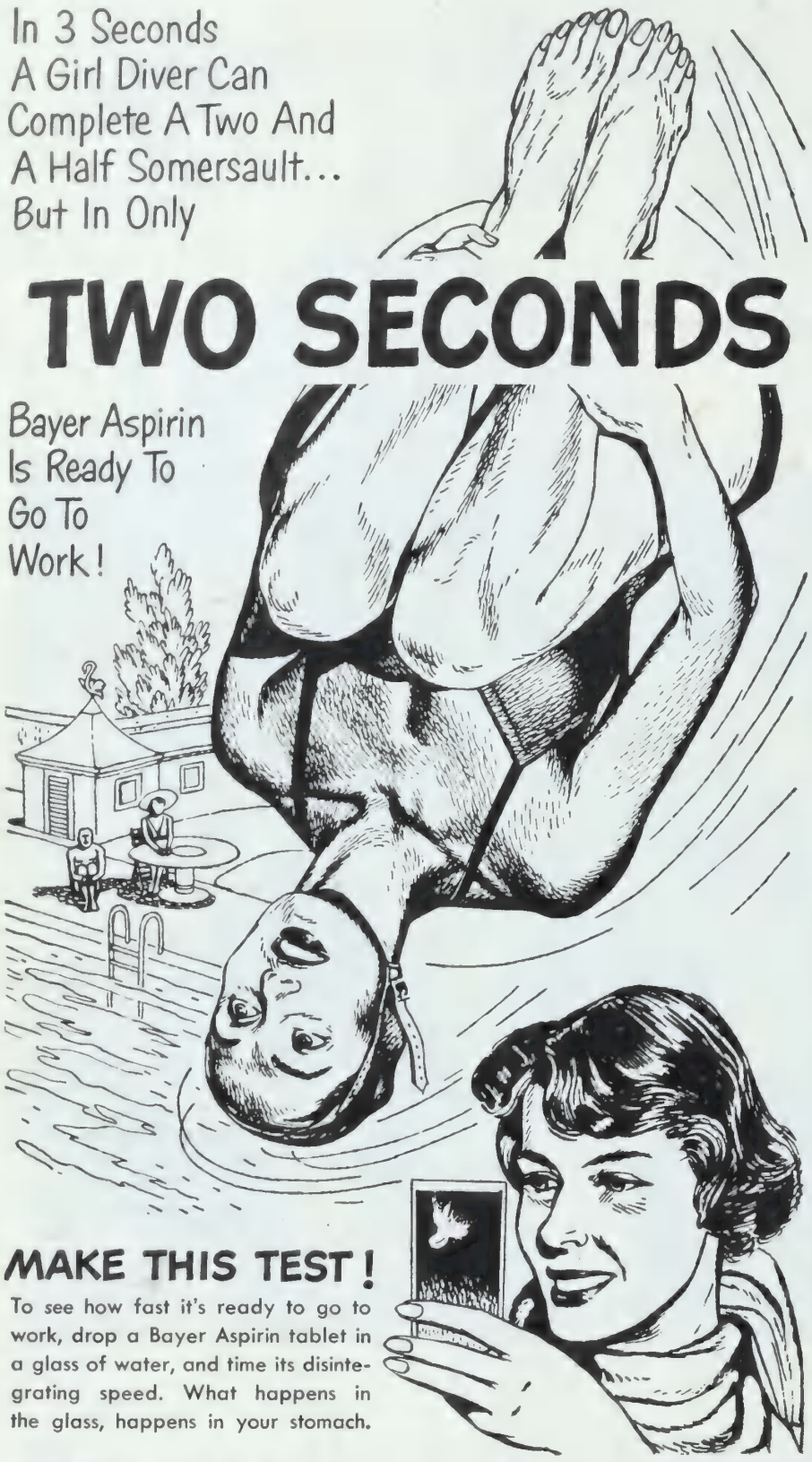


You hear it everywhere—
"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"

In 3 Seconds
A Girl Diver Can
Complete A Two And
A Half Somersault...
But In Only

TWO SECONDS

Bayer Aspirin
Is Ready To
Go To
Work!



MAKE THIS TEST!

To see how fast it's ready to go to work, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water, and time its disintegrating speed. What happens in the glass, happens in your stomach.

For really *fast* relief from ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain, use Bayer Aspirin tablets. One reason they bring you relief with amazing speed is that they start disintegrating almost instantly you take them. Timed by stopwatch, they're ready to go to work in *two seconds*.

But *fast* relief isn't the only reason why it pays to use Bayer Aspirin. Also important is the fact that you can take it with *complete confidence*. For Bayer Aspirin's single active ingredient is not only *so effective* that doctors prescribe it for pain relief, but is *so gentle* to the system mothers give it even to small children on their doctors' advice.

So when you're in pain, don't experiment with drugs that have not been proved by years of successful use. For the *fast* relief you want —and the *dependable* relief that's important to your health—take genuine Bayer Aspirin.

NOW... BAYER ASPIRIN IN CHILDREN'S SIZE
New 2½ grain tablets (containing half the amount of regular size Bayer Aspirin tablets) provide proper children's dosage as prescribed by your doctor. They're neither flavored nor colored, so they cannot be mistaken for candy. 30 tablets—25¢.

Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER® ASPIRIN

(Continued from Page 74)

"Well," he said, "he'll know what I mean."

"And what's your final advice to me?" Muriel asked. "What about my own nose?"

"Muriel," he said, "you always did have a pretty nose."

"I wish you wouldn't behave as though you were going to a surprise party," Muriel said. "I just wish you didn't make me think that you're glad I won't be around."

"Now, Muriel," was all he could think of answering, "now, Muriel."

"Melly," she said, "you're all I have."

"Now, Muriel," he said, "you've got the boys."

The mention of the boys pulled everything together, and besides, Muriel was a service wife who knew a wife must not upset things when the Army was off to war.

"Forget what I said, will you, Melly," she told him. "Of course you're not glad you're going, except at the same time you can't help but be."

"Now, Muriel," he said, "now, Muriel."

God had kept him safe so that he could hear the guns again, and now basically he had his chance to pay his debt to God and to his country. There was no wonder that he looked as though he were going to a party, as Muriel had said. He had been working for quite a while to get dressed up for that party. He was not a shavetail any longer. He had been to the War College with its extremely limited and selected enrollment of officers who were almost certain to become top brass. He had the equipment to make a stab at any job that was handed to him. There had been a lot of white-haired boys in tough competition at Paisley, and he had been able to keep his place.

What was more, he learned when he got to Africa that he was able to ignore all this accumulated knowledge when necessary. He meant that he was not weighed down by all this intellectual equipment like pedants or theorists who bored sensible people.

By the time North Africa was secure, even though he got a shell fragment in his shoulder before the show was over, he was pretty handy. Frequently you had to learn fast in North Africa if you wanted to be around next day to absorb more knowledge. Uncle Sam needed every horseshoe he had in his pockets for that operation, with the best units still green and none of them battle-wise. Sometimes he felt like old Rip van Winkle himself when he saw the self-propelled guns and the tanks and the jeeps and the trucks and the tactical air cover and compared them with the stuff around Château-Thierry in the other war. Nevertheless, the basic elements were all the same, and all the old logistics headaches.

After the landing he was up ahead on the way to Tunis with a tank unit known by the code words Force Goodwin. If they didn't reach Tunis before the Jerries, you could blame it on the mud and roads, because they certainly tried hard to make that play. He began to realize in a few days that you had to play every instrument in the band. When it came to a pinch, you had to be an artilleryman or an engineer or a tank specialist, and you never knew how things would be balanced or grouped from one day to the next.

North Africa, in spite of its Frenchified cities, looked like something in a Sunday-school picture book. He had read in ancient history that the country was semiarid, whereas, books to the contrary, it was always raining when you wanted air cover, and the gumbo on the roads was like glue, but somehow there was always good weather and good footing for the Jerries and the Italians. The Arabs fitted right into that mess. They could have the country any time as far as he was concerned, and anybody who wanted could have the Arabs. They were always around everywhere like flies.

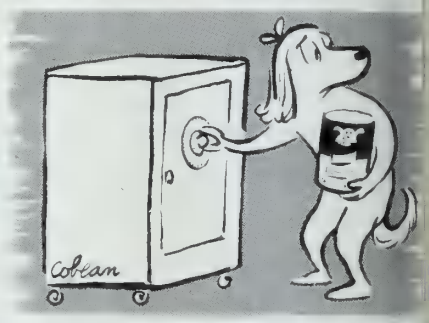
Once when he was a whole lot farther away from everything than he should have been, trying to get a look himself at a German concentration, because nobody had sent any coherent word back, he and two lieutenants and a walkie-talkie boy were sud-

HELPFUL HINTS TO HOUSEHOLD DOGS

Mrs. Cocker S. Paniel writes:



"I BURY MY BONES,



— BUT TAKE NO CHANCES WITH

KEN-L-RATION!

Packed with Choice Cuts o

LEAN, RED MEAT

U. S. Gov't Inspected Horse Meat

INSPECTED AND CERTIFIED BY U. S. DEPT OF AGR AS A NORMAL MAINTENANCE DOG FOOD

Look for this Seal



Costs Far Less Than Butcher Mea

There's no question about which do food contains steaks, roasts, and chop of U.S. Government Inspected hors meat! It's Ken-L-Ration! Just open can . . . you'll SEE the chunks of lea red meat, and smell the appetizin aroma! And, since Ken-L-Ration cos less than butcher meat, it's the thrift way to keep your dog on the meat di he needs and craves.

Vitamins and Minerals, Too

Yes, Ken-L-Ration is packed with a known "dog-health" vitamins and mi erals needed to keep your dog in pea condition. Be good to your dog—g Ken-L-Ration at your favorite sto first chance you get.

Dogs Love It-Cats, Too!

KEN-L-RATION

pinned down by machine-gun fire. Just e was trying to figure out some way to ne solid terrain between his party and n and was hoping the Krauts weren't o open up with the mortars next, he ull at his leg. You might have thought someone in the group with a bright idea something, but instead of that it was those Arabs trying to sell him half-a- eggs. That was the way it always was rabs. They came right out of the ground airie dogs, and when they weren't sell- nething, they were stealing, but he did ean to deliver a travelogue. He never much of North Africa except for vari- ortions into which his nose had been d.

e wanted, he could give a good lecture Kasserine Pass, where we came so near ng pushed back on our behinds, but he was not talking before the War ge. His tanks and some other units that under his command took a whipping but they pulled out all right, and e he had a little to do with this. Any- some people still thought that he had. order to refresh his memory about n Africa, the General produced a packet tters which he had ten home, which el had brought from ington after hearing as to be interviewed. read excerpts from . Though the letters not shed much more on North Africa, they did help to d out the picture.

ar Muriel: Babe, who just dropped in to good-by, says he will give you this on his n to Washington, if he doesn't wet his feet. t ask Babe about his future plans because won't be bright, if you know what I mean. poor guy just hasn't got what it takes out and he's on his way out. Poor Babe. I am cing him, and naturally it hurts. Funny, it? Remember how you used to say you ed I got around the way Babe did? Well,

don't need socks or anything. However, if can pick up a handful of new Westerns and dunits, give them to Bud to give to Jerry if still in there with the chief. Jerry can wan- them out here, but say to hold them with tty at Algiers. Maybe I'll get back to that m town someday and hang out in the ti—maybe. They have sawed-off beer bot- for glassware there, and wrapping paper napkins. Whoever said Africa was hot? It's nud. I'm even holed up in a mud hut with a wall around it. Goats jump over the wall get in the yard. We ate goat yesterday and ill stays with me. Just now I picked a piece im out of my back molar. Slim sends you his rds. He's a real comfort to me.

's cold as Greenland here, but last week it hot in certain sectors. Don't worry about and don't go around asking questions. I'm ng fine, and everything's beginning to get in groove. It's building up, and if they want to us down, they'd better do it quick. I have a ch they're going to make a try for it, but 't ask questions.

's nice to think of you in Washington. Give rlie my love and tell him we raised our lit- oy to be a soldier, and please tell Bob if he ts to try for the Pacific it won't hurt my ngs. It looks as though they need a little there.

here's something itching and I'd better read shirt a while. We're out of lice powder.

ove, and don't worry, MEL

ear Muriel: Shorty, who is going over to e a little talk about certain things that have pened, says he will get this to you, but don't rying to get hold of him. He's got a lot on mind. Oh, yes, I'm in the base hospital with iece of hardware in my shoulder, but I'm king around already and playing gin rummy h the other hand, so don't worry. I was ky not to get my block blown off, and I ked out of it under my own steam, without ning to the nearest exit, and no one else did ner. They were a fine selfless bunch of kids. they need is a little straight talk and they'll anything.

f you read the papers maybe you'll know at all this is about. I'd like to read the com- nique myself. It will have to be a master- ce because we really got a bloody nose and right in the guts. The orders were to pull and it was pretty late to pull. I took over cover-up job, between you and me, without consulting Heinzy. It looked for a while like old Custer making a last stand with a lot of Sitting Bulls around us. In fact, I thought maybe I was going to be Custer, but they dug in when I got some heavy stuff around their right end. I mean they thought it was heavy, and we walked off. Slim got himself killed, you may have heard. There never was a finer kid. Please write Edwina that I'm writing personally. Who do you think I saw when I walked off? Old Folsom, my tac at the Point. Do you remember? The one who told us to stroll on Flirtation Walk. He was dead—air strafing—but I had time to gather up some of his letters and things personally. You see the hardware in the shoulder didn't slow me up, so don't worry and don't start pulling strings. I am not going Stateside because I shall be fit for duty in three weeks. I got the word this morning.

By the way, they came around this afternoon and pinned something on me and took some pictures. You can ask the chief about it if you want. He or Jerry ought to have the details by now. Now don't worry, I'm feeling fine. The word is the shoulder won't even be stiff. Give my love to Charlie and Robert.

With love, MEL

This letter was all he had ever set down regarding his part in the Kasserine Pass action, except for his report and recommendations, now somewhere on file in the Pentagon, and a report would have been too technical to have made much sense, and he was not giving any military lecture. The staff work was faulty, and a lot of people in back got the wind up. It was easy enough to give orders for a quick withdrawal, if you were sitting somewhere looking at maps—but this was off the record, and he was not going to expert anything that happened. The order to withdraw came through at three in the morning—when anyone physically in touch with anything could see that there would have to be some sort of holding action along the high ground on the front known as Area 20, which overlooked a track along which the enemy would obviously move part of his armor. It was an elementary problem of buying time. When Melville Goodwin received the order, his immediate superior, Arty Watson, who was commanding the area, saw as clearly as he did that a complete withdrawal would leave everything wide open. He had no criticism to make of Arty Watson, who immediately began sending back everything that was feasible, but half an hour later, mortar and 88 fire began dropping on them.

Mel Goodwin was still with his chief trying to straighten things out when one of those 88's landed under a weapons carrier, and a minute later he was chief. He sent back everything that wasn't needed, and by the time it was daylight he was alone with his combat team all dug in, plus three 155's and four tanks, one of them disabled. It was light enough by that time to secure some information. The Jerries were coming right down the track just where he expected them, tanks and trucks and everything, evidently thinking that it was clear ahead. Sometimes the Jerries weren't so bright as you thought they were going to be, considering their experience. It was something to remember, watching that long column snaking toward their position over that Godforsaken country with the sun just rising. The only problem was how to stop them for an appreciable period of time, and he waited until they were on the level ground in front before he let them have it with everything available. They were like sitting ducks, only there were just too many ducks. Nevertheless, they certainly acted surprised, and their whole column was in an unholy mess. He always believed that if there had been more fire power available they might have turned back permanently. As it was, they overestimated his force, and they were confused when he got his tanks firing into them well on the left. It took personal persuasion to keep everything cracking, but just the same, it was a good fight. He only wished he had more time to see it all instead of being so continually busy.

At any rate, by afternoon what was left of his group was still holding the high ground in Area 20. They had bought the time, and

The morning hour has gold in its mouth.
—PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PROVERB.



Do your eyes need help?

ACCORDING to recent estimates, one out of every five children of school age has faulty vision. Among adults over 40, two out of every three have visual defects.

To help maintain good vision throughout life and protect general health, doctors recommend that everyone follow the safeguards below.

The child's eyes . . .

Faulty visual habits are often formed during childhood which may lead to defects in later years when correction may be more difficult.

A child's eyes should be examined at age three or four, again before entering school and after starting to read—even though no signs of eye trouble are evident.

There are many common diseases that affect the eyes of children. Most of them are mild—but some may be serious. Both may start in the same way—with redness, flow of tears, blinking, squinting, or scowling, accompanied by little or no pain. So, if these or other signs of eye trouble appear, it is wise to see a doctor.

Specialists caution against delay in the use of glasses if a child needs them. Glasses generally help the child to improve his vision, or overcome other eye defects—often within a relatively short time.

The adult's eyes . . .

After age 40, periodic examinations of the eyes are especially important. They provide a *double* safeguard. First, by discovering defects and diseases of the eye itself. Second, by helping to detect conditions such as high blood pressure, diabetes, and hardening of the arteries which often reveal themselves by changes in the eyes.

Fortunately, more can be done today than ever before to check or cure some of the more serious eye conditions—thanks to new drugs and improved surgical techniques.

Three common eye defects—nearsightedness, farsightedness, and astigmatism—can usually be corrected by properly fitted glasses. Only an eye specialist is qualified to prescribe glasses or other special eye treatments.

Under proper medical care, most of the threats to good vision can be corrected or cured so that the eyes may be used efficiently throughout life.

To help keep the eyes in good condition:

1. Read with a clear, good light falling from above and behind you.
2. Rest your eyes at frequent intervals when reading or doing close work.
3. Except for easily removable particles, trust only to expert help for removing a foreign body from the eye.
4. Be alert to the warnings of eye trouble—headaches, blurred vision, eye fatigue, inflammation of the eyes or lids, spots before the eyes and colored halos around lights.
5. Use eye safety devices exactly according to instructions.
6. Have your eyes examined regularly by an eye specialist.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

In a $30 antique glass or a dime store tumbler...

It's LIBBY'S MILLION-DOLLAR FLAVOR!



THE tumbler on the right costs just 5¢. The glass on the left, with its beautifully-cut overlay design in old milk glass, is a real collector's item. Both hold something rare and precious: Libby's special, summery-good richness! The "million-dollar Libby flavor" that sends *more* people to buy Libby's *more often* than any other brand of tomato juice!

Enjoy Libby's with everyday meals and for "company-best", too. One sip tells you why it's America's first choice in tomato juice.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.

there was no use hanging around any longer. When the sun was setting, he sent back everything that could roll, and the rest of them began walking and they walked all night until they were picked up around daylight. He had brought off the wounded, but a lot of equipment and dead remained back in Area 20. He was not familiar with all the night's events. His shoulder had been bandaged and it had stopped bleeding, but the wound may have made him lightheaded. Nevertheless, he kept everything under control all the way personally, and he could still put one foot ahead of the other when he walked into "Bullpup" and made the report.

The story was that he saluted old Heinzy, which he probably did, since his right hand was all right, and then he said, "There's been a little trouble up in Area Twenty, sir, but we'd all like to start going back as soon as we've had some coffee."

That was what they said he said, and it made a good story, but he never could have said anything like that to a major general who knew the score. Nevertheless, he always did think that they should have moved forward instead of pulling back farther. There was one thing he did remember that pleased him. When he walked out of the headquarters, he heard an enlisted man say, "The God-damned fighting bastard."

That meant a lot to him, coming when it did, because his left shoulder was full of red-hot needles and his arm was numb. The man who had spoken was standing with three or four others beside a jeep, and Mel Goodwin walked up to him.

"Son," he said, "if I go first, I'd like to have you write those words on my tombstone."

This was true, whether or not it made a good story, and he did not care who knew it.

He was in the hospital when Task Force Headquarters was reorganized. In May he did desk work in Algiers because the medics were still checking on his shoulder. He got his star in June, but he did not see the Sicilian show or any fighting until he was on the beach at Salerno as an assistant division commander. He was a specialist in armor by then and he knew it. When he was yanked out and sent to England to take command of the Silver Leaf Armored and whip it into shape in preparation for the cross-channel invasion, he knew that he was equipped to take armor anywhere, any time and anyhow, and that was all there was to it. He wrote some of his thoughts in a letter to his wife in April, 1944:

Dear Muriel: I don't see what harm there is when you get this in asking the chief or Jerry or somebody to tell you confidentially if they can what they've pinned on me over here. I don't mean any more chest spinach either. I mean the job they handed to me. Old Skeet Shaw felt kind of upset when he got the word to turn it over to me, and I felt kind of mean about taking it from Skeet after he had shown me around, but you know Skeet, and he knows we have to take what's dished out to us on this picnic. They are nice kids, and they look about as much in the groove as they can be until they get their tryout.

By the way, Bugsy Waters and Long John Gooch are both here with me.

Do you remember when we bought Robert the electric train the Christmas we were stationed at Sykes? Do you remember how Bob looked, just as though the train and the tracks had dropped out of the sky? Well, that's how I feel about this thing. I feel just like a kid at Christmas and maybe sometimes I act that way. I keep wanting to go right over across the street and try it out on the other gang. Believe me, it's going to be good, and I think I'm going to know how to work it. Well, you go and ask the chief, and you might tell Bob and Charlie that they really handed the old man something. It won't hurt them to know that the old man has kind of made good on his own and that some people think well of him for all the scrabbling around he's done out here. I sort of wish you were here to see it.

Old Fritz is the number one in the parts, as maybe you can imagine if you've been talking to the chief. The other night he asked a couple of us to his little shack to dinner—it looked as though it belonged to a duke or something—to show us off to the Big Boy himself and some of the little big boys who were with him. I hadn't seen Big Boy since North Africa and he's grown some. Funny our paths never crossed, but you remember what Pershing said about him? He'd never known him either. Anyway, you'll be pleased to know he chewed the fat with me for several minutes and asked me to look him up if I was ever around the big city. I won't if I can help it. I'm an outdoor boy, and the high echelons always make me sweat, and when I sweat I stink. I can just hear you saying I always get coarse when I'm with troops. Everybody sends you their love, though, and lots of them remember old times.

I laughed to read about you and Enid and the picture puzzle. Life is quite a picture puzzle in itself, isn't it?—one you never finish because something's always jiggling the table. Just take it easy now. I'm doing fine. I'm glad Bob's moving out. I wish I might have seen him, but I'll hear from me I know he'll be good. How could he help it, considering who his mamma is? Give Charlie a slap in the pants and I'll him I'll write him tomorrow.

With love, MEL.

There were some other letters, too, but this one seemed pretty well to cover the situation. Anyone who had been in pre-invasion England could add in all the color himself. Old P. T. Barnum should have been alive to have seen it, because it really was the greatest show on earth. It was something to be a part of that show and to have been right in the first team with the Silver Leaf Armored and with the teammates. It was a page of history, and if he was just one of the punctuation marks, still he was on the page, and anyone could read it without his doing much further talking. However, in case anything more was needed, he did have the newspaper clipping which he could show for what it was worth. He never suspected at the time that the thing was going to be written since he was not one of those field runners who made the papers, and there were too many stars anyway on that all-star, all-American team. Yet maybe this was not accurate. The British were on the team too. At any rate, when a newspaper correspondent named Al Crouch came around, Mel Goodwin never thought seriously that this would mean any kind of feature article, and, after all, only appeared in the Sunday supplement of a newspaper in upstate New York.

Actually it made me a little homesick for the great days when I read it. Its journalistic language was characteristic of those days and I had participated in many similar efforts when I had been in Public Relations. I could remember no correspondent named Al Crouch, but then, accredited correspondents were as thick as flies before the invasion. The dispatch was simply dated "Somewhere in England, May 12, 1944" and it had appeared in print only after the invasion. The headline was "Al Crouch Looks Them Over.

Your correspondent took a busman's holiday today, spending his time visiting, instead of an

(Continued on Page 81)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Elegy for Donald McFarland

By Elizabeth McFarland

Forgetting you would be myself forgotten—
Lost in a wave-wash, in the seaweed passes,
Drifting through earth, an anchorage for grasses
With icicles the nails that bolt my tomb.

Forgetting you? Oh, when I have forgotten,
It's others' minds must worry to recall
***My* leaves, *my* grass, my seaweed hair and all:**
Death shall remember me when I forget you.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Sea Dream Salad

1 package Lime Jell-O
1¼ cups hot water
1 cup grated cucumber
1 tablespoon vinegar
¾ teaspoon grated onion
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of cayenne

Just try it for *sighs*—this crisp and cool combination of cucumbers and Lime Jell-O! We think it's the brightest salad idea in years!

Served by itself it's a joy . . . but if you want to be really *spiffy*—go ahead! Top this glorious green goodness with flaked pink salmon . . . and you'll cause a sensation!

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add remaining ingredients. Force through sieve. Turn into individual ring molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Fill centers of molds with salmon salad, if desired. Garnish with mayonnaise and cucumber slices; sprinkle with paprika. Makes 4 servings.

Just look what you can make with JELL-O



Peach Perfection

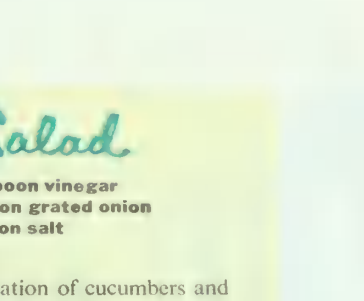
2 packages Cherry Jell-O
2 cups hot water
2 cups cold water
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 cup sweetened sliced peaches
1 cup coarsely crushed macaroons

Honest-to-goodness, this Jell-O masterpiece is a cinch to make! It's just peaches, macaroons, and Cherry Jell-O—and it's wonderful!

Dissolve Cherry Jell-O in hot water. Add cold water and flavoring. Chill until slightly thickened. Set aside 1 cup mixture in small bowl. Fold peaches into remaining Jell-O. Turn into 1-quart ring mold. Chill until firm.

Place reserved bowl of Jell-O in another bowl of ice and water. Beat with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in crushed macaroons. Turn into 8 x 8 x 2-inch square pan. Chill until firm.

Unmold ring of Jell-O on serving platter. Cut whipped mixture into cubes and fill center of ring. Garnish with whipped cream. Serves 8.



Jell-O Candle Cuties

Wonderful for birthday parties—or just to make a youngster's supper happier, this Jell-O dessert. And, my, how young ones love the good fruit flavors of Jell-O!

Prepare 1 package Jell-O (any flavor) as directed, molding in tart pans or individual molds. Garnish with small candles placed in holders. Serve with custard sauce. Serves 4.

★ In a hurry? Try this new quick-setting method for making Jell-O: Dissolve 1 package Jell-O in 1 cup hot water. Then add 1 cup ice cubes or crushed ice, filling cup to the brim with water. Stir until ice melts completely, pour into molds, and place in refrigerator to chill firm—takes just about an hour!



JELL-O FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

The chicken that's taking the nation by storm !!!!!



SPECIALLY PLANNED FOR EATING . . . . THROUGH 10 YEARS POULTRY INDUSTRY RESEARCH . . . . SPECIALLY FED FOR FLAVOR AND QUALITY . . . . AS PLUMP IN 3 MONTHS AS ORDINARY CHICKEN IN 4 MONTHS . . . . SPECIALLY RAISED FROM MEAT-BEARING STRAINS . . . . SHIPPED IN ICE TO PRESERVE FRESHNESS . . . . DISPLAYED FRESH ON CHIPPED ICE OR UNDER REFRIGERATION . . . . AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE . . . . P.S. ALSO QUICK-FROZEN--CUT-UP, READY-TO-COOK . . . . LOOK FOR BLUE AND WHITE PICTURE PACKAGE.



tender-grown **Swift's Premium**

the dream chicken that came true!

(Continued from Page 78)

Air ce outfit, an American armored division on a nd-swept English moor. He had the good orta e on dropping into its headquarters, an uni ted guest, to run smack into its com- na ng officer, Major General Melville A. io win.

Sh e division!

Ig ou have been around for a while on this ttle island you get hep to an outfit that's ea and rarin' to go, and oh brother, this one wa ancin'. And when you've rattled around en n among the big brass hats, you get to cn when a man's a real guy.

Sh e guy! this cocky young fighting divi- io C.O., with his words that hit you like a ou l in the midriff and his infectious, boyish m

Sh e guy, this Mel Goodwin, right from the op his battle-buffeted helmet with the two ne tars riveted on it, down to the toes of is[shoes. No funny business; all fight and a a wide.

ybe you folks around Syracuse have never e of Mel. It's your loss if you haven't, but h Mel Goodwins that make this Army strut s uff aren't the kind you see at peacetime tea al es or handing out E Award pins. In case o aven't heard of Mel Goodwin, here's the i , as Colonel "Long John" Gooch, his chief f ff, handed it to me hot off the griddle.

elville A. Goodwin, born in the tiny town of owell, New Hampshire (Ever hear of it? I 't), where his father was for many years the druggist and where young Mel once d a few sodas himself (but maybe this t to be off the record). Young Mel got out 'est Point just in time to knock out two nan machine guns personally in World I, and win the DSC and Croix de Guerre palm. He may not mention it himself, but ot all these things again World War II and a lder wound for refusing e evacuated in a little up with some of Rom- s bad boys, and then a ole of swift one-twos at rno.

Hell," he says, with that e of his, "forget about ribbons, son. I think per- s they shower down a e easier when you get pushed up to the top he heap."

nyway, no GI in that armored outfit would ee with him. As Staff Sergeant Milton I. wker (Rochester, New York) put it when rought up the subject, "That guy doesn't k in mirrors. He doesn't have to use mir- s."

t any rate, I ran smack into "that guy" as I reached headquarters, and the word ou run into "that guy" everywhere. This di- on is definitely his baby, and every one of GI's is one of Mel Goodwin's kids. Don't ask how.

Well, son," he said to me, "tag along if you nt to look around."

We just hopped into a nearby jeep. The Gen- did the driving himself, a lot of it on two eels.

Funnily enough, everybody seemed glad to "that guy" whenever he stopped the jeep. just fitted in naturally with the GI's. For in- nce, there was Pfc. Martin J. Flynn, Albany, w York, taking a BAR to pieces.

Here, son," General Goodwin said, "let's if I can still do that."

little group gathered around him just like s watching teacher.

I haven't fussed around with one of those ngs since Africa," he said, tossing the BAR k to Pfc. Flynn (Albany, N. Y.). "It's nice now I can still do it. It may be useful to me ere we're going in case I see one lying und."

This one got a good laugh.

With all that automatic fire power, the neral pointed out to that serious-faced little up, all you had to do was to spray it out in nt of you and keep walking.

And I'll be walking with you," he said, henever we aren't riding. We'll just stop now then and stretch our legs this summer. mmer's a great season over in France—in e we should be going there."

This got another laugh. He could really le the boys.

Of course it might be that one or two of us y sprain an ankle," he said, "but there'll be ses to massage it and you can take it from a lot of very sharp-looking nurses are com- over."

nd so it went for three hours all up and down line. Hard-bitten, tanned, alert Mel Good- had the Old Army "pro" stamped over ry inch of him. In spite of that quiet kidding nner, he always had the authority. He had so much that he could handle it carelessly, just as I have seen an old barfly hold a glass. That was why he could rub shoulders with the toughest GI in the outfit, drop into a company mess hall as we did, scrounge a cup of hot Java and sit exchanging salty wisecracks with the mess "sarge" and the KP's.

As Corporal Wally Sterner (Bath, N. Y.) laughingly confided: "You kinda don't mind the fact he's got stars and all the chicken gut over his left pocket."

A private with a paintbrush was stenciling initials on the side of a truck—R.T.A.

"What's that?" I asked

Mel Goodwin regarded the truck quizzically.

"It's sort of alphabet soup," he quipped, "but it's the division motto—Right There Anyhow—R.T.A. Maybe it sounds simple to you, but combat is a pretty simple thing. In fact, you can sum it up in just one word."

"What word?" I inquired curiously.

His eyes looked cold and icy blue. Maybe his mind was moving across the Channel to the Great Adventure.

"Guts," he said, "four letters, son. Don't laugh at it."

I did not laugh at it because it sounded all right coming from Major General Mel Goodwin on that wind-swept British moor.

"American troops when handled by competent command are, in my opinion, the best soldiers in the world," he said. "I think I know how to lead troops, with God's help. Sometimes in battle you get pretty close to God. What was it the marine said? There ain't no atheists in foxholes. Yes, son, you wake up sometimes at night and think a lot of lonely thoughts when you wear stars and know you're in charge of all these men with no excuses and only yourself to blame. I hope I know my business, because I think I've got the best damned division in the world. I mean I know."

There is, perhaps, no safer test of a man's real character than that of his long continued friendship with good and able men.

—CHARLES DARWIN.

Then his mood changed. First he smiled and then he laughed and said:

"Hell, I wouldn't swap my job for Eisenhower's. You see, I like it here."

You had the feeling that everything in General Goodwin's division was squared away—oh, oh, I didn't mean to use Navy talk.

Well, anyway, come D-Day, H-Hour and M-Minute this scribe knows one rootin' tootin' shootin' outfit that's going to hit the beach, and one general who isn't going to do his fighting in any dugout. When I left them the sun was going down, the bugles were sounding retreat, and Mel Goodwin was saluting his flag. There was a lump in my throat when I drove away from there, but my chin was a little higher. I was a little prouder that I was an American and I was good and mad, too, mad at that Army doctor who found that I had a heart murmur and flat feet. You see, really and truly I wanted to go Right There Anyhow. I wanted to throw in with that swell bunch. I wanted to hit the beach with Goodwin.

It was hard to see why this cracker-barrel sage had not driven Mel Goodwin nuts in May, 1944. The General could not have been courting publicity. If he had, he would not have shot the works to an unsyndicated correspondent like Al Crouch. I could attribute part of his compliance to the respect and apprehension with which some high-ranking officers regarded the press, and also perhaps Mel Goodwin had been lonely out there on his moor—not that I believed it was a moor. He may have leaned on this Al Crouch as he had on me in Paris, desirous of talking to someone who was out of the chain of command, someone to whom he could explain some of the things that everyone around him took for granted.

In spite of his clichés and ephemeral journalese, Al Crouch did have perceptive sensitivity of a sort. Despite the lapse of time, Al Crouch could make you see something of what he saw. Those direct quotes of his, one of modern journalism's greatest banes, he had doubtless drawn from his memory, but they sounded so real that I could hear Mel Goodwin's voice. In the end you began to distrust your own sophistication. If I had been there with Al Crouch, I, too, would have wished that I could throw in with that swell bunch and hit the beach with Mel Goodwin, even though I would have been of no great help had I hit it.

When Myra Fineholt read that piece aloud, I had the feeling that she, too, wanted



Ballard Biscuits

Ready to eat in 9 minutes!

Out of the package ... into the oven





Onto the table—fast! But not for long. Melt-in-your-mouth Ballard Biscuits disappear in nothing flat!

Butter 'em, spread 'em with jelly . . . and sink your teeth into the lightest, tenderest, goldenest-perfect biscuits you ever tasted!

Everybody'll be reaching for more and more. So have a second batch baking while you eat the first . . . takes just 9 minutes! Better get *two* packages of Ballard OvenReady Biscuits! You'll *love* 'em!

Get 2 packages from your Grocer's REFRIGERATOR!



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Greet "the gang" with this good-for-ém cheese food

IT'S DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF



You can be indulgent about between-meal snacks when you have Velveeta in the house. Because, *like milk*, this top-quality cheese food helps supply the children with important food values they need: milk protein, milk minerals, vitamins A and G. And delicious, golden Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself!

That's why wise mothers insist on Velveeta. In nutrition and in flavor it's the finest of pasteurized process cheese foods. Always keep Velveeta on hand to satisfy young appetites at any hour, or to use for meal-time sandwiches too.

For a backyard picnic: Velveeta-Stuffed "Franks"

Slice frankfurters lengthwise and spread generously with golden Velveeta—the *quality* cheese food that's rich in important food values from milk. Wrap a slice of bacon around each frankfurter and fasten with toothpicks. Place under low broiler heat until the Velveeta is melted and the bacon crisp. Serve on split, toasted frankfurter rolls.





in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 2-lb. sizes.

VELVEETA *THE QUALITY CHEESE FOOD ... MADE BY KRAFT*

to hit the beach, and so did Phil Bentley. Naturally, Phil concealed his emotions, and as he had a good ear for prose, the piece must have hurt him even more than it did me.

"Well," Phil Bentley said, "Mr. Crouch certainly gave you all he had."

Mel Goodwin looked at Phil Bentley self-consciously.

"Well, frankly," he said, "I know you can do better than that, Phil. That Crouch, now that I come to think of it, was a funny sort of Joe, but he liked the old Silver Leaf, and anybody who liked the Silver Leaf goes down all right with me. Maybe I'm a ham actor at heart. There's always that temptation in front of troops."

I could see Phil Bentley's face light up, and Myra was writing it down. It would make a good caption under one of the photographs—"A Ham Actor at Heart."

"Frankly," Mel Goodwin said, "I was surprised when I saw that clipping. He sent it to me and asked me for my photograph. I don't believe I said all those things, but just the same, it gives you a sort of working idea."

I saw Colonel Flax squirm uneasily.

"You're right," Phil Bentley said, "I'd have done it differently, but it does give you an idea."

"Well, there it is for what it's worth," Mel Goodwin said. "If he's shot the works, so have I. I've been shooting them all over the place for you, Phil, and you've got me pinned right down. I keep living things all over again."

Mel Goodwin paused, and we could see him thinking.

"You know," he said, "if I say so myself, I used to be a good pistol shot—not that I'm so bad right now. I used to have the sweetest forty-five. It fitted into my hand so that every line of my palm seemed to fill some part of the grip. I left it back in Washington when I went out on Torch, because I wanted Bob to have some personalized gift from me even though Bob isn't any better than an average shot. Well, Bob mislaid it somewhere around Leyte. That's all right, but I still get thinking about that gun. Sometimes I wonder where it is now—all rusted somewhere in the bush, I guess."

The General held his hand in front of him as though he were gripping the memory of it.

"Now that gun," he said, "is sort of like the old Silver Leaf. Of course nothing can be precise that's made up of a number of thousand human beings all suffering wear and tear, but by and large the Silver Leaf was an efficient unit according to any set of sta ards. At any rate, my greatest moments w with it. I guess I was made to head a divis like the Silver Leaf. Everybody's made something, and maybe the better you ge doing one thing, the less good you are coping with other things, maybe."

The General's face had a sad, half-em look. It was the first time I had ever s sadness in him; and the first time, also, t he seemed to be face to face with a situat that he could not quite estimate.

"Well," he said, "where's the old Sil Leaf now? It's all in pieces like one of th alarm clocks I used to disassemble whe was a kid. What's going to happen to pe like me? Sometimes I think of all the cas ties and dollars it cost to turn me into wh am. Maybe I was useful once, but what's point of it now, when I'm not really wan any more? Oh, yes, I'll get somethi Maybe I'll even be a permanent colo pushing or hauling on something. I maybe—I don't mean to bellyache—maybe I ought to be pushing daisies al the Rhine along with a lot of the old Sil Leaf crowd."

Melville Goodwin stopped. It seemed me that his voice had ended on a note of s prise when he reached that logical conclusi and the worst of it was I found myself thi ing that he might have been right. The po and the glory were gone, evaporated int thin haze of memory.

Colonel Flax looked uncomfortable. Fr the Public Relations angle, such a conclus gave a suspicion of emotional instability t was not for the good of the service.

"Now, General," he said, "you d mean that."

Then the General must have realized h self that it was not for the good of the serv

"I guess I didn't phrase my thought q correctly, Flax," he said. "The thought I trying to convey is, I can never feel sorry anyone who was killed clean in the lin duty, and that's how I should have put Frankly, I've never been greatly interest death, one way or another. Old whiskers w the hourglass is always hiding around s corner, isn't he?"

The General laughed, and looked relie now that matters were back on a firmer ba

"Give me a cigarette, will you, Flax? L see," he said, "where was I?"

There was a curious pause. For a secon two no one seemed to remember where General had left off.

(Continued on Page 84)



"I don't think I get the proper respect around here!"



"You season French Dressing better than any gal I know!"



"Kraft does, you mean!"

"I JUST NEVER MAKE MY OWN ANY MORE, NOW THAT I'VE FOUND KRAFT'S FRENCH DRESSINGS. BOTH KINDS, **KRAFT FRENCH** AND **MIRACLE FRENCH**, ARE SEASONED PERFECTLY. AND THE SEASONING'S EXACTLY THE SAME EVERY TIME, WHICH IS SOMETHING I NEVER COULD MANAGE! THEY'RE WONDERFUL TIME-SAVERS, TOO!"



Oriental Salad Bowl

Bibb lettuce
French endive
Watercress
One tomato
Scored cucumber slices
Miracle or Kraft French Dressing

In a large round salad bowl arrange bibb lettuce, endive cut in pieces, and watercress radiating from a tomato, cut poinsettia style. Separate the greens with cucumber slices and scatter cucumber slices through the endive. Garnish the tomato with watercress, and serve the salad with *Miracle* or *Kraft* French Dressing. Miracle and Kraft French Dressing really are delightful. Actually, they're used by more people than all of those who make their own.

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Deftly seasoned with onion and garlic

Miracle French has a "Parisian accent" that gourmets praise. If you like onion and garlic in French Dressing—a deft touch, just the right touch—you'll share the enthusiasm for Miracle French Dressing.



Creamy-thick, with a smooth yet zippy flavor

Kraft French is the most widely popular French Dressing ever offered for sale! A creamy-thick dressing that the whole family loves, famous Kraft French is mild enough for children, zippy enough to please grown-ups.



New "Shine meter" tests prove

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TWICE the SHINE in HALF the TIME!

Make stubborn pans gleam with a Brillo *pad-with-soap*. Fast! Easy!

Don't scrub and scrape!

Use a square, metal-fiber Brillo pad to whisk away gummy crust!

Brillo has *jeweler's polish*. Gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time* as other cleansers tested. Wonderful for ovenware, too.

Brillo now lasts longer!

More Shines in Every Pad!



©

RED box—soap-filled pads
GREEN box—pads plus cake soap

(Continued from Page 82)

"I guess you were about ready to hit that beach in Normandy," Phil Bentley said.

"That's right," the General said, "it was Omaha."

We all waited for him to go on, but he did not continue.

"You know," he said, "I think you've got about all I have to give. Let's break it off at Omaha." He glanced at his watch and stood up. "What I want, Sid, is a bite of lunch, and then I'd better kiss the girls good-by. Get yourself braced for it, Myra."

Then he laughed. It was the first time he had called Miss Fineholt "Myra," and that concession was like the dropping of a curtain, and Phil Bentley must have known how things were. There must have always been a time in other interviews when it was useless to go further.

"All right, let's call it a day, sir," Phil Bentley said, but it was not quite a day.

Now that the show was over, we were reluctant to leave the show, and Melville Goodwin was like a gracious host.

"You get my point, don't you?" the General said. "There comes a time when you can't blow your own horn any more. The rest of it is what you might call straight military history, and Flax can give it to you if you want it, or you might get in touch with my old chief of staff, General Gooch."

"The Washington bureau's covered that already," Phil Bentley said.

The General laughed. "Well," he said, "let's hope I've lived right."

We all laughed, but the General was waiting expectantly as though something were missing, and I knew what it was. There had been no formal speech of acknowledgment, but just as I was about to make it, Phil Bentley did it instead.

"General," he said, "I want to thank you for everything. I must have done thirty or more of these interviews and some of them have been tough. Well, this one hasn't been tough at all."

"And Phil and I wonder if you'll sign us each a photograph," Myra Fineholt said.

It was exactly the right touch, the photograph, and as she pulled two out of her briefcase I could see that Mel Goodwin approved.

"Well," he said, "I didn't know this was coming. Flax, lend me your pen, will you?"

"To Myra," the General wrote on Miss Fineholt's photograph, "who took down all of Operation Windbag. With love, from Mel."

"To Phil, who made the old man stick his neck out," he wrote across Phil Bentley's picture, "and is too good a guy to chop it off. With admiration and affection, Mel."

I had traveled extensively before, during and after the war. Many of my trips were highly uncomfortable, combining physical fatigue, bad water, inadequate food and insects, but when such a trip was over, a mellow glow immediately began to dull its grimmer aspects. I would think of the sights I had seen, and the companions, whose eccentricities I had scarcely been able to tolerate, became warmly agreeable in retrospect. Small grudges and annoyances would be forgotten, and regrets would begin to arise that the party was breaking up, and everyone would exchange addresses and promise everyone else to get together sometime soon.

We had all followed Melville Goodwin through a strange country, and the experience had drawn us together, but I personally was experiencing the sort of museum fatigue that comes when you have seen and heard too much. Somehow I had not been the casual observer that I thought I would be, but it was almost over now.

They would all be gone directly after lunch—one more of those peculiar meals—and Goodwin, Fineholt, Flax and Bentley would be gone back to the orbits of their lives. The old rule was already working. It had been quite a trip with Mel Goodwin and we were a swell lot of people, and we must get together sometime soon. I even remember suggesting to Fineholt that we have lunch so that I could show her the studio, and Helen herself was sorry now that the end was near, because I heard her telling Mel Goodwin that nothing had been any trouble at all. He had not descended upon her. She had enjoyed every minute of it.

"I am just beginning to understand the Army," I heard her say, "and now you're going and I'll have to start understanding Sidney all over again."

"Say, Flax," the General said, "upstairs in my room there are two parcels on top of my luggage—something I've been saving for Sid and Helen. Would you mind asking Oscar to bring them down?"

Of course Colonel Flax did not mind.

"Just two little things I picked up after the surrender," he said. "They've been knocking around in my baggage. They don't amount to anything, but they do have an association value."

In spite of the casual way he put it, the trip had meant something to him also. When Oscar brought the two parcels tied up in brown paper, I could not help remembering the postwar days when everybody began pinning medals on everybody else. The parcel he gave to me contained one of those ugly Luger automatics that had passed almost as currency in the early occupation.

"I suppose you own one of these things already," he said, "but this is a special Luger. It turned up when they were searching Goering's baggage that time when they fed him chicken and green peas. It belonged to old Fatso personally, and here are the papers to prove it."

I held the thing as though it were a hot potato, and everybody laughed.

"Is it loaded?" I asked.

"That's funny," the General said. "I've had it all this time and I've never thought to look. Hand it over here, Sid."

It was impressive to watch him with the Luger. He handled it in an expert, half-contemptuous professional way, breal the magazine with a quick one-two

"It is loaded," he said. "I wonder w the matter with our boys. Here, Fl keep the ammunition. Maybe Mr might like it."

"She certainly would, sir," Colon said, "particularly if—er—Sidney wo me have a copy of those documents."

"Hand Helen her little bundle, wi Flax," the General said. "It's a sloppy age. I didn't tie it up myself."

His words gave me a fleeting mem young Mel Goodwin sealing packages father's drugstore.

"Why," Helen said, "what a love cloth."

"It was right on the table in the bun the room where Hitler shot himself General said, "but the stain on it's te here's the paper to prove it, signed Russian Intelligence. I got it at one of vodka parties when we were still totsy with the Russians."

"Oh," Helen said, "it's lovely." I nized the tone as one she employed whe I gave her something that she coul imagine how to use, but then the G didn't know.

"Just from me to you, dear," he said, Muriel particularly wanted you to hav

Then I wondered fleetingly what relic he might be saving for Dottie Pe was bound to be good, although I coul think of anything that might outrank F gun and Eva Braun's tea cloth. It wa direct measure of his gratitude, and I not help but be touched.

"Why, son," he said when we thanked him, "they aren't anything,

(Continued on Page 86)

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

THE number of times the toast falls butter side down increases in direct proportion to the value of the rug or the price of butter.

He was the kind of boy who always dropped his report card in the mud.

Before a daughter marries, she should have learned either at home or out in the business world how very helpless men really are.

The modern parent is advised to take a child on his knee and reason with him. This is good advice—provided the child is turned face down.

Fatherhood, as compared to motherhood, is a hundred-yard dash to a marathon finish—with *no* drain on endurance or strength!

Vacations that children grow pink in,
Mothers too frequently sink in!

The bride's problem: making the *bud* in budget blossom into the flower of security.

One of our youngest's thank-you notes was washed to the surface at house-cleaning time:

Dear Aunt Ruth: Whether you sent me pajamas or robe, I wear them both.

Thank you, C.

"Maybe I'm queer," said my neighbor, pinning a swath of cleaning cloths on the line, "but I like white woodwork because I can tell when it's dirty."

"We'll give him a good family name said a man to his wife. "Now there's Unc Leander, Uncle Caius, Uncle Asa, Unc Gideon, Uncle Luke"—and so the bab was named Bill.

Five-year-old: "I woke up early, mothe but I was so sleepy I stayed in bed gettin used to myself."

While the family was on vacation, on hostess was cordial to the point of suffoca tion. Finally the mother said icily, "Noth ing *more*, Mrs. Clark!" Since then, the chi dren are privileged to use "Nothing more Mrs. Clark" to ward off unwanted food.

Nothing annoys the average parent s much as listening to another tell about hi children until there's no time left for *him* to talk about his.

A child's testimony is never quite reli able. To him, distance, weight, color ar always relative. Send him to the store fo butter, the distance is a mile—for candy it's a block.

The children in *their* family were as pro tected as fruit in gelatin.

Glorious middle age! Daughter: "Isn't it wonderful, mother, you've reached the time of your life when it's safe to ask direc tions from strange men."

Many a woman who wouldn't think of going through her husband's pockets has discovered that quite a lot of loose change falls out when she holds his trousers with the ankle ends up.

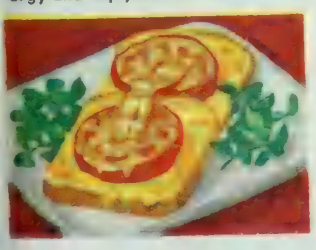
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PRETTY PRODUCTS, INC., 1 RUBBERWARE PARK, COSHOCTON, OHIO

(Continued from Page 84)

wish they could be the Hesse jewels," and then he thought of Phil Bentley and Myra Fineholt. "I wish I weren't running clean out of souvenirs," he said. "Say, Flax, how about getting the powder taken out and then loosening up and handing Phil and Myra each one of Fatso's cartridges?"

It was the time for passing out the Legions of Merit.

"I'd love to have one for a lipstick holder," Myra said, "and Phil can use his for a key ring."

"It takes a woman to think up things," the General said. "Sister, you've got a lot of bright ideas."

WE were all a swell crowd, and the trip was almost over, and now the General was in a reminiscent mood. He was about to tell another one of his stories, and it was sad to think that it would be the last of them.

"I don't know why I should have thought of this," he was saying. "There was a young officer at Maule. That was right in the middle of the Bulge show, and everything was pretty scrambled up. Goochy, my chief of staff, sent him to report to me personally about some snarl up forward. I don't remember what, because it was all one big foul-up. He was just a kid, a nice first lieutenant, nice face, nice hands. He gave me his name and outfit, but I forgot his name because I was thinking of the tactical situation. He gave a good report, too, all the facts in order. Then I saw him swaying. I should have seen he was going out on his feet, just plain pooped, but I wasn't thinking about him until he fell down slam on the floor, out cold. Then I thought what a dead-game kid he was, and I wanted to make a note of his name personally so that I could pin something on him later. So I looked in the kid's pocket and pulled out a letter, and found myself reading it, forgetting I shouldn't. Well, do you know what the letter was? It was a 'Dear John' letter. The kid's wife was leaving him for a Navy flier in Jacksonville. He reminded me of Robert, stretched out there on the floor, except he didn't have my kid's physique. Well, anyway, I saw he got a bronze star out of it, even if he lost the gal. Maybe it helped a little, but it didn't fix anything permanently, because he was killed up on the Rhine. Well, I don't know how this crossed my mind."

I wished that Oscar would appear with the news that lunch was ready, because the shadow of the young lieutenant lingered in the room, an uninvited guest, the ghost of an unknown soldier who should have stayed in the ETO where he belonged. I wondered myself how he had escaped out of the tight compartment in which Mel Goodwin kept the memory pictures of other officers and men, to run erratically across the General's mind. There was more in his mind than one ever thought. There were the scars of old decisions and old regrets, for instance, and the weight of responsibilities that still rested on him, which he could not shift from himself to any subordinate or superior. Those were the things he had to keep all buttoned up and packed away and which he could never allow to move up front. There must have been a lot of things that he had felt obliged to forget as rapidly as possible.

Colonel Flax and I were standing a few steps away from the others. "I think this has all been good," the colonel said. "Don't you think the General handled himself all right?"

"I think Mel did a swell public-relations job," I told him.

The colonel lowered his voice discreetly. "Someday," he said, "you and I have got to get together and tell each other stories. I don't know why they're always dropping bricks. They want to be liked and the public is all set to like them and do a little hero-worship, and then they drop a brick. Take Patton."

"Well, he was the greatest figure in the war," I said.

"I didn't say he wasn't," Colonel Flax answered, "but, oh, brother," he cast a level appraising glance at General Goodwin, "he's got the Patton traits."

"Well," I said, "they've got to be the same piece of goods because they all have to

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ame thing. Maybe the public under-
hem better than you think."
the left wing," Flax said.
rybody isn't left wing," I told him.
netimes it seems as though everybody
onel Flax said, and he sighed again.
body is always pulling the carpet out
nder combat generals," and he
again at Melville Goodwin. "They
put over their personality for a lot of
-year-old kids. They have to tell
lves they're good about a hundred
a day. They've got to hold that
t or else they'll crack. Look at Good-
e looks pretty good, doesn't he?"
that he had mentioned it, I had never
lel Goodwin looking better.
's got his mind on something else
Colonel Flax said. "Boy, I'm feeling
But Mel Goodwin was not tired.
:y, Sid," he called, "come over here.
een asking Helen the name of your
and she can't remember."
hat do you want a tailor for?" I asked.
at tweed jacket and slacks of yours,"
Goodwin said. "I need something to
n Sunday. The war's over."
ondered whether it was a desire com-
o all Army officers to get out of uni-
or whether he was thinking of Dottie
. There was something preposterous in
lea of Melville Goodwin dressed in a
coat and slacks, minus stars and rib-
with only perhaps a small single
eled decoration in his buttonhole. I
ered what Dottie Peale would say if
aw him in gray slacks or a conserv-
double-breasted suit. Half of him
l be gone and he did
now it.
t would give you schiz-
enia," I said. "You've
in uniform too long."
ne General put his arm
nd my shoulders. "Sid
ys comes up with some-
good," he said. "May-
Sid's got something.
ou people on the outside seem to have
r notions about officers in civvies. Now
et Sid here got out of his uniform as soon
e had the chance. Didn't you, Sid?"
Yes, sir," I answered, "I certainly did."
You're right you did," Melville Goodwin
. "There's nothing more satisfying to an
y man, after a hard day, than getting out
niform into some everyday clothes. It's
taking off your corset and scratching—
se me, Helen, my dear."
e all laughed appreciatively and Melville
dwin laughed.
Just walking down the street like a plain
en, without having to take a salute,
ns a lot. It's like getting out of school,
do you know what Muriel told me as soon
got off the plane?" He paused dramati-
y, but none of us knew the answer. "She
that Charlie—my kid Charlie—had
n over all my civilian wardrobe—and it
a pretty sharp one—and had worn it
ed for the past two years. So here I am,
out a fig leaf, except my uniform."

METHING in his voice showed it was no
e for laughter, even when he mentioned a
eaf.
But didn't you get some civilian suits
le during the occupation, sir?" Colonel
asked.
I did have a couple of suits made over
e," the General said. "There was a tailor
Wiesbaden—Bethge. Frankly, off the
rd—mind you, off the record, Bentley—
t bird would make you up a suit for two
ons of cigarettes."
What?" Miss Fineholt said. "For only
cartons of cigarettes?"
Melville Goodwin shook his finger at her.
f the record, Myra," he said. "Well,
se suits are with my baggage in Frank-
. I was yanked over here pretty fast.
y may be following me, but they haven't
here yet. Anyway, I think they may look
tty Krauty over here. I've really got to
some civvies."
le stopped, but his mind was already
ving away from civilian clothes. They had
inded him of something else.

"Say, Flax," he said, "don't forget those orchids for Mrs. Goodwin, will you?"

"No, sir," said Colonel Flax, and then the General laughed.

"Look at old Flax," he said. "I've run him ragged, haven't I? Don't worry; it's almost over, son."

Then I saw Oscar standing in the doorway, and Mel Goodwin saw him too.

"Come, dear," he said to Helen, "soup's on."

THE house was very quiet after they all had left, but Mel Goodwin's personality was still in the house. There were echoes of it everywhere, and everything was at loose ends.

"Sid," Helen said, "what do you think he's going to do?"

"You know what he's doing to do. He put on his 'A' uniform after lunch," I said.

"I don't mean that," Helen said. "What do you think he's going to do about everything?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't care right now."

"Well, I care," Helen said. "I wish people wouldn't come here and throw their personalities around until I begin to worry about them."

"You shouldn't have done that about the orchids," I told her.

"I couldn't help it," she answered, and she laughed, and neither of us spoke for a while.

"I wonder why Gilbert Frary sent you so many orchids," I said.

"Maybe we'd better think about that, too," she answered, but the personality of Melville Goodwin was still with us.

Divine justice weighs the sins of the cold-blooded and the sins of the warm-hearted in different scales.
—DANTE.

Once when the dust of events had settled, Mel Goodwin told me quite a lot about that evening he spent with Dottie Peale.

Knowing them both, I was able to make for myself a fairly accurate reconstruction of their meeting in much the same way that an archaeologist can make a model of some vanished Grecian shrine. Mel Goodwin told me about it—six weeks later, in one of his embarrassingly confidential moods. Though much of his narrative made me acutely uncomfortable, I still think it fell into an artistic frame instead of being just another errant night away from the reservation.

There had been a traffic jam on the West Side Highway, so that Henry and the Cadillac had been unable to bring the General to the Park Avenue entrance of the Waldorf before half past five o'clock, and this cut his timetable short, as he had arranged to meet Dottie at about six. He had decided to stay at the Waldorf out of loyalty to the name, though it was not the old Waldorf, and he could have taken an Army discount at some other hotel. He had on his A uniform, and, frankly, he looked pretty sharp. Someone who must have been a manager shook hands with him and took him up to his room and was sorry it was not a better one. It looked too good as it was, considering his budget, but he could stay for only a night because he would certainly have to check in next day at Washington. When he had left his kit in his room, he went downstairs to the florist's shop with an idea of buying Dottie some of those yellow orchids, but he decided against this because it was too late to have the flowers delivered, and he did not want to walk up Park Avenue carrying them in a box. He had a fixed desire to walk up Park Avenue.

I had described Dottie's house to him vaguely, but he thought that I had been exaggerating until he saw it, and he found himself making a whole new evaluation of everything when he saw the suit of armor and asked the butler if Mrs. Peale was at home.

"Yes, General Goodwin," the man said, "Mrs. Peale is expecting you. May I take your hat, sir?"

"Thanks," he said, and he handed Dottie's butler his cap and gloves and followed him up that broad, noiseless staircase.

"General Goodwin, madam," the man said.



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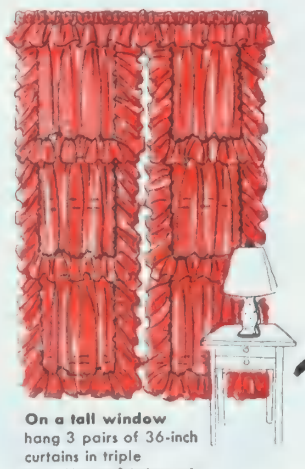
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Dottie was waiting for him in that same monster salon with the travertine-marble fireplace and the Italian chairs and tapestries in which she had received me when I had returned from the Paris bureau, and I remembered what she had said to me while I was still looking around at the sights. "Very cinquecento, isn't it?" Dottie had said.

"Yes," I had answered, "unspoiled Borgia with patina."

Some months after the Armistice, Mel Goodwin had been to Italy on a two weeks' leave and so he was able to take it without gulping, he told me. She held out both her hands to him and turned her cheek for him to kiss it. In a way it was half formal and half informal. He did not know exactly what the technique should be, since that butler was still there.

"Oh, Mel," she said, "it's been ages. Albert, would you tell Bernard to bring around the car?"

"What's the car for?" Mel Goodwin asked.

"You don't mind if I show you off a little, do you, darling?" she said. "Only cocktails at Twenty-one and then a quick dinner at the Stork and then we'll come back home."

He was glad that he had thought to bring some cash with him.

"It sounds all right to me," he said.

She looked up at him. "I had completely forgotten you were so handsome," she said.

"Why didn't you answer any of my letters, Dot?" he asked.

"Because I never dreamed that anything could ever be the way it was," she said.

"Well, it is the way it was," he said.

"Darling," she said, "let's both be surprised for a minute, shall we?"

"All right," he said, "that isn't such a bad idea."

He had thought of her a great deal and there had been plenty of time for that sort of thinking, but he had forgotten what he called her resilience and her loveliness. Of course she was dressed for the occasion, but if she had been dressed in coveralls like an Army nurse they would have been becoming. Her gown was made of plum-colored taffeta that was tight on top with a long billowing skirt that rustled, every fold and flounce of which fell into formation. Everything about her was always a unit, even the diamond clip and bracelet. She always wore clothes the way a regular wore a uniform. You always thought of the man first if the whole uniform fitted properly, and that was the way he thought of Dottie.

"Do you like it?" she asked him.

"Like what?" he answered.

"Why, my Velentina frock," she said. "I like the noise it makes when it swishes."

"That's right," he said, "it sounds like a wave running up a beach."

He was thinking of a wave on the windward side of the island of Oahu, where the crowd used to go sometimes for swimming picnics.

"Darling," Dottie said, "I'd almost forgotten how nice it is to see a man again. I don't mean anyone in pants—I mean a man." She pointed to a record player that was finished like the Italian furniture. "Turn on that thing over there, will you? I was playing it this afternoon."

WHEN he pulled the switch down the music was that old waltz from The Chocolate Soldier.

"Aren't you going to give me some of this dance," she asked, "my hero?"

"Don't kid me, Dot," he said when he put his arm around her.

My Hero was still playing when Albert handed him his gloves and cap.

I had been exposed to a few of those evenings myself, and I particularly remembered one occasion on which Dottie had taken me out to see the town. It was during my brief vacation from the Paris bureau, and on a night when Henry Peale was suffering h head cold. I had never had the sort of to go to the places where Dottie war go that night, and I was lucky enough t a position to tell her so, so I had sug that we go somewhere in the Village.

"Now, Sid," she said, "of course I you can't afford it. Take this, and if v through it, I'll pass you some more the table." And she handed me a pac crisp new bills and told me to be sure t ten dollars to the captain, at which p told her that I was not a gigolo. "Now, she said, "I know how confusing this you because it was for me once. Stop silly and remember that some people with different-colored chips, and consid social experiment, darling."

I FINALLY let her give me the money t for the party on a social-experimental and because she was anxious to show m she was living. I had never been so awa fore of the uneven distribution of wealth I learned a lot from the experience. I could see with malicious pleasure wha environment did to me. "It will come the next time," she said. "Naturally it moralizing, but why shouldn't I deb you?"

That was exactly why there had been a next time. I could see the corrosiv fluence of playing with chips which not own, but then I had known Dotti so long that we were able to discuss the ject without the least embarrassment.

In many ways problem must been even more fusing for Mel G win, since rela ships are never pletely parallel. had never seen of New York high on an Army offi pay with a wife two kids who nee food and clothing had been to once on a big b out two days be he had sailed "Torch," but he had left the crowd be they reached the Stork. "21" was enlar now and there were all those iron jockey front of it that had once been hitching po He had never dreamed of going to the there with anyone like Dottie Peale anc had never dreamed that people would k who he was when she introduced him. So how Dottie made it all like something those movies you kept seeing at the offic clubs.

They had double Martinis—he rem bered that she always liked Martinis—a he looked around the room at the chec tablecloths and the hurrying waiters.

"Mel," Dottie said, "why didn't you co back sooner?"

"Well," he said, "there are still pieces an army over there, and I kept thinking Russkies might act up. I like it with an arm It's simpler."

"Do you think I'm complicated?" asked him.

"Yes," he answered, "but I don't mi some complications."

"What are you going to do now you back?" she asked him.

"Dot," he said, "I wish I knew. I do know what they can do with Joes like n now we're back."

"Oh, Mel," she said, "you don't sou happy."

Dottie was the only woman he had ev known who could be completely femini and still talk like a man. He seemed to ha known her always by the time they we half through dinner. She was interested everything he said—not that he could member clearly what they talked abo except that most of the conversation w about the relationship between men a women and what made such things happ

"You know," he remembered that s said, "every woman wants to make a m happy. That's all she ever wants."

WHEN IN ROME

The citizens of Rome fasted on Saturday, but the citizens of Milan feasted on Saturday. St. Augustine, who traveled widely, was puzzled and consulted St. Ambrose when he arrived at Milan. "That's simple," was the solution of St. Ambrose. "When I am here in Milan I don't fast on Saturday; but when I am in Rome, I do as the Romans do."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

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Somehow she brought back to his mind all sorts of things he had forgotten, things about the Point and about when he was a kid, and then they began remembering things that had happened in Paris.

"It was all just something off the map, Dot," he said, "like the fourth dimension or the Einstein theory or something."

"Mel, dear," she said, "do you think we're off the map right now?"

"Yes," he said, "because it can't last, Dot."

"Why can't it?" she asked.

"Why, look at you," he said, "and look at me."

"It might," she said. "I'm looking."

When the waiter brought the check, he brought a pencil with him, and naturally he placed them before Mel Goodwin. What with champagne and the caviar and everything, it was lucky he had brought that loose cash.

"Hand it over and let me sign it. It's my party," Dottie said. "There used to be a song about it, didn't there?—'*When the waiter came she simply signed her name; that's the kind of a baby for me.*'"

The future must have hung in the balance, and the difference between Mel Goodwin and me was that he lived by regulation.

"Not my kind of baby, Dot," he said.

The strange part of it was that she seemed surprised, which rather offended him until suddenly she looked wistful.

"It's awfully nice to feel helpless again," Dottie said; and then one final thing that Melville Goodwin told me: "Why can't things be like this always?"

I HAD no way of knowing that Mel Goodwin's life and mine were each moving to an almost simultaneous crisis. When I thought of Mel Goodwin at all in the next few days, I simply thought of him as being in Washington caught up again in his own routine.

Actually, I had not been paying enough attention to my own affairs. As I told Helen, I had professional pride, such as it was. I had never expected to be a radio commentator, but now that I was one, I wanted to be a good one. I was tired of being only a front and a piece of property. I was delighted to have the assistance of an expert script writer like Art Hertz, but I was beginning to wish to have a final say myself on the writing. I had noticed that Art Hertz sometimes exhibited pain when I made suggestions or asked for a few minor changes.

I should have seen earlier that Art and everyone else on the program knew something that I did not. I should have gathered, I suppose, from Art's manner that I was not as essential to him as I had been, but at the time I was exhilarated with a sense that I was beginning to pull more of my own weight in the boat and that things in the studio were going pretty well. A good aspect of the situation was the fact that Gilbert Frary had left suddenly for the West Coast without asking me again to accompany him, and with Gilbert away, I was not quite the Charlie McCarthy I had been around the studio.

About the middle of October at four in the afternoon I was sitting in the elaborate office which the company had supplied for me, going over Art's revised notes, when the door from Miss Maynard's office opened suddenly and a tall, youngish man, whom I did not know, peered in. This would not have happened if Miss Maynard had been outside, but she had just brought me some Teletype copy.

"Oh," he said, and he had a fine sincere voice that reminded me of my own, "excuse me. I didn't know anyone was here," and then he was gone.

"Who was that?" I asked Miss Maynard, and I thought that Miss Maynard colored slightly.

"Why, don't you know him, Mr. Skelton?" Miss Maynard asked. "It's Mr. Alan Featherbee. He has the nine-o'clock-in-the-morning spot at Acme, the one that's called 'Alan Featherbee and the News.'"

I felt a twinge of unreasoning professional jealousy that is unavoidable in the show business, and then I suddenly remembered that in my latest conversation with Gilbert Frary

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...e had mentioned that Featherbee was the one who spoke his own commercials.

"Well, what's he doing here?" I asked.

"I really don't know, Mr. Skelton," Miss Maynard said. "Mr. Featherbee has been around here a good deal during the last few days. Just visiting, I suppose."

"Oh," I said, "are they going to take him away from Acme?"

"I really wouldn't know, I'm sure, Mr. Skelton," Miss Maynard said.

I wanted to ask Miss Maynard some further questions, but I had learned with studio secretaries that there was seldom that loyalty from the bottom up, to which Mel Goodwin had so often alluded. At least I had the common sense then to suspect the possible shadow of a coming event.

Before Miss Maynard could reach her office the door was opened again by one of those nice boys in those military-academy uniforms with all the braid.

"Forgive me, Mr. Skelton," he said. "A gentleman at the floor reception desk would like to see you personally, and your secretary's telephone did not answer."

"All right," I said, "who is it?"

"Captain Robert Goodwin, sir," the page boy said.

"I can see him and find what he wants, Mr. Skelton," Miss Maynard said, "and I'll really see this doesn't happen again."

"Never mind," I told her. "Tell him to come in as long as he's here."

I was back again in the life and times of Melville A. Goodwin. I had never imagined that I might see his older son, nor could I understand why he wanted to call. When Miss Maynard showed him in and left us and closed the door, it occurred to me that I had never received any stranger in my new private office.

Robert Goodwin smiled, and it was the Melville Goodwin smile on a younger face. He said:

"I called up your home in Connecticut and was able to reach Mrs. Skelton. I hope you'll forgive the intrusion. I'm only in New York for a few hours."

He stood as if he were entering an office in the Pentagon. He was in a civilian suit that was too reddish brown and tweedy. No West Pointer had ever looked right to me in a business suit.

"Sit down," I said. "I thought you were a lieutenant. I didn't know you were a captain."

"It just came through the other day, sir," he answered. "This really is quite a place you have here."

"That's right," I said. "I wish your father could have seen it. It might have built me up with him."

WHEN he smiled, the corners of his eyes wrinkled exactly like Mel Goodwin's. He looked very much like Mel Goodwin except that he was taller. I could tell from previous experiences with other younger officers that he had been in action many times. Action always left an indefinable mark on any face. Lines were already apparent around the corners of his mouth, but they were not deep as yet. Some parts of him still looked as Mel Goodwin must have looked when he was fresh from the Point.

"It was nice seeing your father," I said. "We had quite a time up at my place with those magazine people."

"We're looking forward to seeing that piece about him," Robert Goodwin said. "Mother can hardly wait. We all hope the old man didn't put his foot in his mouth."

"Don't worry, he did fine," I told him. "I suppose he's right in the groove now and settling down in Washington."

Captain Goodwin looked straight at me, with the same cool, considering look his father could assume. "I wouldn't say the boss was quite settled down yet, sir," he said. "He's got some leave, and he and mother are still sort of camping out with some old friends in Alexandria, Colonel and Mrs. Joyce. My brother Charlie's up at the Point. I'm going to drop up there to take a look at him this evening. You see, I've just got orders to go to Benning—instructor in Recoilless Weapons." The ice was breaking slightly, and he looked more at ease. "We played with those things some in the Pacific," he went on, "but the word is they're better now, but I sort of wish I could stick around Washington. I'd sort of like to get to know the old man again. I haven't seen him for quite a while."

Obviously he was planning to talk about the old man, now that the ground was cleared.

"Maybe you've noticed, sir," he said, "or maybe it's only my own impression, that the old man is sort of restless."

"Everyone's restless sometimes," I told him.

"Yes, I know," he said.

He glanced at the electric clock on the office wall with its moving second hand, and I wondered whether it gave him the same inevitable sense of pressure that it had always given me. "Maybe I'd better lay it on the line, sir," he said. "The old man was saying the other night that you were the only noncombat civilian officer he knew who ever made full sense to him in a service way. Now if the old man said that about you, I guess that means you sort of like my old man. I've seen a lot of generals, sir, because I was Priestly's aide for a while on Saipan, and do you know when I looked my father over the other day in Washington, I was surprised? I may be prejudiced, but I think he's got what it takes, all the way around. I have a hunch he can handle anything right through a four-star job."

As I waited for him to go on, I found myself beginning to think that he possibly might be right. In the beginning I had discounted Melville Goodwin's capabilities, which were always getting lost behind his simplicities, but somehow Goodwin was always better than you thought he was going to be.

Robert Goodwin glanced at me, but I did not answer. "There's nothing in this world quite so naked as a general," he said. "He's up there where everybody can see him, including his private life, from every angle, and he must be right; he can't be wrong. Well, the old man's right up there just now, and I don't want to see him fall flat on his face."

The room, like all the studio offices, was carefully soundproofed, and the silence all around us was distinctly artificial.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Chris, Exploring

By Alma Roberts Giordan

You have learned to use a door,
and that's a thing
Sufficient to your day. How
strange, how grand
To turn a knob and cut into a wall
That opens on the early-morning
spring
Of your delight. Poised in its arch,
you stand
An instant only, drinking in
newness all
About you. Trembling and eager,
you stride forth
On stocky legs to span this virgin
world
Discovered by yourself.
Triumphantly
Your arms embrace the winds of
south and north;
Your fingers reach for poppy flags
unfurled—
Chortling, you bring a handful
back to me.
Opening and shutting, solemnly
intent,
In a study of doors this day will be
well spent.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"What makes you think he's going to ... on his face?" I asked.

Robert Goodwin's face framed itself ... that mirthless service smile. "Listen," ... said, "what about this dame he keeps seeing in New York?"

"Keeps seeing?" I repeated.

"That's right, sir," Robert Goodwin ... "He's commuting up here all the time from Washington."

"How do you happen to know about th..." I asked him.

HIS lips wrinkled again in that mirthless service smile. "I wouldn't say the old man was exactly a subtle character, would you, sir? He's talked to me about the dame. He's one of those people who always have to talk to somebody. They've been seen around places. Everyone likes a good story when it's on a general, sir."

"Now, look," I said, and I sounded as cautious as a confidential family lawyer, "don't you think you're exaggerating?"

"Maybe," he answered, "but then, so is everybody else."

I wished he did not act as though I were irresponsible, but I could feel his cool accusing glance.

"Now look," I began, "these things happen sometimes."

"Yes, sir," he answered, "but they ought not to happen to the old man right now.

"Have you tried speaking to your father?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I brought it up last night and it only made the old man mad. Have you ever tried to talk to him?"

"Yes," I said, "I've tried."

We sat in silence for a while.

"Well," Robert Goodwin said, "somebody's got to do something. What about Mrs. Peale?"

"Well," I answered, "what about her?"

He sat up straighter and gripped his knee with his heavy fingers. "Maybe she really likes the old man," he said. "Maybe she doesn't realize how this sort of thing might hurt him, from the service point of view. I mean. I think I ought to meet her and have a talk with her."

It was so exactly what someone of his age should have thought of, clear and logical and completely useless.

"Listen," I told him, "I don't think that things are ever helped by talking."

"Well," he said, "I don't see how sitting still will help either, sir. Would you consider going with me?"

"I think she'd like it better," I answered, "if you went alone."

"Would you mind telephoning her and tell her I'm coming over?" he said.

There were a number of things I might have said about Dottie Peale, but somehow they seemed to have all been spoken, wordlessly, already, and I asked Miss Maynard to get Mrs. Henry Peale for me at her private number. It was five o'clock, and she would probably be at home, and it turned out that she was.

"Why, Sid, darling," she said. "Where are you?"

"I'm at the office," I said.

"Well, it's a good place for you to be under the circumstances," she said.

"What circumstances?" I asked.

"Oh," she answered, "not over the telephone, darling, but there is something I'd like to tell you someday soon."

"Well," I said, "Robert Goodwin's here with me right now. You know, Melville Goodwin's son. He's here and he'd like to see you."

There was a pause, and I almost thought that she was going to ask me why.

"Why, I'd love it," she said. "Tell him to come right over if he'd like to—and Sid?"

"Yes?" I said.

"Does he look like Mel?"

"Yes," I said, "he looks a lot like Mel."

"Then tell him to hurry over," Dottie said.

"It's all cleared," I said to Robert Goodwin, "and you know if there's anything else I can do ——" But of course there was nothing that anyone could do.

(To be Continued)





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The right note for a September party — molded sea-food salad, hot baked zucchini, toast sticks.

STUART

Conversation piece

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

A DINNER menu built around one cold and one hot dish seems to me to strike exactly the right note for a September party, when the weather is usually warm but a promise of autumn is in the air. So here I go on an end-of-summer spree, hoping to convince you that my idea is sound.

We'll begin with hors d'oeuvres, and have enough variety so that they will constitute a first course. This, by the way, is a very good stunt. It makes the meal complete and eliminates the problem of a first course at the table. Tiny marinated beets, bologna wedges, composed of alternate layers of bologna and a cream-cheese mixture, and caviar-and-sour-cream canapés will make up our hors d'oeuvre tray. I used this combination *(Continued on Page 94)*



First-course hors d'oeuvres served in the living room, tea-wagon ea

Wouldn't you know?

What stopped you here? Was it the come-and-get-it texture of this tall, proud cake? Or was it a picture of the joy such a cake would bring to your family? Whatever it was, don't stop now. This cake can be yours without even drawing a deep breath. You just go around to your grocer's and get Pillsbury White Cake Mix in the tidy blue-and-white package. All you add is milk (and some grated chocolate). Now look at the picture once more. Wouldn't you know this cake was made from a Pillsbury Cake Mix? Wouldn't you?



Chocolate Chip Cake. Prepare white cake as directed on Pillsbury White Cake Mix package. Fold in ½ cup finely shaved semi-sweet chocolate before pouring into pans. Frost with chocolate frosting.



Just add milk—

These are complete mixes. Milk is *all* you add—no eggs, flavoring or ex[illegible]s of any kind required.

Pillsbury BEST Mixes

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can make a great team

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WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE



★SUMMER SALAD SUPREME

Topped with mayonnaise, or glistening with French dressing, this salad of chilled tomato, cucumbers, and Dole Pineapple Chunks is an alluring creation. Those spoon-sized cuts of Hawaiian-grown pineapple—so tender and chunk-full of flavor—are a golden touch to any combination of salad-makings.

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE

DOLE hits—



★HAM LAYER LOAF

Something new with canned luncheon meat—*and good!* Cut the meat clear through in 6 slices. Then pour Dole Crushed Pineapple between the slices and around the meat. Sprinkle with brown sugar and bake 30 minutes at 350°. Dole Crushed has extra richness because it's *crisp-cut* to keep that real Hawaiian taste.

with a hint of Hawaii!

P. S. TRY DOLE FRUIT COCKTAIL

★REGAL RINGS

You "bake" these regal rings in your refrigerator. Quick and easy, too, for you put a chocolate cookie spread generously with whipped cream between slices of Dole Pineapple. Into the refrigerator for a few hours and presto! a party dessert. Dole does it like nothing else, of course—for it's Hawaii's own, Hawaiian-*grown!*

★ *By Patricia Collier,* DOLE HOME ECONOMIST

DOLE • 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, California

Conversation piece

(Continued from Page 92)

last week for a fairly large buffet party and I assure you I had no complaints and practically nothing left on the trays—which is as desired.

The cold dish will be molded sea-food salad, which looks almost too good to eat. It combines shrimp, avocado and cucumber and fillets of haddock, all done in layers—a production you'll be proud of, but you won't find it difficult to do. Besides its glamorous appearance and wonderful taste, it has the added advantage of being decidedly inexpensive for a sea-food salad.

Our hot dish will be a casserole of baked zucchini. Bacon and onions—quite a lot of both—are involved in this recipe, as easy to make as it is good to eat. The zucchini can be prepared for final baking the day before if that suits your schedule.

Deviled bread sticks will provide something out of the groove in the staff-of-life department, and are they good! They are made by coating the sticks of bread with a sharp-tasting butter sauce and then drying them in a slow oven until they are crisp.

Now dessert, and peaches Romanoff is the answer. The custard in which the fruit is tossed is the same as for strawberries Romanoff, and I hope you'll keep this recipe on file for the strawberry season. Whichever fruit you use, the result is sure to be a great success.

We'll plan for six people, but you can squeeze in an extra couple if you like. That old Indiana Ruth is never going to suggest having just barely enough food to go around. Buffet or at the table service—it makes no difference with this menu.

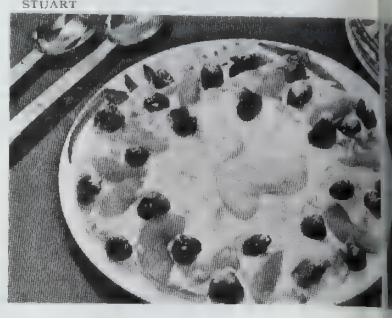
MARINATED BEETS

Get canned tiny whole beets. They aren't perfectly uniform in size, but very few of them are too big for a good healthy bite. The ones that are too big should be cut in half. If you can't get the tiny beets, cut large ones into bite-size cubes. Allow at least three or four for each person to be served. Put drained beets or cubes of beet in a quart jar and pour over them a mixture of ½ cup vinegar, ¼ cup salad oil, 1 teaspoon salt and 4 firmly packed tablespoons light brown sugar. Put lid on jar, shake well and store in refrigerator. This should be done at least two days in advance so that the sweet-sour taste of the dressing will penetrate the beets, and the shaking should be repeated frequently. To serve, drain beets and spear each with a colored toothpick.

BOLOGNA WEDGES

Get 8 slices large bologna cut a little less than ¼" thick. The large bologna usually measures about 5" in diameter. To ¾ pound cream cheese add 2 tablespoons cream, and work into a smooth paste. Add ⅔ cup finely chopped sweet pickles and ⅓ cup finely chopped carrots and mix thoroughly. Spread a slice of bologna with a thick coating of the cheese mixture and top with another slice. Repeat these layers twice more, finishing with a slice of bologna. This will mean 4 slices of bologna with 3 layers of the cheese. Press firmly together, wrap in wax paper and repeat the routine with the other 4 slices. If

STUART



Dessert is peaches Romanoff, but o
if you want to make lifelong frien

you prefer to have the wedges smaller,
slices of bologna and 2 thick layers of c
mixture. Store in coldest part of refriger
but do not freeze. Before serving, cut
slender pie-shape wedges. Use a very
thin-bladed knife for the cutting and
it off with a damp cloth after each
When you arrange your hors-d'oeuvre
or trays, lay wedges on their sides. The
be lapped over one another, but be sur
layers show because they look so pretty

CAVIAR CANAPÉS

To make bite-size canapés, cut small ro
of thinly sliced rye bread and spread
softened butter or margarine. This pro
them from becoming soggy from the
cream. To 1 cup light sour cream add 1
spoon lemon or lime juice and 4 tablesp
very finely chopped onion. Don't grat
onion, because that will make the mix
too wet. Top each round generously with
sour cream and onion, and put a s
quantity of caviar in the center of each

If you want larger canapés, get a lo
party rye bread and slice it very thin. P
rye is a long, quite slender loaf, and sin
is available in the small town where I d
shopping, I hope that means that it is g
ally available. Make the same mixtur
sour cream, onion and lemon or lime j
and add caviar to taste. It won't look pr
at this stage, but we'll fix that. After
slices have been spread with butter or
garine, cover them with the caviar mix
and sprinkle all over with minced par

MOLDED SEA-FOOD SALAD

Get 2 pounds frozen raw shrimp, wash t
oughly and plunge them into rapidly bo
water to which 1 cup vinegar and 2 t
spoons salt have been added. Cook over
heat 10 minutes. Drain, cover with
water, drain again and remove shells
veins. Frozen cooked or canned shrimp
be substituted for the raw. Get 1 po
fresh or frozen fillets of haddock, put t
in top of double boiler and cook over bo
water until firm and white—about 45
utes. Flake the fish, discarding any
bits, and add 1 tablespoon finely chop
onion, 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon mono sodium glutamate.
1 large or 2 small avocados, dip at once
vinegar diluted with water so that
won't change color, and cut into quite s
pieces. Chop ½ cucumber into small pi
and add to avocado. Soften 4 envel
unflavored gelatin in 1 cup cold water
5 minutes. Add 2¾ cups boiling water
stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add 1 envel
chicken-bouillon powder or 1 chicken-bo
lon cube, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons
and 1¼ cups white vinegar. Cider vin
can be used, but it gives the aspic an an
color, which isn't quite so pretty for this



Marinated beets, bologna wedges,
caviar-and-sour-cream canapés—
and no complaints.

...we're all set except for the mold. I ...oblong glass baking dish that meas... ...long, 5" wide and 3½" deep and has ...ty of 7 cups. This is a standard size, ...ay have the same thing. In case your ... a little larger, I've allowed some ...spic which can be added to the final ... flaked fish. It is important to use a ...rent mold so that you can see what ...doing at each stage.

... aspic in mold to the depth of 1" and ... refrigerator. Set the rest of aspic in ...ter, but don't let it jell. When aspic ...l has thickened but is not set, put a ... row of evenly sized shrimp, curved ...down, in the bottom of mold. Put ... as close together as possible and press ...down firmly. When you are satisfied ...e rows look even, hold the mold up so ...ou can see the bottom. You may need ...ist positions a bit, and at this stage it ... done easily. Remember, this double ... shrimp will form the top of your salad ...ou want it to be as perfect as possible. ... in enough aspic barely to cover the ... and set mold ...igerator.

...v add 1¼ cups ...to avocado and ...ber and set it in ...ater to thicken. ...dd 1¼ cups as... flaked fish, but ...at stand at room ...erature. As soon ...ic on shrimp is ...add the avocado ...re, working it ...a smooth, even ... Again put mold ...efrigerator, and ...the avocado ...is firm make the ... layer of the ...d fish. Obviously ...is a day-before ...because the salad ... stand in the re...rator overnight ...become reliably

...o serve, unmold ... platter and gar... with the rest of ...shrimp, slices of ...l-cooked egg and ...uce cups filled ... finely chopped ...ry. Have a bowl ...ayonnaise beside ...salad.

...KED ZUCCHINI

...ct 2 pounds of as...der zucchini as ...r grocer or garden ... to offer. Wash but do not peel, and cut ... chunks or slices, depending on how large ...zucchini are.

...ut ⅓ pound sliced bacon into pieces ...ut 1½" square, and thinly slice 3 medi...large onions and separate into rings. Put ...n in skillet over medium heat, and when ...egins to sizzle add onions and cook 5 ...utes, stirring frequently.

...ut a layer of zucchini chunks in casserole, ...kle with salt, pepper and a little dried ...resh sweet basil and dot with catchup. ...er with a layer of onions and bacon and ...at layers until casserole is filled. Save a ... pieces of bacon and onion rings for top ... dot with catchup.

...bout 45 minutes before serving time, put ...erole, covered, in moderate—350° F.— ...and cook until zucchini is tender. When ...der, turn oven very low until you are ...y to serve.

DEVILED TOAST STICKS

...e bread 1" thick and cut slices into strips ...vide. Remove crusts.

...Melt ¼ pound butter or margarine in a ...et and add 1 small clove garlic, very ...y minced. Simmer a couple of minutes ... blend in 1 teaspoon herb mustard, ...ablespoon beefsteak sauce, 1 teaspoon ...rcestershire sauce and 1 tablespoon poppy ...ds. Dip bread sticks lightly into this mix... ture, place them on a heavy cooky sheet or griddle and bake in a very low oven until they are crisp. Make ahead of time and reheat before serving.

PEACHES ROMANOFF

Blend 2 tablespoons cornstarch with ½ cup orange juice and cook in top of double boiler over direct heat until thick and bubbling. Cool. Beat 6 egg yolks with rotary beater until lemon colored, add 1 cup sugar and beat some more. Stir in 1 cup orange juice—or, if you prefer, 1 cup sherry—and pour this mixture into cornstarch and orange juice in double boiler. Stir well and again beat with rotary beater until the thick cornstarch mixture is thoroughly blended with the liquids. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until thick—about 8 minutes. Cool and store in refrigerator.

As near serving time as possible, peel 2½ pounds fresh peaches, preferably tart ones, and dip at once into a water-and-ascorbic-acid or water-and-lemon-juice solution to prevent discoloration. Cut into fairly thick slices. If available, have a pint of strawberries for a garnish, or substitute pitted bing cherries for strawberries. Beat ½ pint heavy cream until stiff and fold it into the custard. Reserve some extra-pretty slices for a garnish and add the rest of the peaches to the custard, tossing them well. Heap in center of a cold serving platter and garnish with peach slices and strawberries or cherries dipped in powdered sugar. Keep in refrigerator until ready to serve.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Rising Wind

By Hannah Kahn

We lie together silently and still
With fingers interlocked against the night;
There is no stir or movement to the flight
Our bodies take . . . no summit to the hill.
Tentatively I turn my head until
It rests upon your shoulder, for the light
That filters from the window is too bright,
And I must shield myself against my will.

This pattern long repeated by my hand,
My hand that knows each curve your body makes,
Is stamped indelibly upon my palm . . .
And neither you nor I can understand
The pulse by which the heart endures or breaks
Or why the rising wind is sudden calm.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Service. A lot more than once I've talked about the value of a tea wagon as an aid to the hostess with little or no help. Its uses are endless, and when it comes to serving a first course of hors d'oeuvres in the living room, a wagon is ideal.

No matter how co-operative guests may be, there is that inevitable inertia about getting up and crossing the room to help themselves from an hors-d'oeuvre tray. Also, such meanderings are disruptive to good conversation. So you find yourself or your husband or both of you making the eternal rounds with plates of whatnots and waiting while one person at a time helps himself.

With a tea wagon loaded with the various appetizers, napkins and a stack of small plates, you're all set. After the first round, during which two or three people can help themselves amply at one time, you need only change the position of the wagon occasionally to be sure that everyone is supplied with what he wants.

Probably you all know the old story about the hostess who was passing hors d'oeuvres and a guest said, "I really shouldn't—I've already had three!" and she replied, "No, you've had seven—but who's counting?" If you have a cart it discourages counting, both on your part and the guests'.

But whether or not you have a wagon, the small plates are a great boon in cutting down on the passing routine. Plates can be filled and the dipping sauce added—we don't have any on this menu, but it's often present. Then guests can relax and the first course really enjoyed. Any meal that begins this well has a better-than-fair chance of ending with complete satisfaction. THE END



A Thrifty Meat so Good to Eat!

Who gives a hoot for arithmetic, or even *girls* like Mary, when there's a big, hearty MOR sandwich to dream of! That's real *food.*

The whole family goes for Wilson's MOR. Sugar-cured, tender pork shoulder meat, seasoned the Wilson way, it's the meat for *any* time and *many* uses . . . in sandwiches, sliced cold, fried, roasted. Be thrifty. Buy Wilson's MOR at your favorite store.

Breakfast Ready?



And how . . . fried MOR and eggs. Or creamed MOR on toast. *So* good. When there's *time*—serve pan-fried MOR with your favorite pancakes or waffles and syrup. Yum-m-m . . . and another *yum.*

Sandwich Lunch



Here's a "natural" . . . open face MOR sandwich with French fries and cole slaw. Other sandwich hunches: Chopped MOR and bacon . . . or, MOR and cheese. Slip under broiler for a "burger."

Not fancy, but good!



Spread chili sauce and brown sugar on two cans MOR. Bake at 350° F. for 15 min. Serves six. It's MEAT and it's *easy.* Or cover with luscious baked beans or corn. *Real eating.*

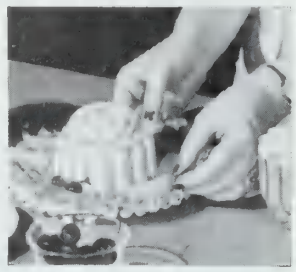


The Wilson label protects your table

How to make heavenly Peach Salad







Drain a No. 2½ can of cling peach halves, reserving ½ cup of the juice. Cut all but 2 of the halves into small pieces; cut the 2 halves into thick slices. If you use fresh peaches, you will need about 4 medium size. Soften 1 envelope gelatin in 3 tbsps. cold water. Dissolve in hot peach juice. Cool.

Soften one 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese and gradually blend in 1½ tbsps. lemon juice and ½ cup of Kraft Mayonnaise. Add ½ tsp. salt. In dishes like this, the delicacy and richness of Kraft Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise are supremely important. You need true *mayonnaise* at its finest.

Whip ½ cup heavy cream. Add cut-up peaches to cream cheese-mayonnaise mixture. Blend in cooled gelatin mixture and fold in whipped cream. Pour into 4 individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold on crisp leaf lettuce on salad plates. Garnish with maraschino cherries and the peach slices.



True mayonnaise at its finest!

Made *solely* of choice salad oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and seasonings, Kraft's is true mayonnaise *at its finest* . . . luxuriously rich, with a most delightful flavor. If you haven't tried Kraft Mayonnaise, you've a happy surprise ahead!

Don't miss TV's most famous dramatic show! KRAFT TV THEATRE—*every Wednesday evening,* NBC-TV.

Kraft KITCHEN FRESH Mayonnaise

CHILD-CARE CENTERS

(Continued from Page 25)

nursery schools. Even when the mother is fortunate enough to be able to leave her child at a public center, where standards are high and fees reasonable, she must turn over a portion of her weekly wages for this service. But she does not pay the total cost. In California, where the average annual cost for one nursery-school child is $734, the state bears about two thirds of the expense. In Detroit, where the Common Council appropriated $170,000 of city funds last year, the total weekly cost per nursery-school child is $20. Fees from parents range, depending on family income, from $5 to $15 per week.

In Britain, even during the darkest period of the war, women with young children were never subject to compulsory service. Part-time work, piecework at home, and shifts that minimized the danger to the home were offered such mothers. But when mothers voluntarily entered the factory, the British Departments of Health and Education sought as best they could to provide adequate child care. Elementary schools were kept open from early morning to late evening, and nationally supported child-care centers were established. But finding efficient people to staff the centers remained an unsolved problem to the end of the war.

Senator Margaret Chase Smith recently expressed her belief that there are today many piecework jobs in the business office and the factory which the housewife can do at home during leisure hours. "Women do not have to go into war plants in order to make the maximum utilization of th tential contribution to the defense o country," she says, and it "is not rig mothers to place their children in the strangers in order to take jobs."

MOTHERS NEEDED AT HO

A church spokesman at the recent House Conference on Children and refused to go along with the theory Federal funds are needed for child-car ters. "The whole social security syst based on the family's staying at home said. Dr. DeNorval Unthank, of Por Oregon, also raised the question as to wh the wartime practice of drawing yo mothers into industry should be follow the prolonged crisis the country now "Maybe we should make stronger eff he said, "to keep mothers in the home ing their babies and young children."

Educators and experts in child care that the dangers of separation from na home environment may have lasting e upon the development of the child und years of age. They agree, with Dean Mill C. McIntosh, of Barnard College, that time of national danger, women must d erything possible to maintain and streng their homes as a center of inspiratio self-sacrifice, of devotion to the which our country is preparing to defen Government, colleges, executives . . . sh do everything possible to keep mothe young children in their homes."

SAN DIEGO'S PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 25)

because production is still tooled for men. The noise is worse. And as new employees, the mothers are more apt to get the night shift. In March, the aircraft companies asked and received permission from the California State Employment Service to work certain skilled women ten hours a day and fifty hours a week, contrary to state law.

Mothers who wish to leave their children someplace and can get them in one of San Diego's 22 state-supported child-care centers are lucky. They can go to work knowing the children will be adequately fed and reasonably safe. These youngsters have just about everything a child could wish except a few more hours a day with their mothers.

Equipment is good in the nursery schools the California Department of Education took over when Federal support to free mothers for defense work was discontinued in 1946. The centers in housing projects, built especially for child care, are as well arranged and cheerful as such institutions can be. They are bright with paint and varnish and chintz curtains. There are doll corners and playhouses; jungle gyms and slides outside; finger painting and age-graded music and stories inside; bathroom training on child-sized plumbing; charts on which conscientious teachers note bowel movements and appetites; regular naptimes on miniature Army cots set two feet apart for privacy; and balanced breakfasts for children whose mothers must punch an early time clock.

The less one has to do, the less time one finds to do it in.
—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A mother who works eight hours has to be away from home ten, and since not all work schedules are alike, most of the centers for preschool children have to stay open twelve hours a day and some of them are open on Saturday. School-age children get extended day care, which means a place to come before school opens, a supervised lunch, and after-school play. During school vacations, full-day programs are planned.

In San Diego, it cost about $662.03 for the year ending March 31, 1951, to take care of a nursery-school child and $379.52 for a school-age child, about a third of which was paid by the parents in fees set by family inc and number of family members. Since program had been extended from yea year as a welfare aid to mothers who ha work to support their children, eligib was limited to one-parent families wit comes of $225 a month or less, and two- ent homes with combined incomes of $27 less. Teachers, nurses and GI students exempt from the income limitation, and der the sliding-fee scale, a few of them paying the total cost of care for their dren. Most of the children came from ho broken in World War II. In fact, the l number of lone mothers in California s the war has been one of the principal a ments for the continuance and expansio the centers.

You have to dig beneath the surfac find out what dawn-to-dusk separation f mother does to the litt children. Most of them just eventually, the d care teachers say, but e child reacts differently the initial wrench of ing mother walk out door.

Three-year-old Janie took the tack of p sive non-co-operation. Sucking her thu she sat in a corner of the big, noisy nurs room the first morning and watched mother cry.

"Come on, dear," her mother coaxed tween tears. "Take off your coat and and play with the nice children. Mother to go to work now."

No reaction. Mother tugged at her co but Janie pulled away and faced the wall

"If you don't take off your coat and ha mother threatened, "I won't come back you."

That evening, Janie was still sitting in t same corner, hugging the coat and ha teacher had finally removed. The su didn't last, of course. Nowadays, Janie almost too well adjusted. She does anythi teacher asks and allows more aggressive ch dren to snatch her playthings.

Dr. J. Richmond Barbour, Director, E reau of Child Guidance for San Dieg schools, thinks that two- and three-year-

(Continued on Page 98)

DON'T you believe that sometimes the simple facts about a product are worth a whole vocabulary of "come-hither" words?

You could say DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas taste like spring, are as tender as the dew.

But when you consider that women, for years, have been buying more of them than any other brand of peas—when you think how many other DEL MONTE Foods you prefer yourself—could anything else tell their story so convincingly?

Why not serve them tomorrow in the handsome dish below?

Del Monte BRAND *Early Garden* TRADE MARK Peas

—the brand that puts flavor first

Just the tastiest, tenderest peas—selected only from the flavor-filled middle sizes.

BUFFET SALAD RING

- 4 cups DEL MONTE Tomato Juice
- 2 tbsps. unflavored gelatin
- 1 cup sliced celery
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 2 tsps. sugar
- Fragment of bayleaf
- 1 whole clove
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1½ tsps. dried sweet basil
- Dash of cayenne
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 3 hardcooked eggs, stuffed
- 2 #303 cans DEL MONTE Brand *Early Garden* Peas

Soften gelatin in ½ cup of the tomato juice. Simmer remaining tomato juice with other ingredients except lemon juice, eggs and peas, for 15 minutes. Strain. Stir in lemon juice and softened gelatin. Set stuffed eggs, cut side down, in ½ cup of the aspic mixture in 5-cup ring mold. Chill. Add remaining aspic; chill till firm. Marinate DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas in French dressing. (And what peas for a salad! No immature, flavorless peas. No oversize, starchy ones. Just the tenderest, tastiest peas selected from all the flavor-filled middle sizes — and packed together for full *natural* flavor.) Turn out mold on plate, fill center with peas; garnish with salad greens. Serves 6 to 8.









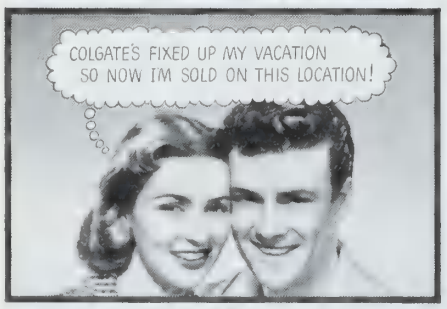
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

(Continued from Page 96)

children should be with their mothers most of the time. "We won't know what the long nursery-school day does to the youngest children until they grow up and become parents themselves," he warns. But some San Diego children of eight and nine have been in the centers continuously since the age of two or three. It's possible to compare them with playmates who have had a more equal balance of home and school life.

Kindergarten teachers say that children who have been to nursery school are more advanced for their age and fit better into school routines than children who have been kept at home.

"They're more self-reliant," Mrs. Paula Hamm, vice-chairman of the state-wide parents' association, thinks. "But it's a regimented life for them," she adds. "My daughter got to know the schedule better than the teachers."

Most mothers are enthusiastic about the centers. A teacher whose four-year-old daughter attends nursery school wishes the day were a little shorter, but she thinks her child needs some group experience. "Even if I didn't have to work, I'd like to have her in nursery school from ten to four. Otherwise, she'd get too attached to me."

"We couldn't keep Tommy happy at home now that he's been in the center," another mother says. "He'd miss the finger painting and the other children. And I'd never stop to give him as good a lunch as he gets there."

Others feel that the separation has its good points. "I'm better friends with my daughter when I'm not with her all the time," one mother confesses.

"That's right," another mother agreed. "My children may miss me now, but they sure do appreciate me."

"I can't understand why my boy won't go to his grandmother's over Easter vacation," a third mother complained of her second-grade son. "He says he wants to stay with me."

Although their mothers don't realize it, obviously some of these children feel they've been abandoned. Almost every mother admits she's stumped when her child asks, "Mother, do you have to go to work again tomorrow?" Children are sent home immediately when they are sick. Occasionally a child will play sick to force his mother to stay home with him.

The teachers try to help children forced into group living at an all too tender age. They know better than to make a shy child take off his shoes in a room full of strangers at naptime. Sometimes they have to hold a child's hand to get him to go to sleep at all in the dormitory nap room.

Why are the mothers going back to work? One shrewd community leader thinks they are using defense work as an excuse to do what they've always wanted to do—get out of the housework and into something they consider more stimulating.

You find these cases in San Diego, as elsewhere. One mother of four, whose eleven-year-old son gets breakfast for the family after he's finished his paper route, says she's working on doctor's orders because it makes her "too nervous to stay home with the kids." A woman who looked forward to having a baby while doing her bit in defense industry during the war is astonished to discover that care of a small child bores her. She's glad to get back to an office.

But these are exceptions. Overwhelmingly the motive is purely and simply money—money to buy a higher standard of living for the children or maintain a standard threatened by the San Diego housing shortage and the high cost of living. San Diego is full of wives who saved enough while working during the war to meet the easy GI down payment on a house when their husbands came home. Now they need furniture. Wives of reservists must go to work or lose the family's equity. Wives of men in Korea are working to save enough to buy a house. Wives of men who were until recently unemployed feel both must make hay while jobs are available.

Recently, 250 child-care-center mothers told why they were working:

Husband's income insufficient	101
Supporting relatives	5
Buying furnishings	1
Buying home	10
Medical bills	25
Schooling—GI and other	41
Unspecified debts	16
Husband unemployed	5
Husband ill or invalid	16
Helping husband in business	8
Service husband's allotment too small	11
High rent on small income	6
Need large house for large family	5

Let's take the case of Mrs. Brown, an ex-Wave. Her husband is a chief petty officer in the Navy, making nearly $300 a month. In the East, the Navy assigned the Browns comfortable furnished quarters. Then came assignment to San Diego, where the Navy alone needs 40,000 housing units. The best Mrs. Brown could find was an unfurnished house for $75 a month. For the sake of their four-year-old son David they took it.

The loftiest endeavor toward common life is liberal democracy. It carries to the extreme the determination to have consideration for one's neighbor. Liberalism is that principle of political rights according to which the public authority, in spite of being all-powerful, limits itself and even attempts, at its own expense, to leave room in the state over which it rules for those to live who neither think nor feel as it does—that is, as do the stronger, the majority. Liberalism—it is well to recall this today—is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right which the majority concedes to the minorities, and hence it is the noblest cry that has ever resounded in this planet. It announces the determination to share existence with the enemy; more than that, with an enemy which is weak. It was incredible that the human species should have arrived at so noble an attitude, so paradoxical, so refined, so acrobatic, so antinatural. Hence it is not to be wondered at that this same humanity should soon appear anxious to get rid of it. It is a discipline too difficult and complex to take firm root on the earth. —ORTEGA Y GASSET: Mission of the University (Princeton University Press).

Rather than dissipate their savings, the Browns bought the most essential pieces of furniture on the installment plan, budgeting $90 for rent, telephone, gas, electricity and garbage disposal; $75 for food and milk; $61.44 for the car they had started buying in the East; and $65 for furniture and refrigerator payments. When Mr. Brown's father died, leaving them medical and funeral expenses, Mrs. Brown put David in a nursery center and took a job as a statistical typist.

The Browns have to get up at 6:30. With Navy precision, Mr. Brown makes the beds and dresses David while Mrs. Brown gets the breakfast and tries to clean up after it. Then he drives David to school and Mrs. Brown to her office. When he has shore duty, he can usually pick them up in the evening and help food-shop on the way home for dinner. All the housework has to be done evenings and week ends.

Mrs. Brown worries about the number of colds David has been having. For one thing, she loses pay when she has to stay home with him. Now that the Browns have two incomes, they are making too much money for David to stay in the center. Mrs. Brown plans to take a course at night so that David will qualify as the child of a GI student.

"Night school will be a hardship," she admits, "but I'd do anything to keep David in nursery school. Also, we feel this is an excellent opportunity for me to prepare myself for the future—the future being so uncertain these days."

So far, Mrs. Brown hasn't saved … money although she takes home $40 a … David's tuition and insurance will a… to $48.50 a month; her stenotype co… $22; lunches run to $20 a month; an… that the initial investment in clothes f… job is made, replacements and dry cle… will come to about $20 a month more.

Other San Diego budgets show tha… $80 and $90 a working mother clears… month usually goes for installment payr… on houses, cars, vacuum cleaners and … vision sets. One mother said she "ha… have" a television set to keep her s… home while she worked. Mothers of … than one child admit they aren't mak… thing, but many of them like the feeli… spendable cash in their own hands.

They're paying dearly in physical wea… tear for what they take home. Accor… to a recent survey of home activities … average child-care-center mother rises … tween 5:30 and 6 in the morning, make … beds, slicks up the house, packs lunches, … prepares breakfast with little or no help … her husband. She has to travel fiftee… thirty minutes, usually by family car … drop her child at school and get to work … self. After eight hours of work, she c… home to prepare dinner, wash dishes an… the family laundry.

Of 163 women, only 5 had hired hel… the home, 10 had relatives who helped, … 8 got an assist from their husbands. The … bands who were handy did just about ev… thing. They bathed and dressed child… cleaned house, hung up washing (ofte… the middle of the night) and in an aston… ing number of instances helped with … ironing. "They don't like to do it mu… one mother observed, "but you'll do a … thing for a while, at least, if you think … getting you somewhere."

Recreation is hard to fit in, although m… families try to arrange family outings … week ends. "We've had no company for … months," a working mother complains. "… evening in desperation we put Tommy … bed on a blanket in the back of the car … went to a drive-in movie."

"After dinner I'm tired enough to go … bed," a mother of three writes, "but I … ways have ironing, mending, cleaning, b… ing, a dozen-and-one things to do. I've b… trying to keep up the yard. I bought so… rug cleaner but haven't had time to use … The car ought to be washed. We have b… house-hunting so we can move, but we do … have time to find a house. I retire when … feel enough is done so that I can leave … rest of the work for tomorrow."

Are the mothers really needed? Aircr… people say yes. When Korea erupted, 1… per cent of San Diego's labor force of 169,7… were unemployed. By February, 1951, t… aircraft industries alone had hired 13,154 a… ditional hands and were hoping to find 40… more by May 15. In February, unemplo… ment in a labor force expanded to 187,4… stood at 3.7 per cent, the marginally efficie… bottom of the man-power barrel. The pla… makers would like to have men, but they s… they can't hold the men.

Skilled aircraft workers have flocked ba… to San Diego since Korea, but they qu… their jobs when they find they can't bri… their families. The population of San Die… County rose from 289,348 in 1940 to 415,87… in 1944, and surprised everybody by co… tinuing to climb after the war to a 1950 pea… of 535,967. World War II Federal-housi… projects are jam-packed. In spite of a buil… ing boom, there's literally no place to live i… San Diego. Aircraft executives say the hou… ing is occupied by people who can't be lure… away from profitable little businesses servin… the town's floating population of sailors.

"If we hire men we have to reach out … the community, and there aren't sufficien… rentals available," E. E. Binger, genera… manager of industrial relations at Solar Air… craft Company, recently told newspapermen… "Women workers afford San Diego aircraf… plants one method of beating the housin… shortage." Solar's public-relations depart… ment followed up with a picture story featur…

(Continued on Page 100)

Beef is Big Business!

you think of big business as whirling machinery,
ick buildings, steel tanks . . . you're wrong.
g business may be cotton growing in a field . . .
water rushing downstream through turbines . . .
cattle roaming the southwestern plains.
ef production is big business. The cattle business
as always been big . . . but it is getting bigger.
was always risky, but—*thanks to research*—
is getting much less risky.

ederle has introduced, during the past decade,
any new products invaluable to the cattleman
taking the risk out of ranching . . . including a specially
ried and packed vaccine for Bang's disease;
ULMET* Sulfamethazine, used for almost all the
acterial diseases that affect cattle;
ombined blackleg hemorrhagic septicemia vaccine;
nd lastly the wonder drug, aureomycin. Similarly, Lederle
as pioneered in providing weapons against infection
r livestock raisers of hogs, sheep and poultry.

ll this was made possible by painstaking research,
acked by continuing large expenditures of time and money.
he system of free enterprise under which this
ation has grown great has encouraged not only such
ndustrial research, but also that competition
hich eternally spurs forward each organization, and
ach man and woman in it, to make better its best.
eg. U. S. Pat. Off.

esearch is the magic key that is unlocking
bountiful future for all!

Lederle

(*Pronounced Led'-er-lee*)

A Division of American Cyanamid Company

Spun Nylon
takes the shivers
from your timbers



Munsingwear's
warm, weightless,
scratchless, shrinkless
NYLON
UNDER SEPARATES

So light yet so warm . . . Munsingwear has a special way with panties and their companion pieces. Knits these under separates of featherweight spun NYLON. They'll never scratch . . . never shrink . . . wash and dry in a wink!

Vest or pantie as shown, white or tea rose, about **$2.00** *Also ribbed-cuff brief about* **$1.50**; *over-knee pant about* **$2.75**

It's knit . . . it's nice . . . it's
Munsingwear
at better stores everywhere

(Continued from Page 98)

ing the return to work of a photogenic mother of a four-year-old.

If they can't get the mothers, aircraft manufacturers say they'll have to use older and younger women and lower the stiff physical requirements which have kept absenteeism among women low. They'll have to use more handicapped people and enlarge current training programs. Mainly, however, they'll have to rearrange their production lines so that they can use more unskilled workers—and more women. During the war peak, when jobs were broken down into simple operations, the largest aircraft manufacturer in San Diego filled 42 per cent of its jobs with women. At the end of last year only from 25 to 27 per cent of all San Diego aircraft workers were women.

The day-care centers were unable to lure many housewives into the labor force for the very simple reason that most families with two breadwinners earned more than the $275-a-month ceiling. In one month last spring over half the mothers using child-care service were the sole support of their children. By July of this year, Walter Tatum, Director of San Diego's Child Care Services, had turned down three thousand applications on income alone. By July 2, however, Governor Earl Warren had signed into law a new child-care act liberalizing the means test. It raised the ceiling to $300 a month for working parents with one child, to $350 where there are two children, $400 if there are three. An additional $50 a month income is allowed the parents for each child in excess of three. Mr. Tatum may need two or three times as many centers as he now has, to accommodate the demand.

Unfortunately, alternative solutions for mothers who want to work are pathetically inadequate. There are about fifteen private nursery schools (licensed by the Welfare Department of the State of California) in the San Diego city limits and fifteen more just outside the city in San Diego County. Together they accommodate about 850 children. While many of the operators are licensed or certificated teachers, others do not approximate this standard. Not all of them provide care during the working mother's total hours away from home.

Most working mothers say they can't afford to send their children to private nursery schools. Yet the typical fee of from $10 to $12 a week is less than the cost of public day care when the state's contribution is added to what parents pay. It costs money to run a good nursery school. Unlike the centers, which use school buildings, private schools have to pay rent. They simply can't afford to pay their teachers as well as the public-school system does. Some of them are inevitably tempted to skimp on food or equipment.

FOSTER day care in private homes licensed by the state might be better for the children. Although it costs $1.50 to $2 a day, it's the traditional solution for the lone mother who must work or go on relief. Last spring, for the first time, more women with working husbands tried to put their children in foster homes than women who were the sole support of the family. San Diego's 140 homes licensed for 464 children can't take care of this new group. In some cases, the Department of Social Welfare has been able to persuade applicants to stay at home and earn money by caring for other applicants' children along with their own.

Of course, most working mothers aren't paying anything for child care. They're relying on grandmothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, neighbor women, high-school girls or anybody else who can be corralled into baby-sitting. California's population of elderly retired couples is being pressed into this service. But conflicts between the real and substitute mother are bitter in these tenuous and often transient arrangements. As one girl put it, "Your relatives are your friends until you ask them to take care of your dren."

Many couples have been working out problem by taking different shifts. mother who works on the swing shift out dinner before leaving for work at 4 Her husband gets back from the day shi time to relieve her, and he gets breakfast the children while she sleeps in the morn Yet even this topsy-turvy organizatio family life is better than the solution one craft spokesman suggested: "San Diego such a good climate you don't have to w about letting the kids play outdoors all San Diego is safer for children than N York."

There is always a well-known solution to every human problem—neat, plausible and wrong.

—HENRY LOUIS MENCKEN:
(Copyright: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.).

NO one knows how many latchkey c dren are playing in San Diego's presuma safe and sunny streets. But community cial agencies do know that the tragic w time problems are coming back again: m teen-age pregnancies; more sleepy, bre fastless and belligerent school children; m complaints from neighbors about neglec children.

So far, prevention is no one's responsi ity. Social agencies claim they can't adv mothers to stay home. Navy Relief will l a service wife money to buy a kit of to but they don't feel authorized to do m than inquire what she plans to do with l children. Unless she herself asks for advi they can't interfere. Some time ago, a co mittee of social agencies wrangled all e ning trying to decide whether it was pro to ask the aircraft industries not to h women with children under six. Consens was that such a requ would deny a mothe right to work.

Meanwhile, social ag cies, employers, mothe all want the child-ca centers. The aircraft co panies would rather ha the state do the job a pick up the tab than co sider setting up nurse care themselves as Henry Kaiser did World War II.

The centers are better now than wh they were hastily improvised in World W II to accommodate the appetite of S Diego's industries for the mothers of sm children. Then there were over 50 cente some of them in church basements and co verted school buildings. Turnover amo teachers was high. For a time, there w even a program for infants.

Mr. Tatum thinks the centers would better if called upon to expand for anoth emergency, but he admits standards wou suffer. For one thing, only the best-designe centers are now being used. San Diego schools are so cramped that the child-ca program couldn't get back the makeshi school space it once had. The present eff cient teaching staff would have to be sprea thin among partly trained newcomers r cruited in San Diego's tight labor marke One nursery-school teacher has already ha to give up the work she loves to make mor money: a drugstore hired her for $60 a week

As long as the centers are adequatel staffed, the net gain in woman power is no striking. Eighty-eight teachers and thirty six housekeepers, cooks and administrators most of them skilled personnel themselves are required to care for about 935 children age two to sixteen, of an estimated 530 moth ers. In other words, it is taking one person t free less than five mothers for work outsid the home. Taking the children under si alone, the ratio is much higher. One staf person can care for about eleven children i the extended day-care program, but only five and a half children of nursery age.

San Diego social agencies are well aware that an emergency solution often becomes a community pattern. Nevin Wiley, of the San Diego Family Service Agency, spoke for most "Children need their mothers more than they need a television set. That's why I don't believe we should provide child-care centers for mothers who don't really have to work unless there is an all-out national emergency."

THE END



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

I'M A LUCKY GUY

(Continued from Page 45)

If it hadn't been for Sallye, I probably would have got my degree in engineering. It might be gathered from this that I was strongly attracted to Sallye, whereas nothing could be farther from the truth.

Sallye had the lower berth in the same section as my upper. She had already retired. Only her head, framed in the green curtains, was visible to me as I walked down the aisle sowing rice. Her mouth was open and tears of mirth were rolling down her plump cheeks. I thought she was the most extraordinary sight I had encountered in my lifetime.

I retreated to the men's room with Sallye's rumbling, loud and unfriendly laughter echoing behind me. An hour or so later, when I climbed into my berth, everyone apparently was asleep.

THE next morning I made the unnerving discovery that Sallye's destination coincided with mine. I had gone to the diner, and when I returned the berths were made up and she was sitting in our section. She had hung over the window a gold-and-blue Michigan pennant, which matched two pennant stickers on her pocketbook. She and I were the only young people in the car.

I thought for a moment I'd sit somewhere else, but I decided that would seem rude. I squeezed in beside her. Thin as I was, there was not too much room to spare.

She was a dark, strapping woman who clung partially to the flapper fashions that had gone out of style a few years before. Her black hair was shingled almost as short as a man's. Her dress was cut low at the neck, had a waist that sagged below her hips, and a skirt that ended an inch or two above her knees. She rolled her stockings, which had clocks in them, and wore tight, high-heeled pumps.

"Well, look who's here," she said. "It's Bunny Boy. U. of M.?" she asked, pointing to her pennant.

I smiled as distantly as I knew how, and nodded.

"Freshman, aren't you?"

I admitted it.

"Where's your pot, frosh?"

"My what?"

"Your pot; *p-o-t*, pot. Your pot is a cap that freshmen wear. You're supposed to have it with you all the time."

"Even before I matriculate?" I asked, anxious to avoid any trouble. "I don't believe I'm really a full-fledged freshman until I matriculate."

"You don't believe!" she neighed sarcastically. "For your own good, you'd better never let me catch you on the campus without a pot, understand?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am." I knew there were quite a few thousand students at the university, and I had no intention of letting her catch me on the campus or any other place, once I got off the train.

She asked where I was from, and I told her. She announced that she was from Jersey City, New Jersey, a community which, I gathered, practically went into mourning when she departed for points west. She said she was a senior at the "U. of M."

"You know what?" Sallye declared. "I think I'm going to like you."

"I'm sure," I lied, "the feeling will be mutual."

"Quite an entrance you made last night," she said with grudging envy. "I suppose you spent all summer planning how to be the center of attention."

"I suppose somebody did, at any rate," I conceded.

She asked where I was going to live at Ann Arbor, but didn't give me a chance to answer. "I know just the place for you," she said. "A rooming house on State Street. It's where a fellow of mine, my Big Moment, lived last year."

"Is he going to live there this year?" I asked, relieved that she had a Big Moment who was somebody else.

"No, he graduated."

As we talked, it developed that Sallye was a reporter for the Daily, and had been working on that newspaper for the last three years. She asked if I had any friends at the university, and for the first time that morning the uncomfortable feeling in the pit of my stomach came back. I let down my guard, because Sallye could be gentle when she wanted to, and told her I was already feeling homesick—not very homesick, but just kind of missing familiar faces—and that I didn't know anyone in Michigan.

"You may not believe this," she confided, "because now that I'm a senior I know practically everybody on the campus. But when I first came here I didn't know a soul either. And was I homesick!"

"You were?"

"But you're much better off than I was, because you know me. And I'm going to take you under my wing. After I get you settled and registered, you can come out for the Daily. And then we'll have to see about getting you into a frat."

Anne had warned me to steer clear of persons who used the abbreviation "frat." I began to regret having let down my guard, and thought that if I ever were to get clear of Sallye, I'd better start asserting my independence.

"I don't want to try out for the Daily," I said.

"Why, of course you do," she reasoned. "Everybody wants to go out for the Daily. Besides, you want to be a B.M.O.C., don't you—a Big Man on the Campus? To be one of those, you've got to go out for something."

"Well, I'll go out for something else then."

"Like what?" Sallye demanded sarcastically.

"Perhaps football," I said modestly.

"Football?" roared Sallye. "You play football at the U. of M.? What are you trying to do, make me laugh?"

I ASSURED her hastily that nothing was farther from my intention. "As for a fraternity," I managed with some dignity, "I think that's all taken care of."

"Sure," said Sallye, slapping a plump knee as she continued to guffaw. "All the best houses will have official rushing delegations down at the station to meet you."

"They might have," I nodded nonchalantly. "At least one of the best houses. My brother-in-law wrote the rushing chairman."

They didn't, though. When the train pulled into Ann Arbor, Sallye and I and a dozen or so people in other cars got off, and there was no one on the platform to meet any of us.

I waited for a few minutes. Sallye and the others had disappeared, and I wondered what to do about getting a bus or cab, and which direction the campus was. I wished I were someplace else. Then a cab drove up, and Sallye motioned to me from the back seat. I went to the door.

"Do you want me to show you where that rooming house is?" she asked. "There aren't any men's dormitories, you know."

I nodded and got in. I still wasn't going out for the Daily, though.

(Continued on Page 106)

Mirror magic



HERE is a simple way to create charm and interest in an ordinary room that needs a fashion touch. A dark foyer, a too-small dining room, an undistinguished living room, even a bedroom, comes to life with a mirrored wall. It is not necessary to cover the entire wall, but a big area to back your sofa or reflect the buffet is sufficiently dramatic.

60 mirror panels, 7″ x 10″, will cover a space 105″ long and 40″ high and cost $30.00 with adhesive, $14.00 without.

The Mirrors . . . . Buy the grade called "shock mirrors," which are really window glass silvered. Locally you can find them in dime stores or hardware stores at about 60 cents a square foot. Department stores and mail-order houses carry a better grade, slightly higher. Defects or faulty reflections do not matter.

Sizes . . . . 7″ x 10″ is a good stock size costing about 50 cents each; 4½″ squares are priced at 16 cents each and less. For big areas, there is an 18″ x 24″ size, and you may get the long narrow door panels 16″ x 48″ for special effects. It is better to survey the local situation before deciding on your size, as you might well find a bargain lot or seconds which would do nicely.



This space, 63″ long and 45″ high, uses 140 mirror squares, 4½″ x 4½″; costs $24.00 with adhesive backs, $15.00 plain.

Application . . . . If the mirrors are small, they may be stuck to the wall with a commercial mastic which you get at hardware stores. Dime stores carry mirrors with the mastic already on the back, at a somewhat higher price. The larger-size mirrors usually have holes drilled for screwing to the wall.

If you like, frame the outer edge of your big area of mirrors with a narrow stock molding bought at your lumber dealer's for a few cents a foot. Leave it blond or paint it to match your wall.

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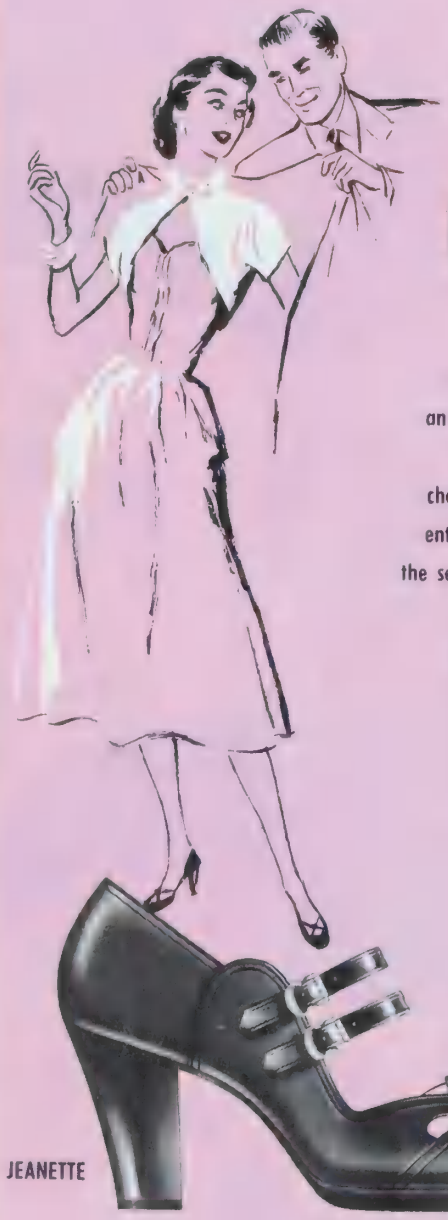
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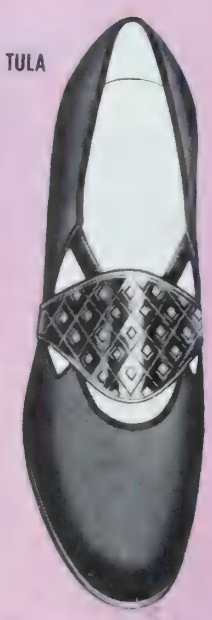




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(Continued from Page 104)

After getting settled in the rooming house, I bought a pot, paid my tuition, and registered in the engineering college. My schedule was so full that I could forget, without qualms of conscience, the thought of going out for any campus activity.

Sallye left me alone, except for daily telephone messages for me to call her, which I knew better than to acknowledge. I saw her by-line fairly often in the Daily.

It turned out that Anne, as she had predicted, still was remembered on the campus, and a good many fraternities started rushing me as soon as they found out where I was staying. When I explained that I thought a fraternity might interfere with my studies, the rushing was redoubled. Fraternities, as I found out later, were required to maintain a certain scholastic level. Anyone who put studies above social activities might be counted upon to offset the grades of those brothers who didn't.

But when The Fraternity finally extended me a bid, I accepted readily enough. I didn't mention Sallye to any of the brothers, but I found out that they saw eye to eye with her on one point—that freshmen had to go out for something. They told me that unless a fraternity had its share of captains, editors, managers and head cheerleaders, its standing on the campus was apt to deteriorate. Like Sallye, the brothers decided I was Daily material.

The Daily was independent of the university's School of Journalism and theoretically independent of the dean's office. The dean, however, exerted an indirect control. Although he had no jurisdiction over the newspaper's editorial policy, he had a very direct jurisdiction—including the power to expel—over all students.

The dean also wielded influence over the newspaper in another and more subtle manner. He was a member of a student-faculty board which selected the managing editor each year from the senior members of the Daily staff. The managing editor's job was much sought after, because he ran the paper, received a substantial salary, and was admitted ex officio into the ranks of the B.M.O.C.

In order to land the job, a candidate had to work hard for three years, write a minimum of unfortunate stories, and still manage to stay on the good side of the students by asserting occasionally that the dean was altogether too bossy. It was thin ice.

Most of this background I obtained subsequently from Sallye. I knew nothing about it the day I reported and was referred to a junior editor who was in charge of assigning freshmen to beats. He asked me whether I'd ever had any experience on a newspaper. I told him I hadn't. He didn't seem very impressed. I gathered that what he really was looking for were freshmen who had worked four or five years on the rim of The New York Times' copy desk, and I wondered how many of those enrolled at Michigan each year.

"We assign every freshman to a veteran reporter who helps break him in," the junior editor informed me. "Assistants have been assigned to all of them, but if you'll give me your name ——"

I gave it to him, and he looked at me over the top of his glasses.

"Why didn't you say so?" he asked. "I've been wondering when you'd show up. You've already been assigned. Your reporter-adviser is ——"

"Never mind," I interrupted. "I already know. Where's her desk?"

Sallye's desk was in the city room, and she was working on a story. I walked up just as she wrote "thirty" at the end of her article. She yanked it out of the typewriter, and hollered, "Copy!" If she had been a man, I'm sure she would have been wearing a hat on the back of her head, with a press card jutting out of the band.

"What's the matter with you, copy boy?" she asked me, giving no other sign of greeting. "Didn't you hear me calling 'Copy'? I'll swear, you copy boys get lazier every day."

"Hello, Sallye," I said.



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"I ppose next thing you boys will ex- to carry my own copy over to the s," she complained. "Here, take this that desk and put it on the hook— he spindle. Then come back here, I want to talk to you."

city desk which she had designated hin arm's reach of her own, and she ave put the copy on the spindle with- ting out of her chair, but I did as I d.

"You decided to come to work," Sallye greeted me when I stood again in her desk. "You don't deserve it, but en saving the dean's office for you. en going there myself to cover for that the chief wouldn't notice you been around."

Sallye's attitude toward me changed as we were with other people. She said was her new assistant, and slipped n possessively around my waist as if cate that I was something more than o. She pointed out that we were both New Jersey and thus presumably old , and that while I might look inex- ced and scrawny, I possessed certain talents.

the way to the dean's office, Sallye ned to me that I was to be absolutely e that every story he gave me was n accurately, and if I were in doubt any of my facts I was to telephone and he entire story to him.

the same time, I was to create the im- on around the Daily office that the never gave me any news at all. I should it appear that what stories I got from fice were obtained either by wringing out of him, or by going through his when his back was d. Also, I should never in a story to the editors without re- ing to them that I ed the dean, the oat, would be sore as d when he picked up aper in the morning and saw *that* in print.

he dean turned out to be a likable, ly man. He had a typewritten state- t prepared for me, saying that enroll- that year had set a new record. He also me stories about two changes in the lty.

"As long as you're accurate," he smiled, and I will get along first rate. But each I tell the reporter who covers my office I hold him personally responsible for the stories come out in the paper."

llye helped me write the first day's y. We didn't mention that the enroll- t statement had been handed to us. In , from the way Sallye had me word the cle, a reader might have gathered that I ducted a personal census of each of the sands of students. The story appeared Page 1. It wasn't by-lined, but after that vered the dean's office by myself, al- ugh Sallye still helped me write the ies. The dean and I got along well.

there was smooth sailing for the first nth. Then one afternoon I dropped into dean's office and found him sitting stiff l irritable at his desk.

"I don't have any news today," he said ffly.

"Did I get something wrong, sir?" I ed.

"No, it's my own fault. Excuse me if I'm rupt." He pointed to a window by his sk. "I strained my back this morning. at window's been stuck ever since last ring. I tried to force it."

"That's too bad," I said. "I hope it's thing serious."

"Thanks. I'm sure it isn't."

"Mind if I use a little something about it the paper?"

"I don't see how there's any news in at," he said, irritable again.

Sallye had instructed me how to cope with ecisely such a situation. "Sir," I argued, hen you want financial advice, you con- lt a banker. When you want legal advice, u consult a lawyer. Now if you want pub- -relations advice, who would you consult? Who but the reporter from the Daily who covers your own office?"

"Well, you *have* been accurate," the dean weakened, "although your knowledge of the use of 'who' and 'whom' leaves something to be desired."

"And my advice is to let me print, every now and then, stories sort of humanizing the dean's office."

"I don't recall that I asked for your advice," the dean smiled wryly. "But I'm in favor of anything that creates the impression among students that the dean resembles a biped. So I'll try you out as my public-relations adviser. Go ahead and print it."

BACK at the Daily office, I wrote the story. I honestly did feel that it would be to the dean's advantage to be portrayed now and then as a real human being, subject to all the aches, emotions and frailties of the rest of us. After clearing the article with Sallye, who was pleased with it, I called the dean and read it to him. It went like this:

> The dean was recuperating last night from a strained back suffered when he attempted to force a window in his office. The injury, while painful, was not serious and he was able to go about the regular performance of his duties.

"Is that all right, sir?" I asked.

"It's fine," he replied enthusiastically, and he sounded considerably improved. "I've been thinking over that humanizing angle you spoke of. If you want to," he chuckled, "you can add that my good wife says a man my age should have better sense than to wrestle with a window."

I was delighted to add it. The city editor read it, and marked it for the front page.

I had counted on the story's causing a little comment, but I wasn't prepared for the scene which I encountered the next morning on arriving at The Fraternity for breakfast. The brothers were gathered around a copy of the Daily.

"Did you write it?" one of them asked me, pointing solemnly to the article.

"You mean the one about the dean's back?" I asked importantly. "Yeah, that's one of mine."

"How did you ever find out about it?"

"Oh, I get around," I told them carelessly. "I heard about it, and I just asked him about it, that's all."

"And he let you print it?"

"Let me? There's such a thing as freedom of the press, you know."

There was no doubt about it. The brothers were impressed. One of them said he was going to clip the article and send it to his father, who knew the dean and would get a kick out of it. He slapped me on the back. "Boy, you're all right. What a guy! He writes about the dean trying to force a widow in his own office, and he talks about ——"

"A widow!" I shuddered. "Did you say 'widow'? Let me see that paper."

I dived for it. It was on the front page, all right, and that's what it said.

"It was a window," I groaned weakly. "Just a window, that's all it was."

It was a typographical error, of course. But the dean had made it repeatedly clear to me that I was responsible not only for what I wrote, but how it came out in the paper.

I couldn't eat much breakfast. I had the telephone duty in the house until classes started that morning, and the first call was for me. It was the dean's secretary.

"Is this," she asked, "the public-relations adviser to the dean? He said for me to tell you he wants to see you at nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

The dean didn't expel me, or even demand that someone else from the Daily cover his office. I made it a practice, after that, not only to read my stories to him but to drop by the newspaper office at midnight, when the paper went to press, to check my articles for typographical errors.

This practice paid dividends a few months later, when a wealthy member of the university's Board of Regents was a guest of the

(Continued on Page 109)

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"...think that would be real nice," she ...d. "And you'll make it clear why she ...won't you? Because I think that if ...know the real reason they'll under...er a little better, don't you?"

I ...romised to make it clear. I also in...her that the coroner probably would ...his report within a few minutes, and ...good many reporters and photogra...rom other papers would then descend ...n.

"...on't think I'd like any pictures," she ...rowning a little. "And the reporters ...t all their facts out of the Herald Trib...morrow, can't they?"

"...ey certainly can," I agreed heartily.

"...en I don't believe I'd better answer ...or. It's past my bedtime anyway, and ...ctor has given me a pill I can take to ...e sleep."

...said good night, and I ran to the sub...ation. I telephoned the coroner's office ...a pay booth, and he was just finishing ...port. It had happened just as the sister ...aid, he told me. Then I called the city ...and got the assistant.

"...his is Gilbreth," I said.

"...h." There was a pause. "Where are ...'

"...n Queens. I've got a story that you ...want over the phone for the first edi...'

"...What's it about?"

"...ou know that woman who died over ...that you sent me to see about? She was ...and ——"

"...or goodness, gracious sake," he yelled, ...that wasn't exactly the expletive he em...ed. "Do you think I can spare a rewrite ...and a telephone for ...blind woman who ...n Queens?"

"...But this one," I yelled ..., "committed sui...'

"...Oh." He mulled that ... for a while. "We can ...a few paragraphs on ...en. But it's not worth tying up a re...le man. Come on in and write it." He ...up.

I still thought it ought to get in the first ...ion. I pushed through a turnstile and ...a subway train, and I wrote the article ...onghand on the way to the office. I told ...ut the circumstances leading to the sui..., starting as the older sister had done ...k in the days when they were little girls. I ...cribed the furnishings in the house, and ... face of the older sister as she had re...nted the details. I told about the scrap...k, too, and how the article would be ...ted in it.

When the train arrived at Times Square I ...rried to the office and my desk, and there ...e still fifteen minutes before the first-e...tion deadline.

WITH the longhand story spread out before ..., I copied two paragraphs on the type...ter, as quickly as I could. Then, for the ...t time since I had been on the paper, I ...lered "Copy!" just like a veteran, and ...ved what I had typed at a boy.

I fed another book of copy paper, carbons ...d flimsies into my machine and continued ...type. But I glanced occasionally toward ...e city desk.

When the book with the first two para...aphs arrived on the assistant's desk he ...d it and started coming to life. The city ...itor walked to the assistant's desk, looked ...er his shoulder, and then walked to my ...sk and looked over mine. Since I had al...ady written it in longhand, I could type it ...st and it didn't matter if his breathing ...wn my neck disrupted my train of thought.

"Keep it coming," he said. "Anybody else ...t it?"

I told him it was exclusive.

"We'll get what you can give us in the first ...dition," he said. "Just keep it coming. It ...eads fine."

He went back to his desk. The assistant, ...ho had sent the first sheet to get a headline, ...ame over to see how I was doing. I was run...ing the typewriter about as fast as it would ...ove. I finished the second page, hollered "Copy!" and had the satisfaction of seeing the assistant himself pick up the book and hotfoot it to the city desk.

It wasn't by any means a big story, and I don't mean to imply that my handling of it was more than adequate. But it was a big story for me. It was about a column long, and it started on the front page under a two-column head. When I had typed a professional "30" at the bottom of the last book, I went over toward the city desk to garner what I felt certain would be my richly deserved laurels.

"Everything okay?" I asked the assistant.

"How about the pallbearers?" he grunted.

"I've got them if you want them."

"How about," he said, searching for any port in a storm, "honorary pallbearers?"

"They're not going to have any. Do you want a list of the regular pallbearers? I thought the story was getting too long."

"I guess not," he admitted grudgingly. "You can call it a night if you want to."

THE city editor looked up. "That was a good piece," he told me. "How did you happen to bump into it?"

"I went over to get an obituary," I explained, "and it was right there. The coroner hadn't made his report, so no one else knew it was suicide."

"Funny thing," the assistant put in, with a self-satisfied smirk. "A one-sentence piece about her death moved on City News. I don't know why—just a hunch, I guess—but I smelled a story. Red wasn't doing anything so I sent him over there for a look-see."

I was glad it was going to be "Red" now, instead of Ginbreath and, sometimes, Goldcloth. But if the assistant really had been playing a hunch and smelling a story every time he sent me on a wild-goose chase, his average at the moment was precisely one goose in approximately 2000 chases.

"It was a good hunch," the city editor nodded. "And, Gilbreth, your story shows you had your eyes open. But the next time when you're over in Queens, and you have a good story, and it's almost edition time, telephone it in so we won't have a last-minute rush."

I waited for the assistant to explain that I had telephoned and that he had turned down the story. But he had become suddenly occupied practicing the kind of spirals that you have to make when you're learning Palmer Method Penmanship.

I knew that if I should say I had telephoned, the assistant would see that I became practically a commuter to Staten Island, Secaucus, Hoboken and other unlikely places. I had about decided that, commuter or not, it would be worth it, when the assistant himself solved my dilemma.

"My fault," he said. "He did telephone. It didn't sound so good on the phone."

"Oh. Well, that's all right then," the city editor told me. "You handled it fine."

Sometimes I think the assistant was part mind reader. For instance, he hadn't taken the blame until a second before I had almost decided to pin it on him. And when I turned to go home he called after me, not ill-naturedly, "Good night, Flash."

"Good night, Mr. Pulitzer, sir," I replied gravely.

We got along better after that. The Herald Tribune always had had a man regularly assigned to Staten Island. From then on, he had the bailiwick all to himself.

I liked the Herald Tribune, but I didn't like working in New York. The crowding and competition made me jumpy. It seemed to me that everyone was trying too hard to get the things that come naturally in a smaller city—personal recognition, for instance, and a house with some grass around it.

But the biggest trouble with New York is so obvious that there should be no need to state it. There are too many people there.

Having reached that conclusion, I thought that only one course of action was open to a man with the courage of his convictions. I

(Continued on Page 115)

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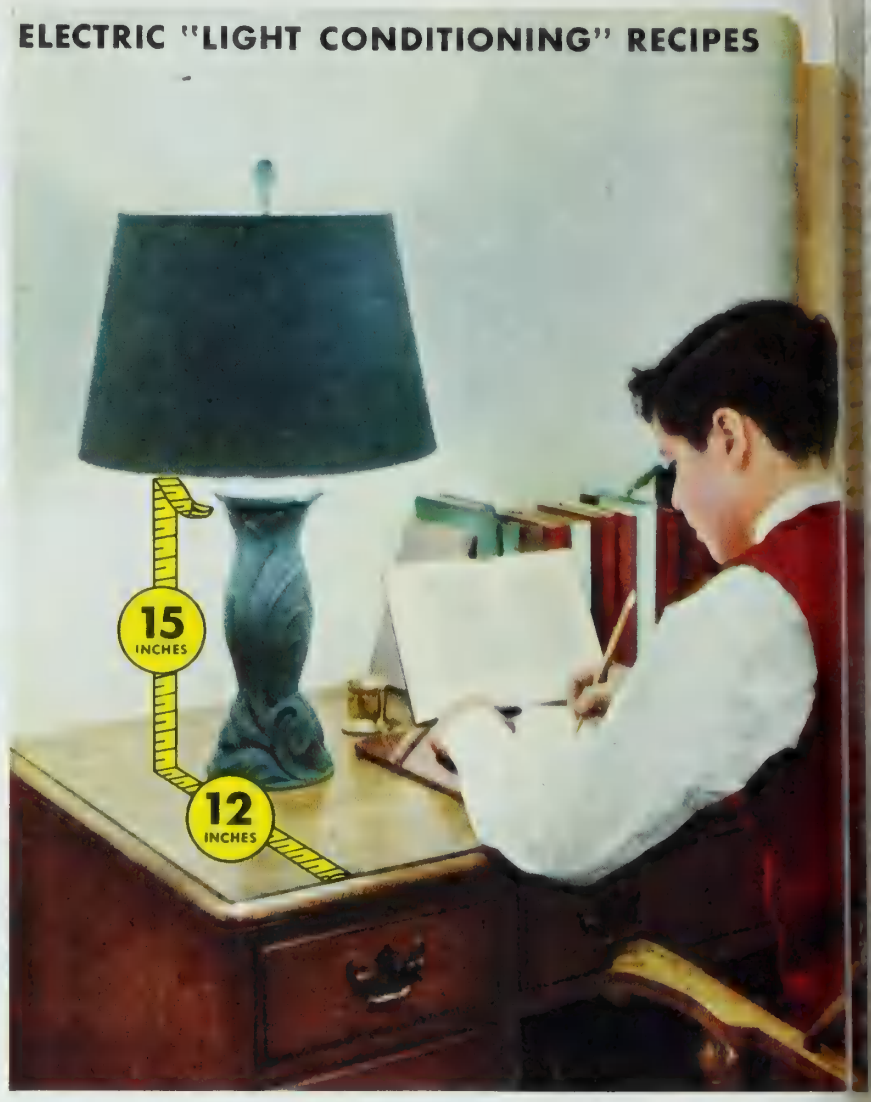


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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 113)

lo my part, however infinitesimal, to
e the trouble. In short, I would get

jobs still were scarce in 1934. The
lity is that I would have stayed on
er as long as they would have let me,
n't met a girl on a scavenger hunt.
hunt was a charity affair, given at
ldorf. I was among three reporters
er from the paper to cover the party.
people in charge of the hunt gave each
pating couple an identical list of ob-
nimate and inanimate, which were to
duced by the deadline of midnight.
uple which came closest to completing
would win first prize.
if the stores and pet shops had been
which they weren't, the list would have
difficult enough to complete. The
d objects included a rattail, she goat,
bird, yellow pincushion, sparrow's
oliceman's billy, hair from the tail of a
horse, and an "autographed intimate
t from the most beautiful girl in New
'

hree of us decided that the best way
er it would be for two men to stay in
tel, and for the third to attach himself
ouple that was looking for the objects.
was a cold, wet night, and none of us
ager for the outside assignment. But
saw this girl come in, and I quickly
teered to be the one attached to a cou-

d an opportunity to observe her closely
she and her escort walked up to get
copy of the list. This thorough but sur-
ious scrutiny convinced me that no
n his right mind would ever let her out
sight.
m not going to describe her, except to
hat she was the opposite to Sallye in
displacement and deportment. I was
ially gratified to note that she didn't
rings on her left hand.
approached her escort and made my
st pitch. He was curly-haired and
y, but a little too plump for his dress
ers, which fitted his thighs like sausage
. The escort didn't look too bright to
and I thought at first that perhaps I
l lose him. But he made it plain that he
't think much of the idea of having a
party along on his date.
old him that, of course, if he didn't want
o-operate with the press or to get his
e in the society section, that would be all
with me. I added that it seemed to me
sporting and gentlemanly thing to do
d be to ask his lady friend what her
es were in the matter.
nce his lady friend was standing right
, there wasn't much he could do but ask
She agreed, although insincerely, I
ght, that the ideal number of people to have on a date was two. However, she added that it *would* be fun to show the people back home that she had been written up in the society section, and also to observe a New York reporter in action.

Fatty stuck out his lower lip and pouted about it, but I left the hotel with them and we got into a cab. He had her sit on one side and me on the other, and squeezed himself into the middle. I had to talk across him as we cruised around looking for a policeman who would sell his club. But I found out that her name was Liz, that she was from Charleston, and was visiting an aunt in the city.

I talked to him some, too, trying to win his confidence and butter him up. He was formerly from Charleston, and had been living in New York for five or six years. He didn't go into detail about what kind of job he had, but I gathered that he wasn't selling apples on street corners because he finally bought a policeman's billy for ten dollars. Also, he seemed to know a good many girls who lived on Park Avenue, one of whom turned out to own a yellow pincushion and another a stuffed bird. When he stopped off at these apartments to see what he could find, he insisted on Liz's going with him and my staying out in the cab.

Time was running out. We still hadn't made a dent in any of the difficult items on the list, and I hadn't had an opportunity to find out when I could see Liz again.

"Tell you what," I suggested. "We'd make much better headway on the list if we divided it and split up. Each of you take half, and get separate cabs."

He wasn't a very quick boy, but he was smart enough to chew something over before he swallowed it. "And who," he asked suspiciously, "will you go with?"

"Makes no difference," I shrugged. "It's just a job to me. All I'm interested in is getting some color for my story, and I don't seem to be accomplishing much when you go looking for things and leave me in the cab."

"That's right," Liz agreed. "You've got a point there."

"Of course," I continued, "being a reporter, I know the city like the palm of my hand. If I could be any help to someone who doesn't know the way around very well——"

It didn't fool anybody. Liz tittered, and he put out his lower lip again and shook his head.

"No, sir," he said. "It's bad enough having you along with me on my date. I guarantee I'm not going to have you along without me."

"If you don't care about winning the prize, it's all right with me." I assured him. "But it seems to me the least you could do is ask Liz about it. Maybe she cares something about winning the prize."

Liz said that, as a matter of fact, she would like very much to win the prize, and that she thought we'd do better by splitting up. She added, though, that like the lady in the song, she believed in dancing with the guy that brung her.

So we split up, but it wasn't the way I had planned.

He gave me half of the list, and when I explained that I didn't have expense money to waste on cab fare or bribing policemen, he pushed a wad of bills in my hand and pushed me into another taxi.

We agreed to meet outside the Waldorf a few minutes before midnight. As my cab drove off, I wondered how a not very bright-looking individual had managed to maneuver me into a spot where I was obligated to comb the city for him, searching for a white horsehair, a rattail and an intimate garment autographed by the best-looking girl in New York. It did not escape my notice, either, that he had reserved the sparrow's nest for himself.

Fortunately, I didn't have any trouble with the rattail or horsehair. I found them both in a stable on the West Side. The man on duty, after being shown a dollar bill, set a rattrap in a dark corner and led me into the stall of a white horse. By the time we had pulled out a hair, there was a rat in the trap. The stableman took out a rusty pocketknife and got me the tail.

My cab driver, who may have thought I had run out on him, came into the stable just as the amputation was being performed. He watched noncommittally as I wrapped the tail carefully in a newspaper and put it in my pocket.

"Where to now, friend?" he said, still without expression. "Don't you need a goat's hoof or something to go with that rattail?"

"We've got to have the whole goat," I told him. "But somebody else is taking care of that. Just ride over toward the Waldorf. Take it easy, because I've got to do some thinking."

He drove in moody silence, and I didn't come up with any intelligent ideas. Finally I decided to ask his advice.

"Say, buddy," I said, "this might sound like a funny question. But where would you go if you wanted to get an intimate garment from the best-looking girl in New York?"

"Intimate garment? You mean like a brassear or a nightgown or something?"

"That's it," I agreed. "Something like that."

"You don't want the girl—all you want is her brassear or nightgown. Is that what you mean?"

"That's it," I repeated.

"That's what I thought you meant," he said, shaking his head. "I swear, we get all kinds of people in this business."

"It's not what you think," I protested, "and I haven't got much time. Who's the best-looking girl in New York?"

We were going along Forty-fifth Street, and were held up by a crowd emerging from the Music Box.

"For my dough," the driver said, "the best-looking girl in New York is in there." He pointed with his head at the Music Box.

Marilyn Miller was playing there in As Thousands Cheer. She was all right for my dough too.

I told him to wait, and jumped out of the cab. My press card got me in the stage door, and I told Gramps or Pop or whatever they called him that I had to see Miss Miller in a hurry, on a matter of utmost business.

He wouldn't let me go to her dressing room, but he sent a message and in a minute or two Miss Miller came down. She was all right for anybody's dough.

"You're the reporter who wants to see me?" she asked.

"I've got a rather unconventional request," I nodded. "If it's not too much trouble, Miss Miller, I'd like you to autograph an intimate garment for me."

I must have said it a good deal louder than necessary. In any event, some of the chorus girls and actors who were leaving the theater stopped to see what was going on.

"It *is* a rather unusual request," Miss Miller hedged.

"It's for a scavenger hunt they're having at the Waldorf," I explained.



"I'm pretty sure I can get dad's car tonight. Hold on while I ask mother."

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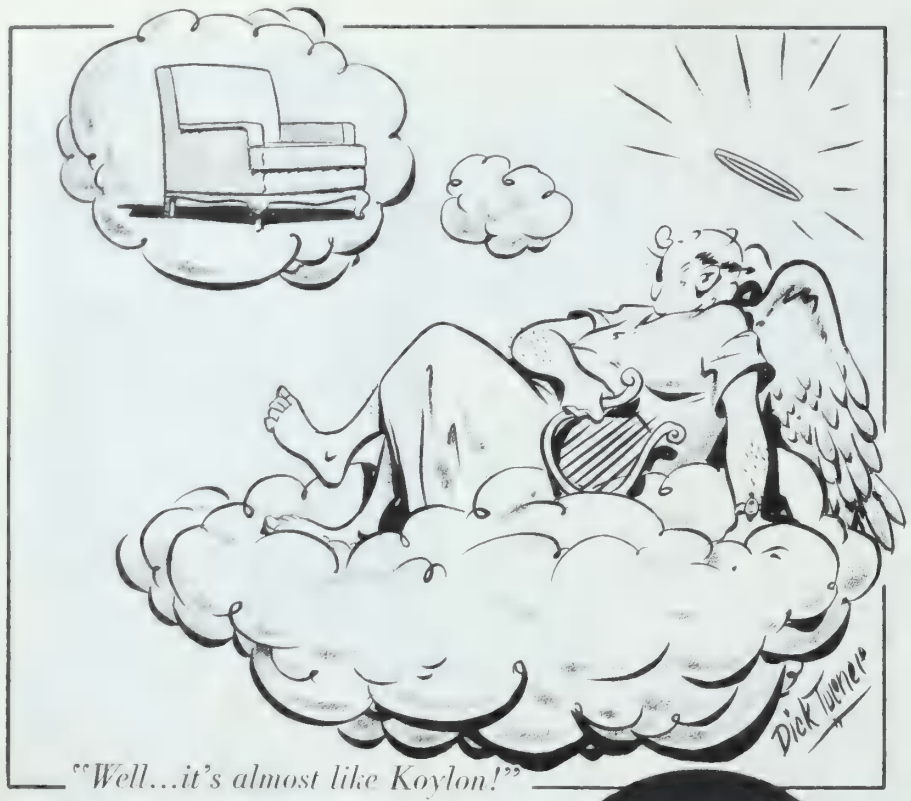
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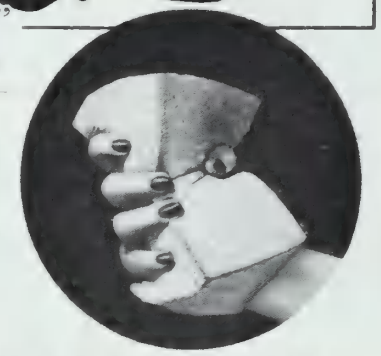


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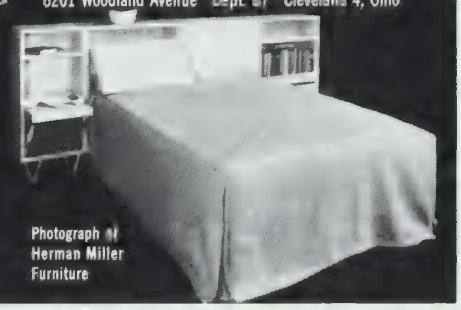
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Perhaps she thought I had used my press card under false pretenses, but she said she'd do it. "Have you got a pen?" she asked.

I gave her one. The crowd was growing. I recognized Clifton Webb and Ethel Waters, who were in the show too. Miss Miller held the pen impatiently.

"The—er—intimate garment," she said. "Where is it?"

"I don't have one," I explained. "At least not one that will do. It's got to be one of yours—that's the whole point."

She handed back my pen. "Sorry," she said. "I've given away a lot of things to souvenir hunters. But I'm not going to start giving away my underwear."

She turned to go back to her dressing room and some of the chorus girls started giggling. I started to follow her, not to ask her to change her mind but because I thought I owed her an apology.

"I didn't mean to trouble you, Miss Miller," I mumbled sheepishly over her shoulder. "It's just that they sent me out to find the best-looking girl in New York and so naturally ——"

She stopped and turned around. "Suppose you tell me, right from the beginning, what it's all about," she said, and she was smiling now.

I told her about the three of us from the paper covering the scavenger hunt, and how I had gone out with another couple and we had split up. I also explained, this time in detail, about how the cabdriver and I both had decided who the best-looking girl was.

"I think you're a darling boy," she beamed. "Have you still got that pen?"

I handed it to her. As she took it, I noticed my cabdriver edging through the door. He stood on the outer rim of the actors and actresses around Miss Miller and me.

"All gentlemen," said Miss Miller, "will please close their eyes tight."

I considered myself in that category, and closed mine. But I must have opened them before I was supposed to, because she was still wiggling like a snake. Then something dropped at her feet, and she leaned over and picked up a pair of step-ins. They were a sort of beige with accordion pleats and black lace.

"You can open your eyes now," she said. "What did you say your name is?"

I spelled it for her and she autographed them to me, with "best regards."

"How's that?" she asked, handing me them and the pen.

"Miss Miller, I want you to know I appreciate it," I stammered. "I mean, it's not every girl who would take off ——"

"It certainly isn't," she tittered. "But I know what you mean, and you're welcome."

THE driver and I walked back together to his cab. He seemed to have a new respect for me. "I got to hand it to you, friend," he said as we climbed in. "I don't know what you're going to do with them, but you got them fair and square. Where to now?"

"Now," I sighed happily, "I can go back to the Waldorf."

"It ain't none of my business, but what are you going to do there? Pick up the goat?"

"I hope so. And a stuffed bird and some other things."

I had to wait outside the hotel for a couple of minutes before Liz and her escort drove up. During that interval, I tried to concoct a workable plan to get rid of him long enough to find out her aunt's address. I didn't come up with anything constructive.

They had a she-goat with them in their cab, but no sparrow's nest. And I didn't need a plan, because Liz asked me if I'd take her home. It seems that after they had picked up the goat they had gone to Central Park to look for the nest. I gathered that her escort had not behaved in the manner that one might expect of a former Charleston man. Anyway, they weren't speaking.

I gave him the horsehair and the rattail, since I had bought them with his money. I also showed him what Miss Miller had given me, but I decided to keep them as a mem to of the occasion.

Fatty was pouting as never before. ut Miss Miller's step-ins impressed him. " ow in the world did you get those?" he as d. "Did you just go over to the theater d request them?"

"No," I said, mostly for Liz's ben t. "The time was getting late, so I phoned er and asked her to bring them over here.

We left him then and started for the o- way. Liz's aunt lived uptown, and we there in a few minutes. They were wai g up for her, and she asked me to come in, t I had to get back to the hotel and then g o the office to write my part of the story.

I wanted to know when I could see iz again, but she was leaving for Charlesto n the morning. I told her, then, that I'd c e to Charleston, too, and get a job. I d t know whether she took me seriously or but she said she wished I would. She g e me her street address, so that I could d her when I got there.

WE shook hands, and I was at the bot m of the steps when it occurred to me th I needed a little bit more information.

"Hey, Liz," I called. "Which Charlesto "

"*The* Charleston," she said.

"West Virginia?"

"South Carolina!" she corrected me.

"I've always wanted to go there," I t her.

The door closed, and I walked on air to subway station.

When I asked the city editor whether knew any newspapermen in South Caroli he informed me that one of his former porters was the city itor of the News and Co ier, in Charleston. Herald Tribune's city e tor agreed to write News and Courier's c editor in my behalf. W not particularly sup stitious, I was convinc by then about the chain of circumstanc So I was immensely pleased, but not s prised, to receive a letter from the Charlest paper saying that a reporter had resign the week before, and that there was a j for me if I wanted it.

There is no defense against superiority except to love it.
—GOETHE.

I arrived in Charleston on a blue spri day. The azaleas and wistaria were in bloo and the palmetto trees nodded civilly to stranger who passed them on the street. thought Charleston was the most beauti city I had ever seen.

The News and Courier is the oldest da newspaper in the South, and has behind it century and a half of tradition in which has never failed to speak its mind. The a and tradition of the newspaper were broug home to me when I entered the city roo The desks were ancient. Large, woode bladed fans hung from the ceiling, and t atmosphere was musty.

Someone showed me where I was to s and I looked around for the quill pen I su posed I would be expected to use to write m "leaders." They did have typewriters, aft all, but a wire basket attached to a rope w used to send copy upstairs to the composin room.

The musty atmosphere was deceiving, b cause the paper itself was wide awake. Th city editor was young and held steadfastl to the opinion that work never hurt anyon He liked to have words spelled just righ and he thought it was a good idea for r porters who had written ten or twelve new stories to bat out a Sunday feature or tw before they went home.

But he was easygoing in a way too. Late I found the companionship in the news roo such that I was often glad the city editor ap parently hadn't heard of the forty-hour week

I got a small apartment on the groun floor of one of the old mansions, about thre blocks from the paper. I could sleep unt noon, wander over to the paper to get m mail, eat a leisurely breakfast with some o the other reporters, drop back to the offic to get my assignments, and then go out o

(Continued on Page 118)

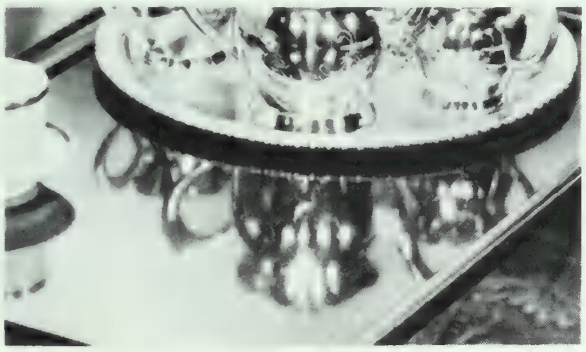
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LAMPS and SHADES by Verplex

THE Verplex COMPANY
at Essex Connecticut

(Continued from Page 116)

my beat. I worked six days a week and often until past midnight, but there was never any pressure, and after New York it was marvelous.

Liz didn't know I was in town. The impulse to call her immediately was strong, but I was beginning to feel a little silly about having followed her to Charleston. I let a week go by, and the morning I finally telephoned she wasn't home. Her mother said she had a civil-service job at the NRA, and wouldn't be home until supper.

I went by the paper and got the NRA added to my beat. Then I walked over to the building where the office was situated. On the way, I had a frightening suspicion that I might not be able to recognize her. I tried to visualize what she had looked like when we had said good-by on her aunt's front steps.

Liz wasn't in the row of secretaries in the outer office. The doors to the various private offices were open, and I looked in them one at a time. I needn't have worried about whether I'd know her when I saw her. She was in the state director's office, taking dictation, and she looked better than ever. I walked in there, and she dropped her shorthand pad.

I said good morning to the director. Liz leaned over to retrieve her pad, and when she was hidden by the desk from her boss she motioned frantically for me to get out.

"Something I can do for you, sir?" he asked me.

"I think so, sir." I had already learned that if a male was more than twelve years old and you didn't know him very well, you always "sirred" him in Charleston. "At least I hope so, sir."

"I'm pretty busy right now, sir," he said. "This little lady and I"—he motioned toward Liz's chair—"have some important business to attend to."

"You took the words right out of my mouth, sir," I said. "I mean, sir, that you and I will have some important business to attend to. I just want to introduce myself, because I'll be coming by here every day. I'm on the News and Courier, and I've been assigned to cover your office."

The state director said he'd been trying for a long time to have the newspaper assign a man regularly to NRA, and then turned to introduce me to Liz.

"Say, haven't I seen you someplace before?" I asked her. "The girl I'm thinking of collected goats and stuffed birds."

"It must have been somebody else. I go in strictly for sparrows' nests."

THE state director laughed, and told me to have a seat. He said that all reporters were sure-enough characters, weren't they, but the little lady could dish it back just as fast as I could dish it out, couldn't she?

Liz and her mother, who was the widow of a Methodist minister, lived in a small apartment about a block from mine. Neither of them was a native Charlestonian, although both were born in South Carolina. Since Methodist ministers ordinarily were transferred to another church every four years, they had lived in almost every town in the lower half of the state.

Her mother and I got along well, although it wasn't long before I could recite all the arguments ever devised about why young people should go to church regularly and should steer as clear of alcohol as the devil does of holy water.

I had little except persistence to recommend me as a suitor. I had put on a little weight, but now that hair goo and brilliantine were out of fashion my red hair had a tendency to stand up straight. My salary was less than Liz's. I didn't have a bank account. I had to work six nights a week. I didn't have a Southern ancestor to my name.

But I monopolized more and more of Liz's time, and within two months we were planning what kind of maple furniture we were going to have in our living room.

Meanwhile, I learned a great deal Liz's history and the hazards of grow in a minister's family. My fundar fault appeared to be something that too late for me to correct. Instead of b Southern Methodist minister, I was a ern Congregationalist newspaperman being confronted by something that never be totally remedied even b changing my residence and church tion, both Liz's mother and I decid make the best of it. After that I becan mensely fond of her, and I think sh of me.

LIZ and I decided to be married i parsonage of the church over whic father had presided in Charleston. It quiet little wedding that went off b fully, I am told. Two of the men on the and Courier, who happened to hav day off, came by my apartment a cou hours before the ceremony and conv me that I was pale and nervous. The they had just the medicine to fix me since I insisted that a man ought to be pletely sober at his own wedding—espe if he were marrying a minister's daugh they took the medicine for me.

The closer they got to the bottom bottle, the more concerned they be about my welfare. Finally they de that, if I wouldn't take a drink, the least I should do was to take a bromid less I wanted to risk the indignity of fai

Although I had never had a bromi fore, I agreed at last that I probably n one. I didn't find out until later that t called bromide actually was soda wa which four sleeping had been dissolved. looking back at that rence through the glow of retrospect, see no trace of humor

The highest interest we pay is for borrowed trouble.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

I yawned pol through the cere I had to be remind kiss the bride. Liz's mother came up an good-by, and I think she leaned forwa smell my breath. Anyway, she patte on the arm, and said, "It must be s thing else. I knew you wouldn't do th us."

Then I stumbled to our recently ac secondhand Ford roadster. I didn't fee driving, so I asked Liz if she'd mind t the wheel for a while, and we started o Washington with me slumped over i right-hand seat.

"Do you feel sick?" Liz asked anxi

"I feel fine. Just sleepy, that's all."

As we rode on, I heard Liz speaking, knew I hadn't been listening. Somethin said seemed to require an answer. Wh asked her to repeat it, she stamped do the accelerator and hollered, "I asked three times whether you thought I look right at the wedding."

"I guess so," I replied vacantly. " not?"

Liz lapsed into a moody silence, a dozed off for a few minutes. I slept al way to Washington—with my mouth Liz alleges.

I was still yawning when I registered Washington hotel. But after a sound, hour sleep that night, I woke up feeling

Liz was inclined to be irked. I rememb some of the questions she had asked m day before, and my stupid answers. I st telling her what a pretty bride she had and all that sort of thing. Then I expla about the bromide, and both of us a that the men from the paper must hav something in it.

We lived for a few years in Charlesto then moved to Raleigh, North Car where I worked for the Associated P Those were lighthearted, happy days Liz and me. We kept a sloppy but reason sanitary house, stayed up late at night, late in the morning, and ate when we like it.

Our daughter Betsy, who was bor Raleigh, adjusted herself easily to my n time working hours. Liz took her up at

(Continued on Page 120)

Never before... such beauty ... such duty!



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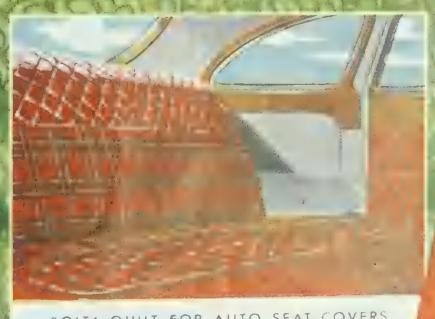
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(Continued from Page 118)

night, so that I could see her for a few hours when I got home, and Betsy usually slept until noon the next day. Whether or not burning the midnight oil is good for a child, Betsy seemed to thrive on it.

Betsy was four years old when the Japanese attacked at Pearl Harbor. I told Liz I was eager to get into the thick of things, and she didn't object when I sent out feelers to both the Army and the Navy.

The Army told me it needed privates for the infantry, but I wasn't sure that I was quite that eager or wanted to get in quite that thick. The Navy said it needed officers in Public Relations.

I informed Liz that it was a hard choice to make. I explained that not everybody was trained for Public Relations work, as I was, and that while it didn't sound very exciting it was the sort of unpopular duty that *someone* had to be patriotic enough to volunteer for.

Liz said she supposed it was entirely beside the point, but that what she liked about Public Relations was that it would be safer and more comfortable for me than an infantryman's foxhole.

I agreed that was entirely beside the point, but I joined the Navy, and I was ordered to report back to Charleston, for duty in the Sixth Naval District headquarters.

As Liz had suspected, the Public Relations office turned out to be considerably less hazardous and more commodious than a foxhole. In fact, it was situated in a plush suite of the city's most fashionable hostelry, the Fort Sumter Hotel, which the Navy had taken over.

Almost all new Naval Reserve officers were sent to some sort of indoctrination school to learn the difference between port and starboard, ships and boats, and admirals and hotel doormen. For reasons best known to somebody in Washington—perhaps because I had listed in my application the fact that I owned a fifteen-foot sailboat at Nantucket—it was decided to waive indoctrination in my case. I got a short haircut and bought my uniforms from a tailor in Charleston. While he was sewing on the stripe and a half of gold braid that indicated my rank of lieutenant, junior grade, he showed me the insignia of other ranks so I'd know whom to salute.

FORTUNATELY for me, almost everyone in the Sixth Naval District was a reserve, too, and while I may have been the only one who had had to rely on a tailor for indoctrination, they didn't know very much more than I did. As long as I remembered to salute and say "sir" to those who outranked me, I found I could keep out of trouble in Charleston.

Most of the higher-ranking reserves in the Sixth Naval District headquarters were legal, recreational, intelligence, athletic, public-relations, transportation or personnel officers. Few of them had even been on a ship, and almost all of them had been civilians up until a few months before.

But to hear them talk, you would have thought they had been with Dewey at Manila Bay. I doubt if there was any group of officers in the Navy who could give terser commands to subordinates or who could rely so heavily on Naval terminology and slang.

The Fort Sumter Hotel was the sl... heavily carpeted floors were decks, its m... walls were bulkheads, and its ornate co... were passageways. To call them an... else was to prove that you were a landl...

The Public Relations office was perh... salty as any in the good ship Fort S... Hotel. The head man of the office, wh... urally was the skipper, was a lieutenan... mander. We had enough lieutenant... lesser ranks to run a destroyer, provide... of us knew how to run a destroyer, o... knew what a destroyer looked like.

WE ran a mighty taut ship in Public ... tions. We stood watches over all our ... stuff, which consisted almost entirely ... leases to be given the newspapers. We ... both a rough log and a smooth log. W... time by bells. And we learned to bark o... ders with authority.

We also were expected to employ wh... were informed was the Navy technic... answering telephones. You grasped t... strument firmly and bayed into it, ide... ing your office, ... rank and you... immediately ... without nonsens... fore the person ... other end h... chance to put a ... in edgewise. Fo... stance, the way ... supposed to a... the phone was, "... Naval District P... Relations office, ... tenant, Junior G... Gilbreth."

I picked up ... proper telep... technique with... week or so, bu... proved to be the ... doing of an E... Wing, who other... was a good of... Wing had been a ... announcer in civ... life, and had tro... remembering ... wasn't supposed ... put every bit of ... sonality he had ... each greeting. ... telephone would ... and without thin... he'd scoop it up ... say "Hello-ho," ... cheerful, eager v... which spanned ... octaves and soun... as if he were getting ready to ask all the ... and girls listening in whether they had ... membered to mail their box tops so ... they could get their Dick Tracy badges.

There was bad blood between Wing ... the lieutenant who was head of his dep... ment, because of an incident involving on... our station wagons. The incident occur... when the lieutenant, who was flying back ... Charleston after being home on leave, wi... Wing to have an "ambulance" meet him ... the airport. We weren't supposed to use ... station wagons for private business, ... "ambulance" was a code name devised ... the lieutenant before he went on leave.

The wire came through on a Sund... morning. Wing hadn't expected it so so... and had gone to the beach.

The telegraph company, which knew ... emergency message when it saw one, search... frantically for the ensign. Finally, since ... couldn't be located, the wire was turned o... to the Naval Hospital.

When the plane bearing the lieuten... landed at the Charleston airport, a doc... with the rank of commander and two cor... men carrying a stretcher climbed eage... aboard. The lieutenant happened to be ... only Navy passenger, so it was impossible ... him to deny his identity. They insisted ... carrying him off in the stretcher. It was ... until they were loading him into the a... bulance, and threatening to give him an ... jection if he didn't lie still, that he fina...

(Continued on Page 122)

For an Anniversary

By Dan G. Hoffman

His mind projects old images
On an inward screen.
Reeled remembrances unwind
A montage scene:
Now laughter falls like rain upon
A familiar place;
A young man stands there, stricken by
His belovèd's face.
A casual greeting, and she passes;
He feels the bitter tooth
Of loneliness, and turns with all
The impetuousness of youth
To follow where her beauty leads,
To overtake her,
To offer her proud heart delight,
His own to make her . . .

Morning flashes on the screen,
With dreamlight blending.
She stirs within her dream of love—
His dream's bright ending!



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Complete instructions on this Lees Label attached to every canvas.



FAMOUS PRODUCTS—LEES CARPETS AND RUGS, COLUMBIA AND MINERVA HAND KNITTING YARNS

(Continued from Page 120)

convinced them they were making a horrible mistake.

The lieutenant was furious at Wing, but he couldn't do anything officially without letting it be known that he had planned to use the station wagon. He could, and did, however, start berating Wing for his telephone habits.

Wing did his best to remember the Navy way to answer the phone. His best wasn't good enough. It got to the point where the lieutenant would hide behind a newspaper at his desk and dial Wing's extension to test him. If the lieutenant got a "hello-ho," he'd emerge triumphant but apoplectic from the newspaper, leap over to Wing, and threaten to have him court-martialed or, worse still, sent back for another semester at indoctrination school.

Both the lieutenant and Wing really were pretty nice fellows, and probably would have got along fine together as civilians. But the telephone routine began to take up most of their time, and the bad feeling between them affected everyone's work.

The lieutenant's threats became increasingly immoderate. Wing knew better than to retaliate directly, but it was not long until he had had enough.

Every time the lieutenant would look his way or pass his desk, the ensign would stop whatever he was doing, sit up ramrod straight, click his heels under his chair, grab his telephone, and bellow, "Sixth Naval District Public Relations office, Ensign Wing, just practicing, just practicing, just practicing." Then he'd hang up the phone and look around the room as if he were anxious to have the verdict of the assembled officers, enlisted men and stenographers.

"How was that, eh?" he'd ask. "Did I sound good? Did I sound like a lieutenant? Do you think I could be a lieutenant someday and ride in station wagons?"

It wasn't long until Wing was transferred to a mine sweeper where, it was generally understood, they knew how to handle wise guys.

I was assigned to an aviation utility squadron and sent with it to the New Hebrides. Aside from missing Liz and Betsy, it was the best duty I had in the Navy.

Since we were on a stand-by, training basis, and since there weren't any Japanese within 800 miles of the New Hebrides, we didn't have much unpleasant work to do. Our only casualties while I was with the outfit were two pilots who were struck by falling coconuts and a mechanic who was bitten by a wild pig.

Everybody had prickly heat—including the flight surgeon, who had a worse case than anyone but optimistically kept prescribing new powders and lotions that he guaranteed would cure us—and everybody was homesick. Those are occupational diseases of the tropics, and while you can never throw them off you learn to get used to them.

I WAS administrative and photographic officer. But Naval Aviation outfits are informal and paper work is kept to a minimum, so the fact that I didn't know anything about airplanes, administration or photography wasn't held against me. I found various jobs to do, gradually became reasonably proficient at my duties, learned a good bit about aerial mapping and explored the islands. I also was promoted to the rank of full lieutenant.

Five pilots and I—all lieutenants and lieutenants, junior grade—lived in something that was half tent and half house, in a row of similar structures at our camp. We got along exceptionally well, and spent most of our free time together.

All of us resented it when a new pilot, a Lieutenant Commander Apple, was assigned to the squadron and decided to move in with us. In order to make room for him, someone had to get out. We cut cards for it, and one of the young pilots lost, but even those who remained bore Apple a grudge for [illegible] broken up our group.

After he had moved in, the lieutenant commander proceeded to appropriate the best bed, the coolest location and the best locker. There wasn't anything we could do about it, because he had the rank. But ordinarily, when a new officer joins a squadron he takes what's vacant until something better turns up, and doesn't push anyone out of his home and bed.

The lieutenant commander was fresh from the United States, whereas the five of us remaining in our tent house considered ourselves to be overseas veterans. We proceeded to make his life as miserable as possible.

The master plan which we ultimately devised to torture him was a success principally because of the fact that we devoted several hours a day to it. A contributory element was the fact that Apple was probably the most gullible lieutenant commander in the Navy.

THE plan involved a mimeographed daily bulletin, which was distributed at breakfast every morning to all our personnel. The bulletin was issued by an Army base near our camp, and was about a page and a half long. It contained news items picked up on the American radio stations, plus items of special New Hebrides interest—about touring USO shows, the movie schedules of various camps and changes in off-limits orders. The bottom half of the second sheet of the bulletin was blank, and we started adding faked camp items to the copy which was given Apple.

The weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

—ANNA FAYE.

We'd write out these bogus news items in long hand the night before. Then one of us would get up early, go to the squadron's administration hut, and copy the items with a typewriter onto a mimeograph stencil. The items then were mimeographed on the blank portion of the bulletin which Apple was to receive. Our items looked just as if they had been put there by the Army.

We took a mess steward into our confidence, and he saw to it that the lieutenant commander received each morning the bulletin we had prepared especially for him.

At the start we were extremely cautious until we could determine how much Apple would swallow. He swallowed it all. We announced, in his bulletin, that Bob Hope was going to arrive in a week for a USO show to be held at an airfield two miles from camp. Apple read that and was extremely pleased.

We built the show up a little more each day, until Apple could scarcely wait for it. Betty Grable had joined the Hope show.

"Wow," said Apple.

So had Rita Hayworth. Also Lana Turner. Also twenty-five teen-aged starlets from Hollywood. Gypsy Rose Lee would be an added attraction.

If such an event really had been scheduled all of us, of course, would have been there. But when Apple told us to come on and get ready, if we didn't want to be late, we replied that we wouldn't walk across the street to see a USO show.

"Not even to see those teen-aged starlets?" said Apple, shaking his head. "I believe you guys have been out here too long."

It rained every night at that time of year. You got accustomed to it, and didn't mind sitting in it during a movie or show. But one night we got a lot of satisfaction when the rain began about ten minutes after Apple had left for the nearby airfield.

The lieutenant commander was confused and furious, but still unsuspicious, when he returned dripping wet an hour later.

"Those jackasses over there didn't know a thing about it," he stormed. "They said they hadn't even heard of any USO show."

We told him he must have gone to the wrong airfield. He still was puzzled, but he agreed that must have been it.

"You would have thought at least they would have read about it, though," Apple said doubtfully. "It's been in the bulletin every day for the last week."



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The last hoax that I participated in had to do with an imaginary arsonist. Starting again in a small way, we reported for several days in his bulletin that minor fires of undetermined origin were breaking out at an Army camp on the other side of the island, and that authorities were investigating. Then we wrote that the Army's administration building had burned down, and that a firebug was suspected as being responsible. Finally we wrote that a second lieutenant, who apparently had gone stir-crazy from being on the island too long, had been arrested for starting the fires.

"We ought to stand a watch," Apple informed us after reading of this latest development. "Suppose someone in our squadron should get off the beam like that."

We let matters rock along for a few days, and then inserted a graphic if improbable account about how the lieutenant, endowed now with maniacal strength, had escaped from the guardhouse by bending apart the bars. The account ended with a warning for all military personnel to be on the lookout for the officer, who was criminally insane, desperate and believed to be armed.

Apple renewed his pleas for us to establish a voluntary watch at our tent, and when we refused he started taking two automatic pistols to bed with him. He also obtained a fire extinguisher and a bucket of sand, which he placed under his bed.

Probably we should have let well enough alone, but by now the misleading of Mr. Apple had become our principal diversion. We waited until he was asleep one night, unloaded his pistols, attached rolls of film to the low-hanging branches of trees that almost touched our quarters on three sides, and lighted the film. Then we got back into our beds.

The film, used in aerial cameras, won't burst into flame, but puts out a choking, yellow smoke. We waited until the tent was full of it, and all hollered "Fire!" simultaneously and as loud as we could. Then we made believe we were asleep.

Apple's bare feet hit the floor, and at the same time you could hear him scratching for his pistols. Apparently he located them, because he gave a piercing banzai shriek, and pounded out of the tent to do battle with the arsonist.

"I see you, lieutenant," he shouted. "Halt or I'll fire."

We heard his pistols click half a dozen times. He cursed and came running back into the tent again.

"Who's got a loaded pistol?" he roared, running around the room and shaking each of us. "I saw him. I'm almost sure I had a bead on him."

"Well, why didn't you shoot him, instead of waking us up?" one of the pilots complained.

"Get up and help me fight the fire," Apple demanded.

We told him that it wasn't our fire, and that if he wanted to fight it to go do it by himself, and please to be as quiet about it as possible, because we were going back to sleep.

"I don't like to pull rank in my own tent," said the lieutenant commander, "but I order you to turn to and fight the fire. On the double, and that's an order too."

There wasn't anything we could do but obey him, and obey him quickly. I took the sand, somebody else took the fire extinguisher, and Apple took a flashlight. We went outside, and Apple discovered the smoldering film.

"Very funny," he remarked. "Very, very funny."

He jerked down the rolls of film one at a time, and I covered them with sand.

"You guys," said the lieutenant commander, when we were back in the tent, "think you're comedians, don't you?"

We told him we didn't know what he was talking about. It looked to us, we said, as if somebody in one of the other tents had tried to pull a joke on our tent.

Apple was gullible, all right, but not that gullible. He remembered about his pistols' being unloaded, and he figured that no one


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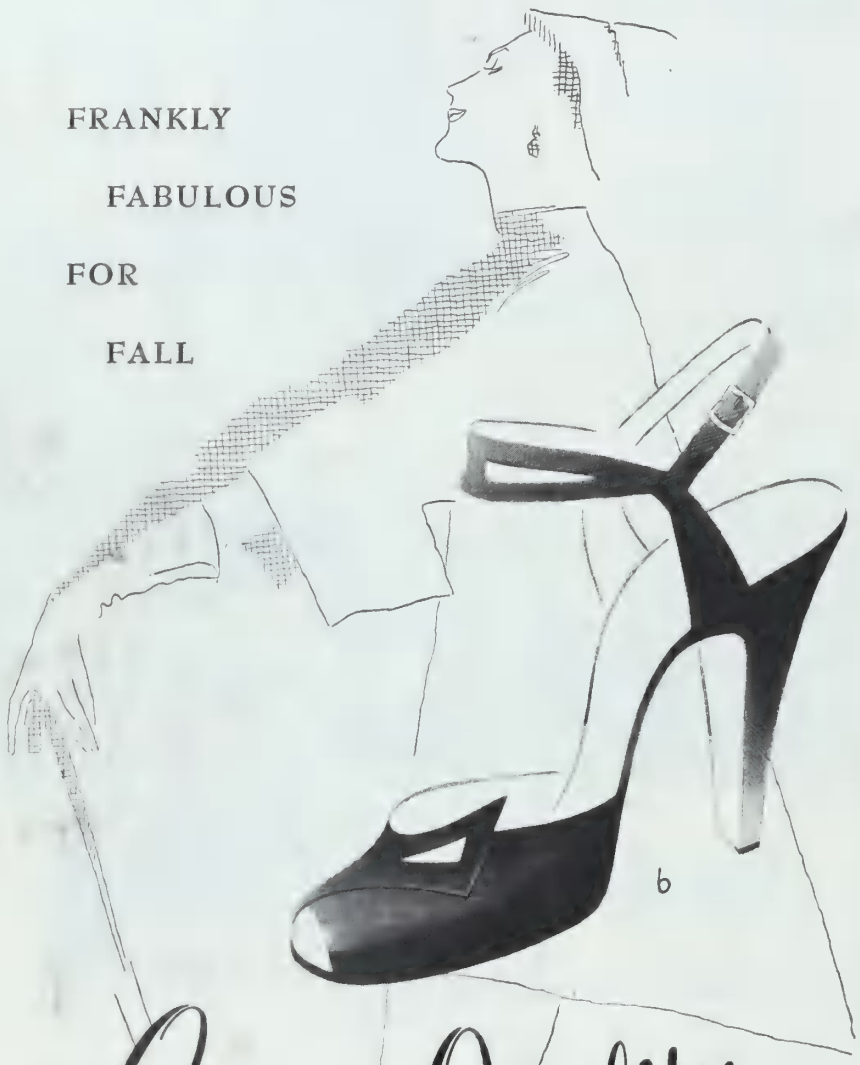
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except us knew that he took them to bed with him.

"You'll find you've got to get up pretty early in the morning to pull the wool over my eyes," he said shrewdly.

Since we had been doing just that, we didn't question the veracity of his statement.

"The skipper won't increase the security watch," he added, "and that's his responsibility. But I'm the senior officer in this tent, and from now on we're going to have an all-night watch here."

The only way we could have had the order canceled was to go to the captain, and we agreed we'd better not do that. So we stood watches while Apple slept.

But the lieutenant commander himself rescinded the order a few days later, after we inserted in his bulletin a brief item saying that the arsonist had been captured, had been clapped into double irons aboard a ship, and was en route to the United States.

Although Apple's faith in us was shaken, his faith in his bulletin was steadfast. I was transferred about that time, and when I left, my tentmates were plotting some sort of imaginary invasion of the New Hebrides. They still hadn't made up their minds whether to have the invaders come from Japan, Germany or Mars.

Rear Admiral James T. Burkbridge was tall, white-haired and wiry, with a rather thin mouth, long neck and ice-blue eyes. He had the reputation of getting things done. The opinion of his junior officers seemed to be divided as to whether he was a peppery old salt or a salty old pepper. But opinion was unanimous that he was able, and that junior officers who didn't know their business had better stay as far away from him as possible. The recommended minimum distance was 3000 miles.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

—PROVERBS 15:17.

I stood at attention, or tried to, in the stateroom of his flagship. The ship was rocking at anchor off the New Guinea coast, and I didn't have my sea legs.

"Lieutenant Gilbreth reporting for duty, sir," I barked out.

The admiral was sitting in a swivel chair at his desk. He swung around to face me, and looked me over. "Welcome aboard, Gilbreth," Admiral Burkbridge said. "You're my public-relations officer, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," I nodded. "And that's what I want to talk with you about, sir."

"Well, have a chair," he told me, smiling cordially. "They said I'd have to get a public-relations officer, because we may have reporters aboard when we go into the Philippines."

I WENT to get a chair, but the ship tipped and I fell toward him. If he hadn't held me off, I might have landed in his lap.

"Not *this* chair, Gilbreth," he said patiently. "I meant for you to get another chair."

"Right, sir." I walked crabwise to a chair, grabbed it, and cautiously sat down.

"Now what's on your mind?" Admiral Burkbridge smiled again, and looked apologetically at his watch. "I'm afraid I can't give you more than five minutes. Will that be enough?"

I said that would be plenty. He seemed like a good Joe to me, and I supposed all that talk I had heard about admirals' being hard to get along with was just so much scuttlebutt.

"Admiral, may I speak frankly?" I asked.

"By all means. Care for a cigarette?"

I took one. "Sir, I don't know a thing about admirals—you're the first one I ever spoke to—or a thing about ships, outside of catboats, and very little about the Navy. But I was with an aviation squadron, where I seemed to fit in well. I learned to be an administrative officer and an aerial photographer, and I liked the duty."

"Squadron duty is good duty," he agreed.

"Well, we had been training for quite a few months, and it won't be long before they're moved up forward. But what happens to me?"

"I can answer that," the admiral s ed. "I found out that you had public-rel on training. And I needed a public-rel officer."

"I'd prefer to stay with the squadr if it's at all possible, sir. I have a letter fro he captain of the squadron saying he'd l to have me back, if you'll let me go." I st ed to hand the letter to the admiral, b he wouldn't take it. Instead, he blinked hi as if he couldn't believe them.

"Where did you go to indoctrin on school?" he asked.

"I never went, sir. I was a civilian on a and an officer the next. And now," I a d making a joke of it, "I'm on a flagship i he middle of the Pacific, and durned if I k the bow from the stern."

"You will, though," said Admiral B k-bridge still mildly. "What were you bef ?"

"Newspaperman, sir."

"Good. Now are you all through? Bec se the five minutes is nearly up."

"Yes, sir."

ADMIRAL BURKBRIDGE put his head for rd on his long neck, and his forehead grew d. "Now you listen to me." He didn't rais is voice, but he seemed to be shouting. "Y ur personal wishes about what sort of duty ou prefer may be of interest to someone, at they are of no interest to me. There is a ar going on, do you understand?"

"Aye-aye, sir," I stuttered, and he le d over and punched his desk.

"Not 'Aye-aye, sir,'" he said, and no e *was* shouting. "'Aye-aye, sir' means yo e going to carry out an order. Every appren e seaman knows that. You mean, 'Yes, si '"

"Yes, sir."

"From now on yo e my public-relations offi . I've never had one bef . And do you know w t you're supposed to ? You're supposed to k p my name out of the ne papers. Those are your ders. Carry them out.'"

"Yes, sir," I said.

He punched the desk again. "Not ' sir.' 'Aye-aye, sir.' I just finished tel you!"

"Aye-aye, sir." I was surprised to find th I was standing stiffly at attention, instea f sitting in the chair. I didn't remember gett up. "Will that be all, sir?"

"That's all," he growled, turning back his desk.

I started to march out, and I was surpri d to find that I had my sea legs. I had b scared of the admiral when he started holler at me, and I was still scared of h But now I was angry, too, and I told my I'd like to turn around and wring his l neck.

"Gilbreth!" he roared, just as I was ab to step into the passageway.

I clicked my heels, did an about-face, a figured that if he was a mind reader I going to spend the rest of the war pushin lawn mower at the Naval Prison in Por mouth.

"Yes, sir," I snapped.

"We'll get along all right," he grinned me. "It's just that somebody's got to doctrinate you, right? And I need a publ relations officer worse than the squadr needs an administrative officer, right? N you go and see if you can learn the b from the stern."

"Right, sir," I said, feeling much bet about serving under him.

"No." He shook his head, but he was s grinning. "That answer is satisfactory, b I'm not going to let you get away with it. it 'Yes, sir' or 'Aye-aye, sir'?"

"It's 'Aye-aye, sir,'" I said, guessing.

"Good. That's all."

I saw the admiral almost every day aft that, but I made sure he didn't see me. stayed completely off the deck where h stateroom was, and when I spotted him co ing along the passageways of other decks ducked out of the way. After three weeks this, I felt pretty sure he had forgotten about me.

(Continued on Page 126)

The College Special

B MILLER looked down the crowded station platform and smiled. He smiled because so ma y other people were smiling, and because happ ss is a contagious thing.

They were mostly boys and girls—happy, care- re and obviously on their way back to college. Bo noticed the State University stickers on their ug age as they boarded the train, and noticed the pr d mothers and fathers waving their goodbyes as e train pulled out of the station.

Bob looked at his watch and saw that it would be nother ten minutes or so until his wife's train ar ved. He started walking toward the end of the pl form. A boy in denim coveralls was busy loadn crates and boxes on a baggage truck, and Bob wa ched him idly for a moment—until he realized h boy was Henry Wilson.

A cloud passed across Bob Miller's face. Why ha n't young Wilson been on the train with the ot rs? He remembered clearly how he and the bo 's father had worked out a New York Life n rance program many years before that would su re the money for his education. And certainly Sa ah Wilson had been left well provided for, too...

He walked over and waited until the boy had t ped to rest for a moment and then said, "Hello, H ry! Keeping you busy?" The young man turned a nd. "Oh, hello there, Mr. Miller. I hadn't n iced you! Going some place?"

"No—just waiting for my wife." The older m n nodded toward the half-filled truck and said, "Working here steady, Henry?" He concentrated o one of the crates, and held his breath—half a aid of what the answer might be.

The boy grinned and shook his head. "Only d ing the back-to-school rush, Mr. Miller. I'm le ving for State myself on Monday." He gestured ward the baggage office. "I figured this would l a good vacation job to have because I'd at least k ow where my luggage was!"

Bob Miller's sigh of relief was lost in the noise the incoming train. He looked at his watch again d smiled. "Well, Henry," he said, "I'm sure glad see that everything is running to schedule . . ."

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(Continued from Page 124)

We had moved north to support the landings at Morotai, in the Netherlands East Indies. I was standing up in the bow, with some other lieutenants, after lunch one afternoon when the admiral came strolling by on an unofficial inspection. It was too late for me to hide under a life raft or anything, so I joined the other officers in snapping to attention and saluting.

Admiral Burkbridge returned the salute, smiled, and walked up to me. "Good afternoon, Gilbreth," he said.

"Good afternoon, admiral."

"I hope you're feeling well, Gilbreth."

"Fine, sir, and I hope you are."

"I'm feeling fine, too, only you should have asked me first."

"Aye-aye—I mean, yes, sir," I said.

I glanced around to see if the other lieutenants would help out some in the conversation, but they had all wisely disappeared.

"Gilbreth," he told me, "you know every admiral is supposed to have an aide and flag lieutenant who makes sure that everything goes smoothly for the admiral."

"Yes, sir."

"My aide and flag lieutenant was transferred last week. I've sent dispatch orders designating a new one." He smiled benevolently.

"We'll all be happy to welcome the lucky dog aboard, sir," I said, saluting two or three times and backing away from him. "It was mighty good to see you again, sir."

"Come back here," the admiral ordered. "When a superior officer is talking to you, Gilbreth, you don't walk away from him."

"Oh, no, sir. I thought perhaps I was taking up too much of your time."

"Did you think I came up here just to pass the time of day with you? What I'm trying to tell you is that you're my new aide and flag lieutenant."

I hoped he was joking. I knew a little about what an aide had to do. He had to live in a room practically next to the admiral's, and follow the admiral wherever he went. He had to run the signal bridge, and I didn't know any signals, any codes, any maneuvers, or any flag except the American one. He was in charge of all the small boats, including the admiral's barge and the captain's gig.

I thought that no lieutenant in his right mind would dream of asking for such a job. And the idea of giving it to a lieutenant who didn't even know how to get up to the signal bridge, let alone know what he was supposed to do after he got there, seemed ridiculous and possibly treasonous. There was no doubt, at any rate, that it was playing right into the hands of the enemy.

The more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that Admiral Burkbridge was pulling my leg. But I looked at him and decided immediately that he wasn't the type.

"That's fine, sir," I gulped.

"You look pale. You're not seasick, are you?"

"I hope not, sir."

"Well, then, start aiding."

"Aye-aye, sir," I said hopelessly. I clicked my heels and sucked in my stomach.

THE admiral continued his inspection, and I walked along with him—about half a pace behind and to the left, as I had seen his former aide do. We passed the lieutenants whom I had been with a few minutes before, and they looked at me as if I were crazy. No one stayed that close to an admiral unless he had to, and they still didn't know about my new capacity.

"See that gets fixed," said the admiral, pointing to something that was circular, painted black and fastened to the deck.

I didn't know what it was, and I certainly didn't know what was the matter with it, but I decided to bluff it out. "Aye-aye, sir."

We walked along, and I started to worry about the thing he had pointed to. Suppose it controlled the pumps, or the guns, or our radar, or something. Suppose that, because I hadn't had it fixed, the ship should sink. I weighed the lives and the equipment a in the admiral's almost certain wrath. Th seemed to balance pretty evenly, finally indicated that I had better ri wrath.

"Sir," I mumbled, tugging at his "what's the matter with it?"

"With what?"

"With that round thing back there

"Holy Moses." He turned around a his face into mine. "What round thin

"The one I'm supposed to get fixed.

"Don't you even know what it is?"

"No, sir."

"Well, go find out. And come back when you're through."

I hunted up an enlisted man, who to what it was, and I hunted up the ship lieutenant, who saw at a glance wha wrong with it. It was only a ventilator needed a little dusting.

THEN I rejoined the admiral on his in inspection. Every so often he'd poi something else, and tell me to get it fixe I had learned my lesson. I'd drop back paces and beckon anyone who was in si officer or enlisted man—and tell him th admiral wanted it fixed.

One lieutenant, who apparently know much more about ships than I scratched his head after I had beckoned and asked me what was wrong with the I had pointed to.

"Don't you see what's wrong with it asked.

"Shucks, I'm a communications off he said. "I don't even know what it is

"Well, go find ou told him, hastenin catch up with the ad

ABSURDITY, n. A statement or belief manifestly inconsistent with one's own opinion. —AMBROSE BIERCE: The Devil's Dictionary (Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.).

A few Japanese p usually attacked at We'd sound general ters—a deafening, frig gong summoning ever to his battle statio soon as the attac planes were picked up on our radar sc

The admiral, his chief of staff and other high-ranking officers usually were ing supper in the admiral's quarters whe enemy planes came over. Although H bridge kept very much in touch with ev thing that was going on, he liked to giv impression that he had complete confid in his subordinates and that a little thing an air attack couldn't disturb his meal while the gong clanged and the ship thro with the sound of men running to their b stations, the officers at the admiral's would continue eating and discussing w ever they had been talking about.

The ship, of course, was under the c mand of her own captain, who would b the bridge directing the fighting. Alth the ship's captain was himself under th miral's command, he wasn't on the admi staff and thus didn't eat in the admiral's

I knew that my battle station was a admiral's side. I also knew that all off and men were required to have on hel and life jackets during general quarte donned mine, the first time the gong sou after I had been made aide, and raced the admiral's quarters.

I went to the admiral's side, and stoo attention. In the Navy you're suppose "uncover"—which means take off hat—when you go into the room of an who outranks you. I didn't know whethe not the rule applied to helmets when the was being bombed, but I took a chance left on mine. Since nobody told me to ta off, I knew I had guessed right.

"What is it, Gilbreth?" the admiral as

"General quarters, sir," I said stiffly.

His chief of staff and the others choked hid their faces behind their napkins. But admiral was not amused.

"Not being totally deaf," he said con sationally, "we suspected that much. Bu are rather curious to know precisely why general quarters."

I agreed that their curiosity was un standable, and speculated that some J nese planes might be in the vicinity.



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"Your theory is interesting and probably correct," Admiral Burkbridge said. "But do you *know* why we are at general quarters?"

"No, sir," I confessed.

"Then I suggest that since you don't know, you say you don't know."

"I don't know, sir."

He dropped his napkin, stood up slowly, and pushed his face in mine. I was getting to know his face better and better, and I supposed he'd never forget mine either.

"Well, go find out," he shouted. "On the double."

I left on the double. I knocked off my helmet as I ducked through the door, and had to come back to get it. The ship tipped and my helmet rolled, but fortunately I got it before it skidded under the table.

"Gilbreth," said the admiral, as I came up with the helmet, "you do know where to go to find out, don't you?"

"No, sir, but I'll find out where to find out, sir."

"That's the boy," he smiled. "But this time we need the information quickly, so I'll tell you. You go topside and—you know what topside is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. Topside is upstairs."

The admiral winced, but he agreed that was precisely where it was. "You go topside, and ask for Air Plot. They'll tell you in there."

I went up to Air Plot, and found that one Japanese plane was overhead, at about 5000 feet, and that three others were approaching from 103 degrees and were about 20 miles away. I returned and reported this information to the admiral.

"What's the altitude of the planes at a hundred and three degrees?" he asked.

I knew the answer to that one. "I don't know, sir, but I'll go find out. On the double."

"Now you're talking. But go up to the bridge, first, and tell the captain to stop making smoke."

I SAID, "Aye-aye, sir," and remembered to duck as I went through the door. I found someone who knew the way to the bridge, and the captain of the ship was there with a good many of his senior officers. He looked almost as forbidding as the admiral, and he was busy giving orders, but I knew I had to interrupt him.

"Pardon me, sir," I said, "but ——"

He pushed me aside, and went on giving orders.

"It's urgent, sir," I persisted. "The admiral ——"

"Get out of here," he shouted. "Can't you see . . . what about the admiral?"

Everybody stopped talking and looked at me.

"I'm the admiral's aide, sir," I said. Then I added accusingly, "You're making smoke, aren't you, sir?"

"Oh," muttered the captain, "I forgot about that. I guess I am."

"Well, stop making smoke," I demanded in my most authoritative, Fort Sumter Hotel voice. Then, after a pause, I added, "The admiral says, sir."

The captain glared at me as if he were going to have me flogged, and I wondered if the admiral would intercede in my behalf. Probably not, I decided. But the captain finally turned and, as if he had just thought up the order himself, told one of his subordinate officers to stop making smoke—on the double.

I found out then about the altitude of the oncoming planes, which by now were overhead, and relayed the information to the admiral. But he still wasn't satisfied, and I had to go topside again to get data on their approximate speed.

Although I was Admiral Burkbridge's aide for almost a year, there never was a single time when I had all the information he wanted about attacking planes. He could always think up something to send me back for. I don't believe he would have been completely satisfied even if I could have told him the name, rank and age of the attacking pilots. He'd have probably told me to go find out how they parted their hair, and what their home towns were. On the double.



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NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

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War or no war, the Navy likes to give admirals all the honors due their rank. My biggest job, when we weren't at general quarters, was to see that visiting admirals were welcomed aboard our ship with pomp and circumstance.

Side boys and boatswains' pipes, which in peacetime are the backbone of the welcoming ceremony, were dispensed with during the war, except on special occasions. Even so, my admiral, the chief of staff, the captain of the ship, the flag secretary, the officer of the deck, and I—all dressed immaculately, standing in line, and smiling a toothy welcome—were supposed to be on the quarterdeck whenever a visiting admiral stepped aboard.

It made no difference whether all of us had been up all night, or whether some of us were in the shower when the visitor hove unexpectedly into sight, or whether we hadn't had our shoes off for three days. When the visitor arrived we had to be standing at the top of the gangway, we had to be clean, and we had to act happy about it.

The signal bridge was ordered to keep a twenty-four-hour watch for enemy planes and visiting admirals, and one was considered just about as important as the other. Sometimes, when conditions were ideal, the visitor would arrive as he was supposed to—in an admiral's barge, with his personal flag flying from her bow—and the signal bridge would spot him in time for me to make the preparations.

But conditions were seldom ideal. Admirals were forever popping in by plane from London, Washington, San Diego, Pearl Harbor and points west. Since they couldn't very well bring their barges with them, they'd hitch a ride out to our ship on whatever small craft happened to be handy. So there'd be no admiral's flag flying, and no advance warning.

Also, our signal bridge was composed largely of reserves like myself, and couldn't be made to understand that visiting admirals ranked with enemy planes. Consequently, the bridge wasn't so alert about spotting approaching admirals as it should have been.

Each time, after such a visitor had departed, Admiral Burkbridge would have me on the carpet, and each dressing down was more severe than the one preceding it. There is a limit, of course, to how severe a dressing down can be, and I thought the admiral had just about reached the limit.

We sailed to Leyte, on the invasion of the Philippines, and a few months later to Lingayen Gulf, in the Northern Philippines. We dropped anchor there, and the men on the signal bridge seemed to be becoming more and more alert. They spotted kamikazes almost as soon as the planes were picked up on radar. More important, om my standpoint, they hadn't missed in m- ing me about a visiting admiral for w ks.

It really wasn't my fault or the fa of the signal bridge that Admiral Sir ce Fraser, commander in chief of the B ish Pacific Fleet and the highest-ranking v tor we had ever had, wasn't met and ext ded the proper courtesies when he came a rd our ship in Lingayen Gulf. The faul wa principally with the junior officer of the ck a reserve ensign who got panicky and f got whatever he had learned in indoctrin ion school.

Sir bruce had been in the area and ad decided to come aboard our ship t ask whether one of our seaplanes would fly im back to his command in Australia. Not av- ing a barge, he hitchhiked a ride out t our anchorage in a disreputable-looking my tug, which hadn't been painted in years was rusty and dented, and was manne by bearded and half-naked GI's.

As the tug steamed up to us, our sig nal bridge looked her over with distaste. H ing decided that no naval admiral, or en tec man either, would think of going aboar the tug even if he were drowning, the sig nal bridge dismissed her from mind.

When the tug got within hailing dist ce, one of her men got a megaphone and sh ted to the ensign who was manning our qu er- deck, "We have a VIP for you."

The ensign thought back to his da at indoctrination school. He recalled that ne had learned there what a VIP was, b he couldn't make up his mind whether it is a very important person or a very impo an package. He focused his binoculars o the tug and, like the signal bridge, decided hat it couldn't be a person.

"Come alongside and deliver it,' our ensign ordered through one of our m o- phones. "And, you wrap-leggings, min you don't poke a hole in us, or we'll open fi e."

The tug came alongside, and Sir Bruce and his aide leaped out. It was only hen that one of the men on the signal bridg saw the gold braid and telephoned my ate- room.

"Admiral coming aboard, sir," h re- ported.

"Good. Fine. How many yards aw is he?"

"Zero yards, sir. He's on the qu er- deck."

I had a sinking feeling in my stomach The only hope I had left was that the visito was a rear admiral and also junior to Burkb ge.

"How many stars is he wearing managed.

"Four, sir."

"A full admiral," I yelled. "Why didn't you say so?"

(Continued on Page 130)



"Imagine frying bacon in that!"



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(Continued from Page 128)

War admiral grabbed my cap, and ran to Burkbridge's biggest arters. He had just had a shower and was quarte his underwear, lacing up his shoes. I were w dn't bothered to knock.

and cir "A full admiral," I said. "He's already Side ard. He's on the way up here."

peaceti Burkbridge didn't even take time to give ing ce a dirty look. He put on his cap over his the wa combed hair, he jumped into his shirt so, my trousers quicker than I had ever been of the le to get into mine, and he headed for the the de or, buttoning as he went.

standi A green curtain separated his quarters come- m the passageway, and as Burkbridge deck ved through it, Sir Bruce and his aide, aboar orted by the thoroughly frightened en-

It gn, approached from the other side. Sir had b uce, although not having the appearance were an agile man, managed to jump backward unexp d avoid the collision.

hadn "Welcome aboard, sir," said my admiral, the v miling as if it were a genuine pleasure. the t Come right in and have a seat, sir."

and Sir Bruce said it was indeed a pleasure

To. I noticed with admiration and a twinge twen f envy that my admiral seemed completely and t ease, and that somehow, in the fifteen just teps he had taken to get to the curtain, he time ad managed to finish all his buttoning.

woul Admiral Burkbridge suggested coffee, and adm oked his head out a door to summon one of from is messboys. When he pulled his head back spot again, his hair was neatly combed. It was tion lear to me that, no matter how I tried, I ever could hope to compete in the Navy

Bu with men who had had Annapolis training. mir The ensign retreated quickly, and I would fron ave followed except that I knew that I Har ad to stay with the adver niral and entertain Sir the Bruce's aide. The four of eve is sat down for coffee, then nd although I knew adv ny admiral was ready

Ao scalp me, you never larg ould have told it from be n he cordial way he passed ranl he cream and sugar.

the "Good trim ship," the commander of the app British Pacific Fleet observed. "Fine-looking Efficers and men."

part "Thank you, sir," said my admiral.

on t "Friendly chap at the quarter-deck," Sir mor ruce continued, chuckling. "Got a little is a ixed up and thought I was a package." dow I spilled my coffee.

just "Thought you were a package?" asked y admiral, trying to chuckle too. "That's We for the books." He looked at me for just Phil split second and I knew he was about as Ling used as if he had seen a torpedo heading We r us on a collision course.

the "The ensign sent four husky seamen down more gangway to get the package," Sir Bruce kaze called, rocking with laughter now. "One them said, 'You dogfaces toss it here and 'll try to catch it.'"

"And another hollered, 'Anything that mes off that scow is going to have to be loused,'" Sir Bruce's aide took up the ory, also rocking with laughter.

"Holy Moses," said Admiral Burkbridge.

seemed that the four seamen had become tled when they saw Sir Bruce, and had d. The ensign started to flee, too, but ought better of it and returned bravely to post. The British admiral had saluted, d announced that he was Bruce Fraser. e ensign forgot to salute, but he grabbed Bruce's hand and shook it warmly.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. aser," the ensign had said. "I'm Fred ckson from San Antonio. You and your nd come on in and make yourselves to me."

'Quite the nicest and most friendly way e ever been welcomed aboard," Sir Bruce ded, and he sounded as if he meant it. t both he and his aide were laughing now that they could hardly speak, and tears d come to their eyes. My admiral and I re laughing too. But if there were tears in eyes, they weren't from laughing.

We had received word that Fleet Admiral nitz was coming through on an inspection trip. Admiral Nimitz would arrive b plane, and Burkbridge and I were su to meet him in Burkbridge's barge.

To be certain that nothing wou wrong, I drilled the barge's crew for d how to come up to the side of a sea and how to take down one flag and another.

There was one big hurdle. The ra fleet admiral had been created only a or so before, and we had no five-star Every large Navy ship has the equi to make flags, but nobody aboard kne the five stars should be arranged. blinker messages to aides of other ad in the vicinity, and none of them knew When I asked my admiral about it, h gested that I go find out.

I CONSIDERED asking the advice of the Department in Washington, but we h structions not to send dispatches that have a direct bearing on the war effo sides, a chief petty officer on the signal told me there was only one logical pla the fifth star, and that was in the cen the flag. So that's where we put it. W a four-star flag, which looks like the spot on dice, and added the fifth s make it look like a five-spot.

My admiral and I were waiting barge, flying a two-star flag, as the se landed. The coxswain of the barge perfect job of going alongside the plan Fleet Admiral Nimitz jumped in. We sa showed our teeth, shook hands, and p the barge away from the plane.

It's automatic with admirals to something like the changing of flags, how well trained you is. The barge crew performed better. came two-stars, in on tion. Up went five-st another motion. breeze caught five opened it up, and m snap.

"Great Scott," Fleet Admiral Nimitz, "what's that?

"What's what, sir?" asked my ad "That flag."

I don't know whether or not my a knew what was wrong with the flag. P he did.

"Gilbreth," he said, "Admiral N is speaking to you."

"Sir?" I asked Admiral Nimitz.

"What kind of flag is that?" aske fleet admiral.

"That's a fleet admiral's flag, sir," formed him. "Five stars."

"No, it isn't," said Admiral Nimi ought to know what a fleet admiral looks like, shouldn't I?"

"You sure should, sir," I agreed.

"Gilbreth!" said my admiral.

"Sir?"

"Where," asked my admiral slowly you get that flag?"

"I made it, sir."

"Holy Moses," whispered Admiral bridge. "Gilbreth, be good enough one of the men to take down that t whatever it is."

"On the double, sir," I told him, re the order, and hoping that I hadn' manently damaged his career.

But Admiral Nimitz didn't seem th bit angry. In fact, it had been my e ence—and I consider myself to be one foremost authorities on the subject admirals enjoy mix-ups in protocol vided the mix-ups are caused by the some other admiral, and not by thei aides. Admiral Nimitz seemed to be in good humor for the remainder of th

"The same thing happened when I l at Guam," he cackled. "They had a fl like yours, lieutenant."

"How should the five stars be arr sir?" I asked Admiral Burkbridge, th I might as well put him on the spot t

"In a circle," he replied almost fully. "I certainly thought you knew

"Like this," nodded Admiral N pointing to the collar of his khaki where he wore the new five-star insig

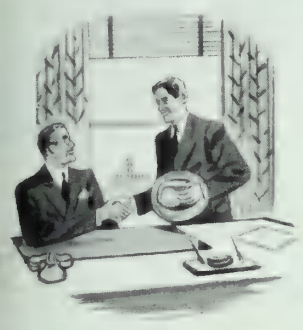
It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelations, inspiration, and the like, as things past, while love remains. —THOREAU.

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"I see, sir," I said. I still wondered whether my admiral had known it all the time, or whether he had noticed the collar insigne just before Admiral Nimitz pointed to it.

About two weeks later an admiral whose name meant nothing to me signaled our ship by blinker at four o'clock in the morning that he would like to borrow Burkbridge's barge right away, if convenient. He added that he wanted the barge to take him to a nearby island, where a number of our seaplane squadrons were based, so that he could get a plane to fly him up north of Manila.

I waked the barge crew, and sent the boat to him immediately.

I didn't get to see Admiral Burkbridge until about ten o'clock that morning, and in the course of our conversation I mentioned casually what I had done.

"I knew you'd want him taken care of," I added, "so I called the barge crew on the double."

"Fine, Gilbreth. And of course you went with him to see that he got one of our planes."

"No, sir," I said. "All he asked for was to borrow the barge, and I loaned it to him."

The admiral had his hat on. "Get the barge alongside. And get it quick."

I summoned the barge, and the admiral and I got in. He seemed more disappointed in me than angry.

"Frank, do you know what job that admiral has?" he asked. It was the first time he had called me by my first name, and I guessed he had given up trying to indoctrinate me and that I wouldn't be his aide much longer.

"No, sir."

"He's stationed in Washington, and he's assistant to the Vice-Chief of Naval Operations."

"Oh, sir?"

"Do you know what squadron was going to fly him up there?"

"No, sir."

"We'll have to try them all, I guess."

We went to the dock where the barge crew said they had landed him, but nobody there had seen him. We tried the squadrons one by one, but we couldn't find any trace of the Washington admiral.

"I guess you know what you've done, Frank," Admiral Burkbridge told me. "You've lost the personal representative of the Chief of Naval Operations."

"I'm sorry, sir."

We were back in the barge again, heading for a squadron on the other side of the island. We pulled into the island and the Washington admiral was there, sitting on a lump of coral and waiting for a plane to be gassed.

Burkbridge took over and quickly got everything organized. But it was going to take at least another hour before the plane was ready to go, and he insisted that the Washington admiral come out to our ship for lunch.

Since Burkbridge had company, I ate in the mess of the ship's officers. He sent for me just as I was finishing.

"You've got ten minutes to pack a bag," he said. "I'm sending you away with the admiral."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you eaten?"

"I've just had chow, sir."

The admiral put his face into mine, and this time I was glad to see it. "Gilbreth," he hollered, "chow is for enlisted men. Officers eat lunch. Do you understand?"

"Yes, *sir*," I grinned.

The admiral grinned too. "I'm sending you along to act as his aide as long as he's in the Philippines. Take good care of him. He'll be going home in three or four days. When he leaves, you come back here, because I'm going to finish indoctrinating you if it kills me."

The best news of the war for me wasn't the Japanese surrender. It was my orders to come home, which were issued a couple of months before the surrender. I was naturally eager to see Liz and Betsy again—I had been looking forward to that ever since the

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day I left them. Also, I had picked up some sort of tropical dysentery that I hadn't been able to throw off.

My orders directed me to proceed to the United States, where I could take thirty days' leave before reporting to Norfolk, Virginia, to relieve a Lieut. Walker B. Smilty.

Admiral Burkbridge could have set my orders aside, since I was his aide, but he didn't. Perhaps he figured he had finished indoctrinating me, or perhaps he knew how badly I wanted to get home. Counting the months I had spent in the New Hebrides, I had been overseas as long as if not longer than anyone else on the ship, which was why my orders had come through.

I took a slow ship home, and the dysentery was gone by the time I reached San Francisco. I met Liz and Betsy in Nantucket, where we spent my leave. It was a wonderful thirty days, that passed too quickly.

Liz and Betsy remained at Nantucket, while I flew down to Norfolk to find out where I'd be stationed. I didn't know what kind of job Lieutenant Smilty had, and I didn't care particularly, since it was in the United States.

Nobody at Norfolk had ever heard of Smilty, and I had to move into Bachelor Officers' Quarters there while a search was made for him. I reported every day to the Personnel Office and was told every day that they were still looking and that I shouldn't get impatient.

The man I had to deal with in Personnel was an elderly and plump-cheeked lieutenant commander, who had been graduated from the Naval Academy, been retired from the service, and then been called back to active duty again during the war. He seemed to take the position that whatever changes had occurred in the Navy during his retirement were unwise, probably illegal, and certainly nothing that he intended to pay the slightest attention to. He brushed aside my arguments that, since the war was over and since I had enough discharge points to be mustered out of the service, it was no longer vital to locate Lieutenant Smilty. Dogmatically, and with what I am sure he thought was more patience than I deserved, he explained that my orders said I was to relieve Lieutenant Smilty, and that he intended to see to it that I carried out my orders.

"But my orders were written two months ago, and since then the war has ended," I kept repeating.

"And have your orders been countermanded by Washington?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Exactly," he said. "And what do your orders say?"

"We both know what they say, sir. We've been over that fifty times."

"Lieutenant! I asked you what your orders said."

"They say for me to relieve Lieutenant Smilty," I admitted.

"Precisely." He nodded emphatically, as if he had at last managed to prove an all too obvious point to an exceptionally dull-witted malcontent.

So while other officers began to return to civilian life, I remained at Norfolk. I had only one duty—to go by the Personnel Office every morning and ask the lieutenant commander whether anyone had found Smilty.

But finally the waiting period ended. I found the lieutenant commander beaming good humor and victory, when I checked by to see him one morning.

"I have good news for you, Gilbreth," he announced. "We've located Smilty."

"What office is he in, sir?" I asked eagerly. "I'll run right over and relieve him, and then come back for my discharge."

"It's not quite that simple. He left here eight months ago, and that's why we had such a time tracing him. His orders were for Guam."

A dining-room table, with children's eager, hungry faces around it, ceases to be a mere dining-room table and becomes an altar. —STRUNSKY.

"Commander," I shouted, "don't tell you're thinking about sending me to Gua

"I haven't made up my mind yet what to do with you, Gilbreth. You'r difficult case. I'll let you know tomorro

I wasn't sure whether he really mean send me to Guam or not, but I was afrai take a chance on it. I went back to quarters and put in a telephone call to Bureau of Naval Personnel in Washing

The Wave who answered the phone in bureau was sympathetic. She agreed t the whole business was ridiculous. Altho she said she didn't believe for a minute t the lieutenant commander was seriously sidering sending me to Guam, she promi to get off dispatch orders within an h countermanding my Smilty orders and recting that I be discharged.

She kept her word, because the lieuten commander summoned me back to his of that same afternoon.

"I wish those young sprouts in Washi ton would make up their minds," he c plained. "I just got a wire saying you w have to relieve Smilty after all—that can be discharged."

"Fine, sir," I said.

"All this red tape gets me down," he c fided. "Honestly, Gilbreth, I sometim wonder how we managed to win the w

"So do I, sir," I agreed with all my he

But I thought I knew, really, how we won. We had won because we had the b equipment in the world; and because a million civilians had done the best t could, after they were taken into the arm forces; and because of men like Adm Burkbridge and a lot others, who cut the tape and got things d and yet never forgot traditions they had b taught to believe in.

I went over to sick and got my final phys examination, which required for my discha Then I packed my bags, and checked of headquarters. They had two decorati for me there, that had just arrived f Admiral Burkbridge. They were for "mer rious service"—not heroism; if they had b for heroism, I would have known th had been some mistake. Even so, I pleased and proud to have them.

I never got to wear the ribbons, thou because I was checking out in civilian clot and I had purposely left my uniforms hang in a closet at Bachelor Officers' Quart

The man who had been city editor of News and Courier when I was there now managing editor, and I put in a call him at the office. He came to the phon asked him how things were down there.

"Fine. Everything's about the same. culation's up, and we're planning a building."

"Have you still got the same old rope basket to carry copy up to the compos room?" I asked.

"Same basket," he chuckled. "New r You didn't call me to find out about t did you?"

"Not exactly," I told him. "Say, don't happen to have an opening fo reporter, do you?"

"No, not right now. As a matter of f I *am* looking for an editorial writer, thou I rather had you in mind."

"I accept the position," I holler "Would two weeks from Monday be soon for me to report?"

"That would be fine, but don't you w to know about salary and hours?"

"Mere details," I assured him. "I'll you two weeks from Monday. Thanks having had me in mind."

When I was through, I looked to see Liz had taken it.

"Right out of a clear sky," I gloated, offered me a job writing editorials. Th what I've always wanted to do."

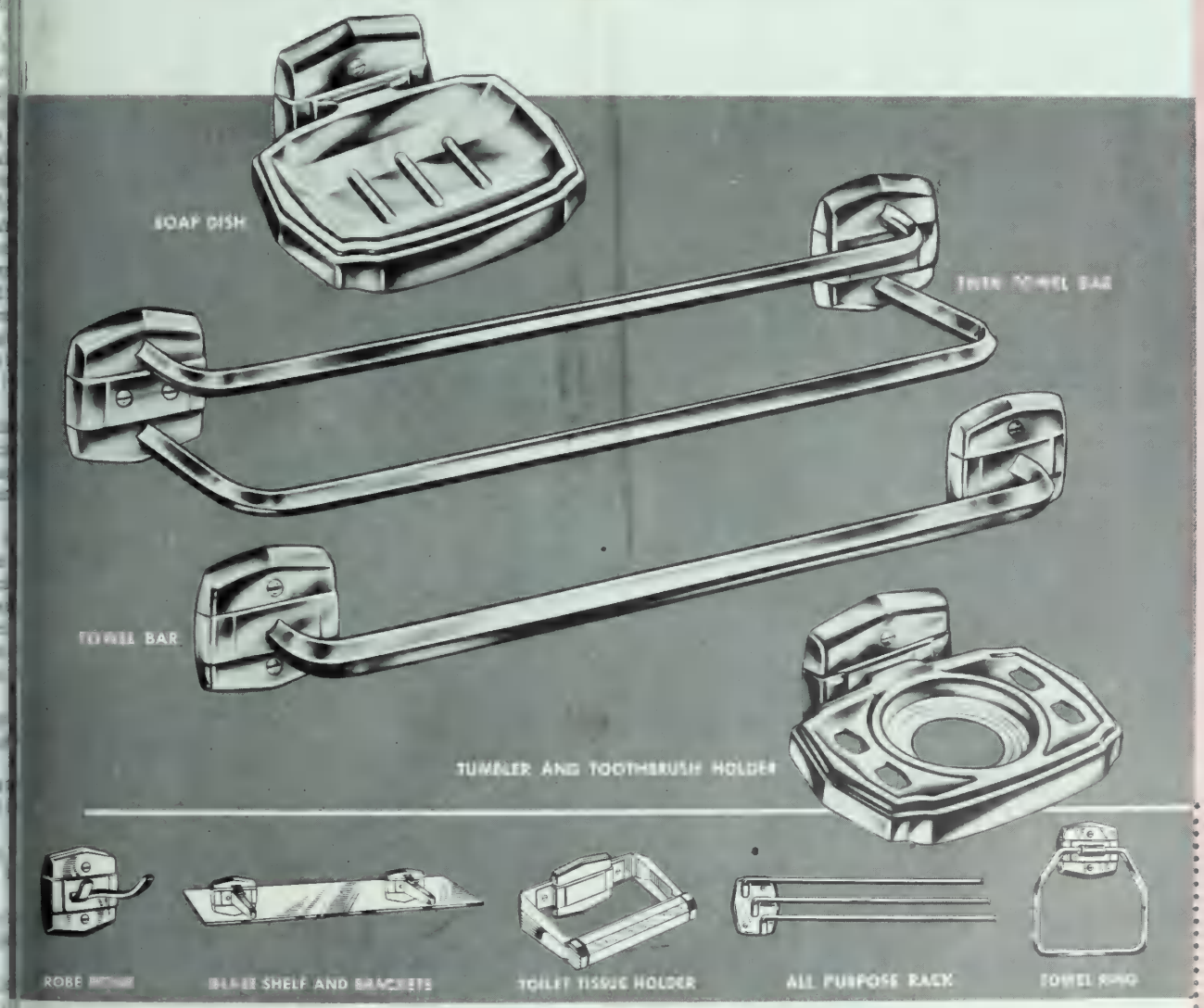
It had been a long time since I had s Liz so happy. It had been a long time si I realized how lucky I was. THE E



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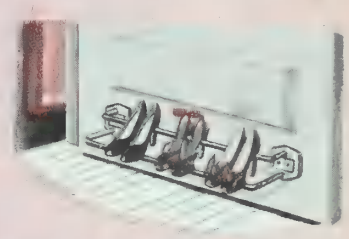
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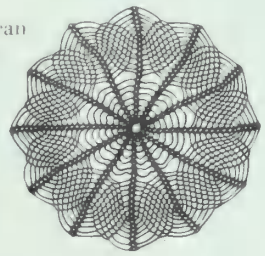
For your prettiest luncheon set, edge fine organdy with a border of narcissus stars. Use pastel colors for a gala set. Directions for all designs shown can be ordered from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa. Send 25c for pattern No. 2579. Use coupon on Page 26.

Prize Crochet

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal



Using these two basic motifs, you can make all the crochet pieces shown.





The party buffet cloth repeats the field and border of the prize design, changing only the proportions. Very fine thread was used for all crochet.



Luncheon mats of any size are made by circling one spider-web motif with one or more rows of the narcissus stars.

HAROLD FOWLER



This national first-prize-winning tablecloth was the inspiration for all the crochet shown above.

"...23-24, Look Mom, I saw it Double-Tumble!"

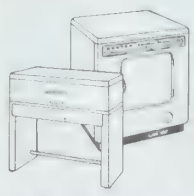




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THE RIVER GARDEN OF PURE REPOSE

(Continued from Page 39)

In the waiting room below Wilfreda found a tall, grave-faced man in Chinese army uniform. He spoke in formal, meticulous English.

"You are here with Miss Breasted, they tell me. My name is Wang Wei-Chou. I am a colonel in the Medical Corps of the Chinese army. Years ago, in the north, I was Miss Breasted's student. I knew her as Teacher Jane."

"I am Wilfreda Grayson, of the Anglican Mission. I am sorry, Miss Breasted is too ill to see her friends."

Wang Wei-Chou smiled. "You are besieged with us, I am sure."

The door opened and another figure joined them. It was the hospital superintendent, a bustling little figure in a white coat, whose voice sounded kindly, tired and hurried.

"Well, well, Wilson Wang! High time you came back to Huai Yuen." He shook hands as he went on talking. "I see you know Miss Grayson. Taking care of one of our refugees, Miss Jane Breasted. You wanted to see me about her?"

The formality of Colonel Wang's manner was in contrast to the bustle of the other. "I have a request to make of Miss Breasted, with your permission, Doctor Hartshorn. I know how crowded a hospital in West China must be in wartime. I have come to make sure she is moved to better quarters."

"Better quarters, eh?" said Doctor Hartshorn. "We're full up—except for the bugs. There seems always to be room for more of them. What have you in mind?"

"There is a garden not too far away from here which belongs to my family. For two years now it has been empty except for an old scholar who was my childhood tutor and who has come as a refugee to live there. And, of course, there are the servants. But there is plenty of room. May I beg you to say to my old teacher that I hope she will make the place her home indefinitely, while I am absent with the army?"

"Couldn't be better," said Doctor Hartshorn. "Now, that's settled."

Wang Wei-Chou took a step toward Wilfreda. "I should like to have arrangements made in the garden before we move Teacher Jane. Could you go out with me tomorrow at ten?"

Doctor Hartshorn answered for her. "Of course she can. I'll have someone else on duty with Miss Breasted while she's gone."

The Chinese bowed to Wilfreda, shook hands with the superintendent and was gone.

Wilfreda turned to Doctor Hartshorn. "Are you sure Miss Breasted will agree?"

"Doctor's orders," was the brisk reply. "In this case, two doctors. That's a fine boy. Old Szechwan gentry—no better stock in the world. Studied in Peking, and Europe; went to Nanking later, where he got to know your patient. When the war came, he joined up. Not many of his sort did."

WILFREDA found herself talked down the corridor and out the door into the entrance court, with no pause for remarks from her. She passed on through the tall hospital gates to the post office, where she mailed her letter. She hurried back. In the little second-floor room, she found the patient stirring.

"Pain, dear one?"

"Oh, no." The voice came faintly. "But Brother Ass is full of nerves tonight. He twitches and turns, and has no sense at all. St. Francis was right to call his body 'Brother Ass.' A body is a ridiculous creature." The words were spoken lightly but with physical effort.

"Can I do anything for Brother Ass?"

"Distract his mind," said Jane. "Although of late he hasn't had any. He hasn't even allowed me to read my letters. Could you get them out for me, Freda?"

"Where are they?"

"In the straw basket hanging on the w I use that for my letter file because o rats. They run all over the place, you kn

Wilfreda took the basket from its pe picked up a stiff square envelope. "Th from Major Robert Trent, U. S. A. Air F in Chungking."

AN uneasy movement on the plank ind indicated that Brother Ass was clai attention. Wilfreda opened the envelope read aloud:

"*Dear Jane Breasted:* My mother w Friend, and a distant connection of you I could claim to call you cousin, alth you've never seen me, nor, I suppose, h much about me. I have just reached Ch king and enclose some homeside messa have brought for you.

"I have a great desire to hear from I am new in China, and much bewildere my surroundings. If you will undertak help me to an understanding of all strangeness I shall be most grateful. A will answer any questions you care to as about myself. "Sincerely you

"ROBERT TR

"P. S. I have discovered that Daisy child, a young subordinate of mine, k you in North China."

"He appeals to a poor source of info tion," commented Jane, and she brough the words draggingly.

Freda laid down th ter and decided to d discussion of the w of Colonel Wang unti next morning.

"I think that's eno isn't it?" she sugge gently.

"I can't seem to attention," was the w answer.

Wilfreda put the l back in the basket, and when she had se Jane for the night, stretched out in the d sleeping bag on her own cot. In spit fatigue she was up every two hours for routine of nursing care, and was aware the night passed in dry wakefulness twitching distress for her patient. It see an extraordinary piece of good fortune a change in arrangements could be ma that is, if Colonel Wang's garden prove be a place where one could manage nursing.

A slight touch of friendly malice and amusement towards those we love keeps our affections for them, I find, from becoming flat.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: Unforgotten Years (Little, Brown & Company and Atlantic Monthly Press).

Promptly to his hour Wang Wei-Chou sented himself at the gate of the hos with two rickshas and Wilfreda was not of his arrival. He asked at once whether had spoken to Jane about the move t garden.

"I told her this morning. The tears ro her eyes, and she did not speak imm ately. When she could, she whispe 'Please thank him.' A little later she p me by the sleeve, and said, 'Do you t we can go soon?'"

"It shall be as soon as possible. Pleas in the ricksha."

The little vehicle was a startling cont to the Huai Yuen examples of the same veyances. Its black lacquer body was sp less, as were its brass fittings and lamps. rug, folded over the seat, was of fine qua and immaculate. The puller was dresse whole clean clothing. He took up the sh when she was in her seat, and trotted a with her. Her companion followed i broken-down contraption which he had h at the gates.

They went through rough streets betw low, dilapidated buildings, standing on edges of rubble where bombs had fa They passed through a breach in the anc wall, made to give the city crowds a ch to get out when the Japanese planes c over.

(Continued on Page 139)

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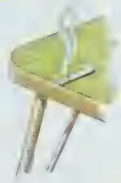
Now—durable steel fits into your smartest dining spots, in Daystrom's new beautiful Coloramic Dinette Sets. Here you get the warm tone of wood, the strength of tough but light steel, and surfaces that resist scuffs and spills . . . all at a price as low as kitchen chrome! Look at Daystrom *Coloramic* at your furniture store. Decorators are using these glamorous sets in dining nooks, or indoor terraces, or in dining-living rooms!

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(Continued from Page 136)

resently the crowds and the smells were gone. She found herself in a countryside of fields, bordered by streams of gray-green water. Here and there she saw temples and walled compounds, but the fields made a misty plain to a dim horizon which veiled the foothills of the Snow Mountains to the west; and it was to the foothills, she found, that they were bound.

The runner paced fleetly along down the wide dusty road which stood high above the surrounding country. Wayfarers passed in tatters and rags and shouting; primitive carts were dragged along by men with ropes over their shoulders. After more than an hour of the main highway, the rickshas turned off on a narrow track which wound around the fantastic projections of stony rises in the plain. At last the road came to dim gray walls which lifted under the shadows of immense trees, and Wilfreda's runner stopped before a roofed gate built of heavy dark timbers. She looked up at the lacquered board hanging above her, on which four Chinese characters were traced in gold.

"How would you translate?" asked Wang Wei-Chou as he came to help her out of her ricksha.

She stepped down, and then stood still, concentrating. "The Flower Garden of Pure Repose," she suggested.

Her host was pleased. "I see you are accomplished in Chinese. The name is given to the place by one of the Ming pretenders wandering as a fugitive, who was sheltered here by an ancestor of mine. Of course the name given by the refugee prince is not very commonly used. The people always call the place the Wang Family Garden." He beat upon the double doors and called aloud, "Shang Shih." There was a sound of shuffling feet within, and they were admitted by a stooped old man with a kindly, intelligent face pitted with scars. He bowed to his master, and stood aside for the men to bring in the rickshas. Then the leaves were swung shut, and Wilfreda found herself in a gloom cast by two spreading trees overhead. Underfoot was gray stone flagging and in her ears the sound of running water.

A low, dark house with a fiber thatch crouched at the left of the covered space inside the gate. A small dark woman, wearing dark blue homespun linen and a white cloth turbanwise on her head, came out of the door and performed a bow before Wang Wei-Chou.

"Here are Shang Shih, the gateman, and Shang Ma, his wife," said her host to Wilfreda.

He spoke to the servants in rapid Szechwanese, which was sufficiently different from the Mandarin which she had been taught to be quite unintelligible to the Englishwoman. While the talk went on, she looked eagerly about her, for during her ten years in China she had never before been in a place of this sort.

She was a little disappointed that there was not more to see. The area surrounded by the outer walls was large, but this rather narrow entrance space was blocked to the north by lower inner walls, pierced by two wide doorways, each closed with four leaves of a greenish blue dimmed with damp and age. The flagged path branched and led east and west along this screening wall toward ground which rose unevenly and was planted with a tangle of growing things which, with their great girth and lofty branches, made her feel like a child in a fairy tale.

Wang Wei-Chou turned to her apologetically. "I ask your pardon for keeping you. We go this way."

He turned east and then went north around the corner of the inner wall. Wilfreda caught a glimpse in the distance of a little summerhouse with slender columns supporting an airy peaked roof, but she had hardly uttered a little sound of pleasure at the sight before her attention was caught by something which seemed an utter contrast to the elegance of the little garden structure. On the east side of the path was an extraordinary collection of stone shapes. Their colors ranged through shades of grays and tawny earth hues; they were piled together with no apparent reason in their arrangement. She stopped and her guide turned inquiringly.

"Oh," said Wilfreda, "please excuse me, but I have never seen anything like this. What—what in the world is it?"

"Ornamental garden rock," the other explained. "We Chinese use a great deal of it. I understand foreigners do not like it."

The old gateman who had followed came up to them now and Wilfreda saw him point toward an opening high in the pile of stones, before which, on a small ledge, there was a clay bowl. She was quite sure she caught what the old man said, since he spoke with emphasis after his master had addressed a question to him.

"The Golden Ones have not come this year. You should burn incense before you leave the garden."

Her host gave no outward sign of his reception of this admonition, but Wilfreda had a feeling that he was a little annoyed, and she did not like to ask questions. She decided, as she followed on, that the bowl was like those she had often seen before roadside shrines. Then, were the Golden Ones garden deities? Jane would probably know. The path, still in deep shade, was narrow, so that it was difficult to keep at Wang's side.

"I suppose," she said to him, "the servants have been asking for news of your family. Where are they now?"

"There are only my mother and my eight-year-old son," was the reply. "Before the American Air Force moved into this district, there was a good deal of banditry and my mother did not consider it safe. She has gone to another family estate, a great distance from here, where she will remain until the war is over. But I hope," he added, "that you and Teacher Jane will not feel nervous. Everything is now under very strict control."

As he spoke they came out of the shade and Wilfreda caught her breath in delight over the prospect which was before her. There was a sheet of water with a little island in it. There were trees leaning from the deeply indented shore, which sent long green shadows into the still gray depths. Immediately at her right she saw a structure oblong in shape and of fine proportions, planned for the enjoyment of the garden scene. It had, on the water side, a seat running the length of the pavilion.

On the bench, occupying himself with a fish pole, was an elderly Chinese in a robe of faded blue silk.

"There is my old tutor, Master Yuan," said Wang Wei-Chou as Shang Shih went forward to announce the newcomers.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Meadow Remembered

By Mary Ballard Duryee

Summer was waning when
Our island felt the stir
Of shifting wind and sea-borne fog
Over the juniper.

Sweeter than sun it came
To ring us round in space,
Two willing prisoners who stood
Knee-deep in Queen Anne's lace.

Along the meadow's edge,
Back from the firm sea sand
We searched for berries in the grass
Where a hand could touch a hand.

I never saw again
A radiance to compare
With the bright pin points of the fog
That starred your braided hair.

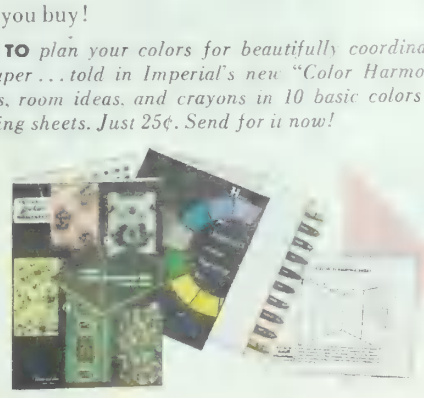
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Wilfreda had never before encountered a fisherman wearing silk. He was very thin and hollow-chested; he had a few gray strings of beard straying out of his upper lip and chin. He moved with dignity and deliberation, and he and Wang Wei-Chou stood bowing to each other with courteous inquiries concerning health and prosperity. The bows of the younger man were much deeper than those of the old scholar, and Wilfreda felt in the midst of the formality a genuine reverence for his former teacher on the part of her host. He presented Wilfreda, explaining his errand, and the old man bowed ceremoniously but without looking in her direction. She experienced the sensation of being suddenly invisible and murmured a subdued reply which elicited another polite bow. It was then possible for the host to suggest that he must complete his arrangements for the reception of the invalid. Master Yuan bowed again, and his pupil bent low several times, after which the old man returned to the bench while the others continued along the strand of the little lake.

"Do you mind my asking," said Wilfreda, "about one thing I caught as you were talking? You and Master Yuan used Mandarin, so it was easier to follow than when you speak Szechwanese."

"Of course we speak Mandarin," said Wang Wei-Chou. "My parents invited him to take charge of my education because he was a distinguished scholar from the capital, and they wanted my Pekingese to be good. What is it that interested you?"

"You spoke of a Library of Four Delights. I wondered what they are."

"Breezes in spring, flowers in summ moon in autumn and snow in winter. proper garden libraries are supposed to placed so that they have these pleasures."

Wilfreda was longing to ask about ot buildings of which she had glimpses, e one set apart in its especial nook, each lo ing fragile and fantastic like a bit out o fleeting dream. But Wang Wei-Chou w walking more rapidly. He followed a pa which led around a spur of the hillocks i a secluded part, shut away from the wa by the rises of ground and the density trees. Presently she saw low-lying roofs a damp-greened walls ahead, and then ca to a vase-shaped gate and stepped into a tle paved courtyard planted with pine a bamboo. In one corner, a single branch o flowering plum stretched faintly pink agai the gray-tiled roof and filled the air with cold spring perfume. To north, south, e and west stood separate rooms, little roo with deep eaves and paper-backed lattice joined into a unit by the wall, which fram each corner.

Wilfreda looked about with eagerne "Where are we now?" she asked.

"We call this the Chai of the Thr Friends—the traditional friends you meet art: the pine, the plum and the bamboo." swept his hand in a circle which includ them all.

"How beautifully quiet."

"Yes. It is the most secluded of the hou and it is within reach of the servants. Sha Ma doesn't stay at the gatehouse. Her qu ters are just beyond the hills around t

(Continued on Page 142)

make the most of Aluminum Utensils

It's time to pamper your aluminum pots and pans, for the utensils in your cupboard grow more precious as the supply of new ones dwindles.

• **Control warpage**—The best way to keep a pan flat on the bottom is to avoid very fast changes in temperature. Avoid excessive cooking heats and let a hot utensil cool before pouring in cold water for soaking. Pressure pans are an exception, they are specially built, so can be cooled rapidly.

• **Flatten the bulge**—If utensils are wobbly on the bottom, heat them *slowly* ten minutes. Then turn them upside down, place a smooth block of wood over the bottom and hammer with a mallet. Food cooks more evenly in a flat pan, so it's worth the effort—and noise.

• **Loosen the lime**—A thick deposit of lime in a teakettle adds weight and slows heating speed. To remove it, heat the dry utensil five minutes over low heat. Then tap the bottom gently with a wooden spoon. A light film can be loosened by boiling ¼ cup of vinegar plus water to fill in a utensil for ten minutes. To keep the lime coating from forming so rapidly, empty a teakettle after use, and add ½ teaspoon of vinegar to the water in the bottom of a double boiler.

• **Brighten the metal**—Minerals in some water and food, and strong alkali soaps, darken aluminum. The discoloration is not harmful but may be unattractive. To remove, boil an acid solution (two tablespoons of cream of tartar for each quart of water) in the pan for five minutes. Minerals in water or food also may be responsible for the formation of small pits in the aluminum. Regular cleaning and polishing with a steel-wool pad or cleanser retard this action, and keep the metal bright.

• **Replace uncertain handles**—Many handles that have been scorched or worn until they are loose are held in place by screws. New parts can be bought from stores that sell the utensils or ordered from the manufacturer, and are easily screwed in place.

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(Continued from Page 140)

little water basin in front of the *chai*. By the way, I hope Shang Ma won't bother you ladies."

"Bother us?"

"I think I should mention what my mother wrote before she left. It seems Shang Ma occasionally has a—a delusion. It's nothing violent, just hysteria, brought on by a bad war experience, I suppose."

"What sort of delusion?"

"Well, she thinks she's a fox."

Wilfreda remembered prevalent superstitions about human beings who become possessed by fox spirits which are very unpredictable in their behavior, and felt immensely interested.

Wang continued: "She goes off into a sort of trance and says all sorts of things appropriate to foxes, but she comes out, if you leave her alone . . . and if she doesn't get excited. She's never done any harm during her seizures, but I understand Shang Shih is badly frightened by them. They don't happen often, and otherwise you will find her very helpful. She will cook and clean; the garden coolies will go out to buy food for you in the villages. Of course some arrangements here are primitive; but with the servants, I hope it won't prove too difficult."

"Difficult! Nothing could be more perfect."

"Please list whatever you find lacking, and my coolies will bring the things out from Huai Yuen."

He handed Wilfreda a notebook and pencil and swung wide the tall carved door of the room to the north.

"This will be best for Teacher Jane. There are no beds, as you see, but I have approached some acquaintances for army cots which you should find comfortable. Shang Shih knows how to set them up, with their frames for nets. Do you have nets?"

"Yes, both of us."

Wilfreda had taken a hasty look inside the door and was scribbling down items.

"If you will excuse me now, I must go to pay my respects to Master Yuan, and attend to a few other matters. I will not be long. Perhaps you will be glad of a chance to concentrate on your list."

He went away, and Wilfreda wandered about the court and looked in at the doors which were standing open. She felt the freshness of the uncluttered rooms which had evidently just been put in perfect order. The floors were of stone; the white plaster walls reached to open rafters. There were chests of plain dark wood and wardrobes of homely solid shapes with hinges and locks set in perfect rounds of plain brass. Slender-legged tables were flanked by straight-backed chairs; the patterns in the lattices differed in each room and gave a touch of delicacy to the prevailing austerity.

WILFREDA sank down upon the stone step to the east room which she intended for her own use, and felt the soft grayness of the day, and the green silence of the court creating an utter peacefulness within her. Living here would be primitive, as Wang Wei-Chou had pointed out. All food must be cooked on a charcoal brazier and carried to Jane, who must not be subjected to the fumes of the open stoves. It would probably tax her ingenuity to deal with sanitation. She added disinfectants to her list which now included dishes, basins, pails, a chair with cushions for Jane . . . and then she paused, wondering how she would contrive to pay for what she had already put down. Inflation prices were cruelly impossible. Then she recalled a supply of sulfa drugs which Michael Chambers had sent with her in case they might be of use for Jane, and decided that the hospital might barter the drugs for what she needed. She wondered how many tablets of sulfa she would have to pay for ten bars of laundry soap.

She put the notebook away and walked across the *chai* which was to be the living-dining room to the covered gallery built across its south windows and extending arm on the west side of the pool, which g the whole arrangement an air of the grea privacy. It would serve the added pur of space for promenades in the wet weat which was so persistent in Szechwan fronted on the pool, edged with nat stones and surrounded with cupping l which shut the *chai* into its isolation silence.

Her thoughts reverted to the refugee wo in which both she and Jane had been mersed, and from which it seemed incred that they were now to be released. It was believable that the serene beauty of place could exist on the same planet w wartime China. For Jane, the garden wo mean not deliverance but only respite. whatever respite was possible, Jane sho have.

When Wang Wei-Chou returned, Wilfr followed him back through the garden pa without question or comment. But as t passed the rock pile, she raised her eyes noticed that two sticks of incense were sm ing in the little clay bowl on the ledge.

LAO CH'I and Lao Pa brought Jane to River Garden. They carried her on a bam stretcher which had a blue cotton awnin hide her from the public eyes. Wang W. Chou walked by her side the whole w Wilfreda was in the rear with rickshas loa with her purchases, under the superinte ence of Shang Shih, who was faithf carrying out his master's directions w regard to the *"shih m"* as he phrased "teac mother." At the gate, Sh Ma opened to them, as the stretcher went ward into the green pa Wilfreda saw two ye butterflies, unusual in e and in intensity of c that made her think crusted gold. The gorgeous pair went p ing about Jane's stretcher, hovering ove and going along with it with flourishe shining wings. She spoke to the old serv

"Shang Shih, do you see those yellow terflies? What do you call them?"

The old man seemed to experience sa faction and relief. "We call them the Gol Ones. They come every year."

"Do you have many Golden Ones?"

"We have only these two."

On the stretcher, Jane raised herself f a moment to look out into the green sile "Ah," she said softly as she sank d again. "This is a green-gray Chinese gar I shall be better here."

To Shang Ma the gateman gave his v upon the new arrival. "The Golden C have returned. They followed the *shih u* and even rested upon her curtains. It is tain that good fortune has entered our g with her. It must be that she is a *sheng je* a holy person."

The morning after he had brought Jar the River Garden, Wang Wei-Chou arr at the door in the white wall of the court of the San Yu Chai, and paused before ing to be admitted. Inside he could Shang Ma in conversation with Wilfred

"And what is the age of the *shih mu?* Forty-seven? Even though she is so thin weak she doesn't look it. Are her parents ing? . . . Oh—they have left this w Ayah! Brothers and sisters how many? None? The *shih mu* is alone, then. A pity great pity."

Jane's host knocked, and when Shang opened to him, dismissed her. She depa to recount to Shang Shih the information had gleaned and her master entered court.

"Do you find you can talk with the s ants without difficulty?" he asked freda.

"They seem to understand my poor M darin," said Wilfreda. "At least well enc to provide the simple things I ask for."

"Szechwanese is a form of Mandar said Wang. "If you are ever in difficul Master Yuan will help you out."

(Continued on Page 144)

We dream sometimes that we could do much better with our life if we really tried, and the fact is we could.
William Feather Magazine.

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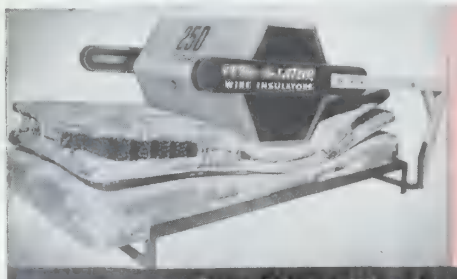
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(Continued from Page 142)

He saw Jane on her cot under the pines. Faint sunlight was filtering through clouds, and little touches of it lay like golden straws on the blue blanket in which she was wrapped. She greeted him happily.

"Good morning, Wei-Chou. You see I am already living out-of-doors."

He bowed, and noted that the nurse as well as the patient seemed the better for the removal from Huai Yuen. Wilfreda had lost the abstraction and the tenseness he had remarked in her during their first visit.

"You had a good night?" he asked, sitting down and placing a finger on Jane's pulse.

"Deep, quiet sleep, thanks to you—the greatest gift you ever gave anyone, I do believe."

"Not to be compared to the debt a student owes his teacher," said the young Chinese. "I shall go away happy that you are a little better already."

The content in Jane's eyes clouded a little. "You are going away?"

"This morning I join Doctor Hartshorn as he comes out in the hospital jeep. He will drive me to the air base, which you know is nearby, whence I have a chance to fly to Chungking."

"When will you come again?"

"It is not possible to say."

Jane sighed. "I suppose it is inevitable. My consolation is that your part in this war is the relief of suffering. You see, you have already relieved it for me."

"I wish I could keep all suffering away from you, Teacher Jane."

He spoke with such feeling that she looked up at him with a brightness in her face which he was long to remember.

"Thank you for that good wish. But you and I know what lies before Brother Ass. The thing to remember is that he is not of the first importance. I hope you don't confuse Brother Ass with me myself."

The other hesitated. "I am a doctor," he reminded her. "Brother Ass is my business."

Jane smiled. "But 'I am not contained between my hat and my boots,'" she quoted. 'Didn't I teach you that?"

"You are still teaching it," he answered. "And I am still trying to learn."

She put her hand on his arm and spoke almost shyly. "I can't tell you how it touches me to have you come back to me so kindly, so generously . . . after so many years."

"I have never been away from you."

He saw the tears in her eyes and she saw his fear that he had overtaxed her strength. As he made a movement to rise she detained him.

"Before you go," she said, "one question more. Do you know anything about Willow?"

THE name brought memories to them both of the young beauty, the indomitable will, the passion of rebellion in one of the most powerful natures either had ever known.

"Willow?" said Wang Wei-Chou. "I have never seen her since we were your students in the north—it must be eleven years ago. You must know more about her than I do."

"I did hear from her at long intervals until I came to West China," Jane answered. "She was always in political hot water, and once was in a Kuomintang jail. I have heard rumors that she is here in West China—still an underground communist agent. You haven't any word at all?"

He shook his head. "After graduation we went different ways. We never agreed in the least, you know, in spite of ——" He stopped and then went on: "I was already committed to working in medicine. I was going into Public Health after I got my M.D. But of course her philosophy scorned anything short of revolution. Also, I am—as her father and all her ancestors were—a landlord which to her is wickedness. We said good-by and have never kept in touch."

"I knew that," said Jane, "from asking her about you. If she should ever come to me here—if she should seek asylum with me, what shall I do?"

At this he smiled. "My dear Teacher Jane," he said, "when I brought you to the garden, I knew that you could not be expected to remain in it alone. I shall give Shang Shih orders that he is to admit anyone who visits you and to consider your orders as my own. And now I think you have talked enough."

SHE did not protest, but as he rose she said quietly, "Try to come to me once again if you can, before Brother Ass collapses. Always remember my gratitude. You are very dear to me."

He bent over her and took both hands in his. "I am your son."

When the sound of his steps had died away, Jane lay still and closed her eyes. Hours passed before she stirred again, but she was not asleep. Her senses made a harmony of the sun's warmth on her body, of the pure air on her face, of the freshness of plants and the winging of birds. Her spirit rejoiced in the compassion which had wrapped her around. Words dropped away from her mind; but with her whole consciousness she drank in that mercy and gave back pure praise.

Wilfreda had waited outside the gate for Wang Wei-Chou, and when he appeared she walked with him toward the entrance to the garden. Each confirmed the other in finding Jane already benefited.

"But it's temporary," said Wang. "And it is clear that she knows it."

"Oh, yes, she knows," said Wilfreda. "How long, should you think ——"

"Doctor Hartshorn believes not more than three months."

When he was gone Wilfreda returned to Jane. She looked in upon her and, observing her deep repose, decided not to disturb her. In order to be on hand when Doctor Hartshorn arrived she went back to the garden entrance, and when Shang Shih invited her into his gatehouse she looked at the turquoise gates inquisitively.

"May I go in there?" she asked.

"It is permitted," said the gatemaster. "There is a place where the *hu shih* may sit and wait."

He opened the nearer of the twin gates and Wilfreda passed into a spacious court with buildings larger and more formal than anything she had seen in the garden. Each had its name board, and she amused herself with attempting to read their characters. A hall opposite her on the north had a loft roof and stood on a stone plinth over which its spreading eaves cast deep shadow. This was "Inviting the Pleasures." Shang Shih attacked its oblong lock, and the tall doors, heavy with carving, swung open. Inside were great empty spaces with ceremonial chairs set on either side of ponderous tables.

"The *hu shih* may await the *tai fu* here," the old man suggested, using his formal terms for nurse and doctor.

Doctor Hartshorn found her there when Shang Shih ushered him in from his jeep. He carried a wicker basket and at once set about unpacking a lunch. "They gave me some coffee and sandwiches at the airfield," he announced. "Brought some along for you. How are you two women going to manage about food?" He cast a shrewd glance at Wilfreda's thin shoulders and at the sharp point of her elbow in its cotton sleeve.

NEXT MONTH

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Complete in the October JOURNAL



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"Oh, we'll manage." Wilfreda spoke absently, and gratefully accepted a sandwich. "You have known Doctor Wang a long time?"

"All his life. His family was the first to have any truck with our mission. They were Christian long before I came."

"Christian?" Wilfreda was surprised.

"Why not? There've been Christians in China for more than a hundred years. I saw the boy married in this very hall."

"How long ago was that?"

"Let me see. A good ten years ago—maybe more. It was when he came back from the north where he did his university work. Soon afterward he went away again for his medical training."

"I think Doctor Wang mentioned that now there is only his son? And his old mother?"

"His wife died when the child was born," said Hartshorn. "She was a delicate little thing. Odd the old mother hasn't made him marry again. One grandson wouldn't be according to her notions of things."

Wilfreda took a sip of coffee and the doctor noted hollows in her cheeks under the prominent bones. He shifted the topic abruptly.

"What about your eating? You can't bake, I suppose? No bread?"

"We can slice Chinese *mant'ou* and toast it." Wilfreda finished her sandwich. "Fortunately, Jane isn't hungry. She likes her cabbage soup and her rice gruel. She craves oranges and I can get those. As for me, I can eat dough strings and vegetables."

HARTSHORN brought a package of paper money, tied up with string, out of his raincoat pocket. "Here's what's left of Jane's last remittance," he said. "When she went into the hospital I took charge of her affairs. I've done the best I could and the hospital bill can wait, but not the drug account. She's had to have expensive sedatives."

Wilfreda took the money and counted it. "How long must this last?" she asked.

"That's the difficulty. Nobody knows. Of course," he added, "if and when it's all gone, we'll manage to carry her, somehow. Her mission will make it good eventually, we know. But we're all living on uncertainties. I needn't tell you that," he broke off.

"Don't worry," said Wilfreda. "We'll manage."

"Mind, I'll be keeping an eye on you. Now we'll go and check the patient."

As the doctor made his examination of Jane he entertained her with accounts of the air base he had just visited.

"Extraordinary sight. Got a landing field and a runway in operation, but lots of coolies swarm around doing things with their wicker baskets. The whole place is ugliness and noise and strain—not like this place of yours, where there doesn't seem to be a war. . . . Well, young woman, you are in better shape than I've found you for some time. Just as a reward of merit, here's a letter for you."

Jane held it out to Wilfreda. "From Stephen Purcell," she said. "Such a nice boy and such a vile penman."

"Read it to her," said the doctor. "It's probably good medicine." Nodding, he took his departure.

Wilfreda settled down on the stool by Jane's cot, and began to read:

"Chez Bishop's Palace (two mat sheds, villainously untidy and hellishly hot).

"That girl hasn't written me for six months, and she promised me a letter every two weeks. I wish I could forget her, and I have tried, but it's no use. Nobody but Daisy will do for me, and what do you think are my chances? Tell me the truth. You knew her in childhood. What a miserable existence she had—dragged around the world by a missionary parent so full of programs and committees she couldn't take time for the kid. And then the mother crushed under tragedy—husband dying suddenly, mother dry-eyed, never indulging her grief, so it ate her alive. Oh, I've brooded over that childhood you once painted for me. No wonder

(Continued on Page 147)



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(Continued from Page 145)

D.s afraid of love—any kind of love; she kn's it can give you hell and she isn't ha g any. That's why I'll stand for any- thi she does—God knows it's a stiff assign- me

ane, is there any chance at all? Do you th she's off me because I'm a C.O.? Th's the only way in which I won't change, ev for her. I want to find out what you re think about us two, and I'll be driving up ver the road before long.

nd how are you? I hear, from the bis op, ailing.

won't be leaving here before you could ge letter to me.

"Ever yours,
"STEPHEN."

ilfreda looked up as she came to the end ar found that Jane had risen on her elbow as ie lay on her cot, and was listening with sr ing attention.

Here, here," the nurse said gently. "Lie d n again."

ane relaxed obediently. "Stephen always s me good. I can't think why Daisy blows h and then cold, as she does."

She sounds like a little baggage," said freda, putting the letter in its envelope, "d Stephen is the salt of the earth, I sup- e. A Quaker?"

Oh, yes; for generations. As for Daisy, e loved her all her life—at least whenever I aven't been furious with her," and Jane s ed.

PEI-NI was putting on his tie. He was a g geous creature for the dingy room in vich he stood. It was cracked from bomb- i , and dirty from lack of care. The window s simply an opening into the murk of Chungking. The furnishing consisted of a oden bedframe laced with string, on which single heavy quilt lay in disorder. Under- ath this bed were two suitcases, made of ut materials, and each of them had two ks.

But the occupant of this apartment wore estern clothes. His coat and trousers atched. His shoes were new, and heavy ough to clump importantly. His tie, a ady-made bowknot, which fastened be- nd, was blue with white dots, and on the nd adjusting it were a large green jade ng and a bracelet watch.

Li took a final squint into the narrow irror. He approved his square jaw, and assed his hand over his black hair which ad reddish glints and a slight wave in it. hen he stuffed the quilt into one of the ases, locked it and chained it to a staple the single solid timber in the room, since the remainder of the wall surface was mud, daubed on woven bamboo. He picked up his hat and went out, snapping two locks of American make upon his flimsy door. His precautions were usual in the Chungking of those days. To lose his one quilt, or any of his clothing, would be a major disaster.

HE had not eaten that morning, and as he passed down the street to his usual food shop he stopped to buy a copy of the newspaper he read each day. He did not choose a restaurant, but patronized a sort of shed open to the street where the cooking was done in plain sight. He sat down on a two-inch bench at a rickety table near the stove in which a shallow pan set over a charcoal fire was sending up a cloud of steam from noodles boiling with a few scraps of pork and a selection of green vegetables. A shopboy several degrees dirtier than the average citizen brought him a dish of salted shreds of turnip and a pair of wooden chopsticks. Li took notice that the other customers were two ricksha coolies seated on the other side of the stove. He opened his paper and began to read.

The shopboy brought a dark gray bowl filled with slippery lengths of coarse dough strings and received his money. Li began to eat without ceasing to read. Presently he opened his sheet to its complete size and found, as he had expected, a strip of paper slipped between the sheets with a few characters written on it. The message was brief:

Proceed to Huai Yuen and take over forwarding of reports from air base. Establish relations with a missionary, Jane Breasted, and pick up information relative to her cousin Robert Trent, just arrived in OSS in Chungking. If possible, get B to recommend you to T for a job.

Li bent over his bowl and drew in the hot food with audible gurgling and hissing, and at the same time swallowed the thin strip of paper, which went down without difficulty. He finished his breakfast and called for some tea. Then he lighted a cigarette, and appeared to devote himself to the business of leisurely digestion. As he watched the curling smoke, he entered another time and place.

Before the Japanese invasion. Many years before. A bright little house in Harbin, melting pot of many racial strains from East and West. Two little boys playing noisily all day, and when bedtime came, listening to their mother's stories. She was slender and energetic, with yellow braids around her head, and fresh color and brave blue eyes. She told her boys about her home in Scotland, about her poverty there, and how she had a cousin, an engineer on the river steamers of the Sungari, who got her a chance to "come out east" as nursemaid to a British merchant



"Now look, I believed you when you said my shot was out."

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Girl's slipover vest.
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Girl's panty.
2-way-stretch, double panel front and back.
Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8.

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Fine gauge super yarn, elastic waist, rib cuff leg.
Sizes 6 to 16.

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Sizes 2 to 16.

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Medium weight, elastic waist, fly front.
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family. Fine people they were, and she earned a good wage. But then they left the Far East and she kept house for the engineer cousin. That was lonely. He was always away, and she needed company. So it was she met their Korean father, and married him, and the two of them were born. One boy looked like Scotland and the other like Korea.

The two boys were still very small when the father died. The mother became the breadwinner. She was housekeeper to an irascible fellow countryman of dubious reputation. He permitted the boys to live with their mother, and for that reason she bore with his temper, but the hard lot of the Eurasian began for Pei-Ni and his brother. They went to a mission school where there were pupils of many races, but among them all there never seemed to be friends for "Benny" and "Bobbie." At home the old Scotsman swore and growled at the woman who did for him. Finally in a school squabble, another boy shouted the inevitable gossip at her sons. Benny could still see his elder brother's face, white as a sheet, fixed as ice when those words hurtled into his ears. The boys were sixteen and fourteen. They never told their mother, but they began to beg her to leave the old reprobate. Her reply never changed: "We cannot leave yet. We have no money and no place to go. You must get your schooling, and we must wait until you can earn."

But the waiting was too long for the elder son. Benny remembered the summer when he grew stranger and stranger. Then one day he went bathing in the river. It was an accident that he was drowned, they told his mother, but Benny knew. And he thought his mother knew too. That was when he was fifteen, and he vowed it should be his last year at school. It was the first year for "Teacher Jane." She had seemed drawn to the boy who looked like an Oriental but talked English with a slight Scotch accent. She wanted to know Benny's mother. She seemed quite unaware that no other white women went to see the Scotsman's housekeeper.

And so it happened that when his mother fell ill, and felt her last hour approaching, she asked for Jane. When the funeral was over, the old Scotsman sent for Benny.

"You'll not be staying longer in my house," he announced. "And I've a final word for you. Your mother was a good woman, but her marriage was her mistake, and you'll be to suffer for it. There's but one way for such as you. Get money, if you can. There's no other power or protection for you."

MANY years ago. The few months he had known Jane had almost been forgotten in the welter of experiences since. The struggle to find employment, the dislike for his mixed blood. The sharpening of wits to make a try at different jobs, all menial, all humiliating, but also the discovery that he was clever—capable of more than one method of making his way. Then the flooding in of the Japanese.

Well, Benny had seen his chance. He was set hard and evil tasks, but when he was found to be intelligent, he was paid more than anyone had ever paid him, and Benny had long ago decided that he could not afford to be particular. Someday he would end his bondage. Someday he would get away, perhaps to Australia, or New Zealand, and know security at last.

Now he was set to make use of Jane Breasted, who had been good to his mother. Well, no harm could be intended to her. Benny shrugged, dropped the butt of his cigarette under the table, and went to take a bus to Huai Yuen.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Moon in the Morning

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Like a hornet's nest
With the swarm gone,
A frail moon hangs from
A limb of dawn,

Only a dry husk
Of silver gray
Since the last winged star
Flew far away!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Jane Breasted to Robert Trent:

So you want me to write to you, and are w ing to answer any questions about your which I may choose to ask? My dear cou indefinitely removed, aren't you a little ra Suppose I inquired whether you are bald a have a thick neck? And then suppose you manded of me whether I have wrinkles a wear spectacles? You must agree that such a ginning would spoil everything! Let us lea some matters to conjecture. . . . You demand be instructed about China. There is a gr friend of mine in Chungking who is deep learned and can discourse on things Chin much better than I can. His name is Bar Manners, and he's attached to the embassy. see him.

I should have replied to you sooner, but I' been occupied in moving to a new place. I'm the Wang Family Garden. We are not far fro the new air base, and late in the afternoon often hear the thunder of the planes going somewhere. So I know there is a war on; I a not allowed to forget it.

Give my greetings to Daisy Fairchild. Sh has not seen me for a great many years, so yo can't check up on whether I have wrinkles an wear glasses through her.

J. B.

Dr. Barry Manners to Jane Breasted:

You will be surprised to learn that I have a rived here in a capacity which I am not a liberty to discuss. Sometime I hope to be flyin to Huai Yuen, where I sha see you.

Have you been able t continue our investigation Chinese gardens?

By the way, I congrat ulate you upon the publi cation of your monograp by The Council of Learne Societies. Very useful ma terial it is. I cite some of i in my forthcoming book t be published after the war, i I can get it subsidized.

Our Chinese garden i Chinese culture in miniature If anything of its serenity its beauty could be breathed into the West, what a heal ing influence it could be!

What am I doing at the moment? Betraying my faith and busying myself in a brutal war, when my proper business is in a well-appointed library.

What are you doing? Let me have a line to tell me whether there is a chance for one of our garden expeditions.

As ever,

B. M.

From the Journal of Wilfreda Grayson:

We have been nearly two weeks now in the Garden and Jane is a different person. We pursued the even tenor of our ways until yesterday, when there was a slight interruption. During the siesta hour Shang Shih called me out and said there was a young Chinese asking for Jane—said he used to be her student. I went to the Mirror Pavilion, and found a Eurasian there. He was well dressed in Western clothes—in fact, rather gaudy. He looked distinctly disappointed when I explained that Jane was recovering from an illness and was not able to receive her friends. He asked if he might come back later, and I agreed that he might try in another ten days.

But I am really worried that we shall have a spate of visitors who cannot be sent off so easily. All the people who write to her seem determined to come and see her. Major Trent speaks of flying across from the capital—which takes only forty-five minutes—and Doctor Manners wants to see this garden, for Jane has sent him an account of it. Of course she gives these people no hint of the real situation and talks as if she had a normal life span before her. I marvel that she can care about such things as the affairs of other folk, and Chinese garden architecture!

Jack Fernald stood outside his tent on the isolated air base in the foothills of the Snow Mountains of West China. In India, he and his mates had been keen to get on to China. Now, in China, they all wished they hadn't been rushed out of India so fast. They were sitting under the Himalayas with no missions to fly, and no place to go when they got leave. The morale of the whole bunch was cracking up.

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A coolie servant appeared at the door of the next tent, with his arms full of GI washing. Jack watched him padding off down the row of shelters toward the service quarters, and his thoughts took another turn.

He was mighty leery of slopies. No security possible with the place full of those silent eyes. The slopies worked hard, all right, but they were a bunch of chiselers and wouldn't be sorry to see the GI's rubbed out—that was what he'd decided about them . . . And the Japs had found out that the B29's were in. They probably knew the fighter protection hadn't arrived yet. Now all he, Jack, had to do was to think about the Japs and the stories about what happens when you get shot down behind their lines.

He was going to get killed.

That was it—that was what was in the back of his mind . . . of everybody's mind. His head was bursting—all mixed up. He couldn't talk to a soul; he couldn't take it any longer.

Fernald began walking down the field in the opposite direction from that which the coolie had taken. The road which had been built from Huai Yuen to the field entered the base at a point in plain sight, and he could see the sentry on duty.

He was going out of here. He was going AWOL. They might try to stop him, but he didn't care. He was going to get killed. Might as well be now, as under Jap torture. Yes, he was a coward, so what? He was going AWOL.

Somebody was shouting at him. Somebody came up behind him. He wheeled about and spoke: "Look, you. I'm going to be by myself. If you bother me I'll shoot you first and myself afterward. Now, get going."

Somebody else seemed to arrive. He heard voices: "Let him go." . . . "He won't get far. The medics will handle him." . . . "He's been queer for a week." So he walked off into space.

He didn't notice much outside his own head at first. But by and by the disturbance and the confusions quieted a little. He was striding along a path off the main road that led to the base. It skirted the fields of rape all in bloom like great squares of gold pasted on the gray countryside. There was gray sky and no sun.

He did not notice how long he walked. If he saw people he kept away from them, but there were only a few peasants laboring, face downward to the earth. Then he found his path was running beside a high wall. Inside the wall he became aware of tremendous tall trees. He noticed their shade because it seemed queer to find so many all at once.

He walked on. He went around corners of the wall—three of them. He wondered why the place was so big. He began to think how he could get inside that wall . . . up into those trees. The medics, he figured, would have a hard time catching him if they had to shin up such big trees.

He came to a door, and stopped. It seemed an unused door. It was double-leaved, with cracks in it so that he could make out a big bar going right across it inside. There was a stone lintel, and the top of the wall was not out of arm's reach from that projection. Soon he was astride, looking over on the other side.

There wasn't much to see, except some irregular rises of ground that went along in a wavy line inside the straight line of wall. The big trees grew on them, and on the ground lower down, too, and presently he saw a footpath, so he got himself over on the path, and walked along there. He was getting curious.

Soon he found steps cut in the slope and faced with bricks. They led down to a wider path below; he descended and followed that. It took him to a flat bridge of rough gray stone, standing over a current of water. Then he came to another wall. This was on the other side of the stream, and only as high as his head. He could jump the little channel, and when he saw an opening in the wall he did. He had to stoop a little as he went through.

He found himself standing under a roof carried on pillars. There was a house—or a

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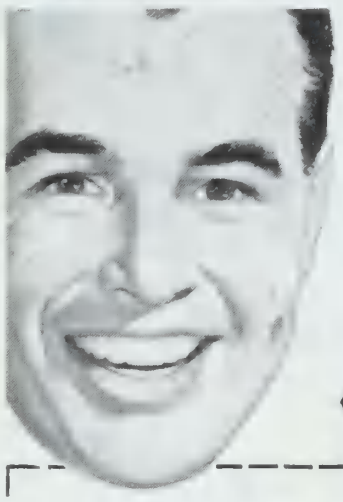
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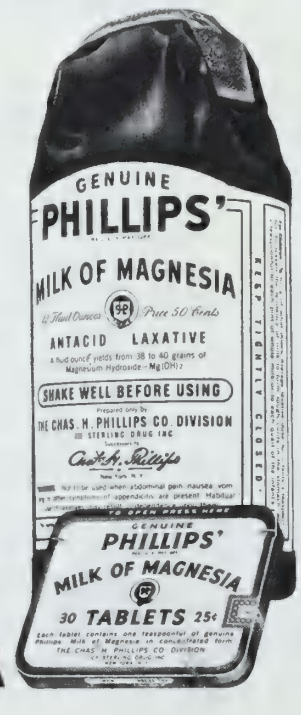
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sort of room, mostly paper-backed lattice—to his right. To his left was more roof carried on more pillars, and space and greenness.

Then a voice said, "Hello, there."

The voice was quiet, but he started violently. He saw a big chair, and in it, done up in something blue, was a small pointed face looking at him.

"Hello, there," said the voice again.

Fernald stared and stammered hello. At last he remembered something about manners and brought out, "I beg your pardon."

"Pardon? For what?" said the quiet voice.

"I didn't know anyone was here," said Fernald.

"No," said the voice. "Of course not. I haven't been here very long myself." Then the eyes shut, the face went dreadfully white, and he saw that it was in pain.

"Can I do anything? Shall I go away?"

But the woman in the chair opened her eyes again and said, "Don't go. Sit down."

She pointed toward a flat rock in the ground nearby, and Fernald sat down. He saw that there was a little pool in front of the house, partly surrounded by the roofed gallery. The pool, the house and the gallery lay in a cup of miniature hills, and there were dwarf pine trees, and bamboos and fruit trees in blossom all about him. The air was spring-warm, and gentle in its grayness.

Soon the woman in the chair spoke again. "The pain is gone now."

Fernald turned his eyes toward her cautiously. "It was mighty bad, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It comes, but it goes again. I wouldn't have spoken about it, but you saw it. Perhaps you and I are in the same boat?"

Fernald wondered what she could mean. "How can we be in the same boat?"

"We are both facing death, aren't we? I see by your uniform that you are a pilot; you see that I am ill and can't recover. We both face death, and we can speak of it to each other."

He never afterward could quite sort out what happened to him next. He knew there came a sound of a tearing sob, and all the confusion and anguish seethed up within him to a bursting point. He found himself down beside the chair with his head in the folds of the blanket, and time stopped.

When he could think again, there was relief. The confusion was gone. The strings of his eyeballs did not pull.

"That's better," she said. "What's your name? Mine's Jane."

He mumbled his name and tried to rise to his feet, but she put her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't get up," she said. "Turn round, and lean your head back and be quiet."

He obeyed her, fumbling for his handkerchief and overwhelmed with embarrassment as self-consciousness reasserted itself. Then he heard her say in most matter-of-fact tones:

"Blow your nose, and don't mind about me."

She had arranged matters so that he did not need to meet her eyes, and he sat staring out into quiet greenness and at smooth water which stood still and received the long green shadows of the trees upon its banks. Finally he turned and looked up at Jane. He found her gazing into distance, and her lips, though not smiling, seemed about to smile. As he moved she brought her eyes to dwell upon him and he felt a lingering, seeking quality in her look.

"How did you get into the garden?" she wanted to know.

"Is that what this is?"

"Of course. It is a Chinese garden, and a very beautiful one."

"I came in over the wall. I suppose I shouldn't."

George Bernard Shaw was always apt with the turn of a phrase. It took him so long to decide to marry that when he finally deserted the ranks of the bachelors he was deluged with queries on his opinion of matrimony. He polished off a pat answer which became his stock reply, and which he used through the many ensuing years as his definition of marriage: "I might say that it is like Freemasonry; those who are not received into the order cannot talk about it and those who are members are pledged to eternal silence."

"You weren't quite yourself."

"I was going nuts. And when you spoke . . . I went to pieces. But now I'm O.K. I don't know what's happened to me."

"You might talk a little," Jane suggested. "It's one good way to figure things out."

"Talk? What's the good of talking?"

"It seemed to do some good a few minutes ago."

He thought this over. "Yes," he said. "I was all mixed up. Now I'm O.K., but what's to prevent me going haywire again when I get back to the base?" He put his head between his hands broodingly, and now felt Jane's fingers lightly in his hair.

"I don't think you'll go nuts any more," she said.

"You don't? A fat lot ——" He stopped.

"Yes. To other people you could say 'A fat lot you know about it.' But you can't say that to me. I do know."

He pulled himself out of his brooding and looked at her. "Say, you told me you would get well. Are you sure?"

"As sure as my doctors and my closest friends are. They think it may be about three months now."

"And you think so yourself?"

"I think so myself."

He continued to turn this over in his mind. Then he looked up again. "Say, what's the matter with you?

She told him, and he drew a sharp breath.

"God! They say it's awful. It's the worst —— Can't they do anything about it?"

"Oh, yes, they can do a great deal. I may in three months I suspect I shan't need help any more. And it will be all right."

"It's all right," he repeated. "You can't go nuts. You just sit still and say it's all right."

She was silent a while, and the short sentences with the pauses between recurred.

"You haven't got a chance. . . . You've got to go that way. . . . Hell, what have I got to crab about? I've got some chance, have I? I've got the best damned outfit in the service behind me. If you're not scared I don't have to be."

"You don't have to be. At the base or anywhere else."

There was silence again, and he noticed that Jane relaxed in her chair as if something had been settled. Presently he looked around again.

"You told me your name. You're Jane. But—but who in hell are you, anyway?" He stopped suddenly. There was a dimple playing hide-and-seek with the corner of Jane's mouth. "Oh," he said in dismay, "I bet you're ——"

"Yes?" she prompted. "One of those missionaries. Yes, I am."

Jack looked at her reproachfully. "I hope you don't think I mind," he said earnestly. He got to his feet.

"Sit down," she commanded, and he sat. "Did you think I would preach you a sermon? I'm not a preaching missionary. I find there are some things that don't go into words; and I belong to the Quakers, who have a great fondness for silence."

At this point an old slopy came shuffling into the veranda, and after Jane had listened to what he said she turned to Fernald.

"Your friends are here, looking for you."

Jack remembered that there were such things as medics and AWOL regulations, but as he got slowly to his feet he felt able to cope with them.

"Jane," he began, "there's two things I've got to ask. What's your last name? And may I come again?"

"My name is Breasted. Will the authorities at the base encourage you to come?"

"They'd better." Leaning over, he kissed her hands and then her cheek. "I'll be back."

(Continued on Page 152)

BUY-LINES • by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



A BRIGHT NOTE to your breakfasts . . . a your family will sing your praises all d long. What do I mean by a bright n ? Why, tall, sparkling glasses of D L MONTE Unsweetened Pineapple J e . . . for it puts sunshine in your life, s ngtime in your heart. In fact, I call it a rink of tropic magic . . . because L L MONTE'S exclusive strains of pine- a le have true tropic flavor and are p ked only when natural tartness and s etness are in perfect balance. That's y y it's not too tart and not too sweet . . . t most refreshing pineapple juice you e r tasted. But don't take my word for it . . compare DEL MONTE Pineapple J ce with any other brand and you'll s . Abounds in natural fruit sugars and o contains Vitamin C . . . yet is so-o-o o nomical. So don't serve it just at e akfast . . . add its sunny beauty d festive flavor to other meals and a cks, too.

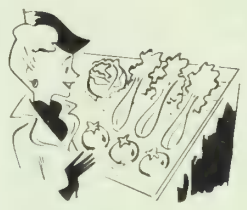
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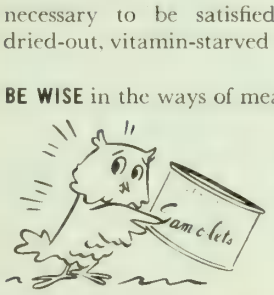
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(Continued from Page 150)

Just as soon as I can fix it up—in a few days if I have luck."

"You'll be having luck," said Jane, "from now on."

He left her and followed Shang Shih along the garden paths.

"This chair," said Jane, "cost me five hundred dollars two years ago. How much do you think we could get for it now?"

Wilfreda looked over at her friend, who was enjoying her afternoon hour out of bed. She was established in a wicker chair which was low and the back of which was a wide curve, against which Jane in her blanket looked not unlike the body of a peacock against the spread of the tail.

"What makes you think of selling?" the nurse asked.

"Because we need some extra cash, don't we? I can see your forehead pucker into a knot every time Shang Ma comes to you for the vegetable money."

"You are too weak to sit on stools with no backs, or to perch on the chairs which are so high and stiff. We will not part with the peacock chair."

"It was sheer worldliness which made me buy it," Jane confided. "Two years ago five hundred dollars was about one dollar in American money. . . . However, if you don't sell this, we must think of something else."

"I don't see that you have anything to spare."

"Take my underwear," Jane suggested after a moment of reflection. "Good wool commands a price, even if it is worn and darned. Mine was Dr. Eleazar Humphry's best. When he was obliged to leave for the States, I made all the other single ladies very mad by getting him to sell to me. He was rather stout, although not much taller than I, and it's always prevented my having anything like a *spirituelle* figure in winter. So take it. Brother Ass won't be needing his winter things again, you know."

"It isn't the season for selling wool," said Freda. "But I will go into Huai Yuen before long, and I'll visit the hock shop."

Jane leaned back contentedly. The quietness spread before her eyes like the quietness which floated in at her ears, and reached deep into her being. She was soothed into renewed strength. Surely she would be able, before long, to go about outside the San Yu Chai.

"Freda," she began, "did you ever come across Master Yuan again, after the day you met him with Wang Wei-Chou?"

"Never. I've often wondered why he doesn't come to inquire about you."

"Oh, that would not be good manners. In China, in the old days, a well-bred woman asked only one courtesy from a man—that of being left completely to herself. If she was modest, she could not endure the suggestion of having the slightest interest in anyone outside the family circle. Therefore Master Yuan keeps to his side of the garden, and presumes that I wish to keep to mine."

"But you don't?"

"No. I'm not a refined Chinese lady. I'm a Westerner who wishes to talk with Master Yuan about a thousand things. So I shall be bold-faced and send him a note. Could you bring me writing materials, Freda?"

"I never learned to write Chinese," sighed the nurse as she fetched Jane's portfolio.

JANE'S dimple showed for a moment. "Master Yuan will hardly regard me as literate. My handwriting is laborious and uneven like a child's. But he will be able to make out what I mean."

She used her fountain pen and filled a few squares on her paper with very stout, definite-looking characters. She folded it and inscribed the scholar's name on the outside.

"When Shang Shih goes over with his evening rice, he can take this to Master Yuan and bring the answer."

"When are you asking him to come?"

Jane appeared shocked. "Of course I'm not asking him to come. I asked Master Yuan whether there would be some time the next week or two when he would al me to call upon him."

"Now, Jane! At least he can walk and y can't."

"Modify your statement, my dear. can walk; but he wouldn't want to w across the garden to call upon me. He wo be embarrassed; he wouldn't know what do about a lady in an invalid state. As me, let us say that just at present I do walk. However, by the time he is ready receive me, I shall be able; you'll see."

WHEN the reply came, Jane displayed with the pride of showmanship. "It's luc I know, to start with, what he's likely say. He uses an elaborate literary style, a his character is certainly very free. Le see . . . let's see." She studied the no "Um . . . um . . . yes; he will be glad to me whenever I wish to come. He is alwa in the library. A word to Shang Shih will sufficient."

"Doesn't sound like an exact translatio Wilfreda said.

"No," said Jane. "I can't read it all. T is our event for the day, isn't it? I prom not to walk over to the Library of Fo Delights until you give me leave. I belie that will be sooner than you think."

Jane's days of sitting up in the chair we followed by promenades in the gallery; so she was able to go to the Water Mir Pavilion and back. Wilfreda marveled at t increase of energy, and longed to believe t improvement was permanent. She put t inevitable out of her thoughts for the ti being, and she wondered if Jane were doing the same.

We all hope he is where we all know he ain't.

—Funeral sermon ascribed to Negro clergyman.

The visit to Mast Yuan was constantly d cussed. Freda was of t opinion that it would n do for so cloistered a sc to be confronted with t women at once. It was nally agreed that the ne time Wilfreda went to Huai Yuen, Ja should walk over very slowly, stopping rest at the Water Mirror Pavilion, and spe a morning hour in beginning her acquai ance with the old scholar. Shang Ma was be taken along as a precaution.

The shopping excursion required that W freda set off very early. She could sa ricksha fare by walking into the city, whi would take her about three hours. Comi back there would be things to carry, and s would ride.

The morning turned out to have shafts misty sunlight for Jane's encouragement, a by ten o'clock she was on her way wi Shang Ma. Her destination was near a rust bridge which spanned the watercourse und leaning trees. The Library of Four Deligh stood to the west and north. At first it w only a curved roof, lifting in the midst sheltering trees. But as Jane came neare she saw its ample proportions, under its de eaves, with all its windows open to the su mer air.

Master Yuan was expecting her. His da figure appeared on the path, where he sto bowing to receive her. Jane halted sever steps away to bow in return, and was the ushered into the house while she apologize for intruding, and was made ceremonious welcome. She was seated opposite the op door in a black wood chair the exact mate the one in which Master Yuan took his plac Shang Ma put cups of tea on the squa black table between them, and then retire outside the door.

Jane fervently hoped she acquitted herse without too many blunders while the intr ductory politenesses were going on. She to in the appearance of the room where the were sitting. It had a desk drawn near window, and there were cases on the wal for the books which were protected by the covers secured with ivory pegs in silke loops. She knew that before she left it would b proper for her to make a tour of the room ar admire the bronze curios, the porcelain jar the bits of jade carving which were place in their respective niches in cabinets pr pared to exhibit such treasures. But to beg

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with, she should drink tea and make general observations with as much repose as she, being from the nervous West, could manage.

She shifted to the subject of the garden. Could Master Yuan tell her something about the family history of the Wangs and their ownership of the garden? Did it go back many generations?

The scholar bowed and replied with a quotation from the classics. Jane caught the style but entirely missed the sense.

"Please, Master Yuan," she said, "this miserable person is a foolish woman from the West with no literary education. If Master Yuan would speak to her as to a child, it is more possible that this unworthy one would understand."

That the master agreed entirely with Jane's account of herself was clear even while he made a politely deprecating rejoinder; but then he did descend to a level of communication which she could follow.

"The ancestor of Wang Wei-Chou," said Master Yuan, "settled in Canton and became a merchant at the time when trade was opening between China and the West. The Wang family became rich and purchased land in many places. Such was the beauty of this place that they preferred it to all their other lands. The ancestral integrity of the Wang family has been great. The grandfather of Wang Wei-Chou, when a young man, passed the imperial examination and entered official life with high hopes. But he gave up his post when he discovered that he could not remain both an official and an honest man. When he returned to this garden he was visited by Wu Mei-Sun, an artist, who was his friend. He was not one of our great painters, of course," said Master Yuan. "But he was descended from Wu Chen, who was the best painter of bamboos in the Yuan dynasty, and he tried to follow in his ancestor's footsteps. He did a series of views of this garden. It is called The Bamboo Masterpiece of Wu Mei-Sun, and is a famous possession of the family." Her host went to a table where an album of pictures was lying open. He brought it to her, saying, "These paintings in my collection are also from the hand of Wu Mei-Sun."

THERE were eight landscapes bound in book leaves with covers of worn brocade. Each picture was in a different style of brushwork, and on each leaf were the red seals of the collector who had owned the paintings before Master Yuan. The old man talked about his treasures and their history, and as he talked Jane became aware that she was in the presence of a dedicated soul. It was his duty to go on being Yuan the Scholar in the face of Japanese atrocities and American B-29's. Provinces were overrun, and new weapons of destruction were planted in the shadow of the Himalayas; but the Scholar Yuan continued to practice calligraphy, write occasional poetry and examine paintings and ink slabs as his highest duty. Now he made a startling remark:

"You have some understanding of these paintings. Can you, perhaps, suggest how they might be sold?"

She was shocked by the sudden intrusion of his necessity. Only actual want could separate the lover from his beloved, the connoisseur from his treasures. She was careful not to change expression, and to keep her eyes on the picture before her.

"This should be in the hands of a lover of Chinese art," Jane said. "Would Yuan Hsien-Sheng regret if it passed to a foreigner?"

The old man gazed wistfully at his album, but he did not hesitate. "If one of your honorable friends is interested in such trifles, this might be added to his collection."

Jane thought of Stephen Purcell, and wondered if she could induce him to become a customer. But now she was obliged to close the book and to rise to go. "It is very beautiful," was all she could think of to say, and the courtesies of leave-taking put an end to embarrassment for the time being.

As she started back to her own quarters, Jane was conscious that she had done enough for that day. Shang Ma had lingered to wash

(Continued on Page 155)

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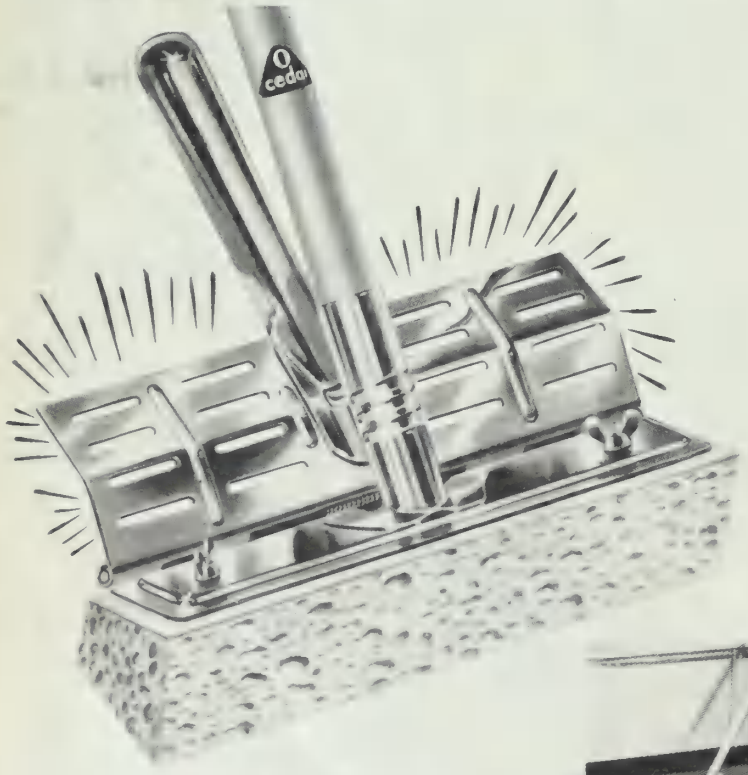
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(Continued from Page 153)

nd
and
sser
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He
her.
rib
away the teacups, and was not at
nen she felt exhaustion beginning to
self. She thought of stopping to wait
woman's appearance, but there was
renient seat.
At
is moment she saw Shang Shih turn
ner of the path, evidently in search of
gave her a visiting card with a line
ed on it:

D
ten
Teacher Jane . . . Do you remember
in Harbin, in Truth Hall days?

B
uic
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T
he
bo
oo
no
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nd
nit
h
ve
in
st
as
te
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th
ned to him that Jane's attention wan-
ded.
ny . . . of course, she must see him. She
ned her steps and, with Shang Shih
ing her, came within sight of the
Mirror Pavilion.
Eurasian had been looking out over
ke. As he heard her step, he swung
and came toward her.
ou do remember me?" he asked as he
er hand.
ou are much heavier, and very much
elegant," she told him, "but of course
ember you. Let us sit down while you
e what you have been doing."
h, refugeeing, just like everybody else,"
Benny as he took his place beside her.
hope you've not had as hard a time as
."
nny's response was a masterpiece. He
red strictly to facts in matters which
t conceivably come to Jane's ears
gh other channels. In the account of the
s when he had been out of her orbit, he
ated freely. He described his poverty and
ggles to better himself
a country school-
her; his adventures
successes as a news-
rman; and he con-
ed with the account
thrilling escape from
Japanese. But it

he came up with a question after a mo-
nt of silence. "So you are on a special as-
nment from your Chungking paper now.
you staying long in Huai Yuen?"
"A week or two. Then I may not be needed
longer, and I'll have to look for another
."
ane leaned her head against the pillar
ind her and wished that Wilfreda would
ne. Benny's voice seemed very far away.
"You know, Teacher Jane, I am hoping
haps you will help me get work."
There was quite a pause before he got an
swer. "Perhaps we can talk about that
en you come again."
There was a quick step behind him and
nny rose as another woman came into the
vilion.
"Freda," said Teacher Jane in a very
all voice, "this is Benny Li—an old stu-
nt of mine—who will stay to lunch."

ENNY scarcely understood how it was that
found himself strolling along the path to
e west of the lake, while the two women
nished somewhere behind the low hills to
e east. The person called Freda had slipped
r arm under Teacher Jane's shoulders and
oved off with her, at the same time waving
nny toward the opposite end of the
vilion. She made no explanation, but re-
arked over her shoulder that she would be
ck, and it was plain that Teacher Jane
uldn't. Benny continued in the direction
which he started, reflecting that he should
ve been more observant—something must
wrong.
He reached a point where he felt free from
servation. He plunged his hand into the
cket of his coat and brought out a roll of
inted matter about as thick and as long as
pencil. It was the daily newspaper which
ways contained his orders. He glanced at
for only a moment and swore heartily as
disposed of the message. He had received
sharp reprimand for delay in setting up the
oadcast service to Tokyo. American Intel-
gence had been so active that all former
annels were now impossible, and he was at
s wits' end to think what to do next. As he
llowed the path around the lake he began
to wonder whether this garden might not be a possibility for a few broadcasts.

When he reached the Water Mirror, he found Wilfreda there.

"I'm sorry," the nurse said, "and Miss Breasted is very distressed. But she has been ill, and is not yet quite strong."

"I should have realized that she was tired," Benny apologized.

Wilfreda was surprised. The visitor did not seem a sensitive type. "She hopes you will stay to lunch," she said.

"Thanks, but not this time." He turned toward the gate. "Please tell her I shall come again soon."

SHANG SHIH closed the gate upon Benny and went off to Shang Ma's kitchen for the old scholar's noonday meal. He opened a deep wicker basket and lifted from its compartment a pewter bowl which was made in the shape of a lotus flower. It was lined with crackleware porcelain, and in it he placed a frugal portion of rather inferior rice. The basket was provided with padding covered with faded silk, in which were spaces exactly shaped to keep hot the four shallow plates formed like lotus leaves, which made up a complete service for a Chinese meal. The gateman put a spoonful of cabbage prepared with one or two dried shrimps for flavor in one of these, and then poured into a slender winepot a mere thimbleful of hot wine. He adjusted the little covers with knobs of white jade over the two poor portions of food; and went to the Library of Four Delights where his master's old tutor was starving out the war. When he had arrived in Szechwan, he had money with him. But the war had gone on too long. Shang Shih had noted that the food given out to be cooked had grown less and less in quantity, and when he carried out orders to purchase supplies he was directed to get poorer and poorer quality.

Respectability is the dickey on the bosom of civilization. —ELBERT HUBBARD.

He presented himself in the library and set his basket on the floor. Master Yuan was sitting at the square table, and the pewter dishes and winepot were placed before him.

"Venerable Teacher, please eat."

The servant retired respectfully outside the door, to wait until the meal should be finished. He waited long, for today Scholar Yuan ate very slowly. He savored each grain of rice, and each morsel of cabbage.

"Shang Shih," he called.

The servant appeared at once.

"This is the last of the rice I have measured for you?"

"The last, Venerable Teacher."

"You may clear the table."

Shang Shih fitted the dishes and the wine jug into their compartments in the basket and said, "What will the Venerable Teacher eat this evening?"

"This evening I shall not eat."

The gateman departed, his faithful head concerned for Scholar Yuan. The latter sat very still for a long time. Next day he must break his habit of seclusion, venture into Huai Yuen, and find some way to turn some article into food. It was a more horrifying thought for the old man than the prospect of battle to a young soldier.

"You are Miss Grayson, aren't you?"

The driver leaned out as Wilfreda came to the side of the truck which had just stopped outside the gate.

"I'm Stephen Purcell," he went on, opening the door and climbing down to her. "Don't dream of shaking hands. I'm a mass of dirt. But I've got a letter for you from R Square, and I can tell you that he says to stay with Jane until he sends for you. How is she?"

"Much improved, though she still must rest a great deal. She is eager to see you."

Wilfreda moved toward the gate, but the newcomer stood looking about.

"I don't like leaving the truck outside," he said.

"I think there's another gate somewhere in the back. I'll ask."

Wilfreda turned to Shang Shih. The gateman had been making his own observations

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Guaranteed Permanently Moth-Proofed

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Yes, Castle Carpet Cushion is made by the makers of Ozite. Every modern technological improvement together with the skill of 85 years experience in the selection and blending of fine fibres guarantees a cushion which, in its price class, represents the finest quality, and the greatest value on the market today. Its history of many years of satisfactory service proclaims it the outstanding cushion in the medium price range, and a truly fitting companion for world famous Ozite.

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4. "My new General Electric Activator-Automatic spins clothes so thoroughly they actually feel fluffy-dry."

Spin-drying is most important. Unless rinse water is removed thoroughly, some dirt stays. The drier clothes are spun, the cleaner they are bound to be.



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WASHER

A wonderful wash can be yours just by setting a dial. Never needs oiling. Water-temperature Selector automatically mixes hot and cold water. No bolting. Porcelain top, tub, wash-basket; baked-enamel front, sides—ALL THESE—PLUS 21 OTHER GREAT FEATURES. *1-year written warranty on entire washer.*

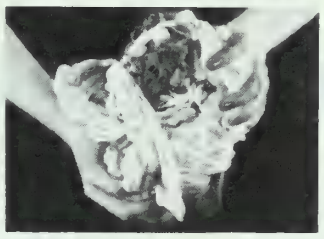
AND ALL YOU DO IS SET A DIAL

This washer is completely automatic; it washes, rinses, damp-dries your clothes, and shuts off—all by itself.

But you can re-set the dial to shorten or repeat any cycle.

And what a wonderful wash you'll take out of your new Activator-Automatic every time. How proud you'll be of the "hand-done" perfection of every piece!

NOT THE OLD WAY...



NEVER do clothes come out of this washer tangled, matted, soggy, dripping.

BUT THE NEW WAY!



CLOTHES are washed individually and many pieces come out dry enough to iron.

See the marvelous, new Activator-Automatic at your General Electric dealer's now.

Let him show you its many clean-washing, worksaving features. And as you look this automatic washer over, remember—there is one outstanding feature that you can't see.

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Model AW-5B4 Illus. Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.

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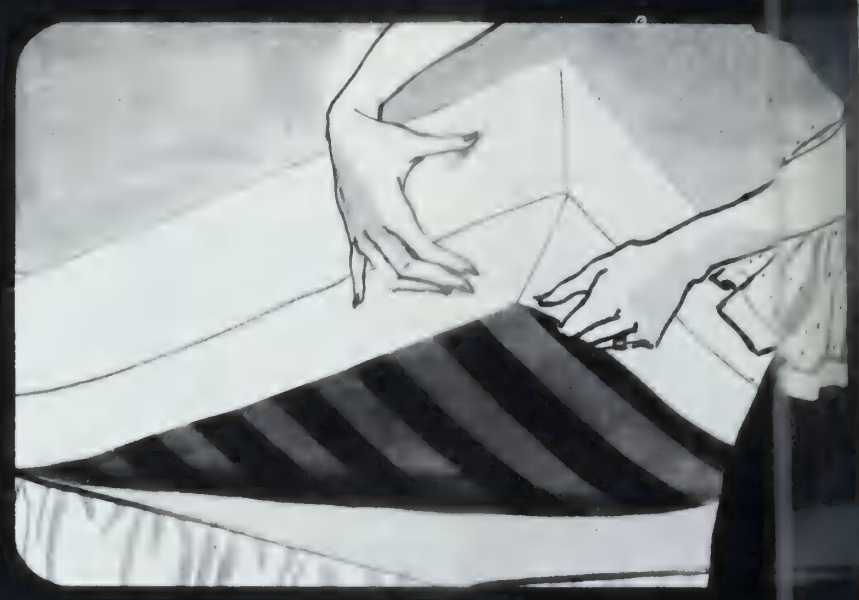
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Contour...a PACIFIC sheet

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(continued from Page 156)

young men in the legations. There was a dearth of young women of the proper age and they flocked around the teen-agers. Daisy threatened to get quite out of hand."

"Out of hand by missionary notions, I suppose," commented Stephen.

"One evening," continued Jane, "Miriam came to my room distracted. Daisy was supposed to be studying for college-entrance examinations next day. But she had slipped off, leaving a note which I still remember: 'I'm seventeen, and I'm going to have a good time and there's nothing you can do about it.'

"She didn't tell where she'd gone?"

"Oh, that was easy to find out. She was at the Pekin Hotel with a man much older than the young crowd, a person we didn't like and didn't trust."

"What could the mother do? A missionary parent arriving on a hotel dance floor in a heat of righteous indignation would simply cut a ridiculous figure."

"I don't think Miriam Fairchild was ever ridiculous in her life," said Jane. "I made her dress in the one evening thing she possessed. It was a black chiffon. She wore her bronze-brown hair piled high to give that super air one could adopt when she chose. I telephoned Barry Manners, who was First Secretary then, and a friend of ours. He was very amused and came around at once to escort Miriam to the hotel. He told me afterward that she was the most stunning woman in the room. Barry got a group of rather important people at his table. Daisy went dancing by, uneasy but very nonchalant, of course. Miriam only nodded and smiled at her. She kept an eye on the villain, who presently made a move to leave. Then she and Barry just joined Daisy's party. Miriam put an arm around her daughter, said it was time to go home, and went. . . . You see she was charming. She charmed even Daisy herself. Daisy took her examinations next day," concluded Jane. "And then I took her off to the hills until it was time for her to sail for America. That was the last I've seen of her. Daisy is twenty-eight now but, thee sees, I think of her as seventeen."

One of the greatest victories you can gain over any man is to beat him at politeness.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

The walked on slowly and when they reached the arch they found it marked the bottom of a flight of steps which led to a higher level cut into the side of the cupping hills. One stood with face uplifted to the green stillness above her.

"The wants to go up there, doesn't thee? That is not allowed, according to Wilfreda Grayson, but since thee wishes it ——"

Stephen stooped, lifted her in his arms and walked with her to the top, where he set her down.

"Very kind of thee," she thanked him.

She stood looking over the tops of the trees to the Water Mirror Pavilion, and the roofs of the Hall of Inviting the Pleasures.

"Master Yuan was telling me —— And that reminds me" – Jane looked questioningly up at him—"Stephen, does thee have some extra money just now? I mean, money thee couldn't get back again?"

"Unfortunately, I have."

"Well, then, I should like some of it."

"Ah me, thee comes to the point very sensibly. How much does thee want, and when does shee want it?"

"I don't know how much. Master Yuan has an album which he must sell, and I thought I would get thee to buy it. I know thee doesn't need an album of Chinese landscape painting, but Master Yuan has to buy food."

"I see," said Stephen. "Who is Master Yuan?"

"Did thee notice the house across the pool from thy Studio of Clear Sounds?" Jane asked. "Master Yuan lives there. He is an old-style Chinese scholar, and—and—he's facing destitution, I'm afraid. I think, then, if thee can spare sixty dollars of American money, that will buy food for months, and probably it will be more than Master Yuan expects for his album."

"Thee shall have sixty dollars as soon as I can get the C.N.C. equivalent."

"Are you there, Jane? May I come up?"

Jack stood at the base of a minuscule mountain on the west side of the lake and peered at the outline of a small roof rising above the jungle growth of green things on the slope. He caught just a patch of blue which he took to be Jane's Chinese robe. Her voice answered, and when he had climbed up, he came upon her sitting on the steps of the platform on which the shelter was erected.

He took the place opposite her on the steps. "Miss Grayson told me where to find you. You get a chance to look outside the walls here, don't you?"

A sudden thunder arose somewhere to the north, and then, lifting over them, five winged shapes slanted up, catching sunlight which did not reach to the plain. They flew in formation with one in the lead.

"It is our only reminder of the war in this garden," said Jane. "That coming and going."

Jack was scowling at the step. "I've been grounded for a week. The medic let me come over here today instead of being around when they took off."

"But you are better?"

"I'll be perfectly all right when I'm flying again. Tell me about yourself. Has that awful pain come back?"

"Oh," said Jane. "I'm glad you brought it up. Your life at the air base must be secret, of course. When you are going out on missions you won't be able to tell me. When you come back you won't give me the details of the flight."

"No," admitted Jack. "I won't. Security is our headache."

Jane nodded. "I have my security problem too. Only my doctor and my nurse—and you—know my situation. Please remember, if you meet other people here, that it is top-secret."

"O.K."

"And more than that," went on Jane. "My routine—what happens in my days when you come and perhaps don't see me—you must not ask about. More than you know now you need not know, and I ask you to leave it."

Jack was silent. "It's a queer thing we've got between us," he said finally.

"There's one detail I think you can tell me," Jane remarked after a pause. "Did you give a full account of last Saturday to your medical officer?"

Jack began a slow grin. "Say, there was one mixed-up medic. I just said I met you and we talked a little bit, and now I wasn't haywire; he could see it was so. He let it go at that. And he grounded me for a week."

"He's let you come to see me. We'll put that down to his credit. What do you do when you're not in a war?"

"I'm a mechanical engineer, and I had a good job in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, before Pearl Harbor."

"Is that your home?"

"Yes; I've lived there since I was five, except for the years at the U. of Wisconsin."

"Do you get letters from home?"

"My kid sister and I are the family," Jack explained. "Dad died when I was seven, and my mother ——" He stopped.

"Don't talk about anything you'd rather not," said Jane quickly.

"I suppose I shouldn't mind telling you, but I wouldn't want the medics to get hold of it. She's . . . not quite right. I had to put her in a place where they take care of mental cases. You see, she was lonely after my father died. Dad was the son of a Danish immigrant. He got into lumber in Michigan and made pots of money. He brought dad up to have everything; and let him do what he wanted. I guess dad didn't miss much. When he met my mother, they went clean crazy about each other at first sight, and granddad



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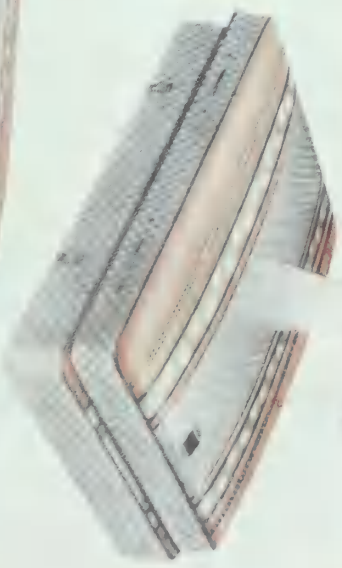
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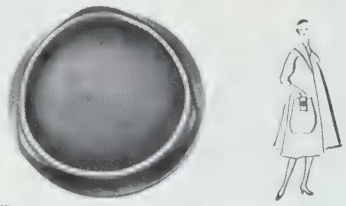
you sleep on it ... not in it!



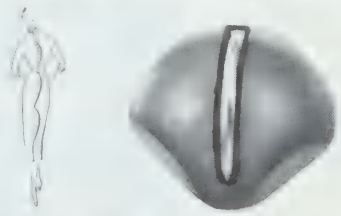
Notes from designers' sketchbooks...



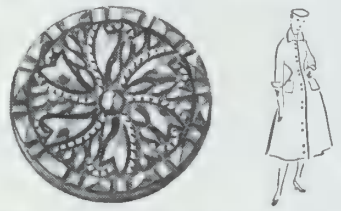
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let him marry and just play around. Granddad died all of a sudden, and dad found out there wasn't as much money as he supposed. Before dad got far on earning any cash himself, he got pneumonia . . . and died. There was enough so we could get along and be educated. Mother was always hiding away from people after dad died. But she didn't begin to be queer until I was in high school. Even now she isn't the dangerous kind. She's only so withdrawn . . . gone away into a dream ——" His voice trailed into silence.

"So it's your sister who keeps in touch with you."

"There isn't very much touch. I wish you could understand what my mother is like. Even now she's one of the loveliest persons to look at. I've never seen a girl so—so exquisite." He looked up, caught Jane's eyes and smiled. "There've been girls, of course. Seems sometimes like they won't let a fellow alone. I get some letters. But I'm a poor correspondent."

Jane sat with folded hands, and eyes on the horizon. It was some moments before her companion spoke again.

"I guess I want too much," he told her. "When I was a kid, my mother talked to me about herself and dad. It was queer to talk like that to a child, but she hadn't anybody else. I've never seen anything like what she had—or what she gave—coming my way. Now it's on the cards I never will."

Jane stirred. "You can't tell," she said. "Your future is not in your hands."

He did not seem to hear her. He was following his own thought. "I think I'll be coming to draw in this garden of yours while I'm grounded."

"You didn't mention that you draw."

"My mother liked me to fool with paints and crayons when I was a kid. I studied a little at the U. Never had time afterward to do much with it." Jack was shy, but the cloud was gone from him.

"The garden provides plenty of subjects for sketching," Jane said.

From Stephen Purcell to Daisy Fairchild:

I'm still in Jane's garden. She told me quite frankly that she hasn't been well for some time, but she prefers not to be asked about it. It seems that one factor in Jane's trouble is malnutrition. I've been waiting for the next consignments for my truck, and have taken considerable satisfaction in negotiating an arrangement to add milk and eggs to Jane's diet. We made out a little budget like this:

2 goats	CNC	15,000
12 hens (and rooster)		2,400
2 milk pails		1,000
milk cloths, whatever they are		500
1 goatherd for 1 year (he comes cheaper than the goats)		12,000
1 milking uniform		1,000
1 padded quilt (for repose of goatherd)		1,300
Miscellaneous		10,000
Feed for goats at figure unknown		X
Total		CNC 43,200 plus X

With a rate of 750 CNC to one American dollar, you can see that my investment is not very heavy.

I haven't told you much about this place where I'm wanting you to come and visit Jane the next time I'm able to visit her too. Since you were born in China, I suppose you have a general idea of what my present surroundings are like. Jane is writing to you, bless her heart!

Barry Manners to Jane Breasted:

What extraordinary good fortune to be the tenant of the San Yu Chai, which I am determined, of course, to see for myself. I am told I rate transportation whenever my duties take me out of Chungking, and I am earnestly trying to find some reason for going to Huai Yuen. If such an opportunity presents itself, I shall be dropping in upon you without further notice.

This supremely distasteful Chungking! You have been here; I need not go into details about this wartime capital—a nightmare of the shabby and the sordid.

But I am sure the subject which is of greatest interest to us both is Daisy Fairchild—grown from the child we knew in Peking to a most fascinating woman. I do not care for social functions, but I cannot avoid a certain number of them, and wherever I go I meet Miriam's daughter. She has a vitality, a brilliance which

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is [illegible]hralling. I meet her with the most im-
po[illegible]nt personages, sometimes American, some-
tin[illegible] British, but more often than not Chinese.
(H[illegible] Mandarin is excellent.)
[illegible] has not confided in me sufficiently to
thr[illegible] much light upon what she is doing—in
fac[illegible] in her branch of the service one can be
qu[illegible] sure that the appearance is not the reality.
Sh[illegible]s in the office of the OSS chief, Major
Tr[illegible]. Whatever it is she does, she is finding the
wa[illegible]bsorbing and exciting.
[illegible]t I am too inquisitive about this young
wo[illegible]an. I wonder about her constantly. Ah,
we[illegible] I am ruminating like an old man whose
ta[illegible] for living has turned into a taste for gossip.
D[illegible]y tells me you have not been well, but are
no[illegible] recovering. I trust you have had only tem-
po[illegible]ry inconvenience.

[illegible]ang Wei-Chou to Jane Breasted:

[illegible]ear Teacher Jane: Miss Grayson has sent
m[illegible]n account of you, some of which is very en-
c[illegible]aging. Be careful, I beg of you, so that the
n[illegible] report will be all good.
[illegible]he occasion for writing you is to forward
th[illegible] enclosed. It is curious that you mentioned
n[illegible]old friend just as I was leaving you, because
a[illegible]ough I had known nothing about her for
y[illegible]s, I began to get
t[illegible]gs as soon as I
r[illegible]hed Chungking.
[illegible] have not seen her,
a[illegible] do not know the
d[illegible]ails of her situation.
I[illegible]derstand, however,
t[illegible]t it is imperative
f[illegible] her to leave. I dread
a[illegible] anxiety for you,
k[illegible] I know that if I do
n[illegible] send you her letter,
s[illegible] will be very dis-
p[illegible]ased with me. If you
[illegible]te to me enclosing
y[illegible]ur answer, I can
[illegible]ke sure she receives
[illegible].
You are never far
[illegible]m my thoughts.
Your student,
WEI-CHOU

The enclosure:

You and I have a
[illegible]ng and queer friend-
[illegible]ip. It is a firm one, I
[illegible]elieve. Always our
[illegible]eas are different, but
[illegible]ways our friendship
[illegible]mains. Perhaps you
[illegible]e to know what has
[illegible]appened me? I always
[illegible]ork and work. Some-
[illegible]mes it is very danger-
[illegible]us, but I never mind it. I never wanted to
[illegible]arry. Marriage is prison to me. But I do not
[illegible]scape love. I have suffered and been fighting
[illegible]r the people, but now life plays me a trick.
That man urged me to marry, but I refused
[illegible]gain and again. Then I knew a child would
[illegible]ome to the world. How can I care a baby? But
[illegible]e wanted that child. And I thought at least
[illegible]e should have a descendant if he wants,
[illegible]hough I do not see how he can care it either.
Now he is died. He was outside a bomb shelter
[illegible]hen a raid came. I am going to give birth, and
[illegible] am alone, and have no place to go. My Teacher,
[illegible]an you help me? Do not be angry at my foolish
[illegible]etter.

Sylvester Fuchs, medical officer of the air
[illegible]ase, was finishing his conference with
[illegible]Lloyd Osborne, of Intelligence, and with the
[illegible]commanding officer, Col. Harley Smith. The
[illegible]ase of Capt. John Fernald and the relations
[illegible]f air-base personnel with the Quaker mis-
[illegible]sionary in the Wang Family Garden was
[illegible]being debated.

"WHEN we first came here," said Osborne,
"we checked that place. The only people in
[illegible]t were an old Chinese who is some sort of
[illegible]friend of the owner, and four servants. The
[illegible]owner is a doctor with the National Army.
[illegible]The old Chinese never comes out, nobody
[illegible]goes to see him. The servants are the care-
[illegible]taker and his wife and the two coolies. They
[illegible]go to the nearest village to buy food, and
[illegible]once in a while they go to Huai Yuen."
"Any suspicion of a radio on the prem-
[illegible]ses?" Smith wanted to know.
"There's no radio," said Osborne, looking
[illegible]at his notes. "Three weeks ago this Quaker
[illegible]missionary moved in. An Englishwoman,
[illegible]Miss Wilfreda Grayson, a member of the
[illegible]Church Mission, is with her. Doctor Hart-
shorn, of the Huai Yuen Medical Center, visits the Quaker professionally."
"Anybody else?"
"A driver from the Friends' Service Section has turned up. Then some Chinese. They're mostly former students of the missionary."
"Check up on 'em." The colonel turned to Fuchs. "You say Fernald has been O.K. since that one break of his?"
"Yes, sir."

"And you've been approving of his visits to that Quaker woman? What's her name?"
"Jane Breasted, sir."
"No Quaker would support the war. Get a line on her, Osborne . . . especially about the Chinese she sees."
"Yes, sir."
The conference was over, and as the two subordinates walked away, Fuchs made a suggestion.
"Want to take me on your staff, Osborne?"
"What's the idea?"
"How about letting me report on the Quaker? I'm interested in her for my own reasons. I can get an idea of the medical angle while checking on your security points."
"Go ahead," said Osborne.

"You seem to have come out of your tail spin very well, Fernald," Fuchs told Jack later in the day. "Miss Breasted must be an interesting person."
The pilot did not reply.
"I wonder," Fuchs went on, "if you would take me along when you get your next pass to go over?"
"This isn't just a request, I know," the pilot answered. "You can come, of course. Only you may be wasting your time. We're not certain to see Miss Breasted."
"Why not?"
"She rests a lot."
Two afternoons later, Shang Shih opened the gate to admit Benny Li, who was by this time a familiar figure. The *shih mu*, the gateman explained, was resting. There were two American flying officers also waiting to see her.
Benny stopped, reflecting rapidly. He might be walking straight into trouble. On the other hand, Shang Shih might wonder why he turned back upon hearing of the presence of the Americans. The boldest course would be the safest, as usual.
He followed Shang Shih along the path; and when he came out on the strand of the lake, he saw an easel set up beside a pavilion. A uniformed figure minus its coat was working away with brushes and canvas, while a companion lounged on the low steps, smoking a cigarette.
Shang Shih turned back to the gate, and Benny advanced with casual deliberation.
"I hope I'm not interrupting," said Benny.
Jack looked relieved. "Thank God you speak English. I was afraid we'd have to try and dig up our two words of Chinese and then fall back on sign language."
"Not necessary," said Benny. "As a matter of fact, I'm partly Scotch, and I was educated in an American school."
"I suppose you know Miss Breasted," said Fuchs.
"Oh, yes. I was her student at the school I mentioned. My name is Li."
Neither American responded to this self-introduction and Jack went on with his sketch. Presently Shang Shih returned with a basket of small tea bowls which he arranged on the table in the pavilion. The *shih*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Floating Moment

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

This floating moment after you've gone
Is a white feather on a dark lake.
Leda, deserted by the swan,
Stooped to the water's edge to take
Just such a token of strange rapture;
Laid the cool softness to her heart
Still burning from the omnipotent capture,
Proof of her god. So, when we part,
You leave on the gloom this luminous feather
Of time as witness we were together.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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RECIPE:

DOUBLE-QUICK STRAWBERRY JAM

Yield: about 5 six-ounce glasses

2 (12-ounce) boxes Birds Eye Sliced Strawberries
2½ cups sugar
⅓ cup water
4 tablespoons (½ box) Sure-Jell powdered fruit pectin. (Mix contents of package thoroughly before measuring.)

Thaw strawberries as directed on package. Measure sugar and set aside. Combine strawberries, water, and Sure-Jell in a large saucepan. Place over high heat and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. Add sugar at once. Bring to a *full rolling boil* and *boil hard 1 minute*, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly, so fruit won't float. Ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once.

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Powdered fruit pectin for easy jelly making

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mu, he explained, was coming to join them for tea.

Benny was somewhat uncomfortable and grasped at an opportunity to escape, after translating what Shang Shih had said. "I will go and meet her," he said. He rose and walked away. A bend of the shore soon screened him from the Americans and he went toward the bridge which Jane must cross. On his way, the mouth of the grotto yawned invitingly. Benny turned toward the coolness of the underground chamber.

I've never been in there, he reflected. *I can hear Jane as she passes along.*

Benny plunged into the tunnel, cunningly supplied with faint light, and the coolness of the earth rose pleasantly around his heated body. There were niches contrived for seats; and in one place Benny found a recess so deep that one could lie down at full length. The back of this recess was not faced with rock. It was simply a thin coating of plaster that kept the earth from crumbling into the cave, and Benny found himself staring at it with open mouth.

We've got to move, he was thinking. *Of course they could work out the location after one or two broadcasts—but couldn't everything be hidden behind there and a facing of rock put in? And the aerial—the rocks and the trees growing on top of the grotto mound—they'd have a hunt. They'd never get it first time trying. . . . I'd better not be seen coming out. But this is an idea.*

He heard Jane speaking to Wilfreda on the lakeside path, and realized that he had missed her. He waited until she was out of sight, then circled the lake in the opposite direction. She was pouring tea when he returned to the pavilion, and she introduced him to the others. When she inquired how he had missed her, he had his excuse ready.

"I took a walk around the lake," he said, "to make an inspection of that little island. I got interested in examining it—or rather, Teacher Jane, I knew you'd be interested in what I could find out. The bushes and the trees have grown over the edges, but it's got a very unusual shape. I finally made out what it's supposed to be."

Jane was all attention. "What?"

"It's a bat. It lies with wings outstretched and the head is just suggested by two rocks laid together here on the south side."

JANE followed Benny's pointing finger. "Of course," she said. "Master Yuan says the name of the lake is the Happy Sea. Now the bat is *fu*, and happiness is *fu*, so here is the bat flying happiness into the garden—a fantastic pun. Garden landscapes are full of fantasy, but I've never before come across a bat island."

"Do you mean that the water basin is entirely artificial and the island was blueprinted as a bat to start with?" inquired Fuchs.

"Oh, yes. The whole garden was made by coolies with wicker baskets, just as they are making your air base now. And some Chinese scholar thought out the plan for their work, but the original plan couldn't have included what we see today. The Wang family has been here for generations and each master has added something according to his own interests and tastes."

Shang Ma came up the steps and began to collect the tea bowls. Wilfreda handed her the teapot to put first into her basket and added an observation.

"It's not entirely the masters," she said. "I came across a new thing which I hadn't ever seen before, on my walk this morning. It is Shang Shih's contribution."

"What did you find?" asked Jack.

"Do you see that rise of hills? It screens off the southeast corner of the walled area. I've been in the other three corners. One is Shang Ma's," and as she pronounced the name the woman's eyes were upon her. "I'd never been in the fourth, so I strolled over. I found the gateman in the act of burning incense before a miniature temple. It is not more than three feet high, but every detail is perfect. The man told me he had built it when his wife began to have her hysterical seizures. It's a fox-fairy temple."

Wilfreda had been careful to use only English, but Benny struck in with the Chinese equivalent: "Oh, a Hu Hsien. They're nonsense, but very common, of course."

"Look at the woman!" said Jack suddenly.

Shang Ma had her basket ready to take away, but she had not yet lifted it. She stood beside it, shivering. As the others turned to her, she cried out, an unnatural animal cry. Fuchs sprang to his feet, and Wilfreda, on the other side of the table, started around it, but Jane was before her. She took the woman firmly by both arms, which were beginning to twitch as the hands curled up with fingers bent like paws, and spoke to her in a low, insistent tone:

"Shang Ma! Shang Ma! Look at me!"

The woman crooked her neck; an expression of stealthy cunning spread over her face as she said in a high, whining tone, "My name is not Shang. My name is Fox."

BENNY, perfectly ashen, took precipitate steps backward, and Fuchs, after a glance at him, became aware of a new and compelling unscientific sensation. Jack was staring in amazement, but he was not affected as were Benny and Fuchs. Jane spoke again to the half-grinning lips and the squinting eyes:

"Since your name is Fox, go away to your temple behind the hills, and let Shang Ma come back."

The cunning of the face intensified. "Why should I go to a small temple, when in Hunan I have a great one with many rooms and rich treasure?"

"All the better," said Jane. "Go far away to Hunan, and don't ever come back."

The woman shook from head to foot, and nodded to Wilfreda, and the two stood supporting the shuddering figure. The eyes closed. There was a deep sigh, and the trembling ceased; a moment later the hands unflexed and dropped to the sides.

"Finished," said Jane gently. Then she spoke to Shang Shih, who had come to stand immobile with the others. "I think she can walk now. Lead her to her bed. Do not allow her to get up for an hour or two. Slowly, slowly, Shang Ma. You feel tired and must rest."

The gateman received his wife from Jane and Wilfreda, who helped her down the steps. Then she turned obediently and followed him until both were out of sight.

Benny came forward hastily. "I'll have to be going now, Teacher Jane. Thanks for the tea."

"You'll be coming again before long," Jane suggested, but Benny made a precipitate retreat without responding. She followed him with a look of surprise, as Fuchs addressed her.

"You handled that woman in a very remarkable manner, if you'll pardon a doctor for saying so. May I ask what it was you said to her?"

"Oh, I just told her to come out of it," said Jane. "Using Chinese expressions, of course."

Wilfreda intervened. "You will both forgive me for pointing out that this has been very tiring. And perhaps you will excuse Miss Breasted now?"

Fuchs was loath to give up at this juncture, "I wish I understood your technique with hysteria."

Jane was guilty of an impatient look. "I'm not medically trained, Doctor Fuchs. I haven't any idea of techniques. Of course I have seen hysterical schoolgirls and hysterical village women, and have dealt with them from time to time. It's just common sense. But you must know so much more than I—that I—I'm afraid you must be laughing at me. And—and—good-by now."

"Daisy will be arriving very soon," said Jane. "Is everything here ready?"

The Porch of the Fan stood to the west, somewhat higher than the other garden buildings.

"I wonder," Jane went on thoughtfully, "if Daisy won't think this is too lonely a place to sleep? We could have her in our court, you know."

"No," Wilfreda disagreed. "We couldn't. I'm not going to have your peace and quiet destroyed. She will come to us to eat. She has no idea how ill you have been?"

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lfreda.
"She's been sick, hasn't she?"
"Yes. She still needs a good deal of rest. e go this way."
Daisy fell into step beside her and Lao brought up the rear. "It's a fine old gar-n, isn't it?" Daisy offered politely.
"I suppose you have seen finer, in the rth?"
"The great Chien Lung gardens are all ound Peking. I've seen them, but I've never red in one. Is this where I'm to be? What a eam!"

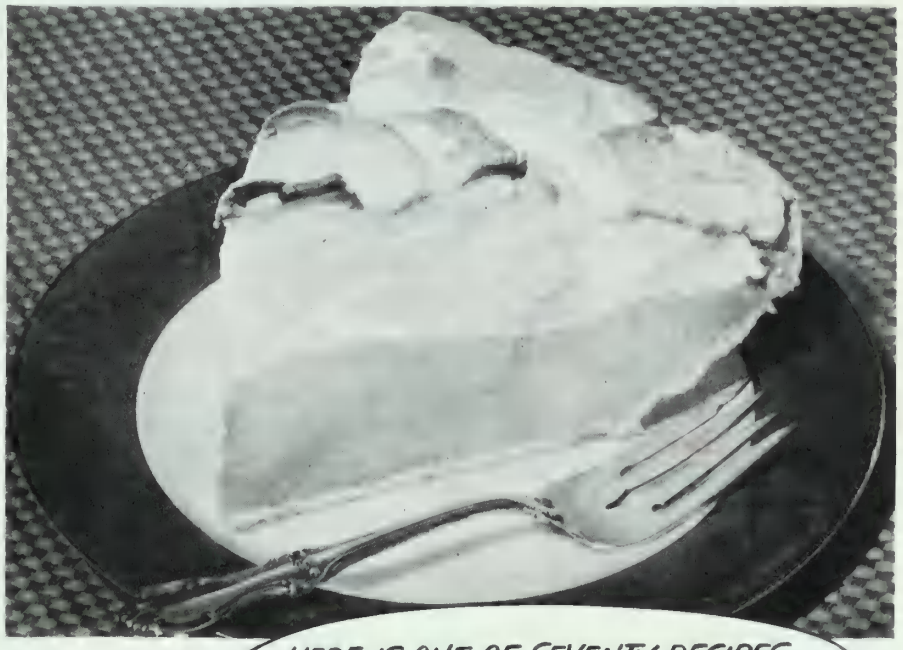
WILFREDA paused outside the door, and aisy, remarking that she would have a ash and be only a moment, left her without remony. Wilfreda settled on the steps with r chin in her hands. She was aware that she ot only disliked the fact of Daisy's arrival, ut was guilty of considerable antagonism to e young woman herself.
Daisy came out the door. "Can I have an rly-morning plunge? Stephen says he does. e's described his house—the one where he ops when he's here. Where is it?"
"It's not far from your Fan Hsuan," said ilfreda, quickening her pace. "Do you ex-ect him soon?"
"I've come to spend two days' leave with im," said Daisy, "so I suppose he'll be turn-g up. But he wasn't at the base to meet e. We're going into Huai Yuen for dinner onight."
They were at the door of the *chai*, and Wil-reda hurried on to the kitchen for the food which Shang Ma had prepared. The menu as vastly improved. There were a small ooden bucket of rice, a plate of green egetable cooked with scraps of pork and gg, and a covered bowl of cucumber soup. When she returned to the room where Jane ad set the table she found Daisy talking eagerly.
"I often think," said Daisy when they were eated, "what a lot of bother we'd save if we only served food as the Chinese do. And why not? You can be as delicate about your eating, and as sanitary, when you use chopsticks instead of quantities of silver things which need cleaning and are such a temptation to burglars. And then think of the dishwashing you'd save, when each person needs only one bowl and one tiny plate. And no table linen either; and hot cloths at the end of each meal are much the most pleasant sort of napkins."
"But how," said Jane, "would you serve a nice juicy beefsteak with only a pair of chopsticks and a tiny plate?"
"Beefsteak," returned Daisy, "would not be served. Beef would be served, of course, but it would be cut into small bits in the kitchen."
"Then I'm afraid you'd be too elegant for the American man," Jane pointed out.
As soon as she could, Wilfreda gathered up the empty plates and bowls, thinking only of leaving the two others free to talk of their intimate interests.

As she came back from the kitchen, she met Stephen. He gave her a preoccupied nod and disappeared into the court. She lingered until she saw the two young people departing through the gates.
Jane was putting on her loose dark robe when the nurse went into her room. She drew the cot out, and after Jane had stretched herself upon it, with a practiced hand tucked the net under the thin pad which served as a mattress.
"Poor Stephen," said Jane.
"Why poor Stephen? He was beaming a moment ago."
"He will have less time than he expected with her. There will be this afternoon in the garden, and tonight he takes her into Huai Yuen for dinner. But before noon tomorrow he must leave on his next trip to Chungking, so he loses his second afternoon and evening."
"Why doesn't Daisy go back to Chungking in his truck?"
"She hasn't time, of course. She will fly back in forty-five minutes. The truck will be on the road three days. Stephen can take my reply to Wilson's last letter and to the note he enclosed. It will be safer to have it go by hand."
"What are you going to say?"
"That depends on you. Since Willow is going 'to add,' as the Chinese say, and since I'm a broken reed, the question is are you prepared to superintend the addition? I know I ought not to ask you—and yet I do."
Wilfreda looked amused. "And I ought to forbid you to bring a political fugitive into the garden—and yet I don't," she answered. "Of course I'll look after her—if you are determined to have her come."
"I'm so grateful," said Jane. "I think that the one thing I need most now is a baby."

Shang Shih opened the gate to Li Pei-Ni, and informed him that the *shih mu* was expecting him in the Water Mirror. Benny, nodding, strolled off without waiting for the old man to announce him.
Summer had begun in the garden, and the early freshness of the morning was already over. The intense heat which brooded over the plain was lessened by the garden waters and trees, but in the short walk from the gate to the Water Mirror, Benny found himself perspiring. The sunlight had penetrated the shelter of the pavilion, and he saw that Jane had retreated into the shadiest corner and sat cooling herself with a large paper fan.
"I'm here to say good-by, Teacher Jane," he said as he took his place beside her.
"Oh? Is your paper recalling you?" Jane asked.
Benny assumed an attitude of dejection. The fact was that he had established a private means of entering the garden, and had installed a radio and its necessary equipment in the grotto, with the purpose of "going underground" and in the future making visits to the premises only at night. It had all been

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½ cup lemon juice
1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind (or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract)
2 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, if desired
4 tablespoons sugar

1. Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, lemon rind (or lemon extract) and egg yolks. Stir until mixture thickens.
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ridiculously simple. He had never in all his experience found a place where suspicion was completely absent.

"My assignment is finished," he said in answer to Jane.

"And so you go back to Chungking?"

"On the postal truck tomorrow." He would in fact begin that journey in order to make an unnoticed return.

"And what will your paper want you for next?"

"Nothing. I told you I wasn't on their regular staff. I'm out of a job."

Jane looked at his good clothes and his startling jade ring. "Then I hope you have a little money put away to carry you until you get another."

Benny shrugged. "I wouldn't want you to worry about me." Then he added after a moment's pause, "If you could give me an introduction to somebody in the American services in Chungking, I'd make a fairly useful secretary."

Jane looked thoughtful. Getting jobs for useful Chinese had been a function of hers ever since she had arrived in China. Benny continued his dejected attitude.

"I don't suppose that wonderful-looking Miss Fairchild would need a handy man, would she?" he suggested.

"Daisy? Where have you run into her?"

"Oh, I saw her as she arrived at the restaurant with Purcell last night," said Benny. "She's quite famous."

"Benny, I don't entirely like the way you say 'quite famous.' What, exactly, do you mean?"

"It's only that she's with the American OSS and has done a lot of exciting things. She's known for her wits and her courage—that's what I meant. But you might ask her if there's any vacancy in her office, mightn't you?"

"I doubt if she's the person to ask," said Jane. "I think her superior, Major Trent, does all that sort of thing."

This was really too easy. If Jane could be induced to send him to her cousin, Benny's superiors would be mightily pleased. He scarcely dared to breathe.

"I might write a note to Robert Trent," said Jane. "He's a distant cousin of mine."

"I'd certainly appreciate it," said Benny.

Jane suddenly stood up. "If I write a note for you, you should do something for me. Let's get out of this heat, and go into the grotto. It will be cooler there, and there's something I want to investigate."

Benny's face and manner betrayed nothing as he walked beside her, but he was furiously wondering if Jane was suspecting something and wanting to uncover his treachery.

They came to the mouth of the grotto. Jane turned, went down the tunnel which opened into the central chamber and came to a halt before the north wall of the cave, where, shoulder high, two wooden leaves were shut together and secured by a wooden bar.

"Would you mind lifting that bar away for me?" she asked. "It's too heavy for me to manage."

Could she possibly know that he had been opening those doors two nights ago? Benny fumbled at the bar, and took it away. Jane herself opened the wooden leaves which pivoted in stone sockets.

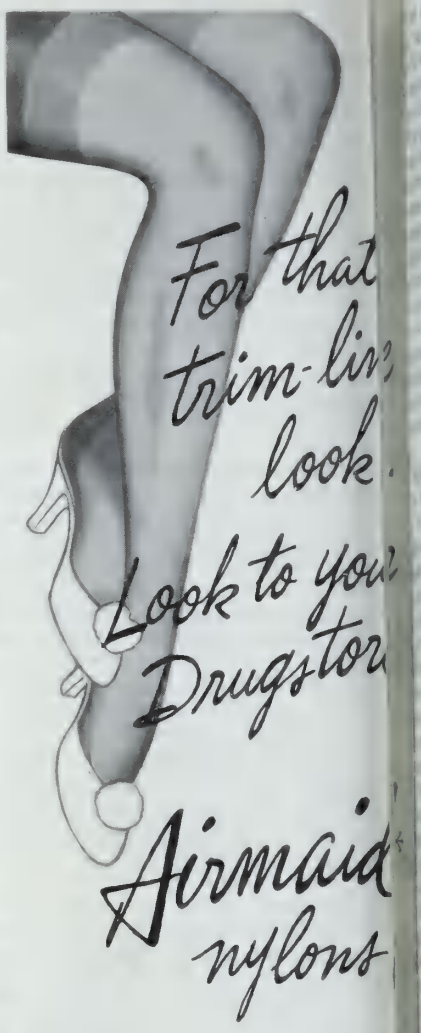
Light from the mouth of the cave showed clearly the life-sized figure carved in white stone, which sat on its lotus pedestal looking serenely down at them. The garment flowed in lines of the utmost beauty; the face was so dimly touched by the light that its features were hardly visible, but it was scarcely needed to convey more than was given in the attitude of the lifted hands.

"Kuan Yin, Goddess of Mercy, listening to the earth cries," said Jane.

(That was all she wanted—all she knew. The secret of the other sounds to which Kuan Yin was soon to listen was still safe.)

"It is cooler in here," said Benny, clearing his throat.

Jane said, "You don't ask me why this lovely thing is sealed up in a grotto—you haven't a guess of your own?"



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not unusual to set up shrines in
s," said Benny indifferently. "West
s full of caves with figures in 'em. But
member what the gateman said about
otto. He told me it was here before the
the garden was built. There was a
not far away and one of the monks
hermit and came to live in this cave.
llowed it out a good deal, I expect.
ermit must have been here more than
ndred years ago, and still the people
here remember he was a holy man and
this as a sacred place."
u see," said Jane. "The memory of
an lasts. But Kuan Yin wasn't here
he hermit was. She stood originally on
stal on the Island of the Bat. Imagine
g whiteness reflected in the green lake
"
hen why isn't she reflected there now?"
ne Wang who owned the garden be-
1800 and 1870 was one of the earliest
rts to Christianity in Canton. When he
ed here he felt he must take away all
gns of other religions. But he couldn't
o have Kuan Yin broken up, so he put
ere and had a niche made for her and
her in as she is now."
ny looked at his watch, and Jane re-
ntly closed the doors and turned away.
suppose you must go," she said. "Your
mentioned you couldn't stop for lunch."
'm sorry; I should be starting back."
ny put the bar in place, and as he did
ne turned toward the entrance. "Come
me to the *chai*," she said, "and I'll give
that note to Robert Trent."
Well," said Daisy, "Stephen's almost
y to leave. I'm going to walk with him
r as the road where his truck will pick
up. Then I'm com-
back to pack, and
people at the air base
promised to send a
for me. I'll catch
last plane to Chung-
tonight. The idyl is
."
Has it been a good idyl?" inquired Jane.
That's redundant, Aunt Jane, isn't it?
v can an idyl be anything but idyllic?
I haven't seen nearly enough of you."
Nor I of you."
hey were walking slowly up and down the
th of the *lang-tse*.
But," continued Daisy, "you now can
the kind of person I am; you can note the
erences between myself when sixteen and
self at present. Don't you think I have
n nice to Stephen?"
He seems happy. Are you going to allow
to remain so?"
ow can I tell?" said Daisy. "I've given
two whole days, which is more than any
er man in the whole of the CBI theater
boast. I have sense enough to understand
phen is a much better matrimonial bet
n anyone else I happen to know, even
ugh he is a C.O. and a truck driver. I re-
ct him for sticking to his own line, even
ugh it's very far from my line. I suppose
've got a chance of making a go of things
en it comes time to talk about renting a
and buying chops for me to cook . . . al-
ugh I don't think of that far-off event as
all romantic, and Stephen, poor fellow is
ch too serious about it. But now he re-
ns to his job, and I to mine. Nobody can
what may happen from one half second to
other. So why ask me if Stephen will con-
ue to be happy? I don't run the universe."
I think you run a good deal of Stephen's
iverse," said Jane. "But there doesn't
m much point in talking about it."
Stephen appeared at the door of the *chai* as
two women paused near it. "Good-by,
ne," he said. "I'll do what I can about the
ssenger you want me to bring back. With
k she'll be here in a week. Coming,
isy?"
"Good-by, Stephen," Jane said. As the two
re moving away she called, "Daisy, when
u want me, I'll be in the Court of Retire-
nt across the garden. Shang Shih will
w you."
The girl hung back for a moment. "What
e you going to be doing there?"

"I have an errand in the hall called All Past Wishes Come True. When you visit me again, you and Stephen can enjoy yourselves there."

"All right then; I'll be seeing you where All Past Wishes Come True," and then she was gone.

At the hour when the tree shadows were long over the water basins, Jane went musing on her way to the courtyard in the northwest corner of her domain which Shang Shih had, at her request, unlocked. She passed into the courtyard. The shadows of evergreen and bamboos were thick on the flagged stone pavement, and the double doors opened into interior darkness which had once sheltered the tablets of the Wang family.

A brisk step sounded on the path outside the open gate, and she turned to see Jack coming toward her.

"Hello, Jane. Hear you have a guest who is flying to Chungking tonight. I'm to drive her to the field. Who is she?"

JANE was suddenly aware that she was very tense. She answered as easily as she could. "A girl I knew in North China. Her mother was an intimate friend."

Jack came to Jane, took both of her hands and scrutinized her searchingly. "And what about you? I am ordered not to ask questions, I know, but are you sure you're not doing too much?"

"Sure. And you seem all right too."

"Thanks to you."

He stood looking down at her a moment. Then it happened.

Daisy had stepped within the doors. As Jane moved toward her, she realized that the girl's cool glance had encountered something unusual; her lashes swept her cheeks, and she seemed suddenly shy. This was so totally uncharacteristic that Jane avoided turning her own eyes upon the face of the man at her side, but went forward, and made introductions with some formality. Then she saw the two of them together. Neither of the young people made any acknowledgment of being named to each other. It was an eternity before Jack broke the silence and the sense Jane had of standing within a magnetic circle.

No one blames you for being too polite. —CHINESE PROVERB.

"I'm going to drive you to the air base," he said.

"Oh," said Daisy. "Yes . . . my bag is in my room."

"At the Fan Hsuan," said Jane. "We'll walk there with you."

Daisy pressed close to Jane, and for a moment the older woman wondered if the hand on her arm was trembling. Jack walked beside the two until the path grew too narrow, when he fell back and allowed them to go before. At this Daisy dropped Jane's arm, murmuring "I won't be long—I won't be long," and fled along the lakeside.

The two others halted. At last Daisy appeared. She handed over her bag, and on the way to the gate she hazarded a few remarks which Jane picked up and elaborated, but to which the young man made no response. He was in a hurry and swung along at a pace with which Jane could hardly keep up.

"Please . . . Aunt Jane can't go so fast," Daisy remonstrated.

"Beg pardon. But we'll have to step on it to make the field in time."

"Oh," echoed Daisy, "to make the field in time."

Daisy reduced to an echo—Jane felt a wild desire to laugh. Then the thought of Stephen came, bringing dismay and compassion. You couldn't tell, Daisy had said, what the next second would bring forth. No more you could.

When they came out the main gate, the jeep was standing on the near side of the little bridge. While her bag was being thrown into the back of the car, Daisy murmured indistinct thanks and climbed into her place. The motor whirred, the jeep bounced across the bridge, and Jane backed up against the gate and sat down on the broad stone block in which it pivoted, so that she might lean against a support. She felt utterly spent. She

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THRIFTY RECIPE

HAMBURGER CHOPS

1 *lb. ground beef*
2 *slices white bread, softened in milk*
1 *egg*
1 *teaspoon LEA & PERRINS Worcestershire Sauce*
½ *teaspoon salt*
1 *small onion, grated*
Shortening

Thoroughly blend meat, bread, egg, and seasonings. Mold into shape of chops (makes 4 or 5). Brown each side quickly in a little hot shortening; then cook until done. Dress with chop ruffle, and garnish with watercress. Nancy Sasser says that the success of this taste-tempting recipe depends on LEA & PERRINS Sauce, the *original* Worcestershire.

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closed her eyes and tried to relax. But almost at once she was roused by Shang Shih, who stood before her.

"The *shih mu* must get up," he said with insistence. "The *shih mu* must go inside."

She looked at him without stirring.

"Quickly."

In the garden one never had to do anything quickly. What was the matter? She rose, and then, in spite of his efforts, she saw. Lying under scrub willow in a spot which had been covered by the jeep was somebody . . . somebody the color of earth with only an earth-stained loincloth . . . somebody lying on his face.

"The *shih mu* must not look," said the gateman, still trying to get in her way.

"Is he dead?"

"I do not know. We must go inside and shut the gate at once."

"But who is he? How did he come to be here?"

Shang Shih looked anxiously down the track leading to the highway. "I do not know. It is probably a deserter. I think he was brought here by others who were afraid to have him found on their land. When the American came he was not here, but I have been inside the gate since then and did not see how he came. Let us go in, and shut the gate."

Jane had forgotten her exhaustion. In spite of Shang Shih she went nearer, and what she saw stopped her like a blow. He had been flogged. He lay on his face with his back cut to ribbons, and the dried blood mingled with the dark loam of the fields.

And now Shang Shih was before her again. "I implore the *shih mu*, do not bring this man inside the garden."

"Shang Shih, get up!" but Jane dragged at the supplicating old body in vain. "Get up!" Jane repeated. "I will not ask you to bring him inside our walls."

Then she went over and made herself look closely. She thought she could detect a pulse. The head was turned to one side and she saw the sharpness of the nose. The end must be near.

"I must shut the gate," Shang Shih insisted.

Jane's course became clearer to her. Wilfreda would be returning in the early evening, and they two would consult without involving the Chinese servants.

"Go in and shut the gate," she said.

"But the *shih mu?*"

"If anyone comes," said Jane, "I shall explain that you have nothing to do with this."

The figure was lying by the channel of water where a strip of grass was green and fresh. She sat down, dipped her handkerchief into the stream and moistened the swollen lips. Shang Shih, after a horrified appraisal of what she meant to do, turned toward his gate.

"When the *hu shih* gets back," said Jane, "I will speak with her and we will decide something."

THE gateman withdrew inside the door, and the leaves swung slowly together. The shadow of the wall lengthened and deepened. No one came. After a little Jane found it easier to reach both the water and the mouth if she took the head in her lap. She was glad of her long training in sitting cross-legged on country *k'angs*, which made the position possible for her. The sun was out of sight behind her, but she knew when it sank from the intense flush which spread over the eastern sky. Low on the horizon before her, a pool of light began to spread, and then came the lift of the yellow moon. She sat still and dipped and bathed, and dipped and bathed, until she heard the sound of Wilfreda returning.

From the Journal of Wilfreda Grayson:

Daisy is gone and Jane has just avoided a severe attack, but, thank God, I believe it really has been avoided. If she has several days of complete rest she may once more pull up to the place where she can enjoy her garden an people who come to her. I wish I could e the next arrival to be less of a strain tha last, but I know I cannot. Jane's days are bered, and if she chooses to fill them—or to shorten them—with the exigencies of people, I shall not attempt to thwart her.

I did resent the incursion of Daisy Fair I dreaded her coming, and when she got found myself disliking the young woman self, although I can't deny that she is charr Stephen doesn't seem to expect Daisy to him; he says it will be enough if she lets love her, and marries him after the war. I der just how much his money has to do marriage after the excitement of OSS has to an end. Spiteful of me, but I can't hel

Anyhow, I didn't want to watch Stephen Daisy together, so I went off to Huai Yuen didn't get back until two hours after m rise.

I had no parcels, so I took a ricksha onl the point on the highway where the track t off to the garden. I walked on, enjoying night. As I got to the bridge I saw someone ting on the ground, on the other bank of stream. It came as a shock when I realized the vague figure and the pale face were Jan and that she was sitting by a man, lying on ground, and had his head in her lap. As I to her side, Jane looked up at me, and s "Freda, is he dead?"

I knelt down and tried to find a pulse, couldn't be sure. I told her he wasn't c scious—and it seemed unlikely he would e recover consciousness. I said there was noth we could do for him.

To this she paid no attention. After a lit she told me how terrified Shang Shih was having anything to do with the man.

As we talked, I began to have an uneasy f ing that Jane and I were being watched. Th was open ground around us, but it was qu possible that the shadows the bushes contained e which we could not see.

"You can do nothi more," I urged. "And y have no strength to spar

Again she withdrew in herself and seemed not ev to hear me. I saw she w sustained by the deman of the moment—the d mands as she felt them. said no more, and sat dow at the feet of the man, keep vigil with her. We r mained for hours, but at last the presence death became unmistakable. Then Jane ba me get the gate open and go and fetch one of h sheets. We wrapped the poor dishonored fle away from sight.

Jane turned herself and spoke out into th night. "You can come and get him now," sh said in Chinese.

We went inside, and in the morning Shan Shih reported that the body was gone.

Jane was almost gone too. I had my hands ful and all the time I was caring for her I was ask ing myself why she had indulged in this strang behavior. I understood her well enough to b sure she had not been following a reasone course of action, but had been obeying a deep seated impulse. After I had some rest I bega to hear echoes from the village which com through Shang Ma. I heard the opinion that th man had been beaten for attempted escap from the awful camp for conscripts which i not far away; that he had been left for dead but had come to life enough to crawl to a vil lager's field. Its owner, terrified to have hin remain, had had him carried to the garden. It appears that Jane's hours of tending the inert body have already become a legend among these people, like the legend of the hermit who once lived in the grotto. The people once saw holiness and they have cherished that memory; now they have seen compassion, and they will not forget.

Major Trent to Jane Breasted:

It's so hot tonight that typing is better than paper work. So I'll try to answer your last letter.

I've recently run into one of your former pupils. His name is Wang, and it seems you are living in his garden. He is a formal, close-mouthed chap, but when it came out that we both knew you, I found myself being treated with deference. This chap strikes me as unusual. He is right in the midst of knavery and treachery of every description and of suffering which is indescribable. Most of his sort get cynical and hard-boiled. He isn't any of these things. Once when I asked a leading question, he replied that he was deeply indebted to you. Just what the debt is I'd give a cooky to know. I

(Continued on Page 169)

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE, ETC.

When a man is born, people say, "How is the mother?" When he marries, they say, "What a lovely bride!" And when he dies, they say, "How much did he leave her?"

Time for Ideas— *a timely service from the meat industry*



Modest in price, but you'll be proud as punch when you see how the family goes for this good meal. Next page, please, for the recipe.

Hamburger Corn-Pone Pie



This suggestion from Mrs. Wilbur Norman, of Des Moines, Iowa, makes it pretty plain that ideas are often more important than money when it comes to fixing really good meals.

Where there's a woman, there's a way!

It isn't just what she carries in her purse these days that helps her stay in style, smarten up her home or set a good table. It's what she carries in her head!

This good-looking main dish is an excellent example. It starts with a simple pound of ground beef, but it's well seasoned with imagination. That's what makes it the kind of dish that would be hard to beat, even if you had all the money in the world to spend for food.

But, since most of us do have budget troubles these days, the meat industry is searching for ideas that will help you get more mileage out of your food dollars in eye appeal and taste appeal, as well as nutrition.

The Hamburger Corn-Pone Pie is one of them. Treat your family to it soon.

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This kind of *complete* protein, you know, is needed for sound muscles and good red blood . . . It keeps you going longer without feeling tired . . . It is the key element of the modern reducing diet. Yes, you're right in liking meat—"a yardstick of protein foods."

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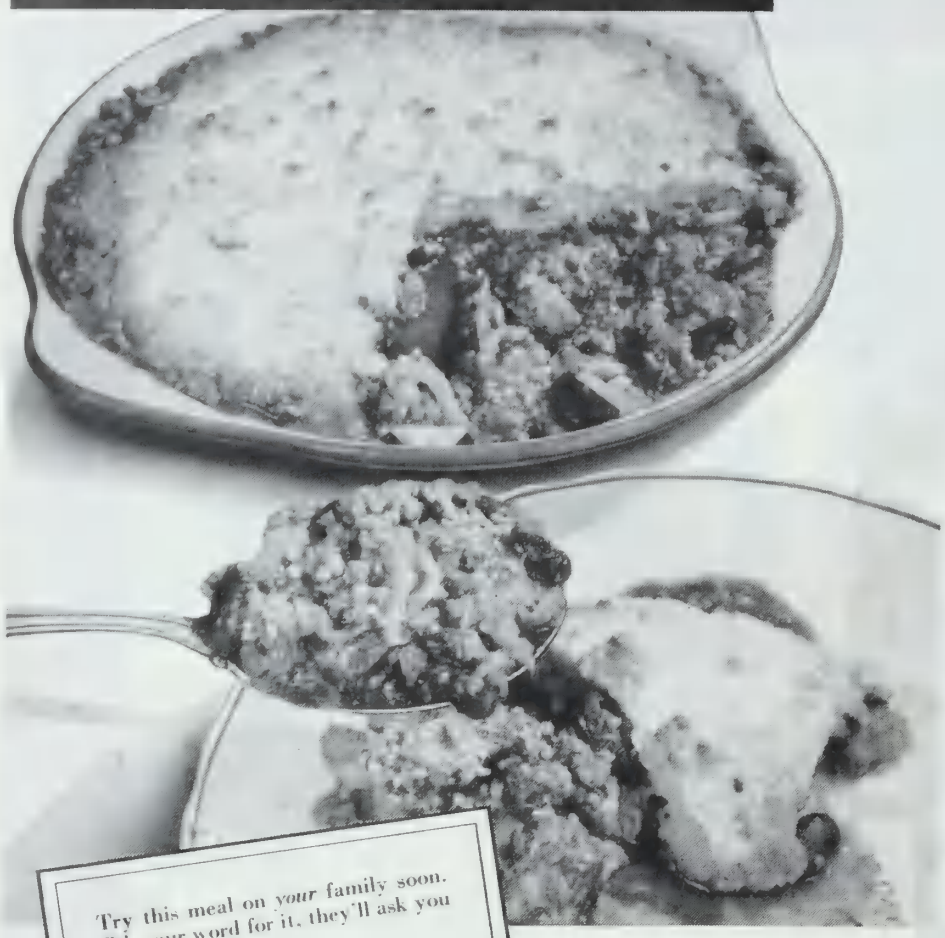
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Nourishing Meat—a yardstick of Protein foods

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This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Ideas with Hamburger— *or main-dish magic from one pound of ground beef*



Here's how to make the delicious

Hamburger Corn-Pone Pie

(shown in full color on the previous page)

The skillful blend of seasonings and the corn bread crust make this a different kind of meat pie. It's almost a dinner-in-one-dish and is as easy on the cook as it is on the budget.

Try this meal on *your* family soon. Take our word for it, they'll ask you to repeat it often.

FRUIT COCKTAIL
HAMBURGER CORN-PONE PIE
LETTUCE WITH FRENCH DRESSING
SHERBET WITH COOKIES
COFFEE
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Buying Ideas!



SINCE hamburger is one of the most important items your meat-man sells, you usually can count on the hamburger in his counter to be freshly made.

If, however, you like yours "made to order," you can save money by buying chuck or stew meat instead of round steak (the grinder makes *all* cuts equally tender). And remember, a fair amount of fat (about 20%) is necessary not only for juiciness, but for flavor as well. If meat is too lean, have suet added before grinding.

Once through the grinder is enough. Once-ground meat doesn't tend to "pack down" like twice-ground meat.

Buy only as much ground beef as you plan to use by next day, unless you have proper facilities for freezing. If you do plan to freeze it, it's a good idea first to form it into patties—it will freeze much faster, and thaw more quickly when you're ready to use it.

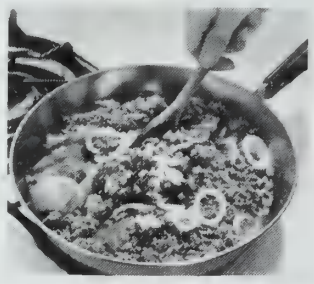
Clip this for your collection of budget-stretching meat dishes.

Hamburger Corn-Pone Pie

Recipe suggested by
Mrs. Wilbur Norman
of Des Moines, Iowa
and kitchen-tested by
AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

(*Serves four*)

- 1 pound ground beef
- ⅓ cup chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon shortening
- 2 teaspoons chili powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup canned tomatoes
- 1 cup drained canned kidney beans
- 1 cup corn bread batter
  (½ package corn muffin mix or ½ standard corn bread recipe)



1. Brown meat and chopped onion in melted shortening. Add seasonings and tomatoes.



2. Cover and simmer over low heat for 15 minutes, then add kidney beans.



3. Pour meat mixture into a greased 1 or 1½-quart casserole (or other baking dish of same capacity).



4. Top with corn bread batter, spreading carefully with wet knife. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 20 minutes.



When you're making hamburger patties, try seasoning them this savory way . . . Mix 1 pound hamburger with 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons chili sauce or catsup and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Form into patties and broil, or fry in a little hot fat.

32 moneysaving meat recipes for 5¢

Also tips on buying, cooking and serving that will help you make your meat money go further. Just send 5¢ in coin to American Meat Institute, Dept. J3, Box 1133, Chicago 77, Illinois.

(Recipes are now being collected and tested for a new booklet, which will soon be printed. What meat ideas have you found most helpful in keeping meat on your table? Send them in!)



AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE *Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.*

(Continued from Page 166)

you wouldn't tell me? He certainly ing to.

A her young product of yours breezed in ith a note from you, and I got some nent out of the encounter. You certainly xperience in writing letters of recom- tion—if that is what you call the docu- i Pei-Ni brought me. I never read any- o sweetly noncommittal, and I promptly e young man a note to the Friends of the led Soldiers, and advised him to ask or a job. I had a feeling that this was not what he had hoped for. He doesn't look as if he is in straits. Even if the Friends Wounded Soldiers don't take him on, pect him to manage.

late in the night. Before I stop I have a on: What has come over Daisy? I can't t my finger on any change sufficiently to e it, but she's something like a collar he starch gone out of it. Look here, Jane, t have you interfering with the morale of aff. But don't talk too much about Daisy r next. Say more about yourself.

R.T

had the lantern windows lighted in your ," said Jane.

rry Manners stood at her side gazing s the Happy Sea toward the Court of ement. Twilight was dim over the water he tree-bordered shore; beyond, shining e violet air, were little glowing shapes n the wall on either side of the roofed

anners narrowed his eyes. "I see a fan; f of the persimmon tree, and its fruit h is the symbol of fertility . . . the lights aking on their outlines with the deepen- of dusk. My dear Jane, no one but you ld think of such a welcome to a war-weary t."

Enjoy the lantern windows while you ," said Jane. "We lighted them with the t native candles which will burn only a e while. Like much of this garden beauty, windows show their charm for a transient nent."

Let us walk toward them," her guest sug- ed. "They were meant to beckon ough the night, on occasions of high fes- l, I suppose. My dear, Daisy brought an encouraging report of your health. I delighted your difficulties are behind you. I thought Daisy herself seemed a little off color when she returned from her two days with you."

"Oh," said Jane, "I'm sorry. What was the matter with Daisy?"

"I thought at first nothing very definite . . . but an absence of her usual sparkle, perhaps. This is the Fan Hsuan where she stayed? She told me about it."

"Which room have you chosen for your own? Quiet Mind or Tranquil Heart?" Jane asked.

"You might know me well enough to be sure that I have taken possession of both," said Manners. "While I may, I live in the grand style."

"You will not be here very much during the days, I gather?"

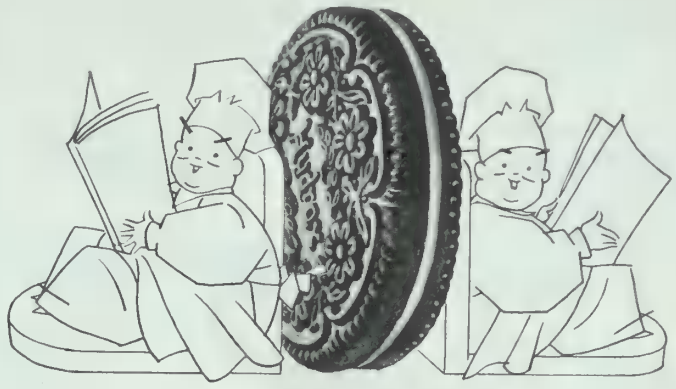
"Unfortunately, no. I must be in Huai Yuen. But my errands there will make it possible to remain with you longer than I had anticipated, if that is entirely convenient?"

"Nothing could be more convenient," Jane assured him. "You will want to spend hours with Master Yuan, who is eager to make your acquaintance. I learn through Shan Shih that he contemplates a little feast. He can afford it since Stephen bought his album at the price you suggested. I was quite abashed to discover how little I understood the money value of those paintings. To go back to Daisy—can you tell me anything more about her?"

"Your young Stephen seems desperate about her," Manners told her. "Ah, do let me look at your charming lantern show a moment."

He counted the little windows before which they stood, and enumerated the shapes, each different from its neighbor, and all making a harmony of pattern which began to fade away as the lights sank low, one after another.

"And so the beautiful thing perishes, but the beauty itself is immortal," he murmured, and then picked up the thread of what he had been saying. "About Daisy. Three days ago, she came to see me—to have coffee, to be exact. We talked of this and that. She seemed distrait, and I took an uncle's priv-



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...best I ever ate

Easy Sponge Cake by Mrs. Florence Readman



Sponge cake is about the nicest cake there is to serve with fruit. We have made this cake many times and it is always light, fluffy and tender.

The recipe came to us from Mrs. Florence Readman, a Canadian reader who wanted to share with us her way of making sponge cake in return for "the many recipes of yours that I have tried with success *always*. It is economical, easy to make, and friends and family agree it's super."

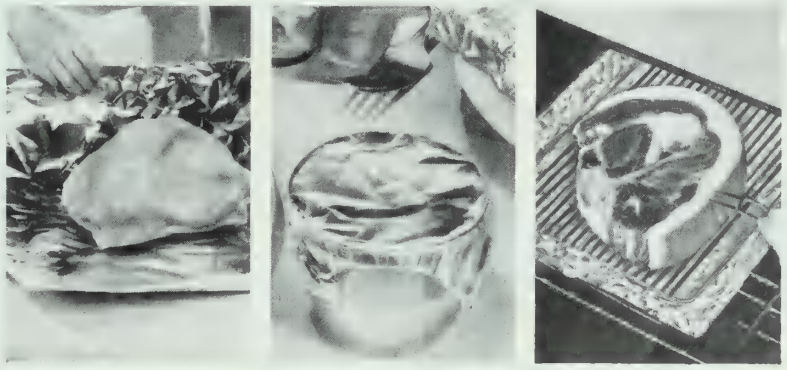
Most sponge cakes this size call for ten eggs in the recipe. This is a cake you don't have to be too gentle with, except for folding in the whites.

Easy Sponge Cake

Separate 5 eggs. Beat the egg whites until foamy at medium speed on an electric mixer. Add 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon salt, and beat until stiff. Put the unbeaten yolks into a large mixer bowl with 5 tablespoons cold water and 1 cup fruit sugar (superfine). Beat at medium speed until light yellow and fluffy. Sift 1 cup cake flour 3 times and add to the yolk mixture with 1 teaspoon each of vanilla and lemon extract. Beat again at low speed until well blended. Fold the beaten egg whites into the egg-yolk mixture until well blended.

Pour into ungreased large 10" x 4" tube pan. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., 70 minutes. Turn upside down to cool.

Remember these ways to save food, save time, save work...





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ilege to remark upon it. Suddenly she threw her arms about my neck and burst into tears. My dear, I could not have been more amazed if I had found Niagara Falls on my shoulders."

"She must have been overwrought. I'm told she does very dangerous work at times," Jane said hastily.

"Dangerous work? I dare say." They walked slowly as he continued. "Daisy asked if I had ever been completely upset . . . made to feel overwhelmed and uncertain about everything. This admitted of only one interpretation, and I murmured that I have been young—have had my own *affaires de coeur*. At the suggestion of a love affair she got up hastily, and said would I forgive her foolishness and forget about it?"

They had reached the steps of the Temple to the Flowers, and here they found Wilfreda, who had an air of suppressed excitement.

"Jane, I think it's time for your bath. Excuse me, Doctor Manners, but a bath in a tub is not very easy to arrange here and Jane ordered hers to be ready at this time."

"Then I must go," said Jane. "Forgive such domestic details, Barry."

"Of course," said Manners. "I shall be having a delightful evening with some old books I bought today. Until tomorrow, my dear hostesses."

HE left them and the two women turned in the direction of the *chai*. As soon as the tall figure was out of earshot Jane made an eager demand.

"Has Stephen got back?"

"Yes. He drove the truck in at the back gate. He asked me to get rid of Lao Ch'i and Lao Pa, so I sent them off to prepare your bath as we arranged."

Jane quickened her pace through the bamboo grove and around the low hills to where the truck was standing. No one was visible. Jane went into the dense shadow and Wilfreda heard her say, "Willow, my dear, my dear."

There was no audible word in reply; but as Wilfreda came near enough, she saw the shadowy outline of a woman taller than Jane holding the little figure away from her with her hands on the slender shoulders. After a long moment, Jane spoke to Wilfreda.

"Please go ahead. We will follow at a distance and wait for your signal that the coolies are out of the *chai*."

Wilfreda returned to Jane's quarters and found the lacquer tub full of steaming water waiting. She made sure that the servants were out of the way. A moment more and the three women were within the *chai*.

"Close both gates and fasten the south door," said Jane.

The newcomer had gone into the east room. Wilfreda saw she was far along in pregnancy, and dressed in the poor black cotton of the Chinese peasant garment. Her legs were bare and the feet thrust into rough straw sandals. Every detail was characteristic of Szechwan's worst poverty, but the poise of the head under its soiled white cloth wound turbanwise, and something in the set of the shoulders, did not agree with the coolie clothing.

"Wilfreda," said Jane, "I want to do a few of the first things myself. Stephen has managed very well about food, so she isn't hungry. Willow is so exhausted that she has scarcely said two words, but she warned me to keep away because she says she has lice. I'm going to start by giving her an insecticide shampoo. It's going to be a serious job to get her cleaned up, and I think I would like the wooden foot tub to soak the extremities before we put her into the bath."

"You can't put a woman in her condition into a hot bath!" the nurse objected. "We must be satisfied with sponging off for the present. I'll get the insecticide."

Wilfreda brought the insecticide and Jane soaked one end of the towel, which she rubbed through the rough black locks which were cut short. The saturated cloth was plastered over the head, and then the dry part was wound firmly around and fastened.

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"No," said Jane, "by morning you
ll fi all those wretched little crawlers
ve b me perfectly quiet and then we'll
t ri f them with soap and water. I
ow v to give an insecticide shampoo.
l ne forget the time I needed it my-
f. D t try to talk. You'll soon be going
rest
Wil la brought a heavy clay jug; she
oped p some bath water, and poured it
o t foot tub.
Wh the washing of the feet was finished,
illo irred and spoke. "Teacher Jane, you
ve e e too much for me. I can manage
re Please both of you go out and let me
he one."
Wh they were out of the heated room
ne rmured to the nurse, "I'm afraid
ere marks on her body that she doesn't
nt to see. She has been in prison, you
ow Did you ever see anyone so done
?"
"Y " said Wilfreda. "I think you were
ne yourself the other night after our
le ssion outside the garden gate. And I
nt u in bed as soon as possible."
Th scrubbing and splashing behind the
tic lid not go on very long. A clean gar-
ent Wilfreda's was ready when Willow
ked or it, and the things she had worn
re aced near the pile of laundry which
e se would attend to next morning
fo any curious eyes were open. It was
arl leven o'clock when the three women
ple rough the paths leading to the Joy
Ba boos.
"I r since I knew you would come,"
ne eathed in Willow's ear, "I have been
n his isolated house,
t t no one will be
p ed that Wilfreda
d often visit it. But
o else has any er-
nd here. You will not
d urbed."
" is long since I have
té " was the answer.

It as a drowsy morn-
g a Szechwan summer day and the
oi heat permeated everything. Jane came
o ne *lang-tse*. She looked very sober, but
ill when she saw Stephen and Wilfreda.
" illow had a fairly good night, I think,"
e ported. "If you would go up and look
ver, Wilfreda? I finished her shampoo."
J e took her friend's chair as the latter
n ed. The morning light was a glory
c the face of the pool. On the banks, the
l green of the bamboos hung in bladed
l s, and on the surface of the water a
g lotus was opening its rosy cup. Jane
d d from the peace of the garden to look
S phen.
" illow was born to this, but she doesn't
n e to remind her of it. She says she
h o heart for the enjoyment of gardens
."
"ell me a little more about her," said
n en.
Ier father was an official and a large
o wner, and Willow was well grounded
e Chinese classics. But it was decided to
h her a modern education as well, and she
s ent to a mission school."
Was that when thee first knew her?"

D. That school was in the south. Willow
m e a communist while she was prepar-
fo r the university where I taught her.
is a born rebel and experimenter, and at
t time the student communist move-
t was beginning. She met a young or-
z er who made a great impression upon
He was dying of TB, but he lived in
rty and jeopardy. She contrasted him
the missionaries in the school. They
security; they lived comfortably. Wil-
cast in her lot with peril and hard work.
she was already an underground agent
n she entered the university."
ephen whistled softly. "Did thee know

Not for some time. In her sophomore
, she marched in a parade which was
ersed by the police, and she was ar-
ed. At first she was kept at police head-
rters, but later she was moved to a
military prison, which alarmed all her friends. We went into action and got her out. It was shortly after she returned to the campus that we became really intimate."

"Thee chooses thy intimates for odd reasons, I must say," Stephen commented.

Jane appeared thoughtful. "Well, I was a propagandist—and Willow was one too. I had a deep respect for her courage and devotion. We used to have arguments. But we did become friends; dear friends."

"All this was a long time ago. What has been happening since then?"

"I know very little about it—and I am not likely to know much more. But now she needs me; she turns to me. That is enough."

EVENING came softly into the garden on the night of the feast to which Barry Manners had been bidden by Master Yuan. The guest found Master Yuan waiting to greet him, with all proper apologies for the repast which was certainly in contrast to the forty courses of feasts in Peking restaurants, or the elaborate eating which, even in war days, went on in official Chungking. But the *pièce de résistance* of roasted crabs was in true scholar tradition. The soup was served in exquisite Ming bowls.

Master Yuan was a gracious and meticulous host. The library where the table was laid was lighted with great horn globes in which candles were burning, and the narrow table, often used for the display of paintings, was now covered with a single scroll of calligraphy.

"I see you have something to show me," Manners said when he knew the proper time had arrived to introduce a subject which must be approached with attention and deliberation.

It appeared that the writing was that of the artist Wu Mei-Sun, and that there was still in existence a sort of garden daybook which narrated the circumstances under which this particular piece of calligraphy had been written. And there was an entry—the old scholar dropped his voice—which mentioned that Wu Mei-Sun had brought to the garden certain documents descended to him from his famous ancestor, Wu Chen. The daybook hinted that these precious things had been hidden somewhere in the garden.

"Has the present owner never made a search for this?" Manners wanted to know.

The old scholar replied that Wang Wei-Chou was very seldom at home and that the recovery of the work of the brush of Wu Chen had not concerned him as much as it should. But he had given Master Yuan leave to hunt about himself.

"And you have never found any trace?"

"There is no trace. I have examined the grotto, as a likely hiding place, and I have considered the statue of Kuan Yin."

"Of course," said Manners. "There would be a hollow place near the heart where writings, if they were small enough, might be deposited."

"I have examined the heart chamber of the statue and found nothing. However ——"

At this moment, the two heard footsteps and unfamiliar voices. Lloyd Osborne appeared in the open door and spoke abruptly.

"Hello, Manners. Please tell the old man we must come in. Sorry to disturb you."

Manners translated for his host. "What is the matter?" Manners asked, as two Americans in uniform came in behind the young officer.

"Search party. We heard a radio last night and pin-pointed it in this garden. When it started again tonight we came over."

"A radio!" said Manners. "Well, you certainly won't find it here. I've spent a good bit of time in this room. There's no space where a radio could be hidden."

Osborne glanced around and saw a doorway, covered by a screen of split bamboo. "Tell the old man we're going in."

Manners said a few apologetic words to his host. The officer lifted the screen and turned on his powerful electric torch.

It is easy to convince a wise man, but to reason with a fool is a difficult undertaking.

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The room was very small and crowded with chests stacked on top of one another. One by one the chests were lifted out into the larger room, and Manners unpacked and repacked, until it was clear that nothing remained concealed. The best of the old man's collections had been taken out for the visitors' benefit, and what remained was rather pathetic evidence of the care with which every vestige of scholarly treasure-trove was lovingly hoarded. The last box had his supply of garments for winter.

"You see? Nothing here." Manners closed the lid.

Osborne stood frowning. "We've been through every other building in the place. And we worked all over that grotto. I thought it was queer that white stone figure was shut in behind doors, but we went into the niche behind and all around—drew blank. Manners, I'd like to talk with you."

"By all means."

The scholar feast had come to an unexpected conclusion, and Master Yuan accepted his guest's farewells.

Osborne told his men to wait for him and followed Manners into his quarters.

"I want to get your help," the Intelligence officer began. "You are the only one in this garden who is one of us. I'm inclined to order everybody out of the place—and ——"

MANNERS cleared his throat. "I think I can make a suggestion. I am, as you point out, in the war effort, and I have a rather specialized knowledge of Chinese ways. It may be that in a day or two I shall pick up a clue. Do you want me to see what I can find out?"

"I'm not sure I can wait."

"Did you tell Miss Breasted what you were after?"

"I told Miss Grayson. She said Miss Breasted was off with a servant and we didn't bother to hunt her up. . . . Do you think you can do more than we have done?"

"I can try," said Manners.

In the San Yu Chai, Stephen was with Jane. "I hope this unexpected visit hasn't upset thee?" he said as she lay back in her peacock chair looking at the reflections of stars in the pool.

Wilfreda came to the door. "Jane, I think Willow's labor has begun. I ought to stay with her tonight. But I don't like having you alone in this court. Stephen, could you sleep here?"

"Of course. What do I do if Jane needs you?"

"Call me," said Wilfreda. "We can set up my cot on the *lang-tse*." Come and help me bring it out."

The arrangements were swiftly made, and Wilfreda took her candle lantern and went to her patient. Stephen sat down on the steps of the *chai*.

"Sleepy, Jane?"

"Not a bit."

"There's some of thy strategy that I don't quite understand," said the young man. "When the child is born thee can't possibly keep Willow's presence here a secret. Has thee provided for that?"

"Certainly. As soon as the birth takes place I shall call Shang Shih and tell him one of my old students came to me from Huai Yuen with thee, and call upon him for congratulations. He won't like it. Szechwanese consider it bad luck to allow a strange child to be born under their roofs. So I shall let Shang Shih gather that it is on account of his ideas I didn't tell him until everything was over."

"But then it will be his duty to notify the police that we have a Chinese newly arrived."

"They'll take their time," said Jane. "Thee told me that day after tomorrow thee leaves for Pao Chi. Willow can go underground there until she is entirely strong and able to do the mountain trails to Yennan. She will lie on her mattress and make the journey really comfortably. I can keep the local police away for two days, I'm sure."

Stephen held his head and groaned. "Jane, thee is a sort of witch-woman. I don't fancy this assignment at all."

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"t thee will undertake it?" Jane asked
ently.
hen was silent. "The baby goes too?"
lly asked.
. Willow could never get the child
with her. Besides, I need the baby."
hat thee is really doing is wishing a
on Wilfreda. Thee certainly asks a
leal of her, Jane."
, I know, I know. But if thee will
e in one thing more, the baby need
a burden to her—only a joy to us both.
can spare some money, we can find a
wet nurse in the village. No further
ds are to be made upon thee, poor

n, the money is easy. But can't thee
think of any other way to get Willow
ety?"
an thee?"
re was a long silence. Then Jane began
ing softly.
hen Willow got over her exhaustion
h to talk with me, she began by saying,
s not argue; you have one set of ideas,
e another.' And of course I said we
not use the precious hours together
bate. I said that what she and I both
d was basically the same: the welfare
people. She at once flared up and told
at my Christian tradition had been in
orld for two thousand years, and that
little for the people had been accom-
d. And it turned out that in spite of
ersonal tragedy, in spite of her condi-
all she really wanted to talk about was
beliefs, and the sacrifices of her com-
s. 'I know there is just one way for
a to go,' she told me."
he did not thank thee,
ppose, for giving her
m?"
Did she thank thee
riving her from Chung-
?"
No. But I could feel
was grateful. I won-
whether, if thee or I
into a jam with her
munist crowd, she would help us."
She would want to, I'm sure. But she
ld be guided by what she thought was
dient politically. No personal considera-
would move her if it wasn't the party
That's the whole difference between her
. . . us."
Thee means," said Stephen, "that our
istian view embraces the good of the
le of humanity. Hers embraces the good
ommunists."
She thinks it will bring about the good
he whole of humanity if communists
e to power," said Jane. "And there is a
nendous drive and energy in her and her
rades. It is a force we must all reckon
h."
And what have we got in us that will
e with it?"
Shall I really tell thee?"
Tell me!"
I listened to her a long, long time. I
rd her savage anger at the evil she com-
s. And I began to find a pattern of words
ning in my thoughts . . . words which
ne again and again as a strain of music
s through the head."
But thee doesn't say what the words
re."

THEY might not mean much to thee," swered Jane. "But since thee is a Friend I am, I'll attempt to tell thee. The words ne from a powerful impression which I eived in childhood. . . . My family, when as little, always went in summer to the aker settlement in the Allegheny Moun-ns. In those meetings, there was one old end who gave me the words I have spoken When he rose, he began speaking much the rest did, but he seemed to experience great happiness and peace; his old face one. One phrase he repeated comes back haunt me beautifully now. These are the rds: 'We . . . shall be satisfied . . . with the ghtness . . . of His rising.'"
Her voice died away and the night silence wed over them. But she had one more ng to say.

"I have never had an experience of God quite like that of the old Quaker who chanted about the satisfying he had in the brightness of His rising. Neither, I suppose, has thee. We experience God in the way of our own time, which is not favorable to ecstasies. But it is clear that there is no satisfying to be had out of the sorry scheme of things in the external world which is all materialism knows. Now, Stephen, I have said more about my inner self than I have attempted to say to anyone. And it is time to go to rest."

"Yes," said Stephen. "Jane, I will take Willow to Pao Chi."

Jane's interview with Shang Shih took place next morning, and it was quite clear that he felt she had now gone too far in the use she was making of his master's hospitality. Jane was tempted to tell the gateman that Willow had been received with the knowledge and consent of Wang Wei-Chou, but she refrained. It would be best to take all the responsibility herself.

"When the police come, I will speak with them," she said. "Did you not tell me a short time ago about a young relative of yours who has recently given birth? I wish to find a good nurse for this child."

SHANG SHIH was not too offended to miss the proffered olive branch. He departed.

Jane waited impatiently for Wilfreda, and when the nurse came she was carrying a small white bundle.

"Give her to me!" was Jane's demand.

Wilfreda smilingly stooped and laid the baby in her arms. "Keep the flap of the blanket over her eyes as the Chinese do. There is bright sunshine this morning."

"Her eyes are nothing but little creases in her face," said Jane. "She's fast asleep. Oh, Wilfreda, how soft she is . . . and how sweetly she draws her breath."

"She draws it just like any baby," Wilfreda remarked, and as her friend looked up the two women laughed.

"Of course I shall make an idiot of myself over this child," Jane said. "But it's time I took some thought for you. Can you leave Willow now?"

"Yes, she should sleep for a while."

"Then you should sleep too. Little Hope and I are going to be perfectly happy. She can sleep in my arms just as well as anywhere else, can't she?"

"I suppose so," Freda answered. "You've picked out a name for her already?"

"Yes. Willow was sure it would be a girl and chose her Chinese name. But she asked me to give an English one, and that's what it is—Hope."

Barry Manners had decided that the threat to security was more important than his business in Huai Yuen, and he spent the day considering courses of action.

Late that afternoon Lieutenant Osborne again made his appearance in the garden, in response to a message. He found Manners waiting for him.

"You have something important to tell me?" he demanded.

"Of the greatest importance. But I want one assurance from you before I proceed. You remember the old scholar whose room you searched last night?"

The young American nodded.

"He has been of the greatest assistance. I want you to promise you will let me handle anything which comes up concerning him."

Osborne hesitated. Manners had an obstinate air—and, after all, he wasn't a fool. "O.K."

He found himself escorted to the grotto which he and his men had searched. There he met Stephen Purcell and the old Chinese waiting at the mouth of the cave.

"I thought you'd like to see your radio," said Manners. "We haven't touched it. Come in and make your own observations."

The wooden doors which ordinarily enclosed the Kuan Yin were wide open, and

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have now, all they ever had, and all they ever expect to have.
—ANON.



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¾ cup chopped walnuts
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1½ teasp. baking soda
½ teasp. salt
3 tablesp. shortening
¾ cup boiling water
2 eggs
1 teasp. vanilla*
1 cup granulated sugar
1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
Cream cheese

Mix first 4 ingredients with fork. Add shortening, water. Let stand 20 min. Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Beat eggs with fork. Add vanilla*, then sugar and flour, beating with fork. Add date mixture; mix to just blend. Pour into greased 9"x 5"x 3" loaf pan. Bake at 350° F. 1 hour, 5 minutes, or until done. Cool loaf. Slice enough for 2 or 3 small sandwiches, spread with cream cheese. (Rest of loaf keeps in refrigerator.)

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the goddess sat immovable and beautiful before them. But just under her feet there was blackness instead of her lotus leaves. The block of stone upon which they were carved had been taken away. The pedestal was not solid, as it had appeared, but was made of stones, hollowed and set together without cement. Under the serene figure was quite a space, and in it was what he had been searching for.

"How did you find out this was hollow?" Osborne demanded.

"We are indebted to Master Yuan," was the reply. "He made the suggestion, and we found the piece which has been removed not too heavy for one person to handle, once it was identified."

"So the old fellow knew about this?" said Osborne. "Maybe he knows the operator too."

"You are leaving that to me," Manners reminded him.

The Chinese scholar had been standing apart from the three Americans. Now he moved forward.

"Please tell the American officer," said Master Yuan, "that caution should be used in investigating the interior of the pedestal. Something of the greatest value might be injured by injudicious haste."

Manners translated, and added a word of explanation which made Osborne stare.

"But if he thought the junk he's interested in was here, why did he wait until now to look for it?"

"Chinese scholars," Manners replied, "are not very good at dealing with such matters as the identification of movable stones in what seems a solid substance. Nor am I, myself. We both found Mr. Purcell's practical skill most essential."

Osborne proceeded to remove the radio from its hiding place himself, and then handed his torch to Master Yuan. "Tell him I'm much obliged . . . and if he'd like to look for his stuff, this will be useful."

The Intelligence officer busied himself with the inspection of the radio while the old man approached the hole and played the beam around the dusty interior. Nothing was there, so far as he could see. But Stephen took the torch and after a moment or two noticed that some loam had been pushed into a little ridge at the back. He reached a long arm into the space and brought out a scroll, tightly rolled

"Is that all?" asked Osborne as Master Yuan received the find in trembling fingers.

Further search produced nothing more, and the Chinese, after asking Manners to express his gratitude, bowed slightly, and retired to the Library of Four Delights, where he could examine the scroll at his leisure.

"Now," said Manners to Osborne, "are you satisfied that this is what you have been looking for? If you are, what do you propose to do next?"

"Leave it where it is, of course," said Osborne. "We'll let the operator suppose that we have given up the search. Next time we hear him, we can nab him."

STEPHEN replaced the movable stone as soon as Osborne had restored the radio to the spot where it had been found, and then the three separated. Stephen escaped to his own quarters, and Osborne and Manners strolled back to the Hall for Inviting the Pleasures.

"You say," Osborne remarked, "that it was this old fellow's learning which gave you the idea of an empty place under the statue. I'd certainly like to know what it was he grabbed up so anxiously."

"Suppose I go over and have a look?" Manners suggested.

"Well?" the young man demanded when Manners returned from his errand. "Did you see the thing yourself?"

"Yes."

"Could you read it?"

"Easily."

"What is it?"

"It's not the text that is important. It's the handwriting—the calligraphy. That makes it very precious."

"The handwriting!" said Osborne. "But what's the text?"

"It is the Diamond Sutra," replied Manners, "from the brush of the great [illegible] raphist of the Yuan dynasty, Wu Ch[illegible]"

The night had been very long. At in[illegible] Jane had risen and paced the floor. [illegible] would collapse release her? She t[illegible] there had never before been so many [illegible] consecutively of this ordeal; and she [illegible] it presaged an attack which would car[illegible] far toward the end.

It must be long after midnight. She thought of the coming of the light with [illegible] pressible longing, and remembered th[illegible] her there would not be many more d[illegible]

She went over to her basin and pi[illegible] took off her nightdress, and sprinkle[illegible] shoulders and arms with cool water. Sh[illegible] on a fresh gown, and over it her loose [illegible] robe. Her straw sandals had cost her [illegible] hundred dollars the first summer she [illegible] been in Huai Yuen, and she never wore [illegible] without remembering that item in her [illegible] account. With this mundane thought [illegible] extinguished her light and stepped [illegible] into the court.

It was a well of shadows. The roof [illegible] of the four little buildings cut delicate[illegible] against a sky where stars were dim. [illegible] turned from the path, and managed t[illegible] the steps of the eastern ridge, cut i[illegible] packed earth. She would circle the [illegible] on the wooded rise from which she [illegible] look over the plain and up to the star[illegible] At the highest point there was a stone [illegible] where she could watch for the sun.

SHE could not see the path as she [illegible] slowly, but her feet knew when they str[illegible] from it. At first the growth between her [illegible] the wall made a complete screen. Ther[illegible] was near the rear gate. Here the growth [illegible] away so that the uneven terrain to the r[illegible] glimmered vaguely under the dim hea[illegible]

She put her hands before her and tou[illegible] a tree. It was rough, definite, comfor[illegible] and she leaned against it. As she did s[illegible] a tiny point of light flashed out of the [illegible] ness. It pricked the thick air and was g[illegible] Then it pricked again. It was coming ne[illegible]

The watcher stood very still. There [illegible] only one kind of light that behaved like t[illegible] the bulb of an electric torch; this one n[illegible] be held in the hand of someone approac[illegible] the garden wall. Presently there were st[illegible] and a figure outlined for a moment in [illegible] glow of the torch passed directly beneath [illegible] The scent of a good cigarette became not[illegible] able. Jane sniffed. She had an association [illegible] that particular smell. She decided to sp[illegible]

The sound of her voice in the night [illegible] startling to her own ears. "Don't [illegible] troubled," said Jane. "I have had a rest[illegible] night, so I have come out to try to walk [illegible] self quiet. I was surprised by your light [illegible] came along the hills."

There was no answer.

"Benny," said Jane, "if you won't sp[illegible] to me I shall be very suspicious. You s[illegible] me a note saying you were returning [illegible] Chungking. What are you doing her[illegible]

"Teacher Jane!" The voice was hoa[illegible] but plainly Benny's. "Teacher Jane, [illegible] won't get me into trouble?"

"I suspect," said Jane dryly, "that you already got yourself into trouble."

"What do you mean?" The voice [illegible] sullen.

Jane slid to the ground and sat on her he[illegible] with one arm clasping the base of the t[illegible] "If you won't give me a frank account of yo[illegible] self, you must be here for no good reaso[illegible]

"Listen, Teacher Jane. These are h[illegible] times. I've seen and done bad things, [illegible] I'm trying to get out of the mess. I'm try[illegible] to get away. A word from you about find[illegible] me here tonight will trap me."

"You appeal to my compassion, Ben[illegible] But you don't tell me what you are doi[illegible] You must consider whether I have the ri[illegible] to risk danger and distress for other peo[illegible] in order to shield you."

"Teacher Jane, I'm hurting no one[illegible] swear it! Do you know what they do t[illegible] poor man like me when they even susp[illegible] what you are hinting? To be turned over [illegible] torture by you! Oh, I can't believe you [illegible] do it."

J could not answer. Of all the monstros meaningless violence of war, torture held the greatest horror. Yet he must be a spy. His terror was evidence enough. And the had been the raid ——

"nny, speak the truth and I'll hide you, I'll lp you get away. You have only to stop hat you're doing."

"tell you I'm hurting no one. You won't believe what I said if I talked. You can hide me. You can only keep quiet. What are you going to do?"

"nny, I don't know. I don't know."

"hen there's only one thing left for me. You emember my brother? He knew what the ore was, and now so do I."

Suddenly Jane realized that he had gone. She struggled to her feet, intending to call back, and then checked herself. An outcry might wake the coolies sleeping in their hut. She sat down again, trembling and chilled. The violence against which she had been a witness all her life had snaked out a tentacle of its octopus strength and caught her in its grip. To betray Benny was unthinkable, and even at that moment she was sure he knew it. To be responsible for his treachery was impossible. She must stop him without injuring him.

She began crawling along the path, forcing herself to shaking hands and feet to push against the steady ground, and gradually she stilled herself enough so that she stood up. She fell after a step or two; but she persisted, and, in the end, did walk uncertainly forward. Through her racing, anguished mind a familiar rhythm began to assert itself, first as beating with no meaning. Then gradually its sense came in the midst of her tumult:

"He . . . shall be satisfied . . . with the brightness . . . of His rising.

The words flowed in repetition as she went on. She was following the hill path. She reached the highest point, and groped to a stone seat. She was facing the east, but the black dark was still on the horizon. Exhaustion set in; her bodily energy was at an end. But it seemed her thought was clearing. There came a great compassion for Benny and for all sufferers, guilty and innocent alike. The compassion grew into a strange sweetness which embraced all living creatures, and turned toward the heart of God whence it had descended upon her. The body slipped to its knees.

When the sun rose, flaring red, Wilfreda looked into the Nameless Room and found it empty. She waited some time and then went out on a search. At last she found her friend, scarcely able to speak, and unable to see. Lao Ch'i and Lao Pa carried the *shih mu* to the *chai* and laid her upon her cot.

"Forgive me," whispered Jane. "I did not mean to make a fuss."

"You had better not try to talk," said Wilfreda. "But can you tell me in a word what happened? Did you have an attack?"

"Not an attack. Later . . . I will try to tell you."

"You must be very quiet now."

"Yes. I must not be sick now. I have things to do."

The Szechwan world was gray with mist. Dawn was beginning to lighten on the plain which lay filled with clouded air.

Wang Wei-Chou strained his eyes for a sign of his garden wall. He was traveling the narrow track from the main highway in a sedan chair carried by two bearers. Before him a gang of coolies tramped rhythmically, bearing on their shoulders the lacquered poles which distributed the weight of a burden, long and narrow, covered with coarse oiled cloth. He had his reasons for an arrival at dawn at the River Garden.

Ah. The sound of the current of water gliding in the channel outside his walls. Wang spoke to his men, who set down his chair. He stepped out with relief.

"We have arrived," he addressed the outline of a figure which emerged in the grayness. "Let the men rest. I shall go inside."

Wang went forward alone. He accompanied his knock with his own voice, so that Shang Shih might not be troubled by the early summons. Presently the gate swung ajar, and Wang stood beside his old servant, who made his respectful bow.

"The master is unexpected."

"I have been on the way all night. Let us go to the Court of Retirement."

They moved into the garden. They heard fish leap in the hidden lake, and birds from invisible trees. They came to dim walls pierced with the lantern windows and Shang Shih undid the lock, and gave entrance.

It was gloomy inside the great room. Wang Wei-Chou took out his flash and its thin beam fell on the wide stone slabs of the floor, and on the intricately patterned lattice.

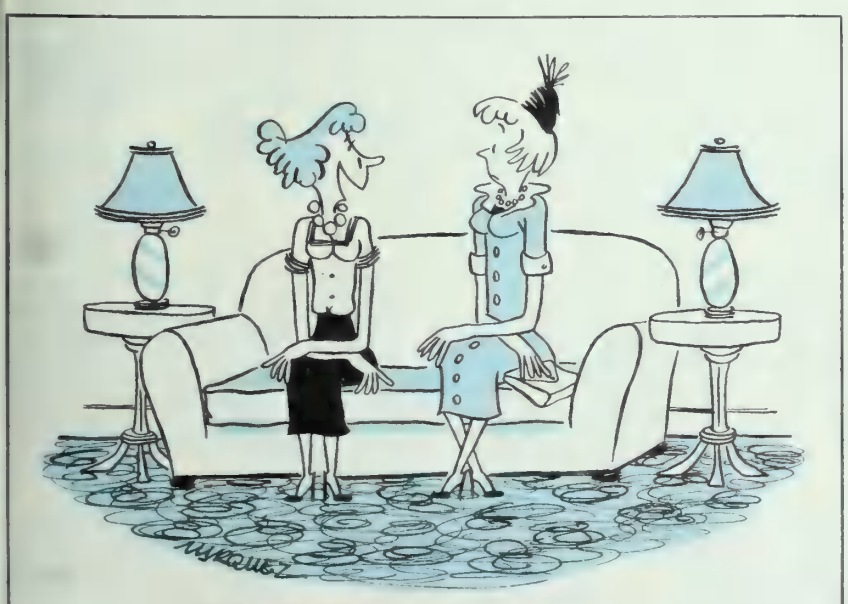
"Sweep out now, and leave all entrances open. I have a certain thing to bring here. I shall go and return soon."

Shang Shih fetched a broom and busied himself while his master returned to the men outside the garden.

"We will go in," he said.

The coolies raised their load again upon their shoulders. The signal was given to go forward. The shuffling feet were the only sounds as they went through the paths to the Court of Retirement. There, the burden was eased down upon the trestles, and the covering stripped away. A black lacquer coffin, its lines picked out in gold leaf, stood in the hall.

The carriers gathered up their carrying poles and their ropes and followed Shang Shih out of the garden. Wang Wei-Chou lingered. The walls and galleries, crowded upon by the dripping pines and drenched bamboo, shut him away from the glow of



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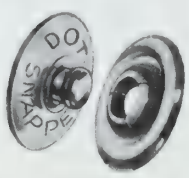
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sunrise. He walked the low-roofed galleries, then back to look upon the lacquer and gold, ponderous and shining . . . taking possession of his thoughts as he walked.

It was inevitable that Jane must die. It had been a satisfaction to provide for her last days the surroundings which were her heart's desire, but he had not been content to stop with that. He had, during his last leave, gone to Hsu Lao-Pan and his coffin shop, and given his orders. He had been able to get a brief leave when word came that the coffin, containing exquisitely wrought Chinese grave clothes, was in readiness for the time when Jane might be "invited" to occupy its state.

Shang Shih came back with a kettle of hot water and his master's bags. He joined Wang Wei-Chou by the open doors. "Where shall I take the bags and bring the morning rice?" asked the old servant.

"I will stay in the Fragrance of Bamboo," said his master. "Tell Shih Mu as soon as she is awake that I am here and bring word when I may see her."

It was Wilfreda who received him at the San Yu Chai. The nurse met him at the gate.

"Jane is lying down. I will take you in presently."

They spoke in low tones as Wilfreda gave a nurse-to-doctor report. Then she left him and he crossed the court to Jane's door.

"Come in, Wei-Chou."

She was lying on her cot. In Jane's eyes and smile there were warmth and light, although he was quick to see that she made an even smaller bundle in her white sheet than she had when he brought her in her litter to the garden.

She went on, "You come at an auspicious moment. Have you heard about Willow?"

"I have. And about her baby. And about your other friends. Shang Shih has made a full report."

"There's very little that escapes Shang Shih," Jane commented. "I must apologize for filling your garden so full of people."

"I knew what would happen when I invited you. I am honored and pleased with everything you have done." He took her hand and let a finger rest on her pulse.

"It is good to be with you and Wilfreda," Jane continued. "You both know that Brother Ass is not going to do much more work, but neither of you confuse me with Brother Ass. At least, Wilfreda certainly doesn't and I hope you don't, Wei-Chou, in spite of your attention to that pulse."

"I suppose I am very far from being as clear about life and death, and body and spirit, as my teacher," he answered. "And I'm a doctor. Brother Ass is my business. But I am also your student, you know. I hope to become clearer as I go on."

Jane nodded. "You will."

He laid down her hand. "Brother Ass is not doing badly. I shall not interfere with you, if that is what you mean." Wang Wei-Chou rose. "And by the way, I have a message for you. Major Trent hopes to call upon you very soon."

JANE sat in the peacock chair where she could look out on her pool. Wilfreda and Doctor Hartshorn were with her, and also Stephen, who had returned from the north.

She looked at Stephen. "Did thee hear anything at the air base as thee came by? Have they ever found the radio they were hunting the night thee hid Willow?"

"I heard nothing about that. But did thee know that they have opened a Red Cross club at the base with a hostess so that the men can have guests? And that Daisy is there this week end?"

"No," said Jane. "I didn't know that."

She did not ask if Stephen had seen Daisy, fearing it would humiliate him to say that he had not. Then he spoke again.

"Jane, has thee forgotten what day this is

"What day? Thee means it is First Day

"Yes," said Stephen. "Here are four of who have one faith; why should thee n draw us together in worship?"

Jane glanced swiftly from face to fac Stephen's need she knew; it seemed that tl weary lines of Doctor Hartshorn's forehea betrayed a burden of spirit; and of Wi freda's cares she was never unmindful. The were all weary and sorrowful. She folded h hands in her lap.

"Let us enter into silence," said Jane.

The mists were in the garden that morn ing, curling over the hill rises and the *lang-t* roofs, wreathing the dark trees. They drifte over the small hushed group. Gradually concentration began to spread among then

Jane's voice was heard:

"What shall we render unto the Lord for a His benefits toward us?
All our fresh springs are in Him.

"What shall we say in the face of the suffer ings of our time?
All our woes and our despairings are fron His hand.

"What shall we do with ourselves in a worl of violence and war?
All the efforts of ou souls, all the toil of ou bodies, can be wipe out by one bomb.

"How shall we mee our secret griefs and terrors?
In the nights, in the days, which one of us escapes being afraid?

"How shall we bear the joys which come to us and are denied to our fellows?
How have we dared to taste of loving-kindness and tender mercy?

"And the benefits and destructions, the terrors and the joys will not submit themselves to our understanding.
His ways are all unsearchable
His paths past finding out.

"From His strange and terrible and glorious acts
Our only refuge is Himself.
For He only is our hope
And in Him only is there any promise of life."

The water, lapping on the stones of the pool, came soothingly to ears filled with words which were but dimly comprehended. They did not know how long they had been sitting together when Jane unfolded her hands and laid them on the arms of her chair. As she did so, Daisy came in at the door opposite. Her eyes were fixed on Jane, and she went swaying toward her—swaying and stumbling.

"Aunt Jane . . . Jack went out on mission last night, and he didn't come back."

Stephen caught her in his arms as she collapsed.

Doctor Hartshorn to Wang Wei-Chou:

Jane Breasted died early Monday morning, ten days after you left. The immediate cause of death was heart failure. Your wishes were carried out. At noon Tuesday she "ascended into the coffin," as you Chinese say.

The scene in your Ancestral Hall was something like your Chinese ceremony and this seemed right to me.

Wilfreda Grayson used the garments you provided. There were present only Wilfreda Grayson, Stephen Purcell and myself. Stephen and I closed the coffin and he sealed the lid. Then we three remained together in silence until it was time to go.

Purcell has asked about Jane's finances. I have had to confess that there is no money. Of course, we missionaries in Huai Yuen would have done our best, if you had not stepped in.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Testament

By Sara King Carleton

All that we knew and had—we
leave it lying
In a room called Earth, on a
littered table there,
And open a door to a passage
where birds are flying
Through tall stone arches, free
in a wind-lost air.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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DANIEL HARTSHORN

Wilfreda Grayson to Wang Wei-Chou:

It is not possible to write at length just now, but I think I should tell you what has been decided about little Hope. None of us know how to communicate with Willow. It seems necessary to ask for your protection of the child and her nurse until Willow arranges to have her taken north, which, I understand, is her intention.

We called in Scholar Yuan and he thinks it perfectly simple to leave the baby with the nurse in the garden. He will take charge of some money which was given to Jane after her death, brought by Major Trent. This will be enough to provide for the child for some time.

A word about Jane. I do not know what Jane has meant to you, but I know what your goodness has meant to her in these weeks you have given her in your garden. Later, I can write more about it. But that must be for another time. W. G.

From the Journal of Wilfreda Grayson:

Everything is over. Jane had only a week of the agony we dreaded for her. She went into a coma and died when her heart mercifully failed.

That was two nights ago. Now, before I leave the Garden, I must set down some account of these final hours.

Why do little things related to the end of a life seem charged with significance? For Jane there was no sense of coming to an end, as she approached death. She felt herself like one about to pass through a door which was open into light.

Bodily pain she did fear. She supposed, as we did, that she must endure its very worst a long time. Now she will not be hurt any more.

It may be that the shock given her by Daisy Fairchild was the beginning of the end. Stephen, Doctor Hartshorn and I were with her and had been holding Quaker meeting.

The mood of worship (that seems the wrong word, but I can't think of another) had hardly lifted, when Daisy Fairchild appeared. She said Jack Fernald had been lost on mission, and then she fell unconscious. Doctor Hartshorn found that she had a high fever. Daisy had flown from Chungking to be with young Fernald, and when she arrived Fuchs noticed that she was not well; but she would allow him to do nothing. She said she and Jack were to have this time together, and she could not afford to be sick.

Stephen got her to the Huai Yuen Hospital, and there she still is, in a critical condition. No one puts a name on the infection. It is one of those myriad diseases that war against us here in Szechwan.

Now young Fernald had been blotted out . . . they told us later, he went down in flames.

As soon as Stephen and Doctor Hartshorn had taken charge of Daisy, Jane let me put her to bed. When she stretched herself upon her cot, she looked up as we heard the first showering on the roof.

"Hush," she said. "The rain." She lay listening, as the downpour came steadily. I came to sit beside her, and when I took her pulse, it betrayed the exhaustion I expected. Jane had closed her eyes, but she opened them. She spoke of Jack Fernald, and allowed me to understand that she had known about him and Daisy, although just what she knew she did not tell me.

After the words about Jack she said very little more. I thought she slept, but I did not leave her. After a time, I realized that her condition was not sleep, and sent Lao Pa through the rain to let Doctor Hartshorn know.

She had a week of suffering, but we were able to keep her under morphine most of the time. When the end came, Doctor Hartshorn told me about the extraordinary forethought of Wang Wei-Chou. There was something very sweet to me in the fact that only Stephen and Doctor Hartshorn and I were concerned in what had to be done. We stood together near the open doors and gave thanks to God for Jane in silence of our hearts. As we left the court we found all the servants waiting at the gate. Shang Ma says they went in and bowed before the coffin.

The two men returned to Huai Yuen, where Daisy occupies Stephen completely. Doctor Hartshorn lets him do some of the sitting up with her because they are so desperately short of staff, and Stephen is so anxious to be of use.

Wednesday, I set about packing up. As I was busy in our quarters I heard Shang Shih's shuffle, followed by an unfamiliar step, and then I saw a tall man with heavy shoulders and



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thinning hair coming into the *lang-tse* where I had taken Jane's letters and books for a final looking over.

"Miss Grayson?" he asked, coming toward me. "I am Robert Trent."

I invited him to sit down, and saw he was laboring under a burden of shock and grief which brought us very near together.

"I heard in Chungking," he said. "She never gave me a hint of this."

"There were very few who knew," I answered.

I found myself telling him more than I had told anyone before. He listened in wonder and, I could feel, with understanding. It was extraordinary how we two strangers drew together in those moments of our talk of Jane. Finally he lifted a letter from the pile before me.

"This is my last to her. It's of no importance now. It refers to an old student of hers, picked up by our Intelligence. His name was Li."

"Oh, Benny?"

"He has committed suicide," said Trent. "He thought he was going to be turned over to the Chinese police and took that way out. I don't blame him."

I found nothing to say. Trent stared at his letter and then tore it slowly to pieces.

"That Eurasian was a queer sort to be a pal of Jane's. But she evidently had all kinds. He had a little money, and sent word to me that he wanted Jane to have it. In his message he said another thing. He wanted Jane to be told that he knew she had never done him any harm—it was he who had hurt himself. I wonder what that meant. Do you know?"

I didn't. I had never liked Benny. But this message touched a tenderness in me. Of a sudden my head was down on my arms, and I was weeping—weeping the tears held back so long. Robert Trent let me cry for some time, comforting me as if I had been a child. At last I was quiet, and we had a long talk about all sorts of little things which it relieved me to tell and pleased him to hear.

At last he got up and said with authority, "You had better put all this away now. I can see that you are quite worn out."

"I got some sleep last night."

His level glance was on me. "I should think not much. I go back to Chungking within a few hours. What are you going to do?"

I said I must finish disposing of Jane's effects if he, as next of kin, gave me permission. He smiled at that.

"One favor before I leave you. Could you let me have something of Jane's to keep—a book, perhaps?"

A copy of the writings of Meister Eckhart, a German mystic, full of her notes and marks, was lying with her papers. I gave it to him.

"We shall meet again," he said. "But now I must go back to the air base and you must give yourself a rest."

He went away, and I obeyed him and lay down on my cot. The good tears had made sleep possible.

Wilfreda Grayson to Michael Chambers:

Tomorrow I shall be leaving Huai Yuen on the postal truck, and should be in Chungking in two days' time. From there I will get whatever transportation I can to Kweichou.

Daisy Fairchild's serious illness has not yet reached the point where the doctor can be sure she will recover, but she is young and strong and there seems good hope that she will live. Doctor Hartshorn tells Stephen that her war work is finished; she will require a long convalescence, and should be flown back to the States as soon as she can stand the journey. Doctor Hartshorn says that when Daisy comes out of this illness it is probable that all events just before it will seem very remote to her. He thinks there is a good chance that in the end Stephen and Daisy may come together.

Expect me in Kweichou by the end of the month. W. G.

Robert Trent to Wilfreda Grayson:

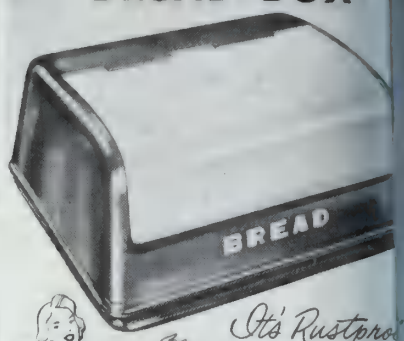
It was good to see you in Chungking as you passed through. Be sure to let me know when you are here again.

I have been looking over that book of Jane's which you gave me. I can't make much out of it, except when I find passages that she has underscored. Those seem to stand by themselves. But there are six lines, written in pencil, at the close of the chapter in which Eckhart has said that the love of God is like a fisherman's hook:

The hook of love
Caught me, long since;
And when strength failed,
And pain beset me,
Then, on that hook I felt
The tug of God.

THE END

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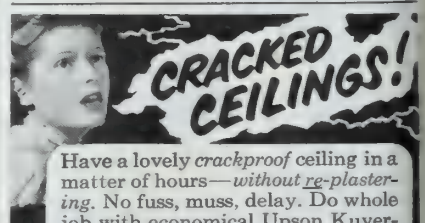


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School days are here again, even for the cockers, and Hildegarde loves jumping hurdles in the warm September sun.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

THE sunlight has a new quality now in September. It is no longer a golden trumpet tone in the sky; it is like a strain of violin music, very pure and clear, but sad. It falls on the cropped fields gently, the hills have a dreamy look. The first stamp maples begin to burn, striking the prelude for the color symphony to come. Goldenrod and chicory along the old stone fences mark the paths for autumn. The wild white and purple asters bloom.

I feel like singing all day. The cockers enjoy my singing, they don't care at all that I cannot keep on the key. My very favorite song is a folk song that I can very rarely manage.

"*When cockle shells turn silver bells*," I sing happily while I take the seeds out of the glowing scarlet peppers, "*then will my love re—turn-n to me — — When roses blow—in winter snow — —*"

Pepper seeds are so hard to get out. They jump around the kitchen. The inside of the peppers is a tawny orange red, the outside a true scarlet. What a beautiful vegetable, with the smooth glossy surfaces and the creeping lines to the tip. "*For love is bonny but a little while*." I get out the chopper and begin the chop-chop-chop in the old wooden bowl.

I always loved that folk song, but, oh, how different it sounds when my friend Glenn sings it. But Glenn is a real singer, with one of those voices that pour like a golden tide against the dark shores of time. While I make my pepper relish and sing to Jonquil and Melody, I think happily of how marvelous music is, how it comforts the spirit, stays the soul. Glenn's idea of true bliss, however, is to take his six-year-old fishing, and the fact that Jimmy can cast is a far finer thing, in his mind, than almost anything else.

I went out to the Bach festival in Berea in June, and I like to relive every moment, storing it up as I am storing up the relishes and pickles. No happy experience is ever lost; we have it, to take out and savor.

Berea is a small, quiet college; great trees cast shadows on the campus, the buildings are stanch and old and awesomely American somehow. I was a little worried about me and Bach as I drove up with Burton and Dorothy, for eight hours a day for two days was quite a lot of Bach, I thought.

But it is like Shakespeare: if you just receive it, you are enchanted. Bach was wonderful, and so were the students who sang in the Mass. "That's my boy there," said a proud papa behind me; "see him, he's got the oboe!"

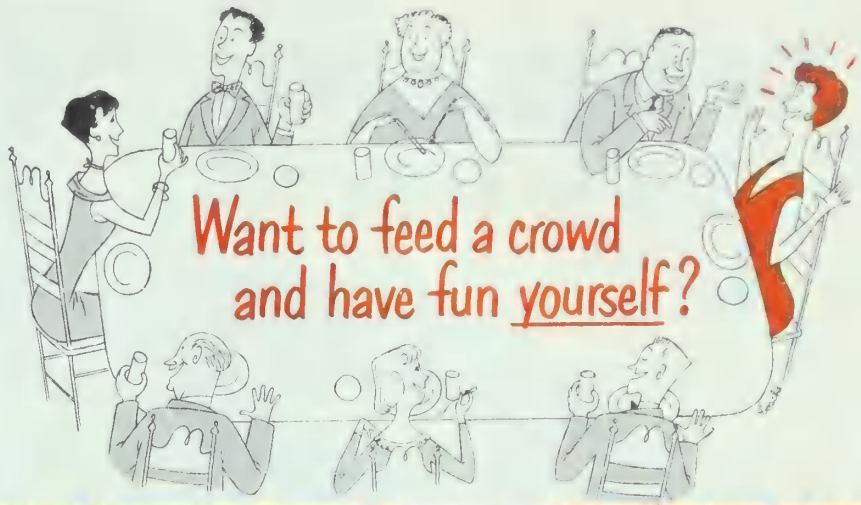
My faith in America was renewed as I saw these excited boys and girls dashing around lugging their instruments or looking at their scores. I think it is sometimes easier to see what's wrong in our country than to consider how much is right.

We can still eat outdoors during most of this month. But it is pretty cool at night, and we like a good hot dish instead of the aspics and molded salads of August. Chicken, split and broiled over the charcoal embers, basted with barbecue sauce, is a favorite now. A slice of ham grilled and served with pineapple slices is good. I do the pineapple in a spider at the back of the barbecue fire.

The modern version of a paper plate is lovely, plastic coated; you can serve anything and not find it leaking through on your lap in a few minutes. The paper cups with handles are fine too. I never enjoyed holding a cup of boiling coffee with only a bit of wax between me and it.

But nobody has invented a successful eating utensil in the picnic line. The wooden paddles and spoons are so small, the plastic ones are too much like chopsticks for me. We use indoor forks and spoons and knives for our picnics.

The freezer has had its fall cleaning. This is the job Jill and I hate and detest. First you stand on your head half an hour reaching into the mysterious icy darkness as you unload the packages. The freezer has sweated profusely, and as you lean you get a nice cold sponging from the outside of it. The packages are slippery. Now and then the wrapping tears as you grab it, and some nice frozen rhubarb pops at you. Then there comes the awful moment when you find three containers labeled PEARS 1946. How did they stay hidden all this time? Shriveled and mummylike, they reproach us for forgetting them. We do try to rotate





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You can make this delicious spaghetti sauce and meat balls *ahead* of time. And then—

Let the crowd come! Your main dish will be ready in *minutes*. And everybody will rave about your grand recipe.

That's because only *Hunt's* Tomato Sauce can put that same rich flavor into a dish. It's the *Kettle-simmered* sauce, and your grocer sells it for only a few cents a can. Now, here's the basic recipe for four people:

¾ cup chopped onion
1 clove garlic, minced
4 tbsp. oil or drippings

Lightly brown onion and garlic in hot oil. Then take:

1 lb. ground beef 1 tsp. salt

Add salt to meat and mix lightly. Form into small balls and brown them in the pan with the oil. Then add:

1 Can Hunt's Tomato Sauce
¼ tsp. pepper 1 cup water
2 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce

Cover the pan and simmer 40 minutes. Pour over hot spaghetti (8-oz. pkg.) and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. For 8 servings double the recipe.

Use Hunt's Tomato Sauce in your everyday recipes. In soups, stews, casseroles, gravies, meat loaf. Grand for leftovers — just use a little of this and a little of that and Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Get a few cans at your grocer's!

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things the way the books say. But here are those sad pears!

After everything is piled on the cellar floor, Jonquil and Tiki find out where we are and pounce in. Hamburger is meat, they opine, lunging at two fat packages. We chase them away and their reproachful faces lean into the cellar well as they watch.

Then comes the awful scraping of all the ice from the inside of the box. By now the freezer seems as big as the state of Texas. We used to try all kinds of weapons to get the frost off, from putty knives to weed cutters. In the end we mostly clawed with our hands. Jill had to stretch like a giraffe's neck to sweep up the bottom. A small dustpan would go down all right, but spilled half the stuff as it came up. Before we finished we were numb with cold, the cellar floor looked as if Peary's expedition had camped there. The Workshop girls have outfitted us with a sort of snowplow gadget which is a good scraper and collector—but still I don't like the job.

And then everything has to go back in. We haven't enough corn, we discover, but oh, how much spinach we have! I filled one glass jar too full and it is cracked, so we put it on the steps to throw away. Daphne immediately grabs it, frozen as it is, and makes off. If she eats broken glass —— We fly.

Anyway, we love that freezer, we say as we emerge into the sunlit yard and rub our numb fingers. Wouldn't it be nice if it consumed its own frost? But what a friend to the home it is.

Tea in the quiet garden is pleasant. The white clematis is about out, the thyme smells sweet, the asters are lovely. No one could believe in winter on a warm September afternoon. I always wonder if the dogs and cats sense that summer is over.

National Dog Week comes the twenty-fourth. Every week is dog week at Stillmeadow, but I am thankful that the great contribution dogs make to humanity is celebrated nationally now. I like the slogan: "At your service—all ways." From the guard dogs at the front to the smallest puppy following his own small boy, dogs live for mankind, and the love of a dog for his humans is beyond any telling. The National Dog Welfare League has a seven-point program which everyone should support:

1. A good home for every dog.
2. Elimination of stray dogs from the streets.
3. Better-informed dog owners.
4. Consideration for dogs and all animals.
5. Emphasis of the dog's use as com[panion] and protector.
6. Fair laws for dogs and dog owne[rs].
7. Respect for the rights of non-do[g] owners.

The Stillmeadow dogs would add on[e] last point if they had their say: Point 8— [an] an open-door policy in effect. For the [one] desire in a dog's heart is not to be sepa[rated] from his loved ones for so much as a m[inute].

Esmé thinks this is very silly. Aloof and beautiful, she walks along the fence on thinking Siamese thoughts. Aladdin was born with a yearning for human love t[o] unusual for cats, but Esmé says an [Or]sinian is a feckless being.

I'd like to be going to school again [when] September comes around. Not that one doesn't go on learning all one's life, but learning is easier in school. The assignments are tangible, the te[acher] is always on hand to help. Outside sc[hool] often one does not know just what the assignment is. or whether one has ma[jored] ured up at all.

But at least we [can] go to Obedience [class] with the cockers and the Irish! Maeve [never] sits down in the [car] when we drive to cl[ass]. She stands breat[hing] down the back of [our] necks, wagging [her] tail, and blocking [the] rear-view mirror. [She] has stood up this [way] on six-hour drives, too, until I get tired [of] her and plead with her to sit down [just] a minute, my feet hurt. The cockers generally settle down, on laps if possible.

Twilight is soft amethyst, haze hangs [over] the woods, the country road is tranq[uil], shadowy. The air is cool and faintly scent[ed] with burning leaves. When the moon ri[ses] the light is tender. The stars are the colo[r] the fresh-water pearls we used to have wh[en] I was little, the sky is spread all over w[ith] them. I think of Keats' Last Sonne[t] "*Bright Star! would I were steadfast as t[hou] art!*"—for there is a security about look[ing] up into a sky full of stars. Perhaps it remin[ds] me of how infinite the universe is, how sm[all] the terrors of man, how truly magnific[ent] God's handiwork.

Walking to the house as the Septemb[er] night folds down over the lilacs, over t[he] little hemlocks by the door, I notice how t[he] trees have grown this season. They give t[he] house a small, sheltered appearance. Neve[r]theless, the house is sturdy, weathering t[he] passing time. And the fire on the old sto[ve] hearth burns with its own glory.

Homekeeping hearts are happiest, sa[id] the fire.

William Jennings Bryan was devoted to his wife. One day, when he was posing for his portrait, he was asked by the artist:

"Mr. Bryan, why do you wear your hair over your ears?"

"When I was courting Mrs. Bryan she objected to the way in which my ears stood out. To please her, I let my hair grow to cover them."

"But that was many years ago," said the artist. "Don't you think you should have your hair cut now?"

"Why?" said Bryan, with genuine astonishment. "The romance is still going on."

JUST HELP YOURSELF

(Continued from Page 71)

itself to this kind of occasion. And I might add, one that makes it possible to give a party and still have carfare left. All of which led us to explore the possibilities of veal, which, once you get over the idea that it's something put in chicken salad to fool you, is very good indeed.

So for our supper dish we shall have, not the well-known scallopini but one christened Veal Paprika, and never to be called "Pap" if you make it right.

VEAL PAPRIKA

Cut 6 slices bacon into small pieces with scissors or a sharp knife. Sauté with 3½ pounds boneless veal shoulder or shank, cut into pieces, as you would for stew, along with ⅔ cup chopped onion. Cook until the meat and onions brown to a golden brown. Add 1½ teaspoons salt, 3 tablespoons paprika, 5 cups canned chicken broth. (Once upon a time we used to make our own "stock," but few have time for that any more.) Cover and simmer slowly until the veal is tender—about 1–1½ hours. Now mix 3 tablespoon flour with ½ cup cold water and 1 cup heavy sour cream. Stir into the veal and cook until thickened, stirring all the while. Taste for seasoning and add more salt and paprika if needed and pour into a casserole and set in a slow oven, 300° F., to keep hot. A garnish of toasted, slivered, blanched almonds adds a touch of elegance to this dish.

The adaptable noodle. Did you ever wonder why noodles are called noodles? There's something slightly uncomplimentary about it. And yet they are most adaptable. You can do most anything with noodles. They love to play any number of different roles, and if you can't find at least twenty-two things to do with them—no coaching, either—then your noodle education has been neglected and you'd better stick to spaghetti.

Anyway, here is a very simple noodle idea (but just different enough) to go along with and add interest to the veal paprika—or paprika veal.

NOODLES WITH BUTTERED CROUTONS

Remove the crusts from sliced bread. Cut into cubes to make 1 quart. Sauté in ½ cup butter or margarine, turning often. Set aside, to keep warm. Near serving time, cook 1 package (8 ounce) medium-wide noodles, according to the directions on the package. Drain. Rinse with boiling water. Drain again—and I mean drain and no foolin'. Season highly with salt and pepper. Add the croutons and toss everything together, adding 2 to 3 more tablespoons butter or margarine as you toss. (A sprinkling of poppy seed added to the noodles as you toss is highly recommended by me.) Serve hot with the dill paprika.

East or West onions. The tears that have been shed over onions would make a lake in the North Woods plus a trout stream in New England look like puddles in the road on the way to school. Now there are onion-detearers, onion salts and solutions that make you forget the tears, but for prodigal perfection in cooking, I still prefer the real thing at its pungent best. So here's to the onion, and may it smell up the house from kitchen to parlor—East or West.

WEST COAST ONIONS

Place 2 cups very thinly sliced onions in a shallow dish. Pour over them ½ cup water and enough vinegar to cover. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon sugar. Cover the dish and chill for 3 to 4 hours. Just before serving, drain the onions and mix with ¼ cup mayonnaise, 1½ teaspoons celery seed and salt to taste.

Composition into compote. Remember those "composition books" we had in school, wherein you wrote essays on whatever subject teacher dreamed up, or if you were especially original, you went ahead and wrote strange tales and fancies not meant for teacher's bulging eyes? A fruit compote is a composition itself, and here you may be as original, artistic and creative as you please. Teacher isn't looking. Plums, apples, apricots and pears all play a part in this compote, and the indispensable lemon juice ably supports the blander fruit, and, after all, support is what we need, whether lemon juice or not.

HOT FRUIT COMPOTE

Drain 1 No. 2½ can whole apricots. Put the apricot sirup in a saucepan. Add 3 cups water, 3 peeled, cored and quartered apples and 3 peeled, cored pears cut into halves. Cut three 3" pieces orange peel into ⅛" strips and add with ½ cup sugar and ¼ cup lemon juice. Simmer for 30–40 minutes until the apples and pears are tender. Add the canned whole apricots and 1 one-pound can purple plums, drained. Heat through. Serve hot with or without a cooky or a cruller.

Old-timey as turning the heel. In the days of long ago, with little persuasion, grandma used to knit. All the socks and stockings and shawls and afghans that dropped from grandma's shining needles made an endless procession of wool gathering, and the things never wore out. Once acquired, you were in for it. It was mittens in mitten season and bootees for the baby in *all* seasons.

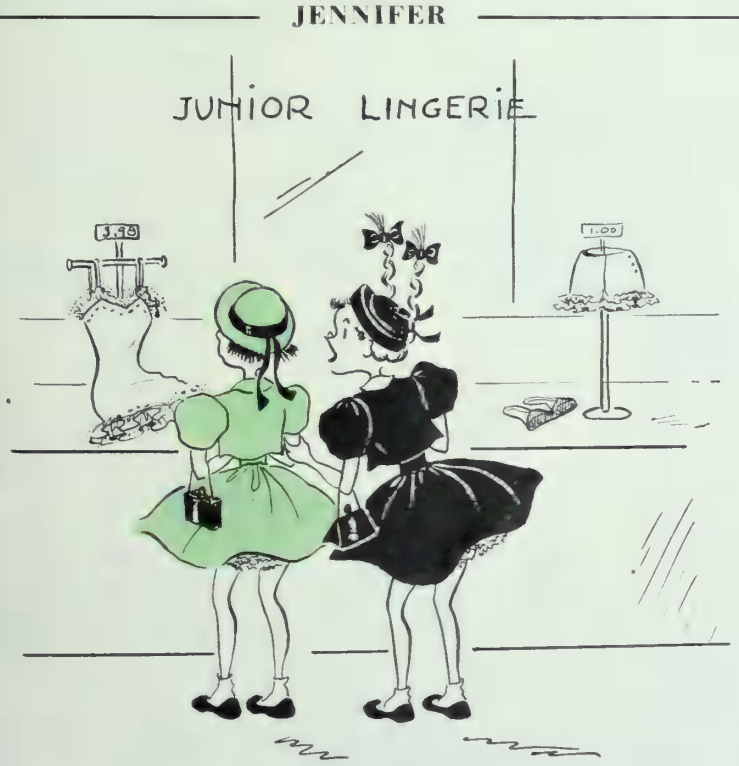
And, somehow, doughnuts and grandmas always come to mind together. Both are nice to have. So let's go straight to the deep-fat kettle and get started on a batch of quick crullers—not the raised kind which is my favorite but this one which you can make in a hurry any time from now till Christmas.

SUGARED CRULLERS

Beat 4 eggs until light. Gradually add ⅔ cup sifted sugar. Beat well until spongy and sugar is dissolved. Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ⅓ cup milk and ⅓ cup melted shortening. Sift 3½ cups flour with 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Stir the sifted dry ingredients into the egg mixture. Roll a small part of the dough out at a time on lightly floured board. Roll to ¼" thickness. Keep the balance of the dough in the refrigerator while frying batch by batch. Cut the dough into strips—twisting in knots or braids. Fry in deep fat at 370° F., until crisp and golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Roll in a mixture of cinnamon sugar—½ cup sugar to 1½ teaspoons cinnamon (and a little nutmeg does no harm). Makes 4 dozen.

I hope you've all had a chance to take your summer in tankards and not by thimblefuls. Great glorious draughts of sunshine, not insufficient little sips. And that you've come out with an enviable tan. And don't start thinking about the cold months to come. The strings on life's harp never give out a sweeter note than the lingering music of summer's passing. And Jupiter is now the evening star. What more can you ask? THE END

JENNIFER



"Sure it's cute, Marge—but let's spend our money for something that shows!"

Cool and Thr-r-ifty



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KEEP a pitcher of refreshing Kool-Aid in your ice box. Saves money. Costs just a wee bit . . . *a 5¢ package makes 2 full quarts.* Saves ice box space, especially in one of the new space-saving pitchers. Saves time . . . to make Kool-Aid, simply dissolve a package in 2 quarts water and sweeten to taste. Saves work . . . always chilled, fully blended, and ready to serve. Handy for your children . . . they love it, too. Six delicious flavors. Say, wouldn't it be nice to have a thirst-quenching pitcher of Kool-Aid in the ice box now?

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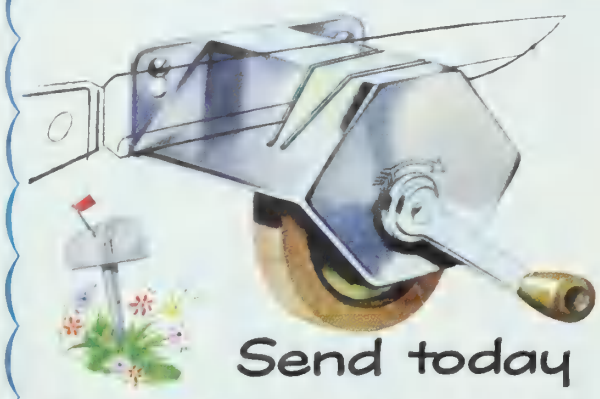


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Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures



SPECIAL, For September: How to get a HONE-RITE knife sharpener worth $1.50 for only $1 and a label—if you act at once!



Send today

I'm sure you'll want to have this new home knife sharpener that gives your knives a true, professionally sharpened edge and keeps them always keen. I assure you, once you have it in your kitchen you'll wonder how in the world you ever got along without it! This compact, beautifully plated knife sharpener is all steel with a self-lubricating bearing and the knives are sharpened by a fine TRU-BALANCED CORUNDUM HONE. Guide slots automatically hold your knife at the proper angle for correct sharpening. And this HONE-RITE sharpener is ever so easy to attach to your wall. After seeing for myself what a help it is, I'd certainly be willing to pay $1.50, or more, for it!

Get your knife sharpener—now—for just $1 and a label!

Simply take the label from any Meadow Gold or LaChoy product and mail it with one dollar in currency (no checks or stamps, please) to Beatrice Knife Sharpener, Wulff Manufacturing Co., Ontarioville, Ill. Be sure to print your name and return address plainly. You may order as many sharpeners as you wish (maybe with an idea for Christmas giving!). But send a label and $1 for *each* sharpener ordered. This offer expires October 31, 1951, so it's a good idea to order yours at once.

A dessert treat that's cool and swee

Here's an all-weather dessert that's so wonderful to t so beautiful to see, and so easy to make that I'm s it'll become one of your favorites, too. Of course, y ice cream or sherbet recipe is good all year, but I th it's particularly fine to have a stimulating new w dessert now when there's still a good bit of w weather to come and the old stand-bys are becom too familiar to our friends and family!

Chocolate Lime Sherbet Pie

1 quart Meadow Gold Lime Sherbet Chocolate Wafer C
Semi-sweet chocolate, chopped

Chocolate Wafer Crust: Combine 1½ cups chocolate w crumbs (about 20 wafers) with ⅓ cup melted Meadow G Butter. Press firmly into a greased 9-inch pie pan. Chill t oughly. Spread the lime sherbet in crumb crust. Top w chopped semi-sweet chocolate. Place in freezing compartm of refrigerator or home freezer and freeze until firm.



I consider it most important to use MEADOW G SHERBET for this recipe, and I'll tell you why: MEA GOLD SHERBETS are *always* creamy-rich and crea smooth. And made with the *natural* juice of fresh, r fruits. In a recipe like this, you can see why best-tasting sherbet is a must—that's MEADOW G SHERBET. Try it soon, won't you?

It's picnic fare weather!

These late Summer and early Fall days are probably the best picnic weather of the whole year, aren't they? The hottest days are over and Nature seems to be continually inviting us to come out and enjoy her beauty. I love spur-of-the-moment outdoor meals and I do like variety in them. That's one thing I appreciate about having MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE always on hand in my refrigerator—it can be combined with pantry-shelf foods to make simply delicious sandwich spreads! I think you'll want to keep MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE as a dependable picnic stand-by, too. Here are eleven of my favorites:

1. nuts
2. olives
3. chives
4. liverwurst
5. jelly
6. tuna fish or salmon
7. sliced ripe olives, chopped nuts
8. ham, pickle relish
9. hard-cooked eggs, chopped pickle and mayonnaise
10. grated carrots, chopped nut meats and mayonnaise
11. chopped dried fruits; raisins, dates, apricots or prunes



When you make sandwich spreads for any occasion you want the best: that's why I always use MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE. Its tender, moist curds are firm, not watery, and give the cheese an appetizing texture. If you haven't tried MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE, get it today!

FREE! BOOK OF ENCHANTING CHINESE COOKE

Like to delight your family with a wonderful Mu room Chop Suey . . . Lobster Cantonese . . . or F Foo Yong? Discover the easy way to make these a 21 other unusual oriental dishes—in a grand recipe book offered by the makers of fine LaCh Chinese Foods. Write today to LaChoy Food Produ Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, Ohio, Dept. J-



The quality of your butter shows up in your baking — for delicate flavor use MEADOW GOLD.

Company Cookies for your Coffee Klatsch

The long summer vacation is just about over n the children will be back in school and once ag you'll have time for those delightful, caref get-togethers over a cup of coffee. It will be g to get back to the habit, won't it? And I hav recipe I'm sure you'll be most proud to make for your neighborhood taste-testing panel! It's recipe that just couldn't be better with coffee, t

Glazed Orange Wafers

1 cup Meadow Gold Butter
1 cup sugar
¼ cup orange juice
½ teaspoon orange extract
3 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Glaze

½ cup sugar ½ cup honey ¼ cup orange juice
Combine and boil 20 minutes.

Cream butter until light. Add sugar gradually and continue creaming un light and fluffy. Add orange juice and extract. Sift flour, soda, baking po der, and salt. Add to creamed mixture. Chill dough for an hour. Roll o ⅛ inch thick on floured board and cut with cooky cutters; place on baki sheets and bake at 350° for 13 minutes or until delicately browned. Cool cake racks. Use pastry brush to brush on glaze and sprinkle with fin chopped nuts. For variation and color, tint your favorite powdered sug cake frosting with vegetable colorings for some cookies.

To make the most of the delicate flavor of these cookies, you'll want the best butter, MEADOW GOLD BUTTER. You know, MEADOW GOLD BUTTER is having its golden anniversary this year. Surely any company making butter for 50 years has learned every butter-making secret. Try MEADOW GOLD BUTTER today!



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Allergies and bronchial asthma plagued Mrs. Hulce in Gary, Indiana, and bill for drugs mounted high, $35 a month. To pay for move to Utah, the Hulces sold home and furniture, started out with $1500.

NEW START IN LIFE

Meet the Harry J. Hulces, who looked for a miracle— and found it in Springville, Utah.

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

Harry Hulce gave up a promotion in Gary, took laborer's job at huge Geneva Steel Mill in order to earn adequate income, says, "I'll never be sorry."

HARRY HULCE aimed his hoe at some weeds, slaughtered them efficiently, and straightened up to look at the mountains that come down almost to the back yard of his home in Springville, Utah.

"We had to burn our bridges behind us when we moved out here in 1947," he said. "But I'll never be sorry we did it. If we had stayed in Indiana I wouldn't have Joyce now."

He is probably right about that. Four years ago, when they lived in the industrial city of Gary, Harry's blue-eyed, youthful-looking wife was so tortured by asthma that she had to hang over the back of a chair in order to draw a deep breath. There were nights when she could not lie in bed except under the influence of drugs. Scratch tests revealed that she was subject to an incredible list of more than fifty allergies, including

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Youngsters are fond of chicken, but "like everything—that's the trouble." Hulces say being "in on family matters" has made children feel secure, despite many moves.

Leaving friends, relatives in Gary took courage—but the Hulces' decision was unanimous.

wheat, eggs, milk, pork, chocolate, tobacco, cabbage, tomatoes, chicken feathers, dog and horse hair, and almost every known pollen.

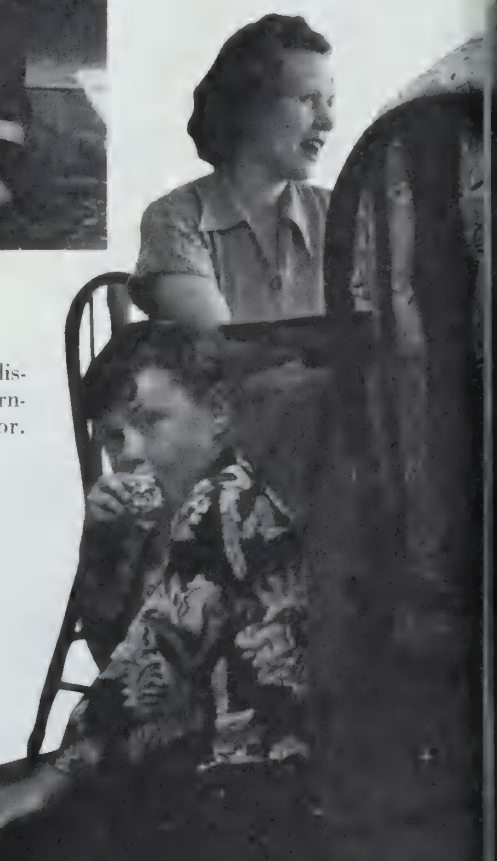
She was virtually starving: her stomach was so upset by medicines that she could swallow nothing but rye crackers, orange juice and bouillon. Her sufferings were doubly intense during pregnancy. After Bobby, her third baby, was born her family doctor told her she would be "foolish" to try to have another.

The final blow came when the specialist who was compiling her allergy chart solemnly warned her against touching, wearing or sleeping in anything made of cotton. Joyce, who had clung to her sense of humor in spite of everything, laughed wildly at this.

"Have a heart, doctor," she begged. "My husband is a workingman and I have a new baby to care for. I'll just have to keep on changing diapers until someone comes along and invents a baby who can do without them!"



Joyce does most of disciplining ("I spank, scold or nag, according to age"), but "when Harry says 'Boo,' the youngsters *boo!*"



Energetic Joyce likes to read, discuss books with Harry; often turnabout baby-sits for neighbor.



HOW AMERICA LIVES

me time after this conversation the Hulces began burning their bridges. Ha quit his secure and long-time office-accountant position in the giant Ca gie-Illinois works of the United States Steel Corporation in Gary. W nothing more than the promise of "some kind of laboring job" ahead of n, he prepared to move his ailing wife and three small children 1500 mi to the vicinity of Provo, Utah, where U. S. Steel had recently bought an er big plant. Fellow workers had told him that the mountain air ard Provo was working wonders for other asthma sufferers.

n November 10, 1947, the Hulces set out for the West in the style of m ern pioneers, with their elderly Hudson sedan packed full of kids and su ases, and a two-wheeled trailer hitched on behind containing all their wo dly goods. In Harry's pocket was a roll of $1500 in bills, which was wh he had left after selling their house and furniture in Gary, and buying wh they needed for the trip. He hoped it would be enough to give them a br d-new start in life.

t dusk on November 17 the Hulces reached the Wasatch Mountains, wh h ran from north to south through Central Utah, and guard the fertile va ys to the west. The highway was slippery with snow, but Harry kept go g. He had written ahead to the only couple they knew in Utah, and these good friends had offered to share their home with them until they managed to find a place to live.

Halfway through the mountains on the western side Harry had to turn onto a narrow road and start upgrade again. Here the snow was deeper and there were patches of ice on the road. Until this trip the Hulces had never seen any real mountains, and they were impressed, if not a bit scared. On their left a frowning cliff rose straight up into the sky, blotting out the stars. On their right it dropped steeply down to a small river, which sounded very far below them.

Suddenly the wheels spun on ice and stopped moving ahead; the car and trailer started sliding toward the canyon on the right. Harry shifted gears, but it was no use—everything was rolling slowly backward. The motor died and the noise of the stream grew louder. The trailer jackknifed and dropped completely off the road.

It was the snow that saved them. Bulldozers had piled it up on both sides of the road, and the trailer settled into a snowbank and stuck there. A moment later headlights appeared behind them and a reassuring voice called out, "Unhitch the trailer and leave it here. I'll come back with chains and haul it up for you." It was their host, who was coming by on his



rian, 14, wants to be concert linist, to teach home eco- nics, or marry, have "right" nber children—"about 5."



ry doctor warned Joyce, "No re babies." Since move, she's l Margaret, expects again.

ke and Marian earn money swimming, movies. Mike's bition: to be a hermit. "But goes to all school dances."



Bob, 7, watches Mike and friend at favorite pastime—sailing boats in irrigation ditch.



HOW AMERICA LIVES



Mike, 13, plays drums in school band, has big time hunting, fishing with father—and often catches the "first and the biggest" perch.

"The children here don't go in so much for fights, bad language, as in Gary."
And "out after dark" problem has diminished.

Best of all family treats for Hulces are summertime picnics at beautiful Hollow Creek, only a few minutes from home. In winter, whole family likes to have friends in, pop corn, make candy.

way home from work. His warm house was just two miles farther up the road.

The Hulces can joke about their introduction to the "wild West" now, but it was exciting enough at the time. The important thing is that the miracle they hoped for has really happened—all Joyce's symptoms have disappeared in the high, mountain-cooled air of Utah. She breathes and sleeps in comfort, eats everything she wants, and is once more the gay companion and optimistic helpmeet she was when Harry married her.

Best of all from the viewpoint of the whole Hulce family, she can have babies again. Chubby, healthy, year-old Margaret, the present idol of the household, is not only a Utah *(Continued on Page 193)*





Betty Crocker MAPLE PECAN CHIFFON

Cool and summer-y in a nut-trimmed, beige frosting!

You'll take a bow—after serving up Maple Pecan Chiffon! It's glamour on a cake plate—put there by *you*, a Betty Crocker recipe and the ever-glamorous Softasilk Cake Flour.

All cakes become glamorous—with Softasilk! Chiffons—Double-Quicks—Angel Food Supremes—Softasilk makes them all higher, finer, more delicate than ordinary flour can! Because Softasilk is no ordinary flour! It's milled and tested just for cake-making! Use Betty Crocker's tested cake recipes—for Chiffon, Double-Quick and Angel Food Supreme cakes. Use them with Softasilk Cake Flour. And together they'll give you cake-perfection every baking time!



The Secret of all glamour cakes is—

Softasilk

SO GOOD IT'S AMERICA'S CHIFFON CAKE FLOUR!



Betty Crocker of General Mills

Betty Crocker Maple Pecan Chiffon

MAKE ONLY WITH SOFTASILK

Preheat oven to 325° (slow moderate). Chop nuts *very* fine (see quantity at right below).

STEP 1 . . . Measure (level measurements thruout) and SIFT together into mixing bowl:

- **2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)**
- **¾ cup sugar**
- **3 tsp. baking powder**
- **1 tsp. salt**

Mix in:

- **¾ cup brown sugar (free of lumps) (packed in cup)**

Make well and add in order:

- **½ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson**
- **5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)**
- **¾ cup cold water**
- **2 tsp. maple flavoring**

Beat with spoon until *smooth* or with electric mixer on medium speed for one minute.

STEP 2 . . . Measure into *large* mixing bowl:

- **1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)**
- **½ tsp. cream of tartar**

Beat by hand until whites form *very stiff* peaks, or with electric mixer on high speed for 3 to 5 minutes. DO NOT UNDERBEAT. Egg whites are stiff enough when a rubber scraper drawn through them leaves a clean path.

STEP 3 . . . Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over beaten egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended. DO NOT STIR. Sprinkle over top of batter gently folding in with a few strokes:

- **1 cup very finely chopped pecans**

Pour immediately into *ungreased* tube pan, 10 x 4-in. Bake *55 minutes* in *slow moderate oven* (325°), then increase to *350°* (moderate) for *10 to 15 minutes*, or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Frost with Browned Butter Icing. Decorate with chopped nuts.

BROWNED BUTTER ICING

Keep ¼ cup butter over low heat until golden brown. Remove from heat. Blend in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 2 tbsp. cream, 1 tsp. cooking oil and 1½ tsp. vanilla. Stir vigorously until consisteney to spread. If too thick stir in a little hot water. For more generous icing, double recipe.

For high altitude adjustment see the recipe folder in the Softasilk package.



Classic blue-and-green plaid jacket, Vogue Design No. 6875. Gray flannel skirt, 7418.



Red corduroy jumper, shoulder buttoning, Vogue Design No. 3420. Blouse, 7354.

$100 Teen-Age Wardrobe

Dear Marian: I can't believe that this complete wardrobe of twelve pieces cost only $101.10. Your idea of having a purple coat was such a good one. It looks entirely new this year and gives the wardrobe an individual touch. The black-and-white checked suit is most becoming . . . I love the velveteen jockey cap you wear with it. I'll bet you will "live" in your red (wonderful with purple) corduroy jumper, because you can wear so many different blouses and sweaters under it. Your gray velveteen party dress certainly looks pretty . . . the black braid is a nice accent for the neckline and pockets. It was great fun helping you plan this wardrobe, and I am sure it will be an inspiration to other girls your age who like to sew as much as you do.

Most sincerely,
NORA O'LEARY



Black-and-white checked rayon suiting in a braid-trimmed, belted jacket, flared skirt, No. 3437. Fabric for suit costs $7.16

MARK SHAW



Dressy gray velveteen . . . the perfect junior party dress. With braid trimming. It costs $17.92 to make this. Vogue Design No. 3438.



© VOGUE

Topcoat to wear over everything, in purple fleece—a new color in the younger market. Vogue Design No. 3431.

Turn to Page 226 for itemized list of co of wardrobe and accessories; also, oth views, sizes, prices of Vogue Pattern

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Greenwich, Conn.: in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. (*Conn. residents add sales tax.)


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Town & Country Shoes
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in five wonderful
into-winter colors...
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Jackpot
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winter smoke
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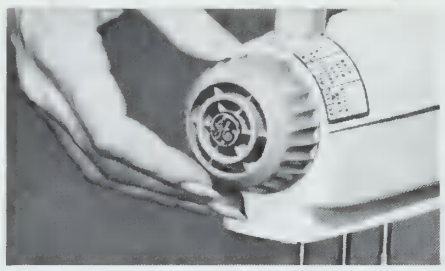
SCRAMBLED EGGS? SCRUMPTIOUS!
WHIPPED POTATOES? WONDERFUL!
ORANGE JUICE? OH, WHAT ORANGE JUICE!



ALL - with the new...

G-E Triple-Whip Mixer!

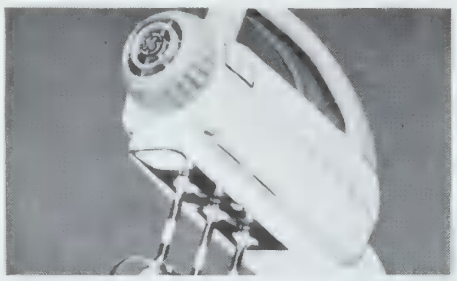
No semi-retirement in a closet for *this* beauty! Because it's so convenient to use, so *right* for a wide variety of dishes . . . you'll find yourself putting it to work for breakfast, lunch, dinner—even snacks!



New improved speed selector is up front in plain view. Result: you can get just the right power for the job at hand . . . without squinting or guessing!



Three beaters mix thoroughly by beating from center to side of bowl. And the beaters—without troublesome center shafts—are easy to clean!



Built-in light shines into the bowl, spotlighting the fancy whipping jobs! (A 2-quart and a 1-quart bowl—plus a wonderful juicer—come with every mixer.)

Whip-Tip for Sept.:
To give whipped sweet potatoes a tangy lift, add grated orange rind!

Write for the Triple-Whip Recipe Book. Address General Electric Company, Box L9, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Baking on a Budget

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

"THERE are a lot of good bakers in this town. Practically every one of my friends and neighbors bakes her own pies, cookies and cakes. Not many bake bread every week as I do, but we're great hands around here for hot rolls and coffeecakes."

Mrs. Hulce likes to bake, but she also feels that it's cheaper to bake than to buy. In large quantities, supplies are lower in price. She buys a twenty-five-pound bag of flour (sometimes more) and ten pounds granulated sugar—usually beet sugar. Sugar beets are grown locally; and if you've ever had the idea that beet sugar isn't the same as cane, you can take Mrs. Hulce's word for it—there's not a bit of difference. You'll have just as good results with one as with the other.

A friendly town, Springville. Someone is always calling up to say, "I just baked a cake—how about coming over for a cup of coffee?" When a bake sale, church supper or social is coming up, Joyce makes a big batch of potato doughnuts, cookies or pies, and they sell like hotcakes.

Even if I hadn't known Mrs. Hulce had lived in Indiana, I would have tumbled immediately when she began talking about her raisin pie. My mother came from Indiana, and there was a raisin pie like Mrs. Hulce's in the oven at our house almost as often as apple pie. If you're a Hoosier, you'll stand by me on this. Raisin pie is old-time—maybe you've never eaten one. If you have, maybe you've forgotten how good it can be.

INDIANA RAISIN PIE

Boil 2 cups seedless raisins in 1¼ cups water and ½ cup orange juice for 5 minutes, covered. Combine ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, a pinch of salt and ¼ cup water. Add to the cooked raisins; bring to a good boil, stirring well to keep sauce smooth. Remove from the heat and add 1 tablespoon vinegar and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Pour into an 8″ piepan, lined with pastry. Cover with top pastry. Crimp edges and slash top as you do for any covered pie. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and sugar. This final benediction may seem superfluous, but it really does something special for this pie when you get to the best part—eating it. Bake 25 minutes in a hot oven, 425° F. Serve while still warm.

Potato doughnuts—the light, airy, raised kind—are practically a Utah state specialty, and word goes around that the recipe originated there some-

JOE DI PIETRO



Bread dough takes and likes a beating.



"Punch down to rise again!"



"I like the feel of bread dough."



"Divide, shape—and into the pans."

Top favorite: bread hot from the oven, slathered with jelly.



up for the bake sale—potato
uts go along with the pies.

ere in the vicinity of Salt Lake
y. Mrs. Hulce got her recipe from
neighbor across the street, Mrs.
uise Robertson.

But doughnuts and recipes do have
vay of getting around, and when we
ade them in the Workshop kitchen,
ey went as hot doughnuts always
around here, only a little faster.
ey are best eaten hot, with a cup
good coffee. Glaze some just for fun,
d don't forget to fry the "holes"
r the youngsters. Here is the rec-
e—straight from Utah.

RAISED POTATO DOUGHNUTS

eat 2 cups milk until film forms on
p. Do not boil. Add 1 cup sugar, ½
p shortening, 1½ teaspoons salt.
dd 1 cup freshly mashed potatoes. It
kes approximately ¾ pound po-
toes, boiled in salted water and
rained, for 1 cup mashed. Cool until
's lukewarm. To be sure, test it on
our wrist as one does the baby's
ilk. Meanwhile, soften 1½ pack-
ges yeast, compressed or quick dry,
n ¼ cup lukewarm water and let
tand 5 minutes. Add to the milk-
nd-potato mixture with 3 eggs, beaten
ight. Flavor with ½ teaspoon lemon
lavoring and ½ teaspoon cinnamon.
Add 8 cups sifted flour, part at a time,
working smoothly to a nice dough
with a strong spoon.

Scrape into a clean, greased bowl. Cover and let rise in a warm, cozy place (bread dough, like a setting hen, likes to be let alone for a spell) until it holds the impression of your finger when you touch it lightly. Then punch it down to release the air bubbles. Turn out on lightly floured board and roll out to about ¼" thickness. Cut out with a doughnut cutter and place doughnuts on a clean floured dish towel—cover with another towel. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Fry in shortening or salad oil heated to 375° F. until golden brown, turning once gently with a fork. (Mrs. Hulce keeps an old-fashioned iron kettle just for frying these doughnuts.) Drain on absorbent paper. Makes 5–6 dozen.

If you want to glaze the doughnuts, blend ¼ cup water into 1½ cups confectioners' sugar. Mix until smooth and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Dip one side of each doughnut in the glaze and drain on a rack.

There's something soul-satisfying about making a loaf of good bread.

Baked Chicken Puff

WHAT a dish! First—just open a can of CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP! That heavy-cream, mushroom-rich soup that makes the best-tasting, easiest creamed dishes ever. And so *quick*, so *easy*!

1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
⅓ cup milk
1 cup cubed cooked chicken
2 cups cooked green beans, drained
4 eggs, separated
½ cup grated American cheese

Combine soup and milk in a 1½-quart casserole; add chicken and beans. Bake at 375° F. for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, beat egg yolks and add grated cheese; beat egg whites and fold into egg-cheese mixture. Pile fluffy egg topping over chicken; continue baking for 30 minutes. 6 servings.

CREAMIEST DREAMIEST CREAMED DISHES... CREAM SAUCES, TOO... *This EASY Way!*

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE ... AND IN COOKING



It's no bother now to make creamed dishes and cream sauces! For you can have the best creamed dishes and cream sauces ever—with Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup! Just heat soup with milk—and stir! Cooking sauce or pour-on sauce—it comes out velvety-smooth *every* time! No lumping, no bother! And so delicious—for Campbell's Cream of Mushroom is made *only* with choicest-flavor, cultivated mushrooms. Extra-heavy whipping cream, too. As soup, in creamed dishes and as a pour-on sauce—it's a favorite of families everywhere!



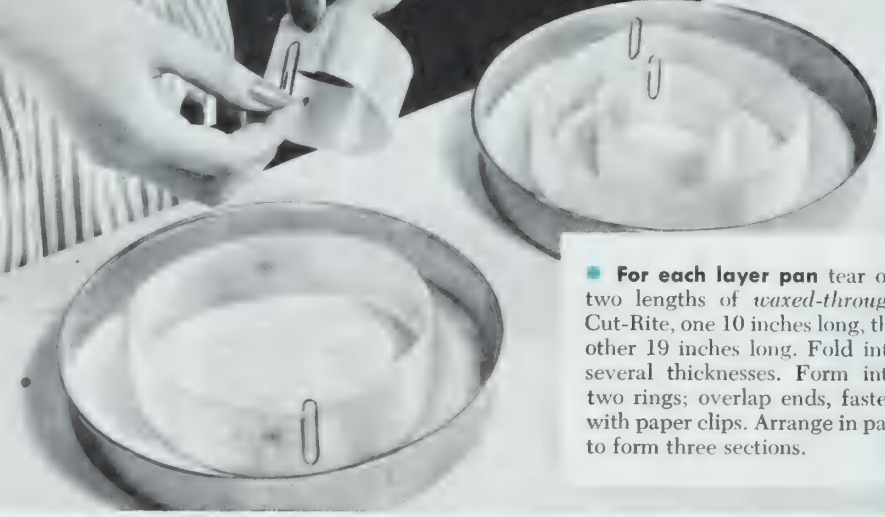
● **Here's a new way** to make a fancy cake and save dishwashing, too! No need for special rings. Just make them from folds of Cut-Rite—it's *extra-heavy*. Use your favorite cake recipe or cake mix and prepare half white, half chocolate batter.

DIONE LUCAS TELLS YOU

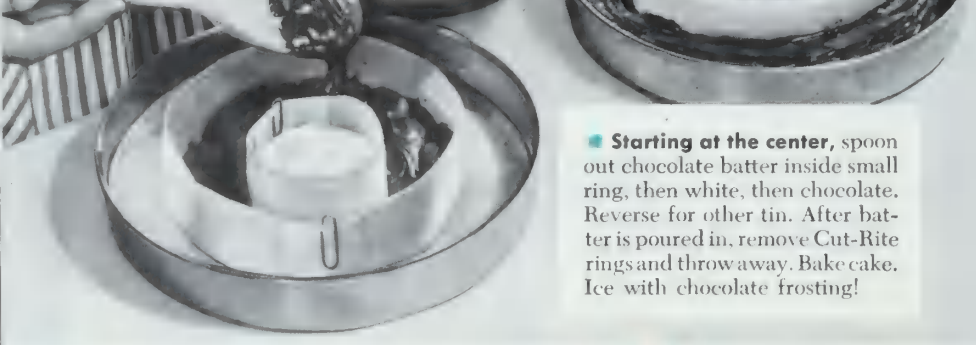
How to make an easy Checkerboard Cake



. . . famous cooking authority



● **For each layer pan** tear off two lengths of *waxed-through* Cut-Rite, one 10 inches long, the other 19 inches long. Fold into several thicknesses. Form into two rings; overlap ends, fasten with paper clips. Arrange in pan to form three sections.



● **Starting at the center,** spoon out chocolate batter inside small ring, then white, then chocolate. Reverse for other tin. After batter is poured in, remove Cut-Rite rings and throw away. Bake cake. Ice with chocolate frosting!



When you take a nut-brown loaf out of the oven, you have a feeling of having accomplished something really important. If you have ever "stayed home with the bread" you will understand how Mrs. Hulce and I feel about it. "I like the feel of bread dough when I knead it," she says. "It has such spring. It feels alive!" Mrs. Hulce's bread is very tender and makes wonderful toast.

MRS. HULCE'S BREAD

Dissolve 2 packages yeast, compressed or quick dry, in ½ cup lukewarm water. Add 1½ cups potato water, left from cooking potatoes, and 2 cups scalded milk cooled to lukewarm. Next add 2 tablespoons salt, ½ cup sugar and 4 cups flour. Mix well, then add ½ cup melted shortening (Mrs. Hulce uses lard) and 8 more cups flour. Mix until smooth. Place in greased bowl—a large one. Cover with a towel and let the bread rise until it "comes to meet you." (Mrs. Hulce's mother used to say, "I must hurry home or my bread will be coming to meet me." Mrs. Hulce herself uses the expression when she means double in bulk.) When you can touch the dough lightly and it holds a slight impression of your finger, the dough is ready for kneading. Don't poke it—just touch it. This is the best test I know and it's the surest way of knowing whether the dough is "light." Punch down the dough and let rise again, just as before. Knead lightly on a floured board.

Cut dough into 3 equal portions. Shape one into a round loaf to be baked on a cooky sheet like the old-fashioned cottage bread, and one into a regular loaf to fit a greased breadpan.

Roll out the third portion for a sweet cinnamon loaf for breakfast. Sprinkle ¼ cup sugar and 2 teaspoons cinnamon on the dough. "I'm heavy on the cinnamon, but it tastes so good in bread," Mrs. Hulce says. Roll up like a jelly roll, press edges together and curve it to fit into a greased breadpan. Let rise again and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 40–45 minutes until the crust is a golden brown. Tap the loaf. If it sounds hollow, it's surely done through.

Mrs. Hulce's icebox cookies never stay on the table long at bake sales. The recipe intrigued us, for they seem to have the flavor of oatmeal or graham, yet there's none used. It's the cinnamon, I guess. They are very crisp and a cinch to make.

ICEBOX COOKIES

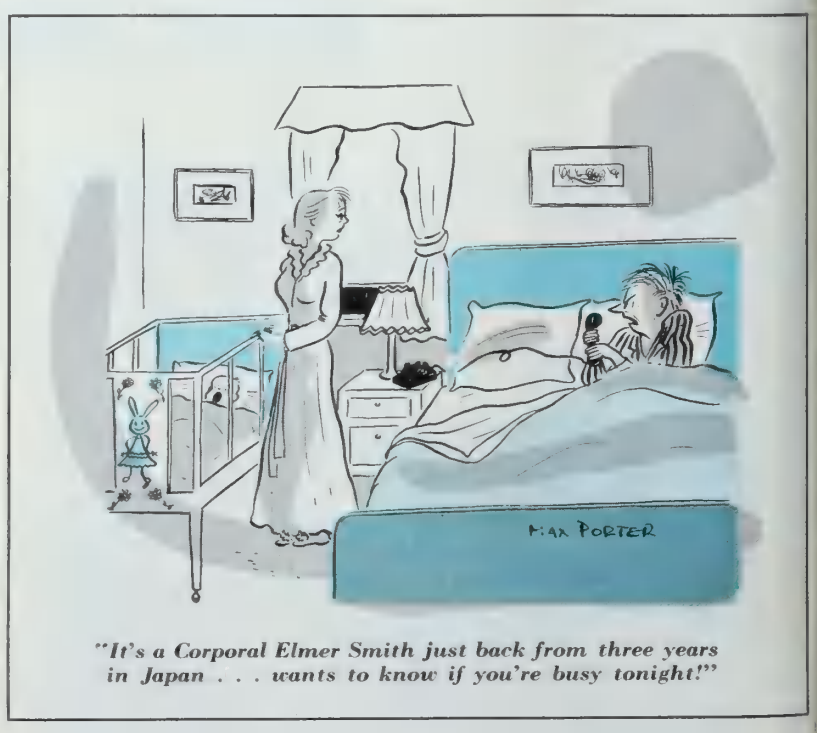
Sift 4½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon salt. Combine 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup granulated sugar, 3 well-beaten eggs and 1½ cups melted shortening. Add the sifted dry ingredients and 1 cup chopped walnuts. Mix well. Shape into 3 rolls. Wrap in wax per or aluminum foil and chill several ho or overnight. Slice thin. Place on greased sky sheets and bake in a moderately hot en. 375° F., 6–8 minutes. Watch it—a ger linger in the oven and you'll have l nt. sugar cookies. The whole recipe mak 2 dozen, so slice and bake just one rol time. The dough will keep for a wee or longer in the refrigerator. If you ha a freezer or freezer-compartment refrige or stash some of the rolls away for later ba g.

I'm willing to wager that chocolate ke is a top favorite with most families, a it certainly is with the Hulces. Some es Mrs. Hulce uses mixes, sometimes m es her own. She has a slick mix trick—m es two 8″ marbled layers, using a packa of white cake mix and a package of choc te or devil's-food cake mix. The rest o e batter she bakes in 12 large muffin s Harry likes cupcakes in his lunch box. e bakeries in Springville don't seem to e them. Maybe they don't like to wash m in pans any more than I do. Here's s Hulce's homemade chocolate cake h white wonder icing, which she uses o ll cakes, whether mix-made or handmade.

FAMILY CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH WONDER ICING

Cream ¼ cup butter or other shorte g. Gradually add 1 cup sugar, creaming as o go. Add 1 well-beaten egg and 2 square s sweetened chocolate, melted (or you can d 6 tablespoons cocoa to the dry ingredi s, if you'd rather). Sift together 1½ cups fr, 1 teaspoon baking soda and ¼ teaspoon t. Add the dry ingredients alternately to creamed mixture with ¼ cup sour mil or buttermilk. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla ext t. Then add ½ cup boiling water and beat il smooth. Grease the bottom of a square s. 8″x 8″x 2″. Pour in the batter and bake a moderate oven, 350° F., 30–40 minutes, or until it springs back lightly from the to h.

Wonder Icing: Combine 2 egg whites, ½ p sugar, 2 teaspoons light corn sirup and 6 teaspoon cream of tartar in the top f double boiler. Have the water in the bot n boiling. Stir over the boiling water abo t minutes—"until it's too hot for your fing o stand," Mrs. Hulce says. "I don't me l stir with my finger. I take out a little da spoon and test it with my finger when I th it's about ready." Remove from the t water—pull up a chair to a table, migh well be comfortable—and beat 10 min until it stands up in fluffy peaks and doe t run. (Or 5 minutes, if you have an elec beater do the job for you.) Add 1 teasp vanilla and spread on cake. You don't n to remove cake from the pan. It keeps mo r if you don't. THE



"It's a Corporal Elmer Smith just back from three years in Japan . . . wants to know if you're busy tonight!"

NEW START IN LIFE

(Continued from Page 186)

by but "a JOURNAL baby," according to yce. She and her husband read the article, n I Choose the Sex of My Child? by Bruce iven, in the November, 1949, LADIES' OME JOURNAL, followed the suggestions, d got what they wanted—a second girl. Another arrival is due this fall, and this ne the Hulces are hoping for a third boy.

Harry Joseph Hulce (pronounced Hulcie), ed 38, has been working in steel mills for nost half his life. At present he is earning .61 an hour, or $64.40 for a 40-hour week, a machine operator in the Recoil Depart- ent of the Geneva Steel Company, near ovo. The Geneva steel plant is the biggest ngle industry in Utah, and one of the new- t and most modern in the world. Its 10 pen-hearth furnaces, 252 coke ovens and 0 assorted buildings are spread out over 00 acres of what was flat, fertile farmland ly ten years ago. Geneva was built in a rry during World War II with $200,000,- 00 of Government funds; today it has more mployees (4995) and produces more steel ½ million tons a year) than in wartime.

A slight, wiry man who wears thick glasses ver his deep-set eyes, Harry seems a little ut of place in the noisy vastness of the Ge- eva mill. It is easier to picture him bent ver a desk in the accounting department, hich was the kind of work he did in Gary. mong his fellow workers Harry is regarded s an "eager beaver" about his job, and n amusing fellow to sit around with at unchtime. With Harry, life is always ather precariously balanced between deadly eriousness and a quick wisecrack. His sense f humor has carried him through some rying times.

It also brought him and Joyce together.

During her junior year at Lew Wallace igh School in Gary, Joyce was assigned the ask of making a scrapbook anthology of her avorite poems. She knew Harry slightly hen, and was aware that he drew posters and artoons. She asked him to make some special ketches for her scrapbook.

Harry, who had long worshiped her from far, was happy to oblige. He drew a little oy soldier for the section headed "Chil- dren's Verse," and a Hawaiian moonlight cene for "Nature Poems." He decorated the itle page and made the book quite hand- ome. Joyce was delighted.

"This is wonderful," she exclaimed. "I ope I can do something nice for you some- ime!"

"You can," grinned Harry, and they both urst out laughing.

JOYCE, who was pretty and popular, had never paid much attention to Harry before. He seemed shy, and his glasses hid the twinkle in his eyes. In fact, the glasses were so concealing that when Joyce got around to writing her first poem to Harry she gave it the title, "Brown Eyes." Harry's eyes are a dark blue, and he had a lot of fun kidding her about the mistake.

Harry was born in Gary, where his father at various times ran a dairy, a paper-hanging business and a candy store. He died when Harry was eleven, and after that Harry lived mostly with a married sister. To help meet expenses while he was going to high school, he sold candy and newspapers at the railroad station, and night-clerked in a hotel. In the summers, which he spent in Michigan with his mother, he collected frogs' legs and turtle meat, and sold them to restaurants for 50 cents a pound.

As a boy Harry loved the outdoors and growing things, and specialized in horti- culture in high school. He wanted to become a tree surgeon, or work with flowers in a nursery. But when he was graduated in 1932 there were no such jobs to be had—in fact, there were no jobs at all. The big steel mills which are Gary's main reason for existence were all closed because of the depression, and Gary itself was a sullen, dreary place.

While in school Harry had earned enough to buy a set of drums, which he played in the orchestra. After graduation he earned $1.50 a night playing for dancing in cheap night clubs around Gary and Chicago. Some of the things he saw in those places convinced Harry he could do without hard liquor for the rest of his life. One New Year's Eve in Calumet City a celebrator fired two bullets through his bass drum, and just missed hit- ting Harry.

He also made a little money as part-time night watchman in a dry-cleaning plant. At that time a racket war was on and bombs were being thrown at cleaning plants by gangsters from Chicago. No older man would take the job, but Harry needed the money.

WHEN he wasn't exposing himself to bombs and bullets, Harry sang first tenor in the Grace Methodist Church choir, and attended meetings of the Epworth League. It was there he really got to know Joyce Hansen, whose blond good looks and organizing ability had made her a leader among the church's young people. Joyce had plenty of other admirers. But Harry made it a point to be around where she was, and to keep her amused with stories of his adventures.

"We wore our old clothes for dates in those days because we didn't have much else," Joyce recalls. "All the families we knew had been hit by the depression. We couldn't afford movies and things like that, but the church basement was open every night. We would collect some sandwiches and cocoa and have a party there. We played running and relay games, passing spoons and dropping handkerchiefs. Maybe it doesn't sound very exciting to the present genera- tion. But we had fun."

Harry's persistent tactics paid off; by the time Joyce finished high school in 1934 they both knew they wanted to be married.

"I don't believe Harry ever really pro- posed," Joyce laughs. "He didn't have to—it was just something we both under- stood. We used to drive down to the lake front in the evening and sit there and talk about our plans."

Harry borrowed his brother-in-law's 1925 Chevrolet to take Joyce on these rides. Her mother christened the car "the Rolls-Joyce."

In 1933 the Carnegie-Illinois mill reopened, and Harry went down to the employment office to stand in line with thousands of others. On October 1 he was hired as a helper in the tie-plate department. He would still have preferred an outdoor job, but this was all he could get. The pay was $2.95 a day.

Two years later it had crept up to $3.88 a day, or $19.40 a week. Joyce was working in a dentist's office, and they decided they had enough to be married. The wedding at Grace Methodist Church was an overflow affair, with friends and in-laws packing the aisles and standing on the steps outside. Joyce wore a dress of rust-colored velvet with tur- ban and veil to match, and carried a bunch of bronze chrysanthemums. Harry wore a navy-blue suit with a red rose in the lapel.

They lived at first in a single room with Joyce's married sister, later shared apart- ments with other working couples. In 1938 Harry sold his drums for $150 to complete the down payment on a tiny four-room house they got cheap by agreeing to let the builder continue to use it for sales demonstrations. In twelve years they moved through eight different houses and apartments, without finding a place where they wanted to settle down. Always they were within whistle- tooting distance of the mill where Harry worked. Smoke and grime were a constant nuisance; in summer, when the humidity was high, a blanket of smog hung over the city.

The open-air way of life that they have discovered in Utah is by far the pleasantest the Hulces have ever known. Springville is a thriving rural town five miles south of Provo, and a good fifteen miles from the Geneva Steel plant. It lies on a plateau nearly a mile in altitude, surrounded by farms and or- chards that have prospered there ever since the Mormons began to irrigate the land a hundred years ago. Joyce and Harry are still





amazed at the abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables they can buy right off the farms.

"From the pictures we'd seen we thought Utah would be mostly rocks and deserts," Joyce confesses. "The first summer here we picked sweet cherries for a farmer and took our pay in fruit. I put up a hundred quarts of cherries and I think we ate almost as many off the trees. All the fruit seems to taste better out here."

The Hulces have a miniature orchard of their own—apple and peach and nectarine trees—around their small brick house at 251 East Fourth North Street. They also have a good-sized vegetable garden which is Harry's special care. Instead of factory chimneys, the whole magnificent scenic array of the Wasatch Mountains surrounds them like a backdrop. In the autumn the lower slopes are ablaze with colored foliage, and during most of the year there is snow on the peaks.

The lure of the mountains is very strong for Harry and his older son, Mike (full name: Harry Michael). Mike is a lean, long-legged youngster of 13 who takes to the outdoors like an Indian; his most prized possessions are his BB air rifle and the sleeping bag he got for Christmas last year. Like his father, he has a silent streak, and they make good companions in the woods. Harry takes him deer hunting every season, and they always go fishing together.

Bobby, aged 7, is more mechanically minded. Whenever his father parks the family car in the driveway and starts cleaning the spark plugs, Bobby gets out his red toy jeep, jacks it up on a block of wood, and pries at its insides with whatever tools are handy. Bobby is also passionately fond of irrigation ditches. When he isn't actually in one, he is often sprawled out over the edge, sailing chips of wood and getting mud-coated.

Back in Gary there was little opportunity for such healthy outdoor recreation. Mike could never have known the thrill of landing a rainbow trout, or watching a herd of elk pick their way down the mountainside. Both boys have more playmates—and more congenial ones—in Springville.

"The children here don't seem to go in so much for fights and bad language," Joyce explains. "We counted up once, and within two blocks on either side of us there are thirty-four children, and all of them are nice kids. Their parents are friendlier too. I never have any trouble getting someone to watch Bobby or Margaret if I have to go shopping, and I do the same for them."

Now that she is well again, Joyce never seems to run out of energy. She bakes bread, rolls, cakes, pies, cookies and dozens of doughnuts every week, in addition to her thrice-a-day mealtime chores. She is once again writing poems that are published in national poetry magazines. She puts up several hundred quarts of fruits and vegetables and fifty jars of jelly every summer. She handles the family money, keeps detailed accounts, arranges birthday parties and picnics, and does a prodigious washing and ironing. She writes at least ten letters a week, to friends and relatives, and reads an equal number in reply.

Along with all this she also manages to be what her teen-age daughter, Marian Jean, describes as "the very best mother in the world." Relationships within the Hulce family group are very close and co-operative; the long strain of Joyce's illness, and the isolation they felt when they first moved to Utah, have bound them tightly together. Disciplinary problems are almost nonexistent. Each of the children has some household job to

Marian, the oldest, was 10 when they left Gary. At that time her parents were always on edge about her because of the numerous crimes against children on Gary's crowded streets. They have no such fears in Springville. Marian today is a good-looking girl of 14 with golden-brown hair, frank blue eyes and a well-developed figure. She plays second violin in the Springville High School orchestra, and sometimes she thinks it would be wonderful if she could practice a lot and become a real concert violinist. At other times she would rather be a home-economics teacher and earn her own living regardless of the world of men. But then again she would like to get married and have the "right" number of children—"about five."

In Gary all three children were developing allergies like their mother's—Marian would sneeze and choke at a dish of chocolate pudding, and Mike got a skin rash from wearing anything made of wool. Little Bobby broke out in a kind of prickly heat when he ate grapes or ice cream. These symptoms have disappeared since they moved.

What all the Hulces miss most about Utah are the big family get-together that ran through the year in Gary. The first Christmas in Utah was almost a fiasco, for they had just moved into the new house and lacked money to buy enough furniture, let alone gifts. But on Christmas Day so many of their neighbors came calling that everybody had a good time after all.

Harry, who had read a good deal about American history, was well aware of Utah's Mormon background before they moved there. But Joyce was blithely ignorant. "I didn't even know what a Mormon was," she says. "I had never heard of one."

After she mentioned this to a couple of her neighbors she realized she was making a mistake. Springville's 7600 population is probably close to 80 per cent Mormon. Utah County is one of the solid strongholds of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called Mormon.

Back in Gary the Hulces had attended the Methodist church and lived among neighbors of assorted creeds, nationalities and colors. They had belonged to clubs with Catholics, Jews and Protestants, and had never been especially conscious of religious differences.

But in Springville they couldn't help noticing it. Every phase of community life, it seemed, centered around the Mormon churches and Mormon "stake houses," or meeting halls. When the Hulces first arrived even the local Boy Scout troop was exclusively Mormon. For the first time they felt what it is like to belong to a minority group.

In Springville the only non-Mormon church is the Community Presbyterian, a small wooden structure with folding seats for sixty people, and an upright piano to lead the choir. The pastor, the Rev. Frank G. Mar, also preaches to two other small congregations within a 50-mile radius.

The Hulces joined this little church in 1948. Harry once more sings first tenor in the choir, and on winter Sundays he comes over early to start the fire in the furnace. Marian and Mike earn $3 a week by house cleaning the church every Saturday. Joyce is active in the Ladies' Aid, and president of the Missionary Society. To raise funds for the latter she initiated her fellow members

Next Month

SHE has three youngsters under fifteen, and a nine-to-noon job in an office. Juanita McCoy believes in being a real helpmeet to her husband, James, whom she assists in his accountancy work. She plans the family vacations, takes an alert interest in her home and finds the time to carry out her decorating ideas. Can family unity thrive in such a busy household? The James Franklin McCoys are proof that it can be done.

PART-TIME WORKING MOTHER

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

How America Lives, in the October JOURNAL

in an old Gary custom called "galloping breakfasts." One woman agrees to serve coffee and rolls in her home, and the others round up housewives from wherever they happen to be at nine o'clock in the morning. They have to come as they are, uncombed, in jeans, bathrobes or rumpled house dresses. They pay 25 cents for their breakfast, and the money goes for missionary work.

In one important respect—financial—the Hulces have not benefited from their move. When they left Gary, Harry was working as a billing clerk in the accounting department, and was next in line for promotion to foreman. If he had stayed he figures he would now be making $4500 or more a year.

His present job pays only $3400, and there is no definite prospect of advancement. If Harry wanted to go back to a desk job such as he had in Gary, he would have to drop to around $3000 and start from the bottom. All such jobs are covered by seniority rule, and he could not transfer his seniority.

Harry's pay check comes through every two weeks. When there is no overtime it amounts to about $116 net, after deductions for insurance, union dues, Social Security and so forth. Harry turns it all over to Joyce except his personal "allowance" of $5 or $6 a week, out of which he buys gas and oil, pays his daily 45-cent bus fare to work, gets his haircuts, and an occasional beer and cigar.

The Hulces' food budget of $25.25 a week is scant enough for a family of six in these inflated times. It couldn't possibly do the trick without heroic efforts on Joyce's part. Besides doing most of her own baking and a lot of home canning, she is always on the watch for special sales of canned goods and sugar and potatoes in bulk. She uses margarine exclusively, and saves her coffee for afternoon-party treats with the neighbors. Favorite, but economical, dishes in the Hulce household include homemade chile con carne, spaghetti with meat sauce, and barbecued hamburger. Canned fruit, apple pie or cake is the usual dessert, and there are always cookies to munch between meals.

But even with all her economies, Joyce doesn't always come out even. And Harry frankly admits that his steel-mill income is not enough for his growing family, and probably never will be. That is why they are both so eager to get started on a plan they have been evolving ever since they came to Utah.

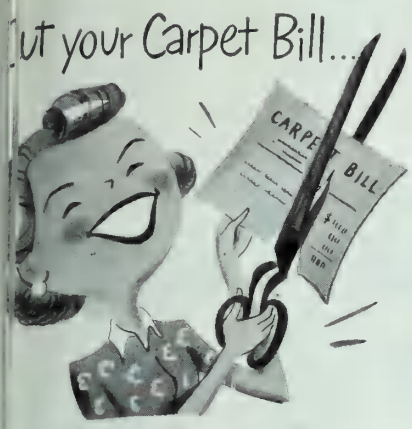
In the East not many steelworkers can live in the country and still get to work regularly. But at Geneva they can. More than half of Harry's fellow workers own small farms or a few acres where they raise most of their own food. During harvest season staggered absences are arranged so that these farmer-steelworkers can get in their crops.

For the Hulces this self-sufficient arrangement is a dream that is very real and near. Their present house has only five ground-floor rooms for them to live in, plus a three-room apartment in the basement which they rent out. It was adequate when they bought it in 1947. But now they need more space.

On the outskirts of Springville is a vacant farmhouse with a modern kitchen and bathroom, several acres of land, and an orchard of peaches, apples, apricots and cherries. Close to the back door is the original cabin of hewn logs. There are also an outdoor vegetable cellar and a combination garage and barn.

"I've got our house up for sale now," says Harry, "and if we can get our money out of it and put $1500 down on that little farm it will be just the place for us. We can raise our own chickens and eggs and a couple of young pigs to kill just before Christmas. I'll put out young fruit trees that will start to bear by the time the old ones die. Later on we could get a freezer and store our own meat and fish. I know a lake where I can get fifty to a hundred yellow perch almost any time. They make wonderful eating. I figured the boys and I would use the cabin to store our hunting things and tools.

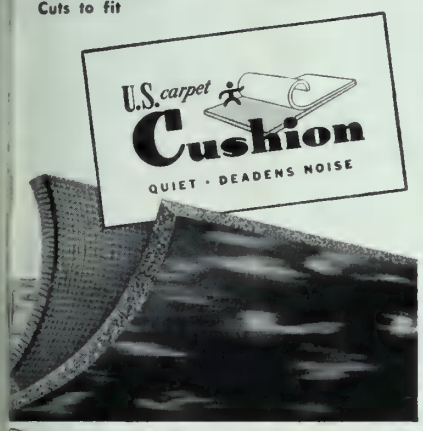
"It's a different kind of life than anything we could have had in Gary, but we think it's better. When you have your own land you don't have to worry so much about layoffs and strikes. You can always eat!" THE END



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The Make-Believe Twins



Something exciting's happened today.
Peter and Penny are cast away on a lonely Island out
in the sea (between the porch and the maple tree).

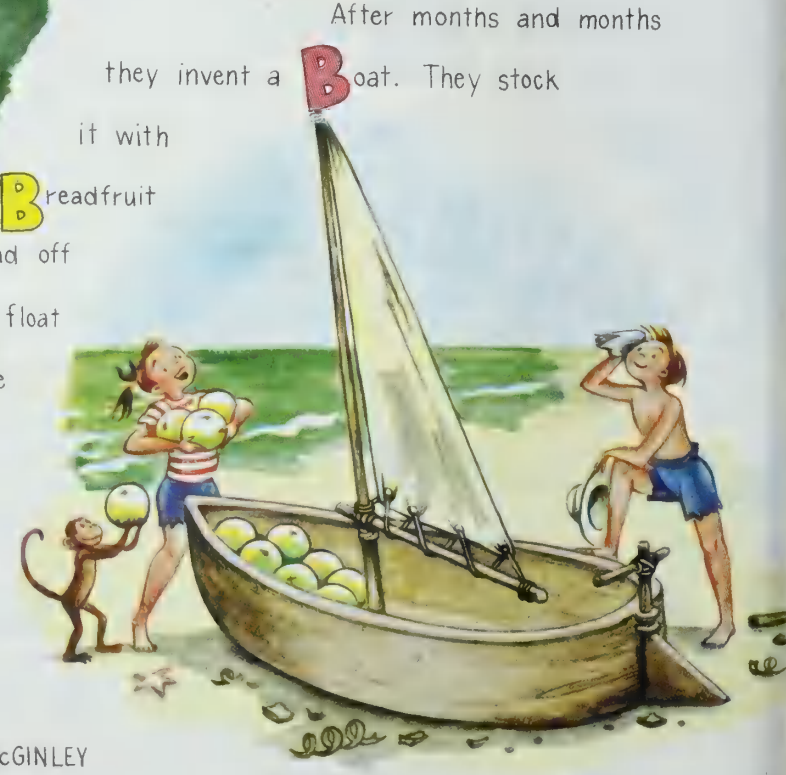


They've nothing to eat but islandy things like Nuts
and Bananas. They sleep in Swings made out of branches.
A tree is their roof, cozy and almost weatherproof.



Sometimes exploring the island sands
they're attacked by bloodthirsty
Cannibal bands, but Pete
makes a slingshot good as a gun and they
kill the Savages, every one.

After months and months
they invent a Boat. They stock
it with
Breadfruit
and off
they float
toward Home
and supper
where strange to say
Nobody knows they
have been away.





By PHYLLIS McGINLEY
DRAWN By ROBERTA MacDONALD



How to **"GO HOME TO MOTHER"** *and make everybody happy!*

REMEMBER when the expression, "going home to Mother" was anything but a laughing matter? Not any more... air travel, especially Flagship travel, has given the old phrase a new meaning. Even if the whole country separates them, today's daughter can have her visit with Mother and keep everybody happy.

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SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

WOMEN WITHOUT CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 65)

puckered areas. After excision of such areas and microscopic study by the pathologist, a diagnosis of endometriosis could be made."

The difficulty lies in the fact that for the blood from these errant cells there is no outlet. It stays where it is, forming hard nodules, due to reaction around the bleeding glands. Each month at menstruation the accumulation is added to. "Chocolate cysts," so called because of their dark color, may form. There have been cases where they have attained the size of a small orange, but apparently they do not grow larger than this without rupturing. If they rupture, they spread the disease.

Usually the accumulation does not become great enough to make trouble before a woman is 25 or 26, but an increasing number of younger sufferers is now being reported. (One girl of 13, who had menstruated only twice, was found to have it.) As a rule, cramps that are "acquired"—that is, beginning after menstruation has been established for some years—are one of the signs of endometriosis. They start a few days before the period, becoming more intense as the period begins. In some cases menstruation is heavy, but ordinarily it is not interfered with.

After years of uninterrupted periods, as happens with the unmarried or with the married who put off childbearing, the pelvic organs may become solidly embedded and immovable. Doctor Beecham, of Temple University, mentions the "frozen pelvis" he has found in a number of women—a pelvis in which the organs have become so fixed and so hard that it is as though the pelvis were filled with cement.

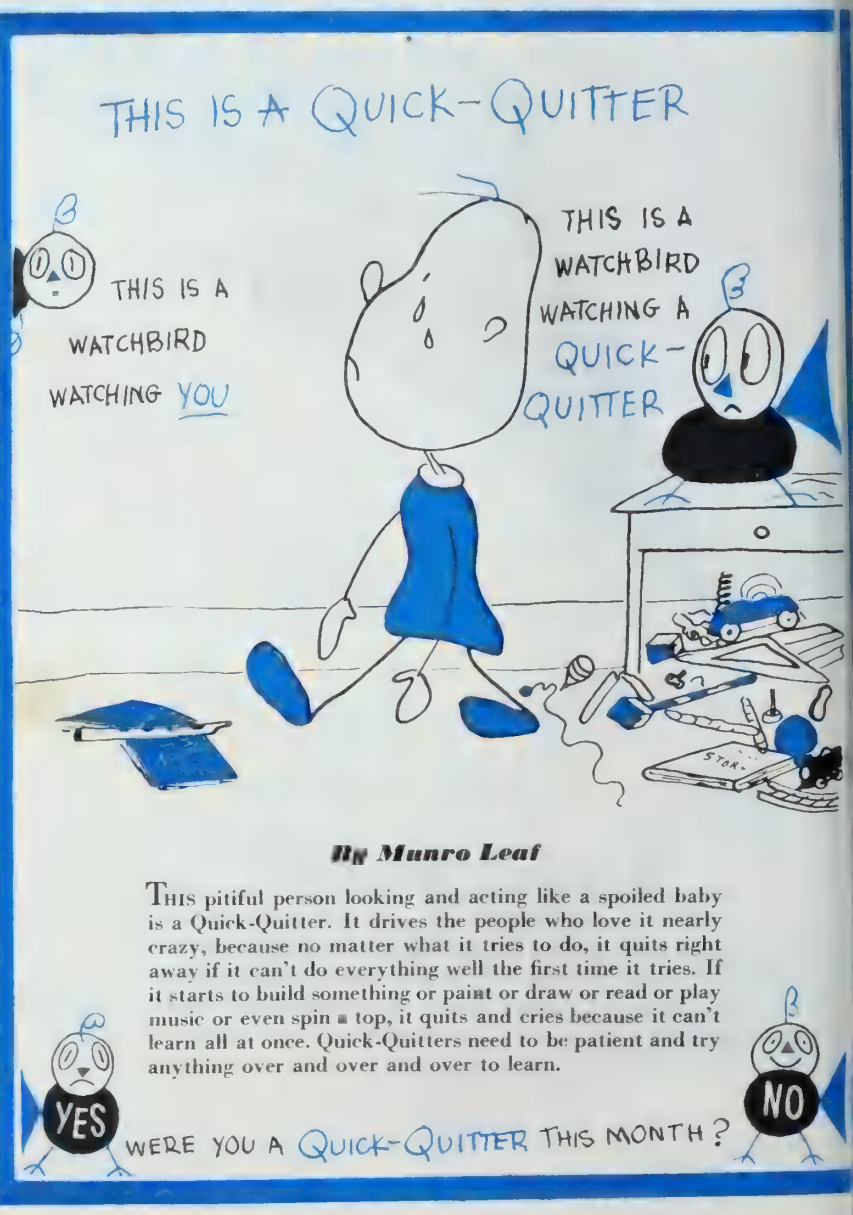
It is this fixation of the reproductive organs which causes sterility in a large number of endometriosis sufferers. Normally, the ovary moves on its ligament. The tube follows the ovary, so that when ovulation takes place, the tube is near and can pick u the ovum. In the woman with severe endo etri- osis, the ovary is held behind the broa ga- ment in a position which the tube c not follow. Various doctors have reported that after operations which cleared awa the collection of nodules and freed the o ary, anywhere from 29 per cent to 45 per c t of previously sterile women had become re- nant. In many cases, conception took a e three or four months after the operatio

If the endometriosis is unchecked the abdominal pain may become constant The pressing of the hard masses upon the va ous organs may cause backache. Invasion o the intestines can bring about bowel obstruc on. When constant suffering is attended b ex- cessive bleeding, the victim often think she has cancer.

All the foregoing medical facts have been well established. The connection of e do- metriosis with late and infrequent childbear- ing is deduced from the fact that the di ase is found frequently and increasingly a gynecologist's private practice, seldom in charity work. Doctor Beecham has seen only a few cases in the hospital wards, whereas h incidence is high among his private pati ts. To establish this point, Doctor Meigs m de two surveys, at an interval of eight y rs. Each time, of 400 women in his pr te practice, more than a third had endom ri- osis. Each time, of 400 women in the w ds of the Massachusetts General Hospital, only 8 per cent were found to have it.

"The reason for the difference," ys Doctor Meigs, "was that the patients m my practice on whom I operated were in he age group twenty-six or older. These re the patients who had married late in e. They had put off starting their families In their late twenties or thirties they wa ed

(Continued on Page 200)



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Dreams tiptoe gently past this angel on the night shift, cuddled snug and warm in his downy Hanes Sleeper. For all Hanes Sleepers are deftly designed for sweet sleeping.

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One-piece, sizes 0 to 8, in pink, blue, canary, green and red.



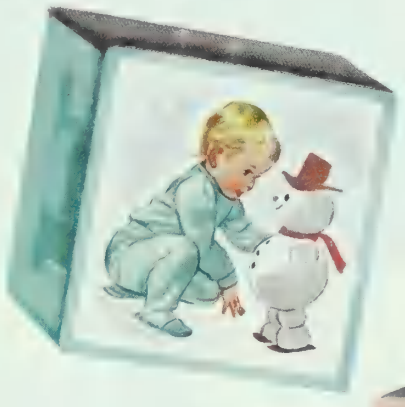
Two-piece, sizes 0 to 4, in pink, blue, canary, green and red.



Three-piece (with extra pants), sizes 0 to 4, in pink, blue, canary, green and red.

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Two-piece, sizes 0 to 4 (shown above), in peach, blue, canary and green.



Three-piece laundry-saver (with extra pants), sizes 0 to 4, in peach, blue, canary and green.

MOTHERS – Save laundry with the colorful, durable Hanes Basque Shirts for growing boys and toddlers, too. And with Ski-Pajamas, sizes 6 to 18. All Hanes garments processed for full fit.

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COSCO

HOUSEHOLD STOOLS, CHAIRS AND UTILITY TABLES

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(Continued from Page 198)

children, and found they couldn't get pregnant. In contrast, the women in the wards had married at eighteen or nineteen and had many children. They had ailments, but not endometriosis.

"Nature never intended that women should go on menstruating indefinitely. Monkeys in the jungle, who menstruate as women do, start reproducing as soon as they mature physically. The woman who puts off pregnancy until she is twenty-eight, let us say, has had at least fourteen years of menstrual life that she was never meant to have."

Why all women who have not borne children do not get endometriosis is an unsolved problem. Doctor Beecham believes the errant cells are present in all of us. This cannot be established, however, without sectioning minutely a number of perfectly normal women, which obviously cannot be done. Doctor Meigs has noted a tendency of endometriosis sufferers to be somewhat undeveloped physically, with a small, rather infantile uterus and small breasts. Yet this is not true of all.

But new and strange as this disease is, with many questions about it still to be answered, great progress has been made in treating it in recent years. No woman need suffer its pain. The sterility due to endometriosis has been corrected in a large number of cases by skillful surgery.

In this respect, women today are fortunate. In former years hysterectomy, or removal of the uterus, was a rather standard practice. This cured the endometriosis. For when menstruation stops, the clots or nodules dry up and atrophy. (In this way women are usually cured of it automatically after menopause.) But it has meant that a host of women have been deprived of the ability ever to have children, and many needlessly so.

Now the up-to-date practitioner concentrates upon preserving this ability in women in the childbearing ages. Excellent success has been had with far more conservative forms of treatment than hysterectomy.

THE best treatment of all, where it is possible, is for the sufferer to have a baby. Says Doctor Beecham, "When a woman comes to me in her thirties with endometriosis, having had one or two children, I discuss the methods we have for control of the disease—namely, pregnancy, drugs or hysterectomy. If she chooses the baby, by the end of the third or fourth month of pregnancy no sign of endometriosis remains. The uterus and other organs are soft and pliable." The rest from menstruation afforded by pregnancy, especially if lengthened by breast feeding, will frequently keep endometriosis at bay for five years or longer. Thus a woman who has her babies not more than five ar apart until her family is complete has tl to fear from endometriosis.

This fact is generally accepted, but oc tor Beecham had a dramatic illustrat of it. Treating a doctor's wife for endo ri osis, he suggested that she have a baby did so. A few years later, Doctor Bee had occasion to operate on the woma for another condition. When he opened he pelvis, he found the white scars of m pletely healed endometriosis.

FOR a woman in her forties, on the hand, especially if she has had her fam is unlikely to bear children, an operati usually indicated. Doctor Beecham's p cedure is to remove the uterus, which menstruation, but to leave the ovari this is possible. Removal of the ovarie bring about premature menopause, with pleasant symptoms and possible person changes.

X ray has been employed to stop men ation, but this, too, sterilizes the patient may have undesirable aftereffects.

For younger women, and those who not completed their families, everyt possible is done to preserve the reproduc organs. In skilled hands, it is not consid a difficult operation to open the pelvis, move the nodules, free the ovaries, and pend the uterus up above the raw trac the patient is married, she is advised to come pregnant as soon as she has recov from the operation. Where the bowel been invaded, the organs may be rese without interference with the childbea function.

When the sufferer is unmarried but yo enough to have hopes of marriage and dren, it is believed by several authorities the menstrual function can be stopped t porarily by drugs, particularly by the n and female hormones. Dr. John Karnaky Texas, is an exponent of massive dose stilbestrol, the synthetic female hormone a means of temporarily suppressing mens ation. Testosterone, the male hormone used for the same purpose. It must be ployed sparingly, however, since too muc it may bring about secondary male ch acteristics, such as a deep voice and fa hair. Doctor Meigs has doubts about efficacy of hormones, but suggests that experiment should be watched with intere

In some cases, particularly those where abdominal pain is centrally located, the p sacral nerve may be cut. This has prove satisfactory way of relieving suffering i number of instances, without interfer with the childbearing function.

An operation to remove the nodules cysts will also give temporary relief. B unless this is followed by pregnancy, or m struation is stopped in some other way, t



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patient must understand that they will form again. In less serious cases, the monthly pain may be held in check by some simple drug such as aspirin. The doctor will watch the patient to make sure the endometriosis does not develop to an extent that will incapacitate, or cause sterility.

None of the measures just mentioned—suppressing menstruation by drugs, cutting the presacral nerve or removal of the accumulation by surgery—can be considered a cure. They may insure reasonable comfort, however, until such time as the patient can become pregnant, or reaches the age group where it is no longer considered necessary to preserve the childbearing function, and the uterus can be removed.

As with other diseases, the sooner the doctor gets the case, the easier it is for him to help. Women who endure severe menstrual and other abdominal pains without seeking medical aid are the ones who become crippled or sterile from endometriosis.

The diagnosis of endometriosis is not difficult. "The pelvic structures have a nodular feel," says Doctor Beecham. "The ovary is slightly enlarged and you can't move it. The only thing it can be confused with is an ovarian cancer or gonorrheal infection, but usually it is not necessary to operate to distinguish."

Care and watchfulness on the part of mothers of girls can be a big factor in keeping the disease from developing at all, or in keeping it in check until a young woman is ready for marriage and babies. Doctor Beecham would have every girl at the age of 18 or 19 start seeing a doctor for regular examinations.

When a girl is going to be married, she should be checked again for endometriosis. If it is present, Doctor Beecham tells the brides among his patients, "It doesn't cost very much to have a baby." Before the age of 25 or 26, endometriosis has seldom progressed to such a point that conception is impossible, and babies provide the cure.

Doctor Beecham would have married women checked every year for endometriosis, as many are now for cancer. In the married, a recto-vaginal examination should be made.

Both Doctor Meigs and Doctor Beecham agree that the best preventive measure of all is a return to earlier marriage and earlier childbearing by the social and economic classes which have been deferring them. Having babies in the early twenties will not insure that endometriosis will not develop at a later date. But after a woman has completed her family, the matter is not so serious.

The Journal of the American Medical Association states that because of the danger of endometriosis and other late-developing diseases which interfere with ovarian function, it is unsafe to defer conception at all after the age of 35, if a woman wants children. "If she is 30, it would be unwise. If a wife is in her early twenties, postponement of conception may be safe for three years, but after the age of 25 it is not advised."

"Endometriosis is the reason why all fathers and mothers who are able to do so should permit their children to marry early, have babies right away, and should aid them financially until they are able to care for themselves," says Doctor Meigs. "Our children must realize that by being helped when they are young, they need not expect much in the way of an inheritance.

"Of course not all parents are in a position to do this. I therefore believe that the idea of better pay for young men should be taken into account in industry. Workers should be paid more earlier in life and not expect great increases in their salaries as they get older. Above all, the level of income should be increased for young men with wives.

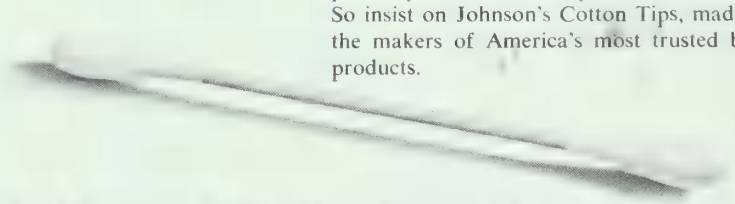
"Young people should be encouraged to keep our country populated, not discouraged from it. Financial help to our children so that they may have their babies while they are young will reduce the incidence of endometriosis. At the same time it will reduce the number of unhappy and childless marriages. I believe we shall accomplish much more for the world this way than by trying to save for them when they get older." THE END

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"I LOVE YOU"

(Continued from Page 11)

Saying it with proper feeling at the right time can turn a crisis into Christmas. Not saying it can turn a pause in the conversation into purgatory.

Depending on the speaker, it can create ecstasy or inspire horror. At the end of a letter from the One and Only, it can make the reader insane with joy; from two swains arriving for the same week end, just insane; or from the Last Man on Earth, crazy-mad.

It can be the password to lifelong bliss or a bill of sale into a vicious form of slavery.

You can't afford to take it at face value or to ignore it with a shrug.

It can make a strong person weak and a weak person strong.

It may mean: "I'm sorry and it won't happen again," or "I'm not sorry and it will surely happen again—if you love me you'll just have to put up with it."

Listen to it with a judicious mixture of caution and hope, dear. One thing is sure, in a world where talk is cheap and often nonsensical: it may baffle you, but it always means *something*. **THE END**

The Little Dark Wood

By Oliver St. John Gogarty

I dwelt by the Lake of the Little
Dark Wood
That lies by the edge of the
neighboring sea,
The lake wherein mountains
invertedly stood
When mists of the morning the
water let be:
Plum blue in the water the
mountains reflected
Were clearer than ever they
looked in the day
Where flat water lilies were floating
collected,
And black sallies sheltered their
little still bay.
All through the long noon in the
wood by the water
I lingered and found that the
better my mood,
The better the lake looked though
less than a quarter
Was lulled by the lilies to mirror
the wood.
At evening, the gentle wind losing
its motion
Would leave the lake leveled to
double the sun
That set in an oval ball over the
ocean
Until the bare mountains were
purpling alone.
Sometimes the sun set in a revel of
silver
All squandered except what the
lake water saves
To roof the dim haunt of the trout,
eel and elver;
And that spilth of silver far out on
the waves.
I left the dark dell by the lake
water-wooded
Because so much beauty was
sibling to pain,
Besides, with its magic my mind
was so flooded
I need but closed eyelids to bring
it again.



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When a child breathes noisily he needs a doctor's attention. Asthma can nearly always be combated successfully if it is diagnosed early.

The Child Who Wheezes

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

IN recent years, an increasing number of mothers are asking for advice about children who breathe noisily, or "wheeze." I suppose the reason for this lies partly in our modern way of life. Today most of us lead fast-moving, complicated existences which subject us to nervous tensions. Our children do too. Many of our foods are manufactured or processed. We spend much of our time indoors, surrounded by materials that are largely synthetic and many of which are potential allergens, or causers of allergic disturbance. Since allergies are the largest known cause of noisy breathing, we can understand why there should be more "wheezy" youngsters today than formerly.

As nearly everyone knows, an allergy is a peculiar, highly sensitive response of the body to some substance which the allergic person touches, eats, or breathes in. In some way that is not yet fully understood, the allergen, or offending material, releases quantities of histamine, a protein substance, into the system. Quite a variety of symptoms may be produced, depending upon what part of the body is affected.

When the reaction affects the bronchial tubes, the result is the disease called asthma. The child is likely to feel a sense of constriction, and to cough and wheeze. In some advanced cases, an exposure to the allergen responsible may affect the bronchial passages so severely that the child gasps painfully for air. The condition may last anywhere from a few minutes to several days. Unless steps are taken to protect the sufferer from such episodes, damage to the bronchial structures may be lasting.

Fortunately, asthma is something we doctors can nearly always combat successfully when mothers bring wheezy children to us. The treatment follows two main courses.

First of all, the doctor will undertake measures to relieve the allergic symptoms, and in this a child's mother plays an important role. Her first duty when an asthmatic seizure starts is to do everything possible to divert the child's attention and get him to relax, for the anxiety and nervous tension that accompany an attack contribute to the spasms which make breathing difficult. She will also be given drugs to administer, to help relieve the symptoms. Among the drugs that are commonly used to combat asthma today are ephedrine and epinephrine. Their action relaxes the spastic muscles so that breathing becomes easier.

The newer antihistamine drugs are also used in asthma, to counteract the histamine which exposure to the allergen has released into the system. *But the fact that some of these drugs may be obtained without a doctor's prescription does not mean that mothers may use them in the treatment of asthma without a doctor's advice.* If taken too often or in too large amounts, antihistamine drugs may cause harmful side effects such as drowsiness or dizziness.

The second part of the treatment consists in trying to discover the substance, or substances, to which the child is sensitive, so that they can be removed as far as possible from his environment. Sometimes weeks of testing are required to identify the offender. Usually this is done by means of "patch tests," in which the substance being tested is applied to the skin and left there for several

(Continued on Page 205)

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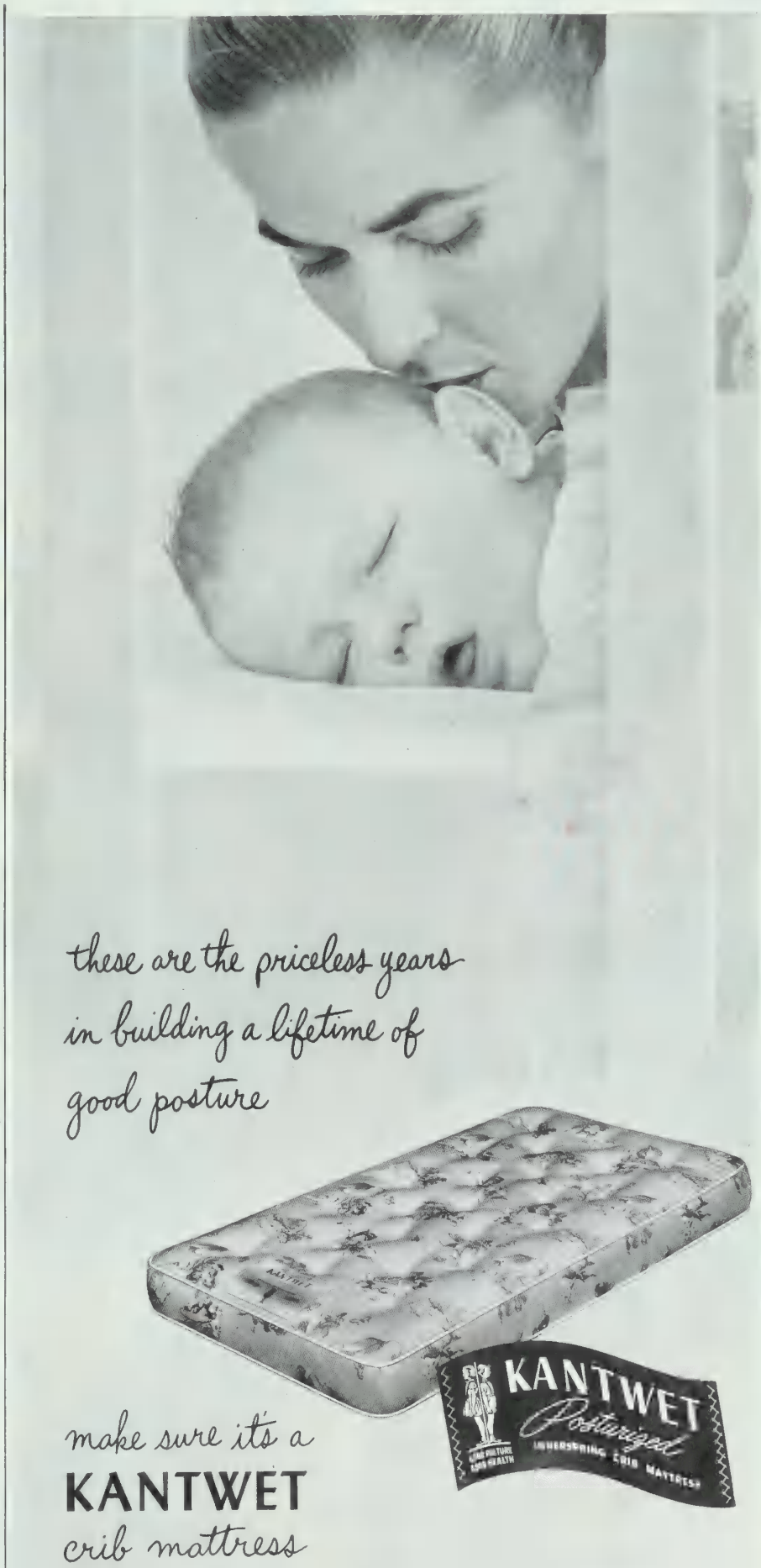
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(Continued from Page 203)

hor s, and the reaction to it is then observed. On e the allergen is definitely identified, it is up the mother to see that it is removed as far possible from the child's environment. If s something that cannot be completely eli inated—like wheat, perhaps, or ordinary du —every effort must be made to protect th ild by reducing the number of exposures to and the length of the exposures. Some do rs also recommend a series of injections of called "shots" for the allergic child; the eff of these is to diminish the severity of th llergic reaction, so that the child can "l with the allergen" with less discomfort.

certain cases, it is necessary to probe in the circumstances of the child's life, for th is a type of asthma called "nervous" in w h the bronchial tubes are quite unaf ted and emotional impulses are responsibl One such case was of a lad whose asthm c uncle had recently died, and whose ov home was upset by the fact that the fa er was undergoing a nervous breakdown. In he night the boy would awaken with se re asthmatic seizures, screaming, "I do t want to die! Mummy, don't let me d " Naturally these episodes were not very so hing for the already distraught father a mother. A careful investigation showed th this boy's physical system was perfectly n nal. He was reacting to the nervous tensi s in his home, and his uncle's death had g n him a pattern for expressing his fears a conflicts. Treatment in this case cons ed in getting the boy's emotions straighte d out.

Whatever method of treatment the doctor s gests, it is the mother's obligation to fol l his instructions scrupulously. If asthma d to allergy is neglected, it will usually get p gressively worse, so that the child who is only a little wheezy to begin with will eventually become subject to severe spasms.

While allergies account for the majority of cases of wheezing, there are other possible causes for this condition. When a thorough physical examination, with special attention to the respiratory organs and air passages, does not reveal the cause, the doctor may wish to take X rays or view the chest and bronchial area on a fluoroscopic screen. Or he may make a bronchoscopic examination, using an instrument which permits direct study of the bronchial tubes.

Occasionally, an examination of this kind discloses that noisiness in breathing is caused by a structural or mechanical defect somewhere in the respiratory system. Even a slight change in the formation of the larynx, or "voice box," for example, may cause a rasp or wheeze similar to that of asthma. In some children a severe infection may have left the bronchial tubes inflamed or weakened, so that there is some sound when air rushes through these delicate passageways. Another frequent cause of noisy breathing is enlarged adenoids—the spongy tissue located in the passage that leads from the nose into the throat.

When the cause of wheezing proves to be some mechanical or structural abnormality, it can sometimes be corrected by surgery. Thus enlarged or chronically infected tonsils or adenoids are frequently removed.

I must say, as I have said so many times before, that treatment of asthma and the other causes of noisy breathing is most likely to be successful if the condition is recognized early and appropriate measures are undertaken promptly. If you notice that your child is breathing noisily, *take him to the doctor at once!* Delay may turn a mild ailment into a crippling one.

. . . AND HAVE NOT CHARITY

(Continued from Page 49)

No, just family."

Just family." Theresa's face was serene. Martha thought, *It's strange that I'm only beginning to see how beautiful you are. It's as these years of suffering have purged away all but was earthly of you and left only spirit—strong and pure and a little frightening. . . . Oh, my baby, what can I do about you? It can't go on like this.* Her breath caught in a little sob.

Theresa let the silver fall in a shimmering little pool on the table, and put her arms about her mother.

Martha hugged her fiercely. "It's all right, baby." Theresa smiled and went back to setting the table. *I tell her it's all right, but she's the one who by saying nothing at all makes it easy to believe that it will be all right. She have never understood this deep peace in her. She's the strong one. It's as if she lives away and apart from us all, even from Eben.* "Theresa, where is Eben?"

"In the attic with Gulliver's Travels. He'll come to life, though, when he smells the apple dumplings you're making." *That's another strange thing. You never bother him, but you know him as I never knew you or Muriel.*

The front door banged noisily. Muriel came in. Something always made her look wind-blown. "Dinner ready?"

"Almost," Martha answered. "Did you get through?"

"Not quite," Muriel said. "Miss Ritchie didn't want me to be late for dinner. So she'll finish tomorrow."

"Dear, your father may not like that."

"For heaven's sake, why not?" Muriel was wide-eyed.

"He seems to think you should spend more time at home, helping."

"Gosh mom! I help a heap more at home than any of the other girls do."

That was true, Martha knew. She sighed. "I know you do, dear, but never mind now. Be an angel, and see that Eben gets ready for dinner. He's in the attic."

Muriel took the steps two at a time, as usual, calling "Benn-ee-ee" in the singsong that was sure to evoke a quarrel, for Eben hated being called Benny, as he hated being babied in any way.

James Weatherby believed in stimulating conversation at the dinner table. He would introduce a topic and ask Martha and Muriel for their opinions. Often, to keep the ball rolling, he would take the opposite point of view, prodding them into mild argument. Before Eben was born he and Theresa had developed this into a pleasant battle of wits. Theresa had inherited her father's facile tongue and they were well matched.

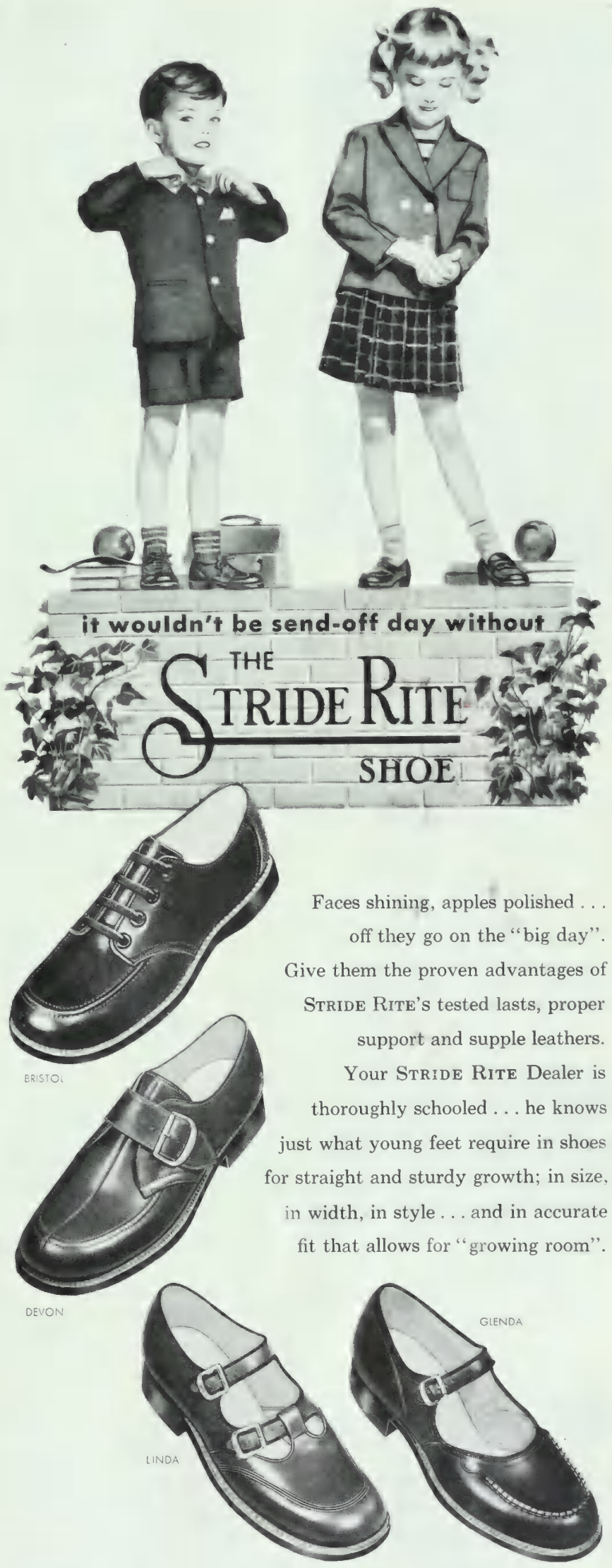
But after Eben, James spoke only to Martha and Muriel, completely ignoring Theresa. When at first she had tried to join in the talk he had met her with silence, waiting till she finished, then continuing as though she hadn't spoken. Now Theresa sat through meals in silence, except to answer when her mother or sister spoke to her, or to remind Eben of some small table courtesy.

He who preserves a wise silence speaks well.
—SERBIAN PROVERB.

Eben was also excluded from the conversation. This did not seem to affect him very much. He worshiped his grandfather with a touching reverence that breathed in every word that fell from James' lips, although James seldom spoke to him directly; when he did, it was usually in terse forbidding or command. Martha often wondered if he was aware of how deeply the child loved him, so entirely without a reason.

"Eben is a sponge that you can't squeeze," Muriel had once said, and Martha knew that it was true. Eben absorbed everything and gave back little. She seldom knew what he was thinking. Only Theresa seemed to understand him, and she of them all was least able to help him. In any need he turned instinctively to Martha.

This evening his grandfather ignored him as usual; he did not speak till they had all begun to eat. Then, looking at his younger



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daughter, he asked, "Who was the young man that brought you home, Muriel?"

Muriel looked up in surprise. "Roy Lincoln. How did you know?"

"I saw you from the study window. Who is he, and how does it happen that he escorts you home from the school library?"

Martha tightened. *Don't push her too far, James.* Muriel reddened, but her voice when she answered was as cool as her father's.

"He's the son of Mr. Swayne Lincoln, who owns the Modern Fashion Shop on Center Street. Roy's football captain and president of the senior class. And he did not escort me home from the library. I met him coming out of Simms' drugstore. He had to come this way anyway, so we just walked along together."

James eyed her sharply. "You seemed very animated."

Muriel was defiant now. "I suppose I was. Any of the girls would give their eyeteeth to walk a block with Roy Lincoln. He's smart, and smooth too. What's more, he's nice." She looked at her mother. "He's just beginning to see me," she said a little shyly. "He wants to date me."

James put down his fork. He leaned back in his chair and drummed gently on the edge of the table. "I shall not allow you to 'date,' as you put it, before you are of age, Muriel. I am convinced that the laxity of morals in the younger generation is due largely to the laxity of discipline among the parents. I do not intend to risk a recurrence of the misfortune that has already befallen my family." He paused, the lines in his forehead deepening. "As for this Lincoln, they said of Mark Eldridge, too, that he was a nice young man."

In the small silence that followed, Martha saw that Eben's black eyes were puzzled, sensitive to the drama about him, and curious about it.

Theresa spoke gently. "Eat your supper, Eben."

"I'm not hungry any more, mommy."

"Very well, then, dear, run along and play. You might take Patsy for a walk. She's getting too fat."

Eben said "Excuse me" politely, and pushed his chair up to the table before he left.

Muriel stood up. Her eyes were black as Eben's in their anger. "I think you're awful," she told her father. She turned and ran from the room.

Martha spoke to her husband then. "Mark Eldridge *was* a nice young man," she said. She was at the foot of the stairs to follow Muriel when Theresa stopped her.

"She'll be all right, mom. I think I need you now more than she does. In the sewing room. We'll be quiet there."

The large room next to Theresa's bedroom was her workshop. Here she made the clothes that had earned her reputation as the best dressmaker in town. After Eben was born she had advertised for sewing, and people brought it to her, some in kindness, many in curiosity. The quality of her work had kept them coming.

Since the Rev. Mr. Weatherby never went there, the sewing room served as council chamber for the rest of the family—and as a refuge. Theresa had painted the walls white, and had hung pink curtains at the windows, and painted the few pieces of furniture a bright pink to match. It was an unorthodox and completely charming room. Theresa lived there. The small room next to it was Eben's.

There was only one picture in Eben's room. On the table by his bed was a photograph in a silver frame of an Air Force pilot with a captivating grin, a duplicate made from the one that hung on the wall in the sewing room. This one was inscribed, "I love you always, Mark."

Theresa stood before it now. Martha sat in the armchair by the window and looked at her daughter's slim back, and waited.

When Theresa turned, her voice was quiet, but there was just a hint of passion in it.

"I'm glad! Do you realize it's been eight years since anyone has called his name out loud in this house? He's Eben's father, and all I've ever known of living! I say it to Eben often, perhaps *too* often, when we're alone, to make up for his never hearing anybody mention it when we're all together. I think he's beginning to notice that now." Her voice faltered. "Oh, mom, if it hadn't been for you all these years, I'd have died, too, I guess. You have been all I've had to lean on. What you are to me I have to be to Eben. He is going to need me so."

Martha waited. *All of us, since Eve . . . wanting to suffer for them. Mine has been the waiting . . . not knowing what to do, afraid to rob you of the knowledge of my love, when you had lost everything else.*

"The way I've needed you, mom, all these years, with all the words locked in me, so that I couldn't talk about it, even to you. The way I've wanted to, ever since . . . that day."

Martha remembered that day. It had begun like any other of the long happy Saturdays the Weatherbys used to share. James had been in the study preparing his sermon. Muriel had gone to the store. Martha and Theresa had been in the kitchen getting lunch, and arguing good-naturedly about the wedding.

"But, mom, neither Mark nor I *want* a big wedding. He wanted dad to marry us when he was here that week end last month. I had the hardest time getting him to wait till he got the twenty-one days. I didn't want to wait either, but I felt we couldn't cheat you and dad out of all your plans—even though I'm not going to let you spend loads of money for tulle and bridesmaids and what not."

The phone had rung then. Martha had answered it. Myra Eldridge was crying while she talked, but some of the words stood out: "Plane crashed . . . Mark . . . killed." Theresa took the receiver from her, listened, put it back on the cradle. Theresa was only eyes—wide, puzzled eyes.

"He can't be dead, mom. He's going to marry me in two weeks. He can't be dead, because I'm almost sure I'm going to have a baby."

She had fainted then. The rest was hazy. Martha remembered getting Theresa to bed . . . calling James . . . the doctor . . . the long weeks afterward. . . .

Theresa began to talk. "There have been so many things I've wanted to tell you but somehow I never could. Of all the hurts that this has meant, the biggest has been knowing that it hurt you, shamed you. I never felt any shame for me." She looked straight into Martha's eyes. "That would have been like being ashamed for Mark, and I couldn't be. I couldn't ever be anything but proud of him."

"I know," Martha said. She had that same feeling, herself, about Mark. No matter what he had done—no, those weren't the right words. It wasn't something that anybody had done. It was something that had happened.

"It was when he came home for that last time." Theresa's voice was not quite even. "We went for a walk out to Tom's Point. We had just seen Two in Flight at the Ritz. We sat there on the bank and talked. We talked about things we'd do after the war was over, about the home we'd build. Then we just sat there a long time and held hands. He looked at me as though he would never get enough of looking. And then, when he kissed me, we—we couldn't wait." She was talking to herself now, remembering. "I wasn't ashamed; not then or after. Only sorry, because it changed things. Mark thought that we ought to be married right away. But when I remembered how you and dad were looking forward to a big wedding, I felt we ought to do as we had planned. I never thought about a baby. Mark did, though. He was terribly worried." She sat on the couch opposite her mother. "I'm not saying that it wasn't wrong, mom. Only that I could never be ashamed of it. Dad could never see that."

No, James had not seen that. Martha would never forget the day when Theresa, well enough to sit up for the first time after the sickness of shock and grief, had asked for her father. James had stood in the doorway of her room, ignoring her pleading gesture.

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hristian charity forbids me to condemn
or your sin, for the disgrace that you
brought to this family. Judgment rests
God. As you have nowhere else to go,
nay remain here with us. Your mother
I will do all we can to help you with the
tunate child that is to be the result of
wickedness. Hiding your condition will
nprove it. I shall expect you in church
ual on Sunday morning."

at was all. In eight years he had not
back to his daughter's room, not even
Eben was born.

: was his pride that I hurt, mom. But
sn't his pride in himself. He could have
the gossip, the whispers, even the pity
y had been directed at him. What he
n't stand was the hurt to his pride in
He had loved me so; been so sure that I
perfect." She was speaking vehemently
"I could understand what a shock it
have been to him, mom. I could under-
l anger, hurt, even hate. What I couldn't
rstand was the cold, calculated effort to
me so completely out of his life—me
everything that belonged to me, Eben,
Patsy, as if none of us had ever ex-
. He knows that you have been torn
een your love for him and your love
ne, and he has resented it, because he
s me, mom, and he hates your love for

e was crying now. Martha was silent.
t can I say to her? Isn't it true? Doesn't
ate her? And the terrible thing about it is
he doesn't recognize it as hate, or his icy
fference as cruelty. Every day of these years
lent denial of her has hurt Theresa worse
that Sunday when I
ght she would surely die.
hey had gone to church.
resa had been weak
pale, but she had
ked down the aisle be-
en Martha and Muriel
h her head up, oblivi-
of the turning heads,
whispers.

Martha had felt that the worst was over
n they reached their front pew. But she
w better when James read his text: "A
e son maketh a glad father: but a foolish
is the heaviness of his mother."

he listened, against her will, while James
ached, more brilliantly than she had ever
rd him preach before, about spoiled, sin-
g children who were the just punishment
too-lenient parents. At last, leaning for-
d, he spoke with quiet earnestness:

"You all know that in my own family I
e bitter proof of what I have been saying.
unmarried elder daughter is to become a
ther. She came to church, holding to my
d, as soon as she could walk. We thought,
mother and I, that our love was rearing
in the ways of righteousness. But love
s not enough. We failed. We failed because
were not mindful enough of our sacred
st to rear her to be afraid—afraid of doing
l. We failed because, like too many other
ents of today, we were afraid, not of doing
l but of forbidding it, afraid to punish
e little sins that lead to the graver ones.
ke counsel from our failure, friends, and
ch your children fear, the fear of God,
t someday you are asked, 'What of the
ild I gave you?' and have no answer."

HAT sermon had cost the Rev. James
eatherby much of the wholehearted love in
hich his congregation had held him. They
ll came to church and contributed to its
keep, but they didn't bring him their prob-
ms the way they used to. He was not called
so many sickbeds. If he was aware of the
fference, he never mentioned it.

Martha was thinking about that difference
w. "Your father lost himself, Theresa,
hen he lost his faith in you. He has not
ted you so much as he has hated himself
r the hate in him, and it has been slowly
stroying him. All I have tried to do has not
lped. I have hoped that Eben might some-
w reach him, but Eben is seven now, and
thing is changed. It is pitiful the way Eben
ves him when he so seldom notices him."

"Yes," Theresa said. "That's one of the
asons why I'm thinking of going away.
Eben worships him. He might realize someday that the only way he can hurt me any more is through Eben—by teaching Eben to hate me."

Martha could not speak. *His own daughter believes him capable of deliberately trying to hurt her through her child!*

"He's hurting Muriel, too," Theresa said. "Treating her the way he believes he should have treated me. And she'll fight back with the courage that has kept her standing by me as if nothing had happened. But she's old enough for love, now, and so he can hurt her too."

"You mustn't go away." Martha spoke firmly. "Eben's best chance is here, where everybody already knows about him, where everybody knew his father and respects his memory. Your courage has helped to keep that respect alive. There will always be a place in this town for your son and Mark's." She stood up. "You'd better go to Muriel. You and she can help each other."

On her way downstairs she met Eben, holding Patsy on the leash.

"Did you and Patsy have a nice walk?"

"Yes, gramma."

"You didn't wait for your apple dumpling. Ready for it now?"

"Uh-huh." He nodded, dimpling. Eben's rare smiles were worth waiting for.

"Well, let's go get it, then."

In the kitchen, she put his apple dumpling in a bowl and scooped ice cream over it. She fixed one for herself. They ate in silence.

Then Eben asked, "Gramma, why didn't grandfather like my daddy?"

"I think he did like him, dear."

"What he said about him at dinner didn't sound as if he liked him. And he doesn't like Patsy either. He never lets her stay where he is, and that's mean, 'cause Patsy is the nicest dog in the world."

"Yes, Patsy is, but your grandfather doesn't mean to be mean, Eben."

"No, I know. It's 'cause he feels so sorry all the time. Why does he feel sorry, gramma?"

"Who told you he feels sorry, Eben?"

"Nobody. I just know. I've knowed that a long time."

"Known," she corrected automatically.

"Known," he acknowledged. "I've known that a long time, only I don't know why." He was regarding her gravely. "Do you know why, gramma?"

"I think so, Eben, but I'm not quite sure about all of it. When I am, we'll talk about it again. In the meantime, do you know what to do when someone is very sorry?"

Eben shook his head.

"Well, if a person is sorry and you love him enough, someday that person will stop being sorry and be glad. But you have to love him very hard."

"Even if he doesn't love you, gramma?"

"Yes, Eben. That is one of the wonderful things about love. If you love somebody hard enough, that person just *has* to love you back."

His round, dark eyes absorbed that. "I see," he said.

"Now come and give gramma a big hug." *How much more have you "knowed" a long time, Eben?* His small, strong, still-baby arms about her neck were strangely reassuring.

In Muriel's room Theresa was asking, "Shall I go away?"

Muriel stopped crying. She answered earnestly, "Whatever happens, you mustn't do that. It would make things much, much worse—for all of us."

"I don't see how."

"Think. Bad as it's been, we've all been able to hold our heads up, because you held yours up. We haven't been afraid because we've hidden nothing. We've been proud of you—even dad—because you've stayed and proved to the town that you are brave and decent and honest and good. There isn't a person in town who doesn't admire you. All the nicest girls at school are jealous of me for

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being your sister. You're a sort of legend with them."

"Muriel, you're making this up."

"No, I'm not. All the boys who matter have been extra decent to me, because they couldn't be anything else to your sister."

"I thought it would be the other way around."

"Not with any of the right sort of boys—like Roy Lincoln." She hesitated. "I think I'm in love with Roy, Tess."

"I'm glad, Mully. I've always liked everything I saw or heard of him. But you're going to have trouble with father about him, and my being here will make it worse."

"No, it won't. It won't be easy to manage him, but your leaving would make it harder. Don't worry, Tess. It's going to be all right."

But Theresa wasn't so sure.

Eben sounded worried. "Gramma, I think Patsy's sick. She didn't eat her dinner."

"I think you're mistaken, dear. I looked at her plate awhile ago and it was empty."

"That's 'cause the dog from next door ate it. And Patsy let him."

Martha went to the door and whistled, the clear shrill whistle that always delighted Eben. Patsy came across the lawn, walking instead of bouncing. When Martha patted her she did not writhe as ecstatically as usual.

"She looks all right, Eben. Maybe she's just tired."

But Martha kept on worrying, as she tried to put out of her mind the thought that Patsy was very old. And that Eben loved her very much.

At dinner James was holding forth about the need for a revised hymnal. Muriel and Martha were unresponsive and Theresa, as always, was tacitly excluded from the conversation. Martha could see that James was becoming annoyed. She followed his frowning glance toward Eben. The boy was making a little fort of his rice and his mutton was untouched. Eben hated mutton. She tried to think of something to say that would distract James' attention, but it was too late.

"Eat your dinner, Eben. It is bad manners to play with food."

"Yes, grandfather." Eben attacked his plate with obedient zeal.

James resumed his discourse. "Many of the hymns in our present hymnal are worded in language long outmoded and set to tunes that have little appeal to the modern ear ——"

Patsy nudged her way through the kitchen door. She waddled quietly across the room to lie at Eben's feet. Martha saw her husband's gaze shift to Eben, just as the boy slipped a piece of mutton to Patsy.

"Eben," James said coldly, "that dog is not to be fed at the table. I have told you that before. You will please take her outdoors, and wash your hands before you come back."

Eben looked at him for a moment, the bright color about his ears. "Yes, grandfather." He stood up and snapped his fingers. "Here, Patsy . . . here, girl." Patsy followed him obediently. At the door he stopped and turned toward his grandfather. "Her name is Patsy," he said quietly. He went out, shutting the door soundlessly behind him.

Muriel was looking at her father with narrowed eyes. "Even the dogs," she said, as if to herself, "eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table."

"I fail to see, Muriel, that mutton at seventy-five cents a pound can be described as crumbs." He turned to Martha. "As I was saying, Martha, we need a new hymnal. The problem is to persuade the committee ——"

Eben came back to the table with his eyes suspiciously bright but his head high. His grandfather had not finished with him. "From now on, that dog is to stay outdoors. She has a kennel. There is no need for her to sleep indoors." Eben bit his lip. The room was silent, except for the sound of Patsy whining and scratching on the screen door.

At bedtime Eben came to Martha. "Gramma, can't she come in? She's lonesome out there."

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"Couldn't you let her in anyway?"
"I without telling him."
"Gramma, I'm trying very hard."
"To do what, dear?"
"What you said about loving."
"Yes, I know."
"Didn't want to tonight at supper."
"Yes, I know. I was proud of you."
"Gramma, suppose it rains?"
"I don't think it will, Eben."
"But, but suppose it does?"
"She has a nice house. She'll be all right."

Martha was brushing her hair in front of her old-fashioned oval mirror when the rain, it. In the glass she saw James watching ch the intense look that so often puz- r. She turned.
", James, let me let Patsy in," she d. "She's never been out in the rain at before. We've spoiled her all her life, 's heartless to change now. She won't stand."
"My dear, you speak as though she were a "
"She is! She's one of the family. We've ed her from the day Theresa brought me, a little, lovable, wet, stray puppy. oved her, too, till all this happened to you so hard and bitter!"
" stiffened. "I've felt that I've acted great forbearance during 'all this,' as nderstate it."
"Forbearance hasn't been enough, James. eed love, all of us—Theresa, Muriel, Patsy. Me!" She was trembling. y need you and I need you. The way used to be. Before t this hate into your for your daughter er child."
answered coldly, "I hate either Theresa en. I couldn't be a ter of the Gospel if I ored hate for anyone, least of all for bers of my own family."
She looked at him wonderingly. "You believe that, don't you? You really know you hate them. If you knew, would be some hope for you, but you know—you don't even want to know!"
She did not answer. The rain beat in st the windows. Long after she was in Martha lay listening to it.
In the morning, when she went downstairs ake the coffee, she found the back door and Eben sitting on the steps with y in his arms. Patsy was dead. Eben was rying, but his small face was not child- ny more.
Martha was frightened. She put her arm nd him. "Try not to feel too sorry, Eben. y was very old for a dog. Come upstairs gramma."
He followed her obediently. At the head of tairs they met James. He looked at their s.
"What's wrong?"
"Patsy's dead," Martha said.
He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, she was ty old."

Eben looked straight at him. His voice was ll but high. "It's your fault, grandfather. was sick an' you wouldn't let her come n' she got scared an' stayed all night on steps in the rain, waiting for someone to her in. Gramma says to love you, but 're mean an' you hate me like you hated sy, an' now I hate you too." He burst into s.
Martha knelt and put her arms about . "Don't cry, darling. We'll get another , and you'll love her just like Patsy. 'll see."
James Weatherby looked down at them. o, we're not going to get another dog," said. "Dogs seem to make everybody too appy."
Eben pulled away from Martha, his small s clenched. "I hate you! I hate you! I e you!"
Theresa came to the doorway of her room held out her arms to her son. She spoke etly, her eyes on her father. "You mustn't hate, Eben. If you let hate get inside of you, there won't be any room for love, either to come in or go out." She picked him up and shut the door of her room gently behind them.

Martha saw John Benson for the first time in church, on a Sunday morning in December. He was in old Mrs. Benson's pew. Even seated, he was head and shoulders above everybody else in the church. He had bold, square-cut, homely features, softened incongruously by his glasses. His hair was very black and very curly. About thirty-five, Martha guessed. He met her eyes and they both smiled.

After the benediction, as they waited for James, Mrs. Benson brought him over. She was little and birdlike, and beside him she looked tinier than ever.

"My great-nephew, from Simpsonville," she said. "He's spending his vacation with me."

Martha liked the way he grinned at her. She introduced him to Theresa and Muriel and then to Eben, who stared speechlessly up at him.

"Say hello, dear." Theresa touched Eben's shoulder. "That will be politer than staring." She smiled at John. "I don't think he's ever seen anyone so tall."

"Well, we can do something about that," John said. "Would you like to come up here?" Eben nodded and John swung him up so that they were face to face. "Perhaps someday you'll be as tall as this yourself."

Eben looked doubtfully toward Theresa. "Was daddy this tall?" he asked her.

"No, dear. He was tall, but not as tall as that."

"Then I don't suppose I'll be as tall as you," Eben said.

John put him down and looked over his head at Theresa. Their eyes held for a long time, so long that Martha had a silly impulse to measure it by counting seconds.

James joined them. He and John seemed to like each other, a little to Martha's surprise. For a long time James had shown no sign of offering or wanting friendship.

"I liked your sermon, sir," John said. "Only I didn't quite agree with all you said about capitalism."

"Oh, you didn't, eh?" James chuckled. "Well, then, why don't you and Mrs. Benson come home with us and argue it out over dinner?"

Mrs. Benson excused herself, but urged John to accept. Not that he needed urging, Martha thought.

At dinner James was more animated than he had been for a long time. At last he had an opponent who was a fair match for him. They argued eagerly all through dinner and well into the afternoon.

"The man's brilliant!" James told Martha later. "I don't know when I've enjoyed a talk so much."

"I thought he was enjoying it too," Martha told him.

"I hope he did—enough to come back for more."

"I hope so too," Martha said.

But it was something more than a hope that was in her heart, something more like a prayer. And when John came back, next afternoon, and James persuaded him to stay for dinner, Martha dared to think that her prayer might be answered. All the talk was between James and John, as it had been yesterday, but Martha hardly listened to it. Her mind was on the way John's eyes kept shifting toward Theresa's. And on the way Theresa's eyes, meeting his, were soft and shining again, and happy.

Martha watched them falling in love, in the days that followed, marveling that neither of them seemed to know that it was happening, marveling still more that James should be as blind to it as they, beginning to believe that the miracle of love, when he should recognize it, might melt his heart, cleanse it of bitterness. Fervently as she prayed for Theresa's happiness for Theresa's

A narrow mind and a wide mouth go together. —ANON.



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sake, she prayed for it even more fervently for the healing it might bring to James.

On Saturday, when James came in from a long visit to Jefferson Hurley's sickroom, dinner was over. Theresa had put Eben to bed and gone downtown to do Christmas shopping; Muriel was upstairs and Martha was alone in the living room. The weary sadness on James' face stirred her pity. He looked as he had in their early days together, when he came home from the near shadow of death.

"I can't reach him, Martha. He won't believe what I try to tell him. He keeps saying that when I'm sure of my own salvation I may come and offer his to him. And I can't make him believe that I *am* sure."

Martha waited. Perhaps, through his dying friend's doubt of him, he might come to understand what his own bitterness of hate was doing to him. Perhaps ——

There was a step behind her. She saw James' face change before she turned to stare at Muriel in the doorway. Muriel in a demure little velvet blouse with miniature sleeves and a wide, colorful skirt, with her blond hair caught up in back with a black velvet bow. Her cheeks were flushed.

"Dad, I'm going to the school hop with Roy Lincoln. I'd like to go with your permission; but with or without it, I'm going."

James struck the table with his clenched fist. Martha had never seen him look so angry. "I forbid it," he said.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going."

"If you do," he said, "don't come back."

"James!" Martha was between them, facing him. "Think what you're saying!"

"I have thought. I've had eight years of thinking. Eight years of repenting for my part in the rearing of one spoiled, willful, wicked daughter! It shan't be my fault if I have two!"

His voice rose. Martha tried not to hear the words. Hateful words, thrown like stones.

"If you go, don't come back to this house. There's no room in it for another loose woman. Nor for another bastard brat. Nor ——"

"Don't you dare call Eben that hateful name!" Martha kept her voice low, but James heard it through the shouting loudness of his own.

"I call him what he is," he said.

Martha waited to be sure she could control her sudden sickness of anger. "I'm not sure I can forgive you for this, James. I've managed somehow to forgive you for everything else. I've tried to believe that it wasn't really you who made ■ Hester Prynne of your daughter, that somewhere under all the hate and bitterness you were still the good, just, kind, patient man I loved. But now I know you aren't. You couldn't be, and use that cruel name for your grandson."

She stopped. He did not answer, but there was no relenting in the set hardness of his face. Pity suddenly went out of her.

"I know now why Jefferson Hurley won't listen to you. If you spoke to him with the tongues of men and angels, all he would hear is what I heard just now. A voice with no charity in it. No love. A voice that is only . . . sounding brass!"

He stood still for a moment, giving no sign that he had heard. Then, without speaking, he turned and went slowly, heavily upstairs. Martha heard the closing of a door, the sound of steps in their bedroom overhead. Only then did she realize that she was alone, that Muriel's coat was gone from the chair where it had been lying.

Martha ran to the door, with a half-formed thought of following her daughter. But in the light of the street lamp at the corner she could see Muriel's silhouetted figure and another, tall and straight, that must be Roy Lincoln's. Martha saw them meet, pause, go on together. She came back to the living room. As long as Roy was with her, Muriel was safe. She had too much common sense to take that wild talk of James' in earnest; she'd come home when the dance was over.

Martha waited, trying vainly to keep her thoughts away from the silence upstairs. *I don't see how I can ever be in that room with him again. I don't see how I can even bear living in the same house with him.*

She was too restless to sit still; a drink of warm milk might calm her nerves, she thought. She went to the kitchen to prepare it. The back door was ajar, letting in a draft of cold wind. Martha was almost sure that she had locked it when she had finished with the dishes. Could James have come down the back stairs and gone out? The sound of a step overhead reassured her. She drank the milk and went back to wait for Theresa.

It was nearly ten when Theresa came in, laden with packages. The brightness went out of her face at what she saw in Martha's.

"What's the matter, darling?"

She had a gift for getting the truth from people; it didn't take her long to get it from Martha.

"That's bad," she said. "That's very, very bad. Eben knows that—that word must be something hateful. He heard it at school and asked me about it. I told him it was a cruel name that cruel people called other people for something they couldn't help. If he had heard father calling him that ——"

She ran upstairs. Martha heard swift footsteps and then Theresa calling down to her in a small tight voice.

"Mom, he isn't here. Not anywhere."

Martha went up to her. They made another search together, but Martha, remembering that open kitchen door, knew that they wouldn't find Eben, knew it even before they found that his overcoat and cap and rubbers were gone.

"Call John Benson," she told Theresa, "and tell him. He'll know what to do."

She went back upstairs and into the bedroom. James was kneeling beside the bed, his face on his crossed arms. It was a pitiful look, set and drawn, that he lifted to Martha.

"I've been asking God to forgive me," he said huskily.

She could not feel thankfulness. She could not even be compassionate, or merciful.

"I hope He will," she said quietly. "He must have heard what you—what you called him. He's not in the house and his clothes are gone. He must have run away."

James' shoulders drooped. Then they were straight again, and square, almost a young man's shoulders.

"I'll find him," he said. "I'll bring him back. Don't be afraid, Martha."

His voice was deep and strong, and there was in it the sure conviction that had been in it, long ago, whenever the young Jan Weatherby proclaimed his faith in God and in God's mercy. And, as it had always done before bitterness had taken possession of his spirit, that triumphant certainty of belief gave some measure of its strength to Martha's own faith. Suddenly she was not afraid.

She was not afraid, all through the long night of waiting. She could even share that faith that armored her against fear with Theresa, and with Muriel, when Roy Lincoln brought her home.

And although the state and town police, the boys from the dance, and most of the men in the neighborhood were searching the snowy roads and woods and fields, it was no surprise to Martha that the one who found Eben, unconscious, half frozen but alive, was his grandfather.

James had gone out, late in the afternoon while Eben was still asleep. Martha heard him come in and met him at the head of the stairs. He had not taken off his overcoat and there was a powder of snow on it.

"The doctor's just gone. He says Eben will be all right. All he needs is rest and quiet." She stopped him as he would have moved past her to Eben's door. "I think you better not go in, James," she said. "Not yet. He heard what you said. He still thinks you meant it."

"That's why I must go in, Martha," he told her.

He who is not taught by his mother will be taught by the world. —BANTU PROVERB.

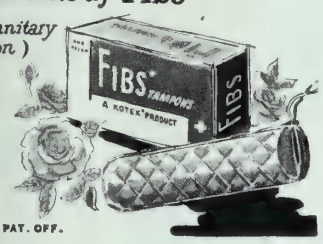
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He pushed her aside, gently, and went to the door. Behind him she saw Eben's small head turn on the pillow, saw the fear in the white face.

"Don't be afraid, Eben." James' voice was gentle, quiet, but it was the same voice that had told Martha, last night, not to be afraid. "Don't ever be afraid of me again." He knelt beside the bed. "I love you, Eben. I've always loved you. When I acted as if I didn't it was because I had let bad thoughts into my mind and they wouldn't let me think about you and about how much I loved you, the best grandson in all the world. But I did love you, all the time. And I always will. It was because I loved you so much that God let me find you last night and bring you home."

"Gramma said you would, if I loved you hard enough," Eben said.

"Gramma was right. She's always right. It was gramma who knew what you wanted for Christmas. Look."

His hand went into his overcoat pocket and came out with a tiny white puppy, all head and paws. The puppy sprawled past Eben's shoulder, licked his face, curled comfortably into the bend of his arm and went to sleep. Eben smiled and went to sleep too.

MARTHA was in the hall when James tiptoed out of Eben's room. He put his hand on her shoulder and she reached up and touched it.

"Eben's forgiven me," he said. "And I think God will. Can you, Martha?"

"You know I can, James. You know I do."

Her hands moved, after an almost forgotten habit, to help him take off his overcoat. But he shook his head.

"Not yet, Martha. I'm going out again," he told her. "To see Jeff Hurley. Perhaps, now, I can speak to him without being as sounding brass."

"You won't be," Martha said. "You won't ever be again."

John was enough at home, by now, to let himself in without ringing. He stood in the doorway, dwarfing the room. He shook his head when James told him to take off his coat.

"No, thanks. It's no night to be wasted inside of a house. There's 'a moon on the crest of the new-fallen snow' and I'm going walking in it."

James reached into the cloak cupboard for his coat. "Good. It's a long time since we've had a talk, John. It'll be nice to have one while we're walking."

"No, sir." John took the coat from him and hung it up again. "That would not be nice. Theresa's coming with me and I want her to come alone, because I'm going to ask her to marry me."

For a moment James' face was blank. Then, just as Theresa came running down the stairs, the new, bright glow about her, he put out his hand.

"I can't think of anything nicer than that, John," he said.

They had walked a long time in silence through the crisp, moonlit snow, not touching, but matching stride for stride. At the low summit of Peach Hill, John stopped and turned.

"I have to be back in Simpsonville the day after New Year's. Will you marry me on Christmas Day?"

"Are you sure you want me?" Her eyes did not leave his face. "In spite of everything? In spite of Eben?"

"I love Eben. As for 'everything,' the only thing that matters is how you feel about it. If you feel that you've paid, paid in full, so that there's no shadow out of the past to darken the happiness that you've earned ——"

"I've paid, John. In full."

"Then, Christmas Day?"

They had not touched till now.

"Christmas Day, my darling."

There were tears on her face as she lifted it to his. But in the moonlight they were bright.

THE END



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THE GREEN SCARF

(Continued from Page 40)

Con stood before them and gave them her le, expansive smile. When she remem-ed where her voice was located, she said t she would drive.

'I've hardly drunk anything," she ex-ined. "You people—I counted yours. u've had drinks and drinks and drinks d ——"

'Yeah," said Greg, "but I can still talk aight. Which is more than you can do, Con iams."

Con giggled. She leaned against the green nvertible and giggled. If Lennie did see , she thought, she'll think her little sister s evermore grown . She evermore will. Before she had pped giggling, they re somehow in the r cruising along the ach road. Just one the swishes, Con ought, just another g swish and a horn one lf note lower when it sses. She noted with rprise that they were the back seat. But s Toby's car we're in, e thought. Why is reg driving? Does think that he's in -1 condition after all those dry Martinis?

"Hey, where we goin'?" she asked. "I ant some more champagne."

Marian turned from the front seat and Con w her sharp angry face. "Oh, for gosh sake, ut up," she snapped. "Come out of it, Con. ou haven't had all that much to drink."

Oh no. I haven't had all that much. You rget, my frien', that I was a totalitarian up tonight. You forget that my theme on he Harmful Effects of Alcohol won second lace in high school. You forget that I am resident of the WCTU, or is it the YWCA? ou forget I am the author of the best-sell-g novel . . . no, a song.

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band.
On the right side of temperance we've taken a stand!
We don't chew t'baccy ——

"Oh, shut up, Con. You're running it into he ground."

She hadn't been aware that she had even sung it through once, but undoubtedly Marian knew. Oh, undoubtedly.

Toby pulled her toward him and turned her face around toward his. Con opened her wide eyes and looked at him, nearly cross-eyed because he was so close. His breath was heavy with whisky smell, and his eyes looked swollen. Isn't this silly, Con thought, isn't this simply ridiculous? He wants me to kiss him. She laughed suddenly right in his face, pulling away. She rolled down the car window and rested her arm on the sill, feeling the stiff salty breeze whip at her hair. She squinted her eyes against the wind and tried to think.

One champagne cocktail ago we were in the Aguanian room. Purple fish and the waitress with long blond hair from Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. Just a short one, before we head home, someone said. One for the road. We were gonna make it snappy because Marian's dorm hours are twelve, and we're seventy miles from home. So we'll leave early. Did we? Then why is Greg driving so fast?

One champagne cocktail and one gin rickey ago we were on the Deck, dancing. Gosh, that was a good orchestra. And Lennie . . . I kept looking for her. She and Jim always go to the Deck to dance, but not tonight, or else I couldn't see them. She said she'd look for me; before they left this morning she called back to me. Connie, she said, I'll look for you. But she wouldn't be likely to look for me at a bar. Because I was always the Victorian. Lennie, it was Lennie who was the Party Girl, Mother always said, and I was the Home Girl. Take a look at me now, mom.

One champagne cocktail and three gin rickeys ago I was in the Rainbow Room, cold sober. Limeade, I said, very firm. Ha, ha, big joke. Listen at Con ordering a limeade. Bring her a zombie. No kidding, I said, I want a limeade. It's much cheaper. Cheaper, so what? they said. Kid, I'm loaded. I got money to burn. Bring this kid a gin rickey—

The mother of a five-year-old wanted to do some extra shopping, so she told Willie to go over to play with his cousins until lunchtime. When she returned Willie was playing by himself in his own back yard.

"Well, Willie, you didn't stay until lunchtime after all," remarked his mother. "What's the matter—were you sent home?"

"Oh, no," replied Willie. "Aunt Mary just put me out on the porch and locked all the doors."

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 66 and 67

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and in Sunday school they taught me Yield Not to Temptation . . . or is that in a song? Let us turn to Hymn Number 262 and stand as we sing . . . a pause . . . let us stand. And I always dropped my gloves. We sang the song, but they didn't tell me a thing about gin rickeys. A Christian must be able to say a firm no. Well, didn't I? I could have said Hell, no, and maybe that would've made more impression. Hell, no, I don't want a gin rickey. Bring me a limeade.

Bring this kid a limeade. And a wink to the waitress that meant, Spike it. Well, they did put in a slice of lime along with the gin. Now there's something to be thankful for.

So there's where my four drinks came in. No, that's just three. Where did I have the third gin rickey? I can't even remember. I can't even remember. I can't ——

An arm on her wrist. "Hey, honey, whatcha doin'? Come back in the car and sing with us."

Con leaned back against Toby's shoulder, her hair tangled and the rush of the wind still in her ears. Her brain was a little clearer, though. Enough to know that it was a darn good thing Greg was driving after all. He and Marian were singing, their voices far-off and clean and steady. Toby's bass was a lumbering elephant, clumsy and thick. His foot on the brake would be clumsy too.

College songs. . . . "Who am I? Hey! I'm a Sigma Chi! Da-de-da-de-da. Hey! Sig-a-sigma Chi!"

Con's voice cut across theirs.

I went down to the burleycue
(Phi Delta Theta for aye!)
An' who d'ya think the stripper was?
The sweetheart of Sigma Chi!

They were laughing at her. "Th'ow the girl out!" "Hey, whose side are you on, anyhow?" Warm laughter, heated by many drinks and fast young blood and a good car speeding over a good straight road. Con relaxed. Not quite so woozy now. So what, if I did drink? It's no crime, is it? Come to think of it, a gin rickey's better than a limeade. So why not drink?

Toby pulled her toward him, and this time she didn't turn away. She smelled whisky, and she saw his eyes again, cross-eyed for an instant before her own eyes shut. Then she felt his lips, hard and too heavy on hers. But the pulse beat in her throat. What the hell, what the hell, and she did not turn away.

When she did pull back she turned to the wind that was no longer salty. They were speeding . . . speeding. Too fast, Con thought. Up on the front seat Greg and Marian were sitting close, still singing fraternity songs. Lennie's husband was a Sig too. Maybe they were driving and singing too . . . but th wouldn't be starting back so early. Or wo they? No dorm hours to keep, but Jim's was at eight. Lennie and Jim could easily right in front of them . . . or right behi Speeding down the same highway, too f The coast behind them and the long wh highway before them, curling and beckon like a finger. Come, follow me. Come. .

Silly! Con reached for Toby's hand started a chorus of In the Evenin' by Moonlight, slipping up to harmonize . . . something was wrong. Somebody was She was! Ridiculous, to let a little gin aff you so that you couldn't even harmoni She tried again, wavered, gave up. I'll j follow the melody, she thought. I wonde my own voice blurred around the edges a slow.

The sudden screech of brakes drove th all to electric attention. Con peered o Marian's shoulder and saw the road bef them blocked by a confused mass of ca lights, people. Greg was pumping at brake frantically, but the green converti hurtled on, on, on, swerved to miss jumble at the bottom of the hill, and th fled free.

Con snapped her head around. Her pu had stopped, but now it was jerking in ragged beat. Behind her the red flares a the shiny metal of cars looked as bright a lurid as a carnival. She stared out the ba window, stunned. From the front seat heard an irregular gasping from Marian.

"Damn, that sobered me up," Toby s hoarsely. "Damn, that looked bad."

"It looked bad," Greg said, "and we d near made it worse. Chee-zam, your brakes

"What was it?" Toby said, even hoars "I mean, I couldn't see anything but jus bunch of nothing. But it looked pretty awfu

"Gosh, I don't know, I was thinking abo would we stop or not. Looked like about fo cars piled up. I saw two police cars."

Marian's voice came muffled. "There w somebody . . . in the road. Just lying there

"No, that was just a pile of glass and stu Clothes or something."

"It was a green scarf," said Marian. "A a person."

Con clenched her hands. She was stiff a shaking. "Well, let's be careful, Greg," s begged, "and slow down! Please, plea let's not make another one."

"Yeah, yeah. I'm all sobered up now."

The car raced on. Con stared fixedly o the window. "Greg! You haven't slow down one bit. Please." She wondered h long it would be before she was crying. S was scared, just plain yellow-coward scare She was shaking. I don't want to die and nothing but a green scarf on the highway, s

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Last Thing

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The hard lean farmers on our rocky farms
Did one thing that by far became them best.
It was the last they did. When their time came,
They used their own hard hillside for their rest.

Where they had sweat so much they wished to lie,
Where they had waked so late they chose to sleep.
Heaven, if 'twas so, was a foreign place;
A surer heaven was sounds of cows and sheep.

Back of barns they built, their bones should be,
By their own bees in their own apple boughs;

It would be heaven to be beside the way
A small boy built like them brought home the cows.

It would be heaven not to have to wait
Till dressed-up folks remembered them on Sunday
Thinking of sorrows and death by acres of graves;
Better by the bean patch on a Monday.

Home was first, and home should be the last.
They always suffered being away at night.
So when they had to leave the house for good,
Their stones at least were in their window light.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

wildly. I want to live, live, live. God,
gained hopelessly, let me get home
never get in a car with Greg again.
r drink another drop. I'll never ——
y do we have to go so dadgum fast?"
Toby had said it for her. Her eyes
Toby. . . . Make him drive carefully.
im slow down! I don't want to crack

ause we've got to make it to the col-
twelve," Greg said. Con thought his
unded too even. She wanted to kill
, fine. Let's get little Marian in her
o she won't get in trouble. Let's go
miles an hour and not get there at all.
ot to get there at all than to be late.
e on, slow this car down, Greg. It's
and I know what it'll take and it
ake this speed. To hell with dorm

ll get there. You just let me worry,
'll get us there."
car lurched forward even faster, and
d not breathe while it hesitated an
beside a long black car and then
ahead. There was a funny light that
inking on the front of the black car.
lt a vague fear that suddenly crys-
.
g! That's the ambulance!"
ah, I know it. So what?"
ll . . . we can't pass an *ambulance*. . . ."
remark, when they had just done it.
seemed wrong, a powerful black car
perhaps with death through the night,
n screaming a way clear, humans in-
ttling with shock and pain for life . . .
pass it, a green convertible, tra-la-la.
over, ambulance, we gotta make a
our. Move it on over.
With the hurtling pace. Con crouched
n her corner. Her eyes glued to the
er heart pounding faster and faster.
was staring at the road, too, not speak-
eg was driving steadily and surely . . .
fast! Con's lips thinned in a hot anger
the girl who covered her eyes in the
seat. Why didn't she say "Slow
"? Was some silly college regulation so
d important that it was worth en-
ing four lives? I hate her, she thought,
her! And then the brief anger faded,
only the stark fear that made her
again and again, shaky convulsive

nities passed before Toby reached
nd took her hand. "Cheer up, honey,"
d. "Here's the four-lane highway.
almost there."
nost, but not," Con said in a tight

e'll make it," Greg drawled, "if we
have a blowout."
car swung into the double lane and
he fast side. So many cars, for a late
y night, to be conquered by the green
tible. Con caught quick glimpses of
astonished faces staring at them as they flashed by. She was relaxing a little; she almost laughed.

"Must feel funny to be going seventy and see a car whiz past like you're standing still!" Funny? It was horrid. Here I am, Con, she thought, the girl who always was asking the boys to see what the old jalopy would do on a straight-away. It was the wreck that did it, she decided. The wreck, and the gin rickeys.

When Greg turned the car off the highway and swung up College Street, Con reached in her purse and flipped her comb over to Marian. "Here, do a fast job," she said. "We're almost there." When she saw Marian's drawn face, she felt a wave of compassion. Why, Marian was more afraid than I was! she realized.

And finally, unbelievably, the car stopped at the white dormitory, and Marian leaped out and ran up the stone steps to disappear through the door.

"Made it," breathed Greg through his teeth.

"Yeah, and that was too damn fast," Toby said, lighting a cigarette with apparent trouble. Con saw with amazement that his hand was shaking on the lighter. "Move over, chum," he said. "I'll take us home."

"At twenty miles an hour," Con said.

But she couldn't stop shaking, and almost before she heard the car drive away from the house, Con sank to the floor. On her knees . . . it had to be that way. As when she was a child, before trivialities like cold feet and cold floors interfered.

"God, God, thank You!" she wept over and over again. It was like the days when she and Lennie would ride the Zephyr at the carnival, or swim out too far beyond the breakers, or climb too high in the oak tree, so the ground looked miles away. "God," she would pray afterward, "thank You for keeping Lennie and me safe."

Then suddenly Con found herself leaping up, facing stark horror again. She knew with a vicious and sickening jolt why she had felt so unreasonably afraid, even after they had reached home safely. She remembered now.

Lennie, driving away early in the morning, waving through the window and calling, "You look for me, Con, and I'll look for you!" Waving and calling, with her green scarf fluttering on her head. And a green scarf under the sudden sweep of the headlights, vivid against the highway.

She fled to the phone. She fled to the phone, fumbling frantically at the dial, clutching in her incoherent mind for Lennie's number, and repeating over and over again, "But they wouldn't have started back so soon . . . they wouldn't have started back so soon . . . it couldn't be. . . ." And at last all thought slammed blank and futile against the blank and futile silence in the phone, broken now and then by an irritating, unanswered buzz.

THE LESSON OF KOREA

(Continued from Page 14)

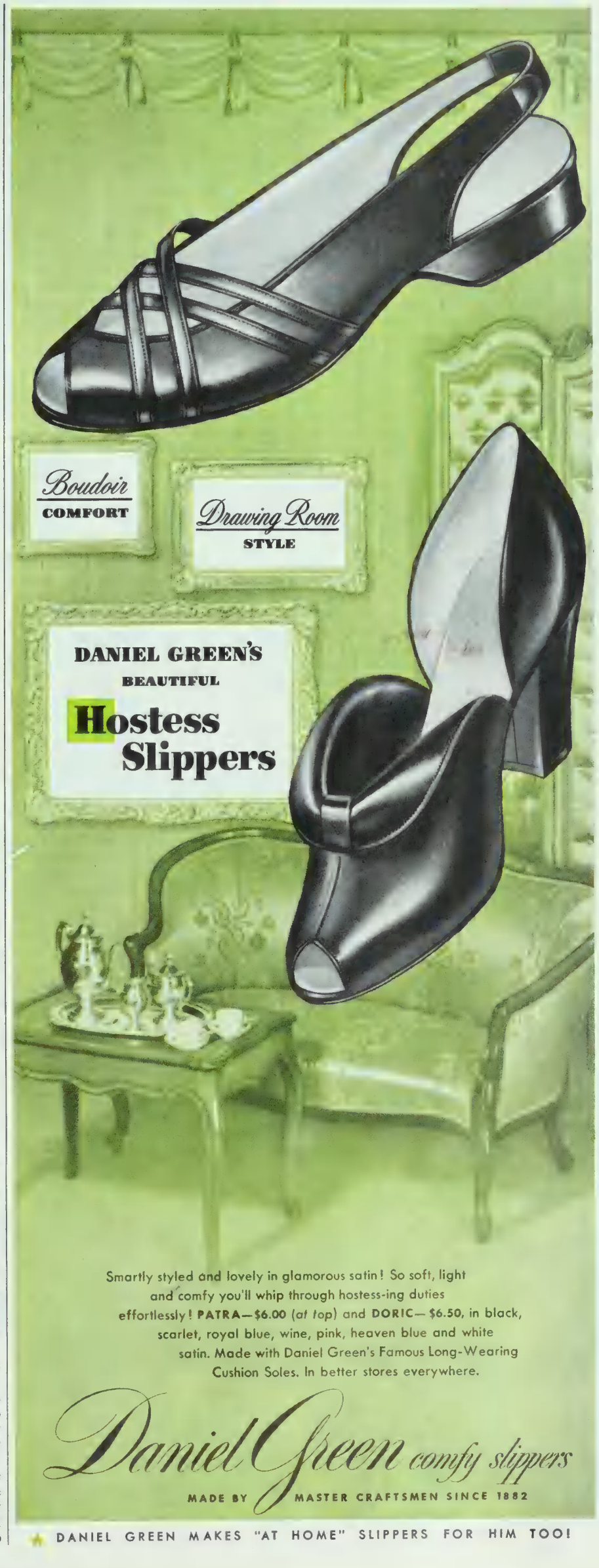
ot the other way around—that will
ep forward.
y I testify that I see and feel symptoms
h an awakening, in all the chaos and
nding "ideologies" of this despairing
rl? In the horror of scientists at their
achievements—and in the awakening to
ct that many of the observations of
were not only humanly enlightened but
ifically true?
The law of life is growth and change, and
ng remains as it is—neither democracy,
mmunism, nor ideas of liberty or au-
y, nor the sway of classes or powers. We
ve by the capacity to digest experience.
The speeches of our leaders have not been
ing the world confidence in America's
d of war. They see and speak of peace
in terms of superior military force to
nt and deter aggression. They present
eace forces in the world through galaxies
erals and fleets of airplanes.
But generals, armies, atom bombs and
d fleets of sea and air do not equate in
minds of the world's people with peace.
Nor does "psychological *warfare*." Nor does the threat to surround any nation, Soviet or otherwise, with cordons of bases from which its industrial centers can be bombed.

What equates in the minds of the world's peoples with the passion for peace is perpetual denunciation of the fallacy of war, perpetual appeal to reason, perpetual advocacy of universal, controlled disarmament, and readiness to negotiate any issue, if necessary ad infinitum. For it is obviously better to negotiate ad infinitum than to fight ad infinitum.

What is needed are voices "above the battle" of contending "ideologies" and claims, appealing in behalf of life itself. A corpse is neither a communist nor a democrat; a heap of smoking rubble has no owners, public or private; and war is the destroyer and negator of both capitalism and socialism.

This is, it seems to me, what needs to be taught and said. All over the world people are saying it, today, to themselves. Someday they will say it out loud—and perhaps all together.

THE END



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Nika Standen



Kedgeree
Tomato-and-Onion Sa
Blueberry Puddin

Have India's kedgeree steaming hot, follow with cold crisp salad

The mainstay of this dinner is kedgeree, a fine sustaining rice-and-fish dish that saw the light of day in India. Along with precious stones, tea, mangoes and curries, the English brought it home, making it not quite so hot, and much nicer, to our taste. In England, it's eaten for brunch, to hold you over until teatime, but we like it for our main meal of the day. Kedgeree is good with any kind of fish, especially smoked finnan haddie. The rice ought to be fluffy, each kernel dry, hot and golden as the noonday sun.

Kedgeree ($1.05)

One word about your fish and your rice. Since both have to be cooked again, be sure that you don't overcook in the first place. Have 1 pound cooked white fish in nice, firm flakes, 3 cups hot cooked rice in fluffy, dry grains, a little on the underdone side. Now take ¼ pound butter, melt it to a foam, which is the stage when butter is bursting with the sweetest, nuttiest flavor. Add the rice, fish and 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, and season with 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mix well, and see to it that each morsel is butter-coated—a fork is good for this since a fork mixes lighter than a spoon. Heat slowly, taking care that the mixture doesn't stick to the pan, and keep it fluffy, please. Eat as hot as you can, and you'll see that fish, rice, egg and butter belong together like a string quartet. Serve a tomato-and-onion salad, as red and as the kedgeree is golden.

Tomato-and-Onion Salad

Peel, drain and slice 4 tomatoes. white or Spanish onions into very slices. Arrange alternate layers of o and tomatoes in a salad bowl and sp plentifully with a light French dre Serve immediately.

Let's have something blue for de like this deep-dish blueberry pudding easiest thing in the world to mak you'll see. Penny-pinching, too, and r *outstandingly good.*

Blueberry Pudding

Butter 6 slices of stale bread sligh and sprinkle parsimoniously with cinn and a little grated rind of lemon. Then 3 cups fresh or frozen blueberries, ¾ sugar and ½ cup water, and boil tog for 10 minutes. If you're using canned berries, the proportions are a little d ent. If the canned blueberries are liquid, you can dispense with the wat they're on the sweet side, use less s boil not more than 5 minutes. Arrang bread and berries in alternate layers i dish you're going to serve them from. C and chill in the refrigerator for several h Serve with top milk, thin or sour cr

Spaghetti with
Meat-Tomato Sauce
Tossed Green Salad
Cheese
Bowl of Fruit and Nuts



Everyone loves spaghetti. To go with it, real Italian meat sauce.

What's so good about a spaghetti dinner? Reasons rush at me like an ocean wave. Here goes—everybody likes it; old, young, plain, sophisticated, thin or plump, they like it. It's inexpensive—if you feel very poor, you don't even need meat in your tomato sauce; the cheese, without which you cannot do, gives you some protein. Can be fixed in advance—tomato sauce is better for heating up. You need very little else to go with it, best being a tossed green salad and a hunk of cheese (more protein for you), with crisp French bread or thin crackers. For dessert, if at all, a bowl of fruit and nuts.

Cook your spaghetti in a great big full of angrily boiling salted water—t what keeps it supple, yet firm. And overcook.

The tomato sauce is a standard Ita from-Italy one, simple, yet very flavo as compared with the rather heavy and plicated Italian-from-America to sauces. It cooks into the loveliest ooze you ladled on spaghetti.

Spaghetti with Meat Sauce (70

Mince 1 slice bacon, 1 small onio clove garlic (optional), 2 sprigs parsley



For hungry people—a casserole based on hamburger and its well-seasoned juices; for something chewy, add a crisp raw-vegetable salad.

…" piece celery. Fry gently and until …den in 2 tablespoons salad oil or bacon f… Add 1½ pound hamburger. Season with s… and pepper, 2 or 3 bay leaves, a pinch o…régano or thyme. Cook mixture gently f… about 8 to 10 minutes. Dilute 1 can t…ato paste with hot water until a little thicker than tomato juice. Add to meat mixture. Simmer slowly until meat is assimilated into a thick, tantalizing heap of goodness. Pour over ¾ pound freshly cooked spaghetti and serve hot with grated Parmesan or any other Italian-type cheese.



Cheese-and-Ham Soufflé
Mixed-Vegetable Salad
Bananas with Apricot Sirup

Bananas and thick apricot sirup—a happy merger for dessert.

Soufflés are little tyrants who want to be …en when they are ready—else they sit down …a despondent manner. But unlike other …ants, soufflés are good and easy to make, …d when the soufflé, tall-topped and grace-…, a lovely symphony of browns and golds, …nes in, little savory puffs of steam whet the …betite for the goodness within.

We'll have the soufflé by itself, since it's …eady a medley of flavors. Afterward, a …ll-seasoned mixed-vegetable salad of car-…s, string beans, potatoes, beets and sweet …ions, cut into strips, a few peas added, the …ole drenched with a sharp French dressing …d left to marinate in a deep bowl for an …r. Serve in little mounds of color on crisp …uce leaves. Warm cheese crackers go with …hand in hand.

For dessert, bananas cooked in a thick …ricot sirup, a happy, happy merger indeed.

Cheese-and-Ham Soufflé (89¢)

Mix half of a 6-ounce package cooked …ow macaroni with ½ cup ground ham or …ar of ham spread, 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Do it thoroughly but gently. Separate 3 eggs. Add the yolks which you've beaten until frothy. With big, leisurely strokes, fold in well-beaten egg whites. Grease a 1½-quart baking dish generously—a pretty dish, because you'll be serving it at the table. Pour the mixture into the dish, and see to it that it's evenly distributed. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 40 minutes, or until puffed and golden brown.

Bananas with Apricot Sirup

Empty 1 No. 2 can apricots into a saucepan; cook fruit slowly in its own sirup till quite thick, adding sugar to taste (about 2 tablespoons). When cooked, rub through a strainer. In the same pan in which you cooked the apricots lay 3 peeled bananas, cut into halves lengthwise. Add strained apricots. Simmer as gently as you know how for 10 minutes. Turn the mixture into a pretty glass dish, taking care not to break the bananas, and serve very cold.



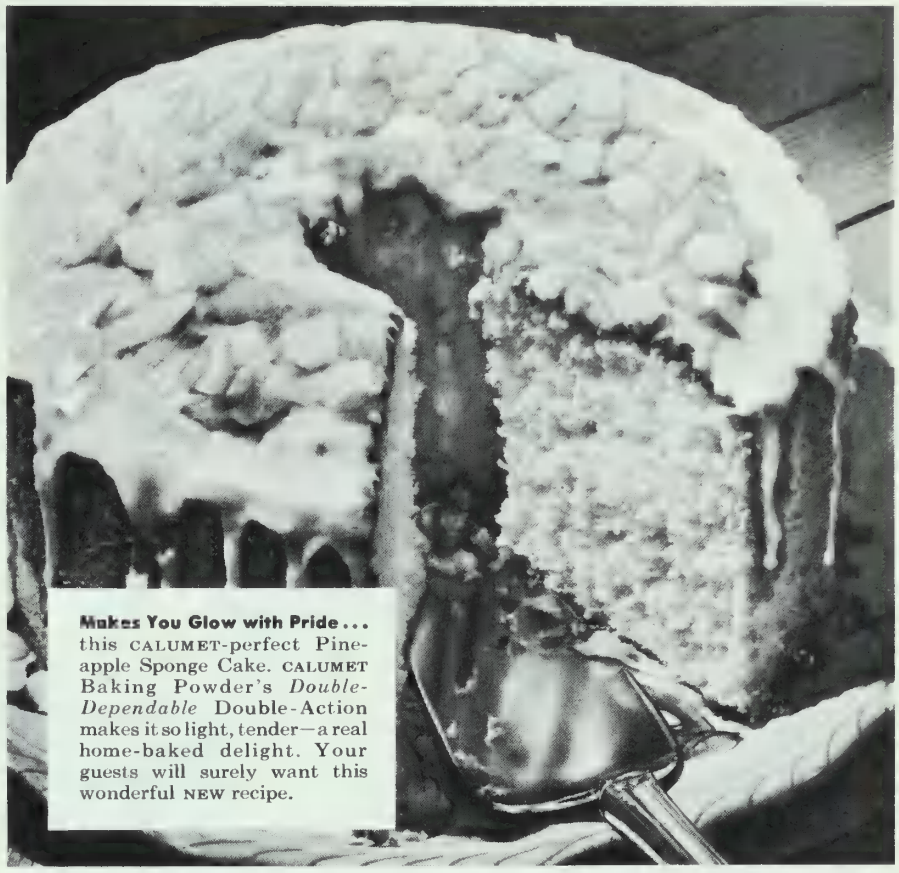
Boston Stew
Creamed Celery
Apple Meringue

From an Irish cook in Boston—hearty beef stew and apple meringue.

Boston stew is our main dish, and I first …et it in the home of my husband's great-…cle, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the …raigie House on Brattle Street in Cam-…idge. A fascinating house that in the Revo-…tion served as Washington's headquarters, …nd that to this day is furnished as it was in …e poet's day. We lived in the Craigie House …r a long, cold winter, and were cooked for …y a stern Irish cook who used to look after Cousin Alice ("Grave Alice") Longfellow. Cook believed in saving money, and on chilly nights she offered us a hearty Boston stew with creamed celery (she didn't forget the nutmeg in the cream sauce) followed by an apple meringue.

Boston Stew (85¢)

Peel and wash 4 big potatoes, 4 big onions, 4 carrots, and cut them into



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IMAGINE—NEW 4-EGG RECIPE FOR

"Tropical Delight"

PINEAPPLE SPONGE CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be the CALUMET Cake-of-the-Month

Pineapple Sponge Cake

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
4 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar
1 cup hot pineapple juice
2 teaspoons CALUMET Baking Powder
1 teaspoon vanilla
Confectioners' Sugar Glaze
½ cup canned crushed pineapple, well drained

Note: One of the secrets of a really successful cake is to follow the recipe word for word. It is unwise to substitute any of the ingredients called for. For example, use only the baking powder recommended—CALUMET. Yes, more published recipes specify CALUMET than any other brand of baking powder. That's because CALUMET is not only Double-Acting but *Double-Dependable*, too . . . first in the mixing bowl and later in the oven CALUMET gives just the right amount of leavening. And that double dependability insures glorious results for your baking . . . cakes with that real home-made goodness, feathery-light biscuits, wonderful muffins, waffles, pancakes, coffee cake. No wonder CALUMET is America's Quality Baking Powder. . .

TWICE AS MANY WOMEN USE CALUMET AS ANY OTHER BAKING POWDER

Method. Sift flour once, measure, and sift again. Beat eggs and salt together until thick and light colored. Then add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add 1½ cups of the flour, alternately with the hot pineapple juice, beating well after each addition. Combine remaining flour and CALUMET Baking Powder and sift over batter; beat in thoroughly. Add vanilla; blend.

Baking. Turn batter into ungreased 9-inch tube pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 40 minutes, or until done. Remove from oven, invert pan, and let stand one hour, or until cake is cool.

Frosting. Make Confectioners' Sugar Glaze by combining 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar with 1 tablespoon water. Spread on top of cake and let dribble down the sides. Garnish top of cake with a ring of the drained crushed pineapple.

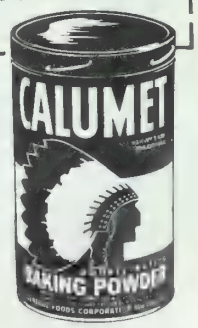
If desired, Pineapple Whipped Cream Topping may be substituted for the glaze and crushed pineapple. To make Topping, whip 1 cup heavy cream until cream will hold its shape. (Do not overbeat.) Sweeten to taste, then fold in ½ cup drained canned crushed pineapple. Spread on top and sides of cake or use as a sauce on slices of the cake.

Note: One No. 2 can crushed pineapple will give sufficient juice and drained pineapple for this cake.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

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cubes. Cut ½ pound round steak into 1" cubes. Brown meat on both sides in 2 tablespoons shortening. Take your nicest oven-proof dish or casserole, and place alternate layers of meat and vegetables. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Add about 2 cups hot water or consommé made with bouillon cubes, and cover tightly. Now into a moderate oven, 350° F., with it, to cook until tender—about 2½ hours.

Apple Meringue

Make 2 cups very thick applesauce; sweeten and flavor it with either 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind or a dash of cinnamon and ground cloves. Pour into a baking dish from which you'll serve the dessert. Beat the whites of 2 eggs until stiff with 6 tablespoons sugar, just as you would any meringue. Spread this meringue over the applesauce, and bake it in a slow oven (300° F., 20 minutes) until faintly golden. Serve cold.

Eggs Parmentier
Mushroom Salad
Fudge Cake

If you like to know, any dish "Parmentier" means it has potatoes in its make-up, because a foresighted man by the name of Parmentier introduced potatoes into France. Class dismissed.

We'll dispense with vegetables and, instead, go in for mushroom salad, which you'll make a few hours before serving. Maybe you haven't had it before—but I'll make a wager that you'll have it over and over again, especially when men are around.

I'd like a moist, dark, evil fudge cake for dessert, being a girl who thinks it's the only way to eat chocolate. With little frosting, please—no more than a thin layer of glazed chocolate sirup flavored with almond extract.

Eggs Parmentier (69c)

Place 3 cups hot, thick, mashed potatoes in a shallow greased baking dish, and do a neat, even job of it. With a spoon, make 4 depressions in the potato. Break an egg carefully into each depression. If you're not too experienced a cook, I'd suggest you break each egg into a cup first and then slide it onto the potatoes. Cover everything with ¾ cup heavy cream. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with paprika, and dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for about 15 minutes, or until just very slightly browned and eggs are just set. Serve hot, eat hot, and smack your lips.

Mushroom Salad

For four people, you'll need about ½ to ¾ pounds mushrooms. Cut off the withered ends of the stems, wash quickly under running water, drain, slice. Place in a deep dish, cover with a French dressing made from 2 parts lemon juice and 3 parts salad oil. Season with salt and pepper, and mix well. Chill. Before serving, drain off some of the liquid you'll find in the bowl—it's the water from the mushrooms that the French dressing has released. Serve in little mounds on lettuce leaves.

Rice-Hamburger Casserole
Radish-Cauliflower Salad
Fruit Tartlets

Rice is for hungry folks, and here's a rice hamburger casserole I evolved when meat was rationed during the last war. My husband taught college then, and the house was always full of students, who were not only hungry, but also bored with the school's food. Dear boys, whatever trouble I took feeding them was amply compensated by the hours of baby-sitting, dish washing and errand running—I never enjoyed so many movies, and I declare that college students make the best household help. Here is one of their favorite dishes.

Rice-Hamburger Casserole (93c)

Cook 2 onions, minced, and 1 clove garlic (optional) in 5 tablespoons butter until soft and golden, taking care not to brown. Remove garlic. Add ½ pound hamburger and cook until almost done, preventing it from caking by tossing it with two forks. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper, and you can add a pinch of marjoram or *orégano*—two herbs that flatter this dish as a spring bonnet flatters you. Mix with 3 cups cooked rice, taking care to use up all the meat juices, or else you'll leave much of the flavor behind. Add 1 cup cooked peas and 1 No. 2 can tomatoes and mix well. Pour into greased baking dish, sprinkle with 3 tablespoons grated cheese. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., for about 20 minutes or until piping hot.

Since rice-hamburger casserole is a dish that offers much to the taste buds, but little to the teeth, I suggest a salad that's sharp in texture and color contrast.

Radish-Cauliflower Salad

Trim a bunch of radishes, wash, dry and slice fine into rounds. Divide a small cauliflower into tiny flowerets; wash and dry, using a clean towel. Place flowerets in salad bowl neatly, because untidy salads don't taste really fresh and crisp. Now take your rosy-hued radish rounds and arrange them attractively over the flowerets to please the eye and tickle the palate. Dress with a plain French dressing and season.

For dessert, I suggest fruit tartlets made with peaches, plums, cherries or any fruit you have in your refrigerator. Since I—and almost everybody else—like my desserts rich, let's imitate the French and liven up our tartlets with a layer of vanilla pudding under the fruit. My, such goodness!

Fruit Tartlets

Make and bake tart shells according to your favorite recipe. When cold, fill with a layer of packaged vanilla pudding which you've made following directions. Drain fruit well. Fill tartlets with sliced peaches or a peach half, cherries, plums, apricots or what have you. Finish off with a dab of whipped cream to which you added a drop or two of vanilla.

Each recipe serves 4. **THE END**

Feet, be Disciplined

By Helen Harrington

Man will betray his love the way he bends
Above a woman; woman will reveal
In the way she moves beside him how they feel.
Though skillfully the cautious heart defends
Its secret, though cunningly the eye pretends
Indifference, though firm intention seal
The lips and all their glances steel
To coldness, a subtle alchemy blends
Their love and their desire to fluid motion
Expressive as the waves upon the ocean
Of compelling currents, unplumbed depths. Beware,
Man who would hide your love; watch how you lean
Toward her as if endowing her with green
And glowing sapphires. If you would not declare
Too soon your passion, woman, then forbear
To stand as if an irresistible wind
Inclined you to him. Feet, be disciplined
To walk as if you did not tread on air!

CARRY-ON-JOHNNY

(Continued from Page 43)

n's garage. And she could handle any
en the Prima Donna, as well as Bill
f.

lly, she wasn't feeling either lonely or
l. Only a little keyed up. It was the
and knowing how Johnny felt. She
him out of the stream of dancers
g smoothly through the light like gay-
l fish in an aquarium—Johnny in his
hite dinner jacket with a carnation in
tonhole and his cheek pressed to Diana
's cheek. (Diana in something white
immering with no shoulder straps in the
nd, to Liz, rather startling fashion.)
and Johnny weren't exactly engaged.
an understanding which went back to
kindergarten days when Diana had
a sort of fairy-tale little girl. Now she
ne Debutante of the Year with her pic-
n the society-news columns. A radiant
e.

nny would sit on Liz's desk and show
ne cuttings and talk a blue streak, re-
ss of Liz, who was trying to make out
onthly bills. He seemed to like to hang
d, in vacation time, talking and some-
lending a hand with this and that.
e, having lost his mother, too, and with
others and sisters, he was sort of lone-
It would be different now. Once in a
he might stop by to say "Hullo."

t it was one thing to be a six-foot kid in
ck Prep School, where they guaranteed
m even Johnny so full of education he'd
the college board. A Stanton freshman
omething else—a man with a man's life
d. When he graduated he'd go into his
's Wall Street office and become a big
nd marry Diana. *Well, so long, Johnny.*
een nice knowing you. Good luck. Good
hing. You're a good guy. You deserve it.
now the music had worked down into
eet. She began to dance, irrepressibly,
little girl. Bill Somers came out of his
n to take notice.

Want a partner, Liz?"

e stopped at once. She said coldly, "I
ust having fun," and turned and stalked,
s in her jeans pockets and her head up,
the tree-shaded avenue. She was whis-
to the tag end of the fox trot, just to
someone, maybe herself, that she didn't
a darn.

ve Gifford had made up a bridge four
Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Hardy Mer-
They sat in the brown, book-lined li-
, just within pleasant hearing of the
and under the radiant portrait of
ny's mother. (It had been painted soon
her marriage, by a famous painter who,
rd suspected not without tolerant amuse-
, had fallen in love with her.) Then
ny had been born and she had died.

tween hands Clive Gifford glanced up
e grave, charming face—a baffled, frown-
ook. If she had lived he might have
d out what, if anything, lay behind that
drawn sadness. Perhaps nothing. He'd
ys known, of course, that she wasn't
r. She'd known it herself. When he'd
d her out of her dreaming silences she
d say simply, "I've nothing to say,
." But with the servants or some neigh-
ne'd heard her chirping like a bird let out
cage into the free sunlight. It had made
obscurely angry.

hnny took after her—except that her
loveliness had been somehow translated
a boyish homeliness. Thank heaven, at
he had the Gifford build. He was big
husky. If he hadn't cracked up his knee
at wild, misjudged tackle, he might, one
have made the Stanton team. The Gif-
s, for generations, had been great ath-
s. There was a standing Stanton joke
the Trophy Room in the gym belonged
hem. Clive himself had been a star
back whose record, in his last year, had be-
e almost a legend. A Phi Beta Kappa
too. Well, it was a bitter, disappoint-
business. He arranged his cards delib-
ely.

"Two no trumps ——"

"Three hearts ——"

Hardy Merrick glanced across at his partner's handsome, moody face. He and Clive Gifford had graduated together—rivals for top honors rather than friends. But he knew how the other man was feeling. The astute realization of what a successful alumnus would pay to get a dim-wit son into his alma mater had given birth to the Merrick Prep School. It was, Merrick knew, almost notoriously successful. Getting Johnny Gifford over the hurdles might even rank as a sort of top-notch academic scandal. Whether Johnny would stay the course was something else, and out of Merrick's hands. Poor Johnny. A nice kid. But even the decimal system had almost floored him. Merrick took a glass from the proffered tray and raised it.

"To Johnny!" he said. "May he continue to follow in his old man's footsteps."

"Thanks." Perhaps Gifford suspected a subtle gibe. He had sounded curt—almost aggressive. He plunged quickly. "Four no trumps ——"

JOHNNY danced well. You hardly noticed his faint limp, which was much more noticeable when he walked. Diana rested lightly in his arms. She wondered whether Clarissa, her classmate at Smith who was dancing with Mark Hanley, envied her. Johnny was no world-beater—just strong, upstanding and so steadily in love he made you feel rather uncomfortably like a household fixture. (A cradle-to-the-grave affair, without a dash of uncertainty, might become distinctly wearing.) Johnny was a year behind her on the graduation road, owing to that crushed kneecap. Though what his kneecap had to do with his bullethead and contents, she didn't know. It meant that she would have to wait around on the side lines for him—which wouldn't be in the least funny. Boys didn't care so much for dating girls who were already, as it were, bespoken. However, she'd promised. And the Giffords had stacks of money. Mrs. John Gifford would have all the fun there was.

"Happy?" he whispered to her.

"Sure."

"I am. You know, I was plenty scared. I didn't think I'd made it. It would have broken dad's heart."

"What about breaking mine?" She pulled back a little to smile up at him. She always said what she knew people wanted to hear. It cost nothing even if it didn't mean much. She'd been voted the Most Popular Girl. She felt his deep shuddering sigh of gratitude.

"I'd like to think I could—break it, I mean."

"Don't ever try, sugar."

"I never shall."

He wouldn't—ever. With Mark Hanley, now, you'd never be so sure. Life would be day-to-day adventure. On the other hand, he hadn't a bean or even the hope of one.

II

TWO minutes to go. The best that Stanton could hope for was a tie. And Jeffrey, the Stanton captain, had just fumbled an easy forward pass. The groan from Stanton's side sounded as though it had been torn out of the bowels of the earth.

Johnny, huddled at his father's side, the bitter east wind in his aching face, knew just how he felt. Clive Gifford was near to angry tears. He was remembering his own last game—those three last, glorious, historic touchdowns. If only Johnny could have growled at him from behind clenched teeth, "Just wait till I get going, dad." He never would.

For a moment the fast-moving scene below him dissolved. He was back on Merrick Field. He was hearing his dad shout to him, "Carry on, Johnny." He'd known all that that challenge meant in pride and hope. And he'd done his desperate, disastrous best. He'd tried too hard. When they'd carried him off the field the coach had said bitterly, "What d'you think you are, Supermouse, or a flying

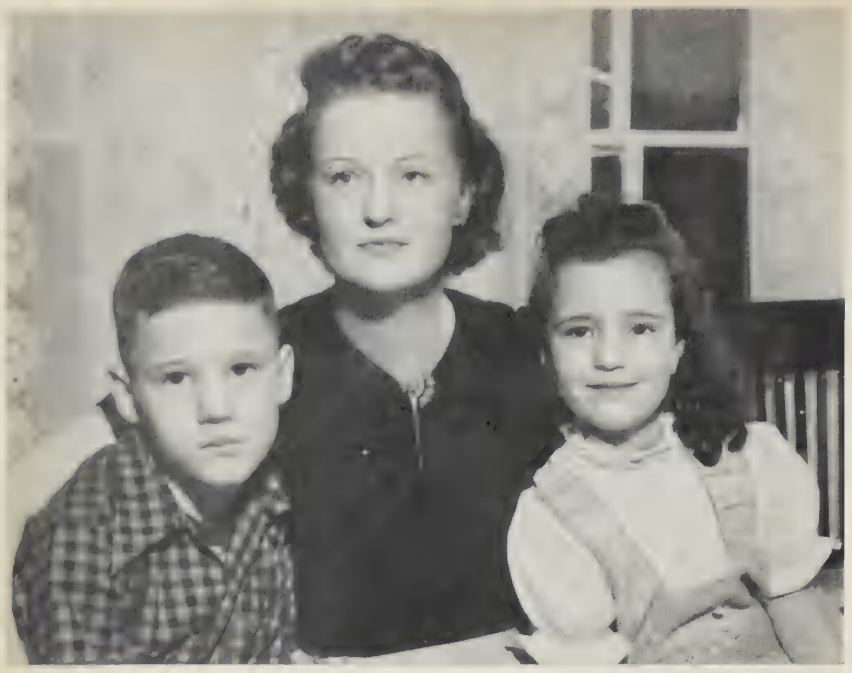
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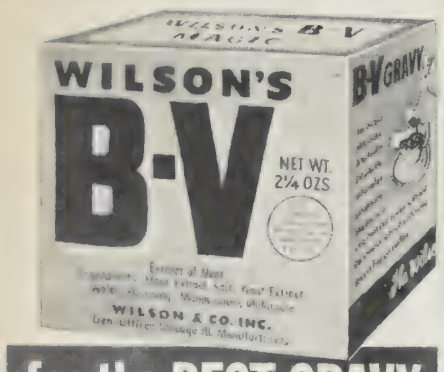
Fifty-two prizes in 3 years—that's the impressive record set by prize-cook Mrs. Joseph J. Rizzo. This Cedar Falls, Iowa farmwife is the busy mother of three children, including twins Peter and Paula (above). Yet she finds time to enter and win both State and County Fair Contests. Her latest triumph came at the 1950 State Fair where she won eight prizes in three different classifications.

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saucer?" And his dad had said, "Bad luck!" but in a flat, colorless sort of voice. They both knew it wasn't bad luck—just rotten bad play. But no one knew how hard he'd tried.

His father stood up. "All over but the shouting." He was thinking, too, of that last game. That his son should have cracked himself up for the sake of a silly schoolboy tussle, which didn't matter one way or another, seemed an unforgettable stupidity. But there it was—his only son was a fool.

They made their way in bleak, awkward silence through the milling crowds back to Main Street. They didn't know what to say to each other. At the corner of Park the man stopped short. He tried his best, Johnny knew, to sound casual and friendly.

"I guess I'll turn into the club, Johnny."

So now he was alone. Nowhere much to go. By rights, he ought to get back to his quarters and his books. But at the very thought of them his head began to ache again. Instead he drifted down a side alley to the Hipps garage, where Liz would have been listening in and feeling bad too. And there she was, at her desk, just where he had placed her. The sight of her comforted him a little. Her eyes under the straight brows were the clear brown of chestnuts. They matched her hair. She narrowed them a little, as though against the light, or as though she didn't want him to see what was shining in them—maybe tears too.

"Licked," Johnny said. "Dad almost bawled."

It was always his dad, Liz thought indignantly. The man might have been the boy, so easily hurt that Johnny had to take care of him, ease him over the bumps, make up to him for his disappointments—even in Johnny himself.

"He's so darned proud of the old place," Johnny muttered. "He's part of it. I've got to be part of it, too, or bust."

"Sure. You will."

"I dunno. Maybe I'll just bust. Dean Potter had me on the carpet. He doesn't like Merrick's hand-stuffed babies. He sort of warned me to put my best foot forward pronto—or else."

"What else?"

"Flunk out."

"You won't ——"

He sighed. He was still wrapped up in his topcoat. He didn't seem to know that he was steaming with heat and discomfort. "I ought to be cramming right now—instead of cluttering up this place. I guess you wonder sometimes why I do."

She bent her head over her books. "You don't clutter. But I've wondered."

"It's queer. I guess it goes back to that summer after my smash, when dad sent me to that Montana ranch for tutoring. I couldn't do what those other kids did—ride and hike and all that. It was sort of lonesome. So I'd take my jalopy and mosey over to the filling station on the highroad. A nice old guy owned it—called Pop Earnest—and he let me sort of work around. Sometimes there was a repair to do, or a flat to fix. Small stuff. But I got sort of handy. I'd look forward to slipping over. It was like going somewhere where I belonged—like going home." He dug his hands into his pockets. His face couldn't have been redder than it was already. But his voice had a suspicious croak in it. "When he saw me coming the old boy used to yell out, 'Hiyer, son,' just as though he were sort of pleased ——"

"So we make you think of Pop Earnest," Liz said. "That's nice. That's swell."

She sounded so unexpectedly testy that he grinned at her. When he grinned he wasn't homely. At least he was good to look at. His eyes were an honest, kindly blue.

"Now I've made you mad. It sort of suits you, Liz. I'm sorry though. I'm enough to make an angel hop. Always blowing my top and grousing about myself. Forget it. What say we take off and have a malted together?"

"No can do, Johnny." But she so mollified. "I've a heap of bills to mal A big one for the Prima Donna. She's dock right now."

"Let's take a gander."

At any rate she could and would d much. They stuck their heads like h birds pecking at grain into the huge a bewildering interior. From the othe Liz's father lifted a grimy, exasperated

"The old hellion's got me this tim snorted. "Can't tell what ails her."

Johnny came up presently with a wire and the familiar smudge on his Jim Hipps grunted.

"You sure have a way with you. Any you want a job, son, it's right here waiti you."

They all laughed. And Johnny steam looking like a huge gray bear on the tra a kill and feeling much better.

From his dormitory he rang long dist But Diana wasn't to be found. It matter. She was somewhere. She'd wai one day soon he'd catch up with her—ever she was. He'd start off right, putti nose into those darned books.

III

They fluttered down from the express the Stanton platform like a flock of colored birds. alertly waiting dogs set on snatching at their cases or giving t vigorously as quarry hove in The haggard-lo young man with brown-haired gi jeans gazed about wildly.

"Maybe she m the connection. Maybe she's not comi

"Why shouldn't she?" Liz snapped.

She nearly added that Diana Foster w have to break a leg to miss a Founders' N Prom. But she was trying hard not t nasty. Besides, she had her own busine attend to. She'd brought the Prima Do fresh from an overhaul, to meet Johnny ther and some old classmates, and unles could thumb a ride back she'd have to w Johnny had his sports convertible, prese to him by his Wall Street tycoon uncle o occasion of his making Stanton, an course he'd ask her to come along Diana—if he thought of it. But apart the fact that she'd rather walk, he was l ing too distraught to think clearly about thing. It was queer, Liz reflected, tryin be unconcerned, how a young man neatly even nattily dressed in sports clothes c look as though he'd been pulled throug bush backward. And he hadn't been ro to the Hipps Motor Works for days. W was queer too. Not that she hadn't expe it—but not that suddenly, not as tho something important had snapped sc where.

Watching him, she saw his face clea some of its anguish. He waved and shou "Hullo there!" and raced down the platf toward the golden head flashing like a bea light on the surface of a turbulent ri (When he ran his lameness became more dent. He lurched a little.) Liz croaked a him, "Have a wonderful time, Johnny!" of course he did not hear her. He'd got h of Diana's suitcase and with the other h he was clutching her arm as though the li spring breeze might blow her out of his yea ing sight.

"Oh, gosh, Di, I thought you'd run out me."

She walked passively beside him. She w dered if Mark were around somewhere. might not have a bean. But he was fun. could put in a good time with him. You co mark time. She giggled at her private li joke and became more aware of Johnny. was hurting her arm. He was so desperat tiresomely in earnest that he made her fee hot and bothered and almost cross.

"Is it true, Johnny, what you wrote m "Sure."

(Continued on Page 222)

WITH THE CHILDREN

"I don't like you to ask me to make promises, but it is all right for you to ask me to try to do something, it makes doing easier."

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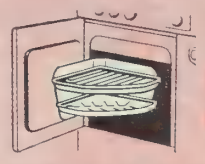




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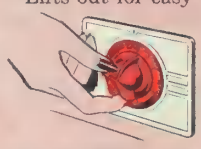
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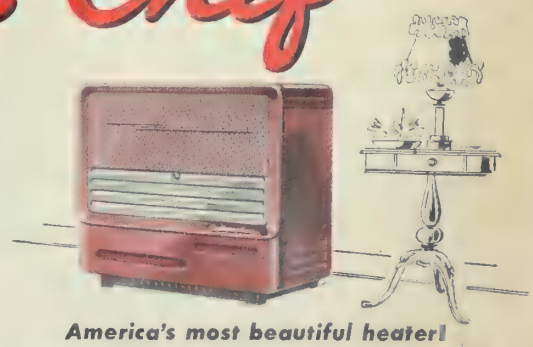
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(Continued from Page 220)

"I thought it might be a sort of joke."

"It isn't that funny."

"What are you going to do?"

"I dunno. Not yet. Of course Uncle George is out. Even his office boys have to be Stanton grads. But, Di"—he was almost pleading—"we'll make out somehow. We've got each other."

She released herself gently. Mark hove into sight, looking, not too ardently, for his own girl. She waved gaily and he wolf-called back to her.

"Be seeing you tonight, Mark."

"You bet your life, baby."

Hipps' garage stayed open till the small hours on Founders' Night. There were always cars that had to be salvaged from convivial, head-on encounters or that had turned lightheartedly into driveways that weren't there. From where she sat at her desk Liz could hear the dance music from the hall like the murmur of a far-off sea. She tried not to tap her foot to its rhythm or to think of anything but the pile of bills in front of her. When she looked up and saw Johnny she was sure, for a moment, that she was just imagining him. But then she would never have imagined him in white tie and tails—the only permissible outfit for Founders' Night—so elegant and yet so gray-faced and battered-looking that she stood up as though he might collapse into her arms.

He gave a sort of laugh. "It's okay. I just didn't seem to have anywhere else to go. Mind if I sit down?"

He hunched himself on her desk. But he didn't fold his arms or kick his heels after his usual casual fashion. He was like a tired runner who'd been licked after a long race.

"I've flunked out," he said. "Yes—that's it. Dean Potter told me days ago. They've stretched all the points they could—for dad's sake—just in hopes I'd make a last touchdown. But of course I didn't. I've told Di. She—she was swell about it. But she says she can't wait forever and of course that's right. Dead right. So there I am, Liz. I'm ditched." He pushed his hand through his thick, rough hair. He couldn't tell her about his dad—about that aloof acceptance of disaster, that brief, impersonal reflection, "Well, I suppose we might push you through some small Middle Western college." He stumbled on hurriedly. "I've tried to enlist. But the way the Army looks at me I'm a cripple, and the A. F. thinks I'm color blind." He gave his high-pitched laugh again. "I'm Clive Gifford's son and I don't rate a nickel."

Liz began, "You rate ——" but stopped herself. He wasn't listening. In any case, what she thought wouldn't rate a nickel either.

He stumbled on. "I didn't know her. But I guess I'm like my mother. I heard someone say once, 'Beautiful, of course, but dumb.' I wasn't meant to hear. But I nearly barged in and took a poke at the lot of them. But you can't take a poke at your own aunts, can you?"

"It's not often done," Liz admitted.

"Anyhow, that goes for me too—except that I'm not beautiful."

He sat there, lost in his own thoughts. Last commencement Stanton had given its distinguished alumnus, Clive Gifford, an honorary degree. In his splendid academic robes he'd been the handsomest figure in the procession and his son, sitting on the side lines, had almost burst with pride. Well, now he was on the side lines for keeps. It was queer that a young man who had such trouble with the simplest equations should understand so well how the older man felt. It was as though his own nerves had been stripped bare and ached with Clive Gifford's bitterness and disappointment. A father whose son couldn't carry on for him hadn't any future. He was a sort of dead end. When Johnny saw his father glance up at the glowing girl's portrait and the ironic twist of the proud mouth, he understood that too.

Johnny slipped off the desk. He did something so unexpected that it left Liz breathless and speechless. He bent over and kissed her gently on either cheek.

"Thanks for everything, Liz. It's h
swell knowing you."

IV

Jim Hipps told her. It wasn't easy. She
Johnny had grown up together, as kids d
small towns, even if they don't live on
same side of the railway tracks. They
together. They drink their sodas at the dr
store side by side. Even after they're gr
up and gone their different ways they ne
quite forget each other. Jim guessed that
would take it hard.

"They've found the poor kid's car,"
said. "It was left standing by the ri
They're dragging it now."

She didn't take it in any way that h
expected. She simply closed her account b
with an indignant snap and blew out of
office as though, her father thought, all
were after her.

The Prima Donna had had a minor t
trum. Liz eased her out of the repair sh
and drove her home. Though the spring d
had set in, there were no lights showing
the Gifford house. It looked not so much
mourning but as though for a long time
had been left deserted. The front door st
open, so there was nothing to stop her.
sides, nothing could have stopped her. Sh
never been inside the house before. But
knew it as Johnny knew it. The library wo
be to the right of the great hall. She fores
its somber, book-lined luxury, and the
over the carved-oak mantelpiece, her f
loveliness, her look of innocent young s
row—even the look of Johnny in the b
eyes, fixed on the distance as though she w
waiting for something wonderful to happ
or for someone who never came. The l
sunlight rested benignly on the gentle face
that it seemed to shine with an inner brig
ness of its own.

From where she stood at first Liz could
see the man hunched between the wings
the big high-backed chair. But she flair
him as a big-game hunter flairs his quar
She was out to get him. She could take h
time.

She came away from the door and sto
squarely opposite him, and he stared back
her with bleak indifference as though not
ing mattered or could surprise him any mo
His face was gray and hard-set. His han
clenched on the chair arms, were bloodle
Somehow they reassured her. At least th
made her hate him less.

"I've brought back that crazy car of you
Mr. Gifford," she said, "and I want to ask
question of you."

He raised himself to ask one of his ow
"You're Jim Hipps' daughter, aren't you

"That's me," she told him. "'Liz' to m
friends."

"Well, whoever you are and whatev
you want to know, you might have te
phoned ——"

"I might. But you might not have a
swered." She settled herself more firmly
her tracks. "What's that Montana ran
where you sent Johnny with his bust
knee to watch other kids having a goo
time?"

He was too startled—too stung by t
suddenness and audacity of the attack
realize that he was actually answering he
"If you mean the Lazy Bar B Ranch
Great Falls ——" He cut himself short. "I
cidentally, he wasn't sent there for a goo
time. He was meant to study. What he di
God only knows."

"Maybe he tried to find a way to live
she said absently—"his way." She seeme
for the moment, to have forgotten the ma
opposite her, to have brushed him out of h
consciousness. She stood at ease, her han
loose-clasped behind her back, looking up
that other girl. She talked about her, almo
to herself. "Johnny said she was lovely. S
was too. And she wasn't dumb either. S
knew a lot of things—different things—lik
Johnny. I guess you made her feel she wa
just too dumb to live. I guess she was
unhappy she was damn glad to quit."

He had a violent impulse to stand up—t
take this slender, incredible girl by the shou
ders and thrust her out of sight. Sitting the
put him at a disadvantage—gave him a

furiating sense of being at her
t he was too proud to move. He
o say coldly:
re an outrageously impertinent
man and your language is a dis-
"
ld be worse," she told him—"a
worse. I'm holding myself in."
night at least have the decency to
——"
hat they're dragging the river?"
scornful eyebrows at him. "What
ny isn't there. Johnny wouldn't
not that way." She came an aggres-
loser to him. She'd given up hold-
f in. "Besides, what do you care,
rd? You don't really give a damn.
ke that painted-up, two-timing,
ng blonde. You never cared a whoop
nny—not the real Johnny. You
nted to know what sort of guy he
, or what he wanted. He had to be
wanted—Carry-on-Johnny—so
you're dead folks'll say, 'Remem-
uy who made those three touch-
e last game in 1920—the guy they
e best-dressed, smartest, mostest
year? Well, that's Johnny, his son,
ng image of him ——'"
ut!" he growled at her. "You must
"
razy. Just hopping mad. I've been
for a long time. Now I'm going to
'm through. . . . So there was the
hnny had to be clever like you—but
ust clever like himself. He had to
like you—and he busted his leg
he poor dumb cluck wanted so ter-
please you—to make you proud of
d say, 'Liz, if I don't make the grade
k dad's heart.'"
id that?" The man's voice sounded
subdued—a little rough around
s.
he did. I'd want to slap him."
you?"

ook her head. She said rather wist-
ou do think I'm a hellion, don't you?
metimes. But I don't hurt people—I
ople I ——" She broke off, and then
with renewed fierceness. "You keep
nds off him too. He's not your sort.
r will be. He's better. He's good and
d honest. He knows what makes
ick. He's worth a world of cockeyed
shirts."
nan murmured, "Aren't you being
ude?"
doing my best. I guess I've done it.
en rude to Johnny's father. He'd
rgive me ——" She advanced upon
reateningly. "If ever you tell
—"
n't ever. I dislike extremely being
. The encounter," Clive Gifford
rmally, "rests a profound secret be-
ou and me, Miss Hipps."

She cocked a doubtful head at him. Something had happened. The gray, stony face had color in it. It seemed to be breaking up into new lines. She had an uneasy feeling that the enemy had shifted his ground—that he was stalking her.

"Well—thanks," she said.

She swung on her heel and now he stood up, rather stiffly, like a man who has been ankylosed for a long time.

"May I ask where you think you're going now?"

"To find him."

"He's none of your business. Or is he?"

She looked over her shoulder to give him an almost friendly little grin. "Sure he's my business. He's what *I* want."

The filling station made a bright spot of red amid the valley's shining greens. The young man bent over a worn-out flat looked up for a moment, shading his eyes against the sun. Someone was walking down the gray strip of highway. No one in his senses walked in these parts. Johnny took a deep breath. He didn't, at first, believe what he saw. She wore her familiar workaday jeans and the sun had burned her Eastern rosiness brown and taken the skin off her nose. She wasn't beautiful at all. But she was like a dream from which he didn't want to wake. He strode down on her and took her by the shoulders. He almost shook her to be sure of her.

"Liz, how did you know?"

"I've got a bean, haven't I? I used it. Pop Earnest's filling station, Montana. That's what I looked for—where you belonged. But that's over. I've come to take you home ——"

His hands dropped. He stood very straight, his bright thick hair shining in the sunlight. "No," he said.

"—— my home." She conceded, "Our home." Now it was her turn to shake him. She sounded breathless and a little incoherent. "Dad's garage. It'll be yours one of these days—the best garage in Stanton. After all, you'll be his son-in-law."

"You're talking crazy, Liz."

"I'm marrying you."

She stood on tiptoe and kissed him, as he had once kissed her, gently on either cheek. He kissed her, swift and hard, on the mouth as though the kiss had been delayed for a long time—for much too long a time.

"You're still crazier," he told her. "I can't go back. Johnny Gifford running a garage in Clive Gifford's town—it'd break dad's heart."

"Never mind his heart!" She linked her arm through his. "If you've got a jalopy, let's get going. The Prima Donna got mad again. She's ditched us—five miles down the road. Your dad says he doesn't want a Stanton graduate. He wants a good mechanic. And will you please come right away?"

THE END

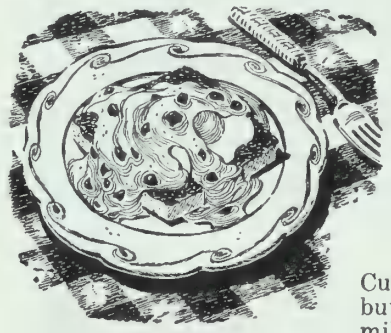


"I hope your boys are doing well at college, Mr. Winick. My wife and I like to feel our money isn't being wasted."



RIPE OLIVES
FROM CALIFORNIA

Elegant in Egg Dishes



ELEGANT! To make more dishes *more delicious* with ripe olives, write for your free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-9, 16 Beale St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

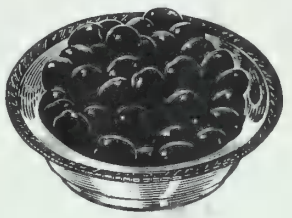
EGGS FRANCISCO

½ cup ripe olives
1 ½ tablespoons butter or margarine
1 ½ tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
½ cup grated American cheese
4 slices hot toast
1 (3-ounce) can deviled ham
4 poached eggs

Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Melt butter and blend in flour and salt. Add milk and cook and stir until thickened. Blend in cheese and olives, stirring over low heat until cheese is melted. Spread toast with ham, top each slice with an egg, and cover with cheese sauce. Serve at once. Serves 4.

(CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE)

Elegant . . . the bowl of gleaming ripe olives . . . the accent of ripe olives on your appetizer tray . . . the subtle flavor of ripe olives in your cooking. Your own ingenuity will suggest a variety of ways to take advantage of the versatility and elegance of ripe olives. So you will always have them handy, make a permanent place in your cupboard for . . . Ripe Olives from California.





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WAYS and MEANS

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is always tur
up to a
the adventur
housekeeping.
Workshop
report each
discoveries will
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an explorers'

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

• First-aid note for television viewers. If there horizontal lines on the screen, look to your light bulbs. Old made twenty-five years ago cause the trouble and may still b basements, attics or closets.

• If you have trouble with the radio rebroadcas from one room to the next, try moving the cabinet away from wall. It helps, too, to put felt pads underneath.

• Betty Gray's French dressing is always freshly m For her superb tossed salads she mixes the dressing right in bowl before adding the greens. Her husband appreciates trick. It shortens the dishwasher's stint.



• Ever have trouble f ing clamp space for a meat grind (Alfred Lunt used to screw his chair back.) There are new grind without clamps which stay even when grinding tag ends roast for hash. One has a suct base; another slides into a brac fastened to the counter edge. One fits over the table edge, rubber bumpers to hold it secure—and, as a bonus, opens like a book so its inside can be washed. (Let's have stu peppers for supper.)

• *It burns me up.* With kitchen sinks the right heig why should we have to bend down over bathroom washbasi I'm peeved every time I wash my hands. To prick one ballo they aren't low enough for children as is—a footstool is s needed for self-help. Why not measure a few people and comfortable standards for basin heights?

• A vegetable bin in a closet? Why not? For sports ge it's good. Made of metal, it's durable, even when baseball mi and roller skates are dropped in the sections.

• Donald Stuart, our photographer, counts off the s onds, "One one hundred, two one hundred." Some people cou egg-cooking time as meticulously. Others wish they had. Now automatic electric egg cooker measures the doneness accordi to the amount of water added. It holds five eggs in the shell, a four in the new poacher attachment. Gladys Taber asks for h poached eggs on a sliver of ham over chopped spinach with suggestion of horse-radish stirred in.

• The JOURNAL Workshop is saving up coffee cans now t some freezer containers are scarce. Scald and air them, and t y are ready for stowing away food in a freezer. Seal with f zer tape. Use a china-marking pencil for dating and mark- i —"Chicken Curry" or "Lamb Stew."

• A paradox about eggs: When cold, the yolks and v tes are easier to separate. But when the whites are room tem- p ature they beat to greatest volume. So we do the separating r it after the eggs come from the refrigerator and let the whites s nd awhile.

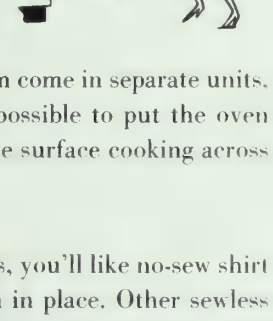
• If you are one of those y o can't bear to part with your d high-oven range for any new d e where you have to bend down t take out the roast, something h s been done for you at last. It's t *sectional* range, gas or electric, a l the oven can be placed any h ght your heart desires. What's m re, the oven and the cooking platform come in separate units, a l, for the first time in history, it's possible to put the oven w ere your baking things are and do the surface cooking across t room where it's easy to serve.



• If the mending basket bulges, you'll like no-sew shirt b ttons. Stainless-steel clips hold them in place. Other sewless b ttons are decorative pin-on ones—metal or jeweled. Attached w th safety catch, they are easy to take off before washing or c aning.

• The Workshop way with weary hat plumes. To c an: Gently rub in upholstery-cleaning powder. When solvent e aporates and powder is white, remove with soft brush or v cuum-cleaner dusting tool—if *it's* clean. To recurl: Run dull e ge of knife along spines. Not for stiff feathers, but we've p rked up many a plumed hat this way.

• *Tricks of our trade:* A cake rack laid over bacon to b broiled keeps unruly curls in place. . . . A speedy way to s ell hard-cooked eggs for a crowd is to put them in a wire salad b sket or colander, rap smartly until the shells are well cracked. T en wash off broken pieces under the tap. . . . After broiling, s rinkle detergent or soap over b oiler grid, then cover with a wet p per towel. It makes washing easier— t e cleanup squad will applaud. . . . W hen melting chocolate over low h at, use its parchment wrapping to l ne the pan. Pan washing is faster, t e paper makes a handy funnel. . . . W ear dark glasses when hanging c othes in the sunshine to cut down glare and prevent eye- s rain. . . . Mending tape of the iron-on type makes handy labels f r children's clothes. Use indelible laundry ink for writing out t e names. . . . Skip cloves in spicecakes to be frozen—that spice s rengthens during freezer storage and the flavor dominates.



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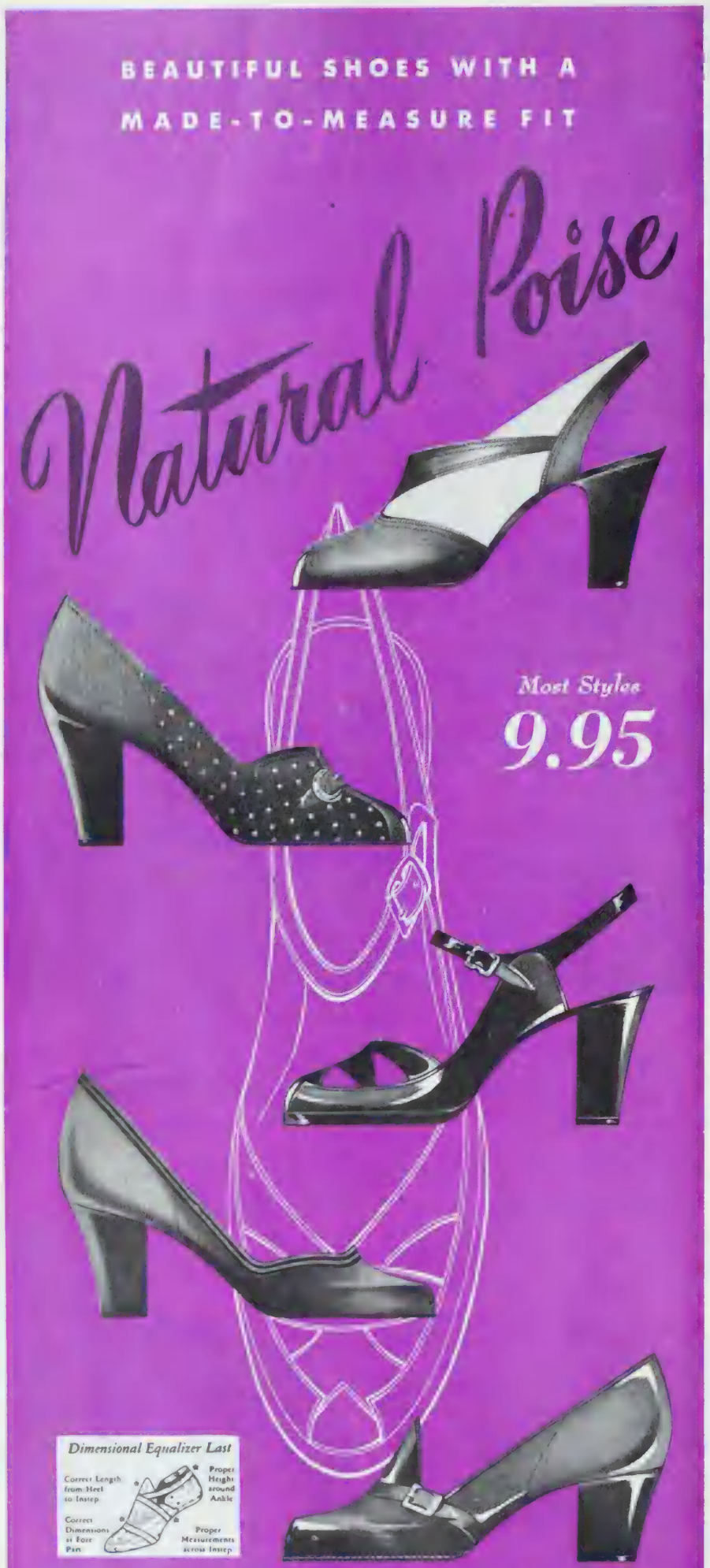
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DEVOTEDLY, PATRICK HENRY CASEBOLT

(Continued from Page 47)

"You," he said to me, "you, you, you, you, you!"

"Me what?"

"Just you," he answered, grinning like a polecat.

I knew *his* type immediately. Any other girl, I suppose, might have been quite charmed to meet Patrick Henry Casebolt—were he sitting down, with a paper bag over his head. On the other hand, *I* was well versed in boys' "lines." *I* had heard every conceivable approach on the upstairs extension of our phone at home, while Robert, my brother, was downstairs telephoning his girl friends. This line was not new. Robert had a parallel one in which he would say for minutes on end, "Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me." The young lady would then answer, "Tell you what?" and Robert would say, "Just tell me." . . . Patrick Henry Casebolt had all the earmarks Robert had of being just another—what father terms—"drugstore cowboy!"

"When you come to my barracks tonight," he said, "tell the guard that the barriers are fortified. That's the password."

"I wouldn't come to your barracks in a million years—not in a million years!" I told him. "And please stop pushing my arm up and down as though I were an old water pump!"

He merely said, "Oh, yes, you would too."

"I would what?"

"You would come to my barracks if you knew how many other females die for the honor."

"Really!" I exclaimed the way mother did when father slept through church, or when Robert told her that seventeen females were in love with him, including his English teacher. "Really!"

"Yes, really!"

He began to sing the words to the song in a raucous tone.

"Please," I pleaded, "oh, please," I begged, "must you sing?"

And he said that he was going to name his prize filly after me.

"You don't even know my name."

The music stopped then and I begar bolt across the room.

He shouted after me, "I'll find out yr name, princess. I'll find out!"

I didn't see him again that afternoon. I did I see Clarence Rassmussen. There we only two dances left and I spent them cfronted with a stumbling monster w grabbed the back of my dress as though were going to rip it off and devour me wh

When all the platoons had sounded and the last gray-and-red-uniformed st had disappeared over the hill, we gathe in Skip Holliday's room.

Skip was a general's daughter and had spent her whole life on an Army b up until the black day she was shipped to Wood Hollow. She was a short, stubby with a head of blond hair and a procliv toward profanity.

"I'll be d——d," she said to us as we exhausted on her bed, "if that wasn't t d——est rat race I was ever at. D——n!"

"They were sure all goons," comment Wheezie Myers (called Wheezie, crue enough, because she suffered from chro asthma).

"And all of them dwarfs," said Candy.

At this point I interrupted. "I take it no of you danced with Patrick Henry Ca bolt."

"Casey?" Skip asked. "He's an old-tim at Hillside. Yeah, he is d——n tall. Wouldr think they grew them that big stateside."

She informed me that Casebolt had been Hillside Academy for at least five years, wi the singular reputation of being the on cadet in the corps who invariably flunk Bible I.

"A nice joe," she commented, "ju doesn't know Genesis from Exodus."

After Candy's ten-minute harangue on *h* experience with Bible courses, I introduce the subject of Cadet Clarence Rassmusse Skip had been at Wood Hollow longer tha any of us and she knew all the cadets exce the "greenhorns." Her only statement o Clarence was "With a name like that, who' know him?"

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Other Views, Prices and Sizes of Vogue Patterns on Page 188

Vogue Design No. 6875.	Blazer jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7418.	"Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 38 waist measure. 40c.
Junior Vogue Design No. 3420.	"Easy-to-Make" chemise dress or jumper dress; 9 to 17, 29½ to 34½. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7354.	Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 50c.
Junior Vogue Design No. 3437.	Suit; 11 to 17, 30½ to 34½. 60c.
Junior Vogue Design No. 3431.	Coat; 11 to 15, 30½ to 33. 75c.
Junior Vogue Design No. 3438.	One-piece dress; 11 to 17, 30½ to 34½. 60c.



Marian Hulce's $100 Wardrobe

Fabrics	
Coat—purple wool, $8.50	$27.63
lining, $1.50	5.25
Blouse—white rayon, $1.20	3.00
Jumper—red corduroy, $2.98	8.94
Suit—checked suiting, $2.29	7.16
lining, $1.50	1.87
binding	.50
Dress—gray velveteen, $2.98	16.77
trim	1.15
Jacket—plaid wool, $2.95	5.53
Skirt—gray flannel, $2.29	2.58
	$80.38
Accessories	
Velveteen hat	$5.00
Belt	2.00
Bag	5.95
Gloves	2.77
Sweater	5.00
	$20.72
Grand Total	$101.10

ished simultaneously a full package
crackers and our discussion of the
. At dinner there was further "re-
—of the dance, and of the previous
ner, the latter served up in the form
carroty stew. After dinner, I wrote
tter to mother and father about the
ood Hollow Hall, and in the P.S. I
d that I had met a charming young
ned Clarence, with whom I was
love. I had a tendency to exagger-
even as I closed my eyes at ten
at night, my mind was seduced by
ory of Clarence's smile.
xt morning Patrick Henry Casebolt
to haunt me. The special delivery
ne piece of mail in my box. The let-

ling whose-name-I-procured-from-Skip-for-the-reasonable-fee-of-one-dollar Mar-
guard informs me that you were
way from the barracks last night and
ret. How was I to know that they had
the password? That guard, my be-
without his tongue. The new password
oing Jiminy." If you do not come to
ll come to you—on Sunday afternoon,
g the hours designated by your Wood
guardians. Devotedly,
PATRICK HENRY CASEBOLT.

was in the study hall reading One
se Forever.
gave my name to that—that—Case-
said.
h-h-h," she whispered. "This is a
good part!"
p, how could you! And you didn't
rn me last night!"
split the buck with
he said. "I'll give
y cents."
wonder why Clar-
dn't write."
you want the fifty
r not?"
arence wouldn't
is money foolishly on special deliver-
bably," I told her. "I'll hear tonight;
bly."
ay, if you don't want the fifty cents,"
id.
want it," I said, "my allowance is late.
still won't make up for your giving
me to that . . . thing!"
fty cents is fifty cents," Skip said
e.

w come you're so crazy about a guy
nly met once for a few minutes?"
ie asked, trying to pick up the marble
er toes. We had both been assigned to
me "corrective" class. It was an hour
ed expressly for "slumpers," and
ie and I were slumpers. We had been
t slumping in three places. At the
at our desks in study hall, and in
h. There were six other slumpers in our
and forty-six slumpers in Wood Hollow

don't know," I answered. "He's just
verything! You should have seen him.
y Fonda, only with blonder hair."
don't like the way Henry Fonda talks,"
ie said, "and besides, I go with a boy
my home town. These cadets are a
of drips, if you ask me!"
hat time is it?"
ou got four hours to go before the next
call. I keep track—because of Henry.
the boy from home."
artha," said Miss Blott, the slumper
er, "get busy with that marble!"

whole day was like that. I couldn't
ntrate on marbles, the thirteen original
s, or my acute abhorrence for eggplant
we had for dinner that evening. I was
ing about Clarence Rassmussen. In my
ox after dinner there was a letter from
r, and a post card.
ther's letter said that mother was tired
eiving my blue jeans week after week
y laundry case. Was that all I ever
? . . . Mother understood nothing about
mportance of a "washed-out" look in
jeans.
e post card said:

Another change in the password. It's now "The citadel has fallen!" Devotedly,
PATRICK HENRY CASEBOLT.

"No luck, eh?" said Candy, peering over my shoulder.

"Uh-uh. Guess he didn't get a chance to write. Or it could be that Casebolt is hogging the mails so that other cadets can't get their letters through."

"I got a letter from one of them," Candy offered, "the one that was as tall as a fire hydrant. I always draw a real piece of stuff!"

THAT evening Patrick Henry Casebolt and a crew from Hillside sang Moonlight and Roses under someone's window three dorms away from mine. I didn't hear the serenade, but I was told that Patrick sang a solo dedicated to "Martha" entitled You Made Toothpicks of the Timber of My Heart. Typically Missouri, I thought. Paris, indeed!

There was a wire propped against my water glass at breakfast. Miss Baluff insisted that I eat my prunes first, on the theory that it is always better to have food in the stomach before receiving any sudden news.

"I finished them," I said.

And she said, "You may be excused to leave the dining room and read your wire, but you must return for the second course."

"Even if somebody's dead?" I asked sarcastically.

The wire read simply:

FOUR DAYS TILL SUNDAY
DEVOTEDLY, PATRICK HENRY CASEBOLT

A girl going up the aisle to be married looks as confident as a man laying down four aces. —ANON.

Even my brother Robert, I thought wearily, wouldn't go this far, and Robert was a six-eared wolf.

"If he thinks he's coming here on Sunday," I told Skip in geometry class, "then he's got another think."

"What are you going to do," she sneered, "go awol?"

"I'm going to write Clarence Rassmussen," I announced, "and I'm going to invite *him* over on Sunday."

Skip remarked, "I'll bet he's a d——d idiot!"

I clung one more day to the thread of hope. Then, obsessed, bewitched, and tormented with the vision of Clarence Rassmussen's smile and his brown eyes, I wrote a polite note asking if he would like to come over on Sunday at three o'clock.

Right after I mailed the letter I was called to the reception parlor. A messenger pushed a long piece of thin tissue paper at me.

"Things like this," he said bitterly, "make delivery boys want a union."

The tissue contained a rose, and attached to the rose, a card:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I'm coming courting
Sunday—at two.
Devotedly,
PATRICK HENRY CASEBOLT.

"Good!" I screamed at Skip, who just "happened" to be passing. "Visitors can't come until three. He'll arrive during siesta hour and won't he be surprised when he can't come in."

"D——n! I forgot to tell him the visiting hours were changed this year."

"Look, Skip. If you tell him that now—I don't care what he offers you—we'll be enemies."

Skip promised and until Friday I was confident. That morning the air came out of my tire, the gas out of my balloon. Clarence Rassmussen must have written at precisely the time I sat down and wrote to him, for our letters crossed. Up in Skip's room, as I fumbled with the envelope, everyone gathered around me.

"Read it aloud," they commanded. "Come on, Martha."

"*Dear Martha:* Well how are you???? I have been working like a dog studying. We had drill

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GREYHOUND

today and it was hot. You ought to see my class list. Whew. You ought to have to drill like us boys do but then I can see you girls drilling (ha ha). Maybe we can have a little get together one of these days. When do you see fellows? I get out Saturdays and Sundays from this prison. They say they are strikt with you gals (ha ha). You should have come to this school (ha ha).

"Yours,

"CLARENCE RASSMUSSEN.

"P.S. Write me a letter as my mailbox is dusty.

"P.P.S. Is yours?"

"Real sense of humor," Candy said, "like a jackass."

"Henry Fonda," Wheezie said, "only with blonder hair."

Skip said, "Ha, ha, ha."

I didn't say anything. I folded the letter and put it in the pocket of my skirt, and then I bit the tears back and walked out of the room.

I remembered what Robert had said about women.

"Women," Robert said, "are either beautiful hunks of people with the brains of a dead haddock, or they're walking b look like zombis."

Maybe it was the same with men

That night I got out my best s with the thin green stripe running t and I wrote two letters to Hillside A

Dear Clarence: I am ill and I will n to have visitors on Sunday. Sinc MARTHA W

Dear Patrick: The visiting hours ar from 2–4, to 3–5. Sinc MARTHA W

It is ten years since I attended W low Hall.

Candy Lane married a druggi inches shorter than herself. Ski day joined the Wacs and married private she ever court-martialed. won Henry, the boy "back hom brother Robert, on the other han vinely happy with his wife, Rita, a numskull. It is a choice everyone mu I myself chose a husband who is votedly, Patrick Henry Casebolt. T

The Secret of Lovelier Hair

for more than a century



Photograph by HORST.

MICHAEL OF THE WALDORF *styles the hair of* MRS. ALBERT TILT, *3rd, Greenwich, Connecticut, following a Conti Castile Shampoo.*

Beauty Authorities agree, "*Pure Castile is the best shampoo.*" And, for pure castile at its finest, leading hair stylists choose Conti . . . the pure castile shampoo that contains *pure imported olive oil* for greater hair loveliness.

Thanks to its natural oils, Conti guards the health of the scalp, leaves the hair silky-soft, lustrous and perfectly conditioned to take and hold its wave.

For more than a century, lovely women have used Conti for finest hair care—first with shampoo made at home by dissolving famous Conti pure castile soap, imported since 1836—now in response to their demand, with *perfected* Conti Castile Shampoo in liquid form.

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Use Conti regularly . . . it will make your hair lovelier.

Conti *Shampoo*

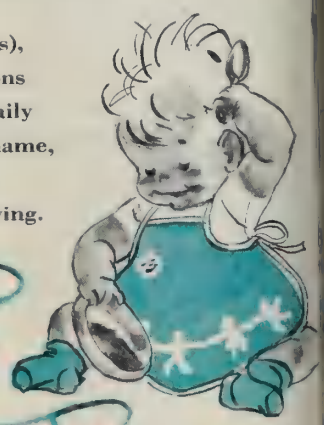
PURE CASTILE

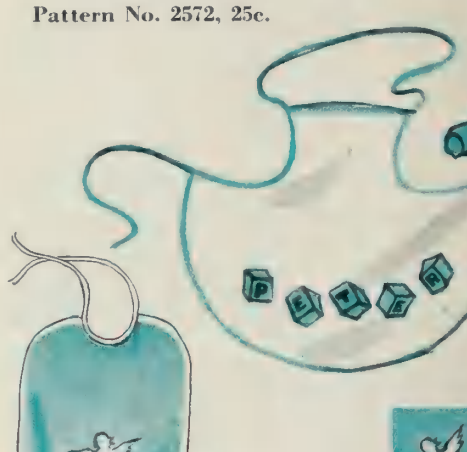
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BIBS, APRONS AND PLACE MATS

Plastic with cotton backing (often sold in upholstery departments), or oilcloth makes amusing bibs, aprons and place mats . . . especially when gaily appliquéd with animals or a child's name, and bound in contrasting binding. Keep these in mind for Christmas giving. Pattern No. 2572, 25c.



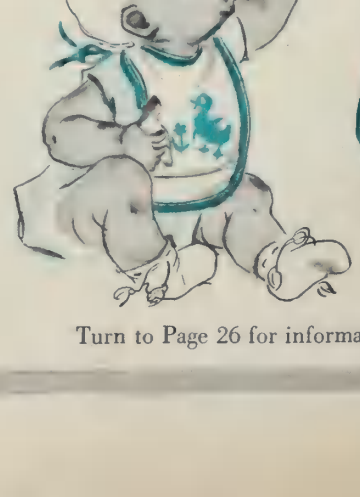


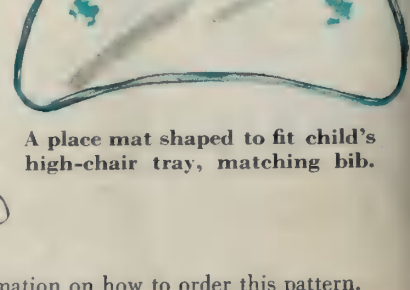
A shaped apron is ideal for playing or eating.



Oilcloth with chicken appliqué for bib and place mat.







A place mat shaped to fit child's high-chair tray, matching bib.

Turn to Page 26 for information on how to order this pattern.



Modess . . . *because*

At home



"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-M



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The pause that refreshes

with ice-cold Coca-Cola

helps to make a house a home.

JOURNAL

OCTOBER
1951. 25c

BURLINGAME
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The Magazine Women Believe

Recapitulation

FIGHTING THE BUDGET
with the James McCoys

should a girl go steady

WHO CARES?

When you educate a woman you educate a whole family

Dr. CHARLES D. McIVER

The Make-Believe Twins

Geranium Cabinet



How Sparkling can you be?



The answer is Ipana!

There's no doubt about it—a sparkling, attractive smile depends on a healthy mouth—and here's how cleaning your teeth with Ipana helps keep your whole mouth healthy!

1. TEETH. To reduce tooth decay effectively, no other tooth paste—ammoniated or regular—has been proved better than Ipana.

2. GUMS. Brush teeth from gum margins toward biting edges. Ipana's active cleansing foam helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

3. BREATH. Ipana sweetens breath instantly, makes mouth feel *good*. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

For teeth that really Sparkle . . . the answer is **IPANA**!



For breath that's Sparkling clean . . . the answer is **IPANA**!





A Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sparkling personality . . . the answer is **IPANA**!



For the Smile of Beauty

Let Your Beauty be Seen...



Palmolive Brings Out Beauty

WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

SO MILD . .
SO PURE!



For Tub or Shower Get
Big Bath Size Palmolive!

36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285 SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting new complexion loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out *your* beauty while it cleans your skin.

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!

VOL. LXVIII NO. 10

Journal Contents

October 1951

Journalities



G. Markey

Just when and where, in the course of his sparkling career, author G. MARKEY came across a boy like Tad and a raccoon like Spook—or, for that matter, a medicine-show maestro like Doc Tilbee—we can't say, but there they are in his novel, ***The Great Companions*** (Page 42). Writer of four novels, numerous short stories and screen plays, G. Markey is a yachting enthusiast and a commodore in the United States Navy. In the first World War he served in the Army—but *never*, so far as we know, in a medicine show. ▪ According to HOPE SHELLEY MILLER, Kit-nen of ***A Small Miracle*** (Page 68) was a black tomcat who had three kittens in the middle of her kitchen floor. The other characters are more universal; every mother will recognize Pat, the harassed young mother, and wish she had a child psychologist for a husband, too—or will she? The Millers live in Boise, Idaho, vacationing frequently in the Grand Tetons, where they like to sleep on the ground in sleeping bags, with nothing but the stars above and bears and bugs and things below. • Among G. M. WHITE's many editorial duties for the JOURNAL is putting together this column (this very sentence) and after much experimentation he has found that anything he says about himself sounds silly, as this sentence proves. Such inadequate expression is due, no doubt, to the limitless regard he has always held for G. M. White—a feeling shared only by a very special wife, two young sons and a mongrel dog. On his first assignment for the JOURNAL, four years ago, he lived in a maternity hospital; to do the reporting job on Page 58, ***Do You Remember Rocky?*** he went to jail—and he prefers jail.



Hope Miller

DI PIETRO



G. M. White

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address:
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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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"Like my new slips that are shirred with Lastex yarn all through the bodice . . .



"And my dreamy new nightgown that's so gently elasticized with Lastex in the waist . . .



"Really, the best fitting slips, gowns, panties, negligees, bed-jackets, pajamas, are now being knit, woven, shirred *or* embroidered *with*

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the miracle yarn that makes things fit

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Rockefeller Center ▪ New York

"A good-lunch rule
For play or school"



Eat HEARTY-with
Franco-American Spaghetti!

Youngsters eat hearty without urging when there's Franco-American Spaghetti for lunch! It tastes so good because it's tender-cooked in a luscious, savory sauce of sun-ripened tomatoes and sharp, well-aged Cheddar cheese. And Franco-American Spaghetti is so chock-full of good nourishment, it sends your boys and girls back to school with plenty of bounce for the afternoon's work and play. It's so quick to fix, too—and costs only pennies a portion. Serve hearty Franco-American Spaghetti for lots of your schoolday lunches!

Quickie
for a "Dress-Up" supper

■ Brown green pepper and onion rings, cut about ¼-inch thick, in hot shortening, and mix some of them with your heated Franco-American Spaghetti. Use remainder of the rings for garnish. Looks good—tastes even better!



JUST HEAT...
AND EAT HEARTY

Our Readers Write us

Do Europeans Know Us?

Rome, Italy

Dear Editors: Many Americans and enlightened Europeans we have met are more than distressed by our policy of presenting to Europe a perfect and affluent America with no problems. My husband and I have blushed while listening to the saccharine, patronizing Voice of America telling the people of Europe that all is well and everything is under control.

We have encountered bitter resentment at the nerve of our government agencies who try to teach without making any effort to understand those they would teach. American women, the wives of our government employees and occupation forces, are soundly criticized for their selfishness, their closed minds, their unawareness of the countries in which they are living.

My husband and I believe that it is just as important to tell the rest of the world about the United States as it is to tell the United States about the rest of the world. But it must be done *honestly* and the material and information sent out must appeal to ordinary people, not just the comfortable, professional and wealthy groups. It is for the peasants and workers in Europe that the Red propaganda is designed, and it is to these peasants and workers that United States propaganda should be directed.

Our information services, our magazines and movies should not be afraid to show that we are human and have our troubles; that we, too, can be confused and make mistakes.

If only our attitude of smug superiority could be changed, much would be accomplished. We need to meet the people of the world on their own ground. Sincerely,

DOROTHY THOMPSON GOLDNER

"I Despise My Mother"

Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Editors: Your answer to Mary Cunningham's letter in the August issue has extended me a release. I, too, am from the silent but forgotten mass who flounder between duty and suffocating hatred. I despise my mother.

For nearly forty years she has incessantly nagged and preached. She labels this "just trying to help." Always she is *so* right, so unyielding. I have never lived up to her expectations, never pleased her. Relentlessly, she imposes her will, demanding and dominating until I've turned into the person I least want to be, mean and stupid.

Newly widowed, she became a nerve-racking leech on my budgeted time, my reasoning, my tolerance. With unquestioning authority she gained an emotional strangle hold, sucking me dry, reducing me to obedience and silent resentment. If I rebel, I'm being contrary and disrespectful of my elder and my parent. Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request)

Texans Make Poor Husbands

Dallas, Texas

Dear Editors: Your nice, lovely magazine makes me feel just like a second-grade moron! This feeling comes from the near-perfection that pervades the whole magazine. For instance, Ann Batchelder—I'll bet she never had a cooking failure in her life. Wilhela Cushman was most likely perfectly dressed the day she was born and has remained so ever since (though not in the same outfit). As for your Young Marrieds, they give me the shakes! They have smooth-running jobs and husbands that are apparently paragons. I have a job and a husband, but there the resemblance ends.

What brand of men do you Yankees raise? They appear to be so willing to help with the housework and so very adept at it! Almost to a man, Texas males feel that housework is just not for them, barring extreme emergencies. On my word of honor, the only time my husband helped me with the dishes was a few months after our marriage when I burned my thumb rather badly. Then he washed them for me once. He hasn't been able yet (two years later) to live down being "henpecked" on that occasion. I do love him and I think he loves me (he's a taciturn Texan and has never said so in so many words), but I never have time to do all the things he thinks I should do and still be ready to go wherever and whenever the mood strikes him.

All I can say is, it must be wonderful to lead the life of a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL employee! Sincerely,

MRS. D. T. COLE

It is wonderful—but is there room for another man in Texas? ED.

No "Smother Love" for Baby

Joplin, Missouri

Dear Editors: I would like to suggest that Mrs. Cunningham's child is lucky in a way. He is unlikely to become a victim of "smother love."

If she can preserve toward him an attitude of impersonal kindness—the attitude of a good friend rather than a doting mother—the gain in objectivity may offset the lack in affection.

Sincerely,

MARY JOHNSTON

First-Time Father at 63

North Bergen, New Jersey

Dear Editors: The odd idea that life begins at 40 has been overemphasized.



Marie Alice: a bit of immortality.

For me, it began at half past 63, with the advent of my brand-new daughter, Marie Alice. I'm probably not the first man to become a father for the first time at that age, but the combination of circumstances that confronted me was novel, to say the least.

Marie was born three weeks after the company for which I had worked thirty years retired me on length of service. I was an expended expendable. It was obviously no time to report such news to my wife.

Marie Alice came into the world with a distorted foot, requiring medical care, and my wife was also ill. Then, in a street accident, I injured my knee.

I hit bottom, but I bounced. Marie Alice showed me the way. When she took my finger in her little hand, when

(Continued on Page 6)



OF ALL THE GALS WHO DO THEIR WASH...

She wears the cleanest clothes in town

. . . she swears by TIDE!

"She wears the cleanest clothes in town—
So does her daughter, Susan.
So clean, so bright, you guessed it right—
Of course it's **Tide** she's usin'!"

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

TIDE not only washes clothes cleaner—but whiter, too, in hardest water!

CLEANER CLOTHES! When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got the *cleanest* clothes in town . . . cleaner clothes than any other woman will get with *any* soap of *any* kind. And here's why—Tide not only gets out the ordinary dirt, but *removes dulling soap film*, as well!

WHITER, TOO! Yes, tests *prove* Tide gets clothes cleaner and *whiter* than any soap in *hardest* water. What's more, after just *one* Tide wash, soap-dulled colors actually come *brighter!* Millions of you women have proved these Tide miracles. You've seen the proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts . . . in your own bright wash prints.

NEW MILDNESS FOR HANDS! Tide is *kind* to your hands—now milder than ever before. Tough on dirt—but easy on your hands—that's Tide! Get Tide today and hang the cleanest wash in town on *your* line!



P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you *can* skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!



part-time angel

He's a daytime imp but a nighttime angel, cuddled soft and sweet in his downy Merrichild Sleeper. He's an all-time darling!

And he loves his warm Merrichilds, Hanesknit for sweet sleeping. The snug cuffs and neck hug close on chill nights. The fabric gives easily with every sleep-wriggle. Mothers love the durable double feet, the self-training seat, the easy Gripper fasteners.

In pink, blue, canary, red and green. Say "Hanes" for long-wearing sleeper values at thrifty prices.

SLEEPER SHOWN ABOVE ONLY $1.89



SPRINGY-KNIT OF THE FINEST COTTON One-piece, sizes 0 to 6, $1.89; in red, $2.25; size 8, $2.49; in red, $2.85.



PROCESSED FOR PERMANENT FIT Two-piece, sizes 0 to 4, $1.89; in red, $2.25.



WONDERFULLY WASHABLE Three-piece, with extra pants, sizes 0 to 4, $2.85; in red, $3.39.

Prices slightly higher in the Far West

HANES SLEEPERS

MERRICHILD SUEDEKNIT*

Underwear, sportswear and sleepwear at good stores everywhere

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., WINSTON-SALEM 1, N. C.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 4)

the light of recognition was first detectable in her blue eyes, I knew I had a job, more important and more worth while, than any I could find by tramping the streets or scanning the ads. Never, that I recall, had I touched a baby, and certainly I never held one in my arms, until I became fate-assigned sitter to Marie Alice. Nevertheless, I had to pitch in and be mother's helper in all branches of the profession.

I dropped some other magazines in order to subscribe to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—a must, I then thought, and am now convinced. The first valuable thing I learned was that babies are people. From then on, the going was easier.

Marie Alice is almost two now. Her blue eyes search mine to find out what's really on my mind. I wouldn't dare to try to deceive her. There are only a few things she can tell me in words, but there's no limit to the things she tells me with those eyes, with the curve of her mouth, with the gestures of her hands.

My wife, aided by my assumption of maternal as well as paternal duties, quickly recovered. My knee got all right—I don't even remember when. Marie Alice walks, runs and climbs stairs with complacent agility, and the specialist has dismissed her as a thoroughly cured patient. Documents say I'm 65, but I say I'm at the age when life begins in those things that matter. Yours truly,

KENNETH McKIM

Children are a Nuisance

Long Beach, California

Dear Editors: I for one rise to Mary Cunningham's defense with a loud and vigorous *hurray* for her honesty. I completely agree with her. I think it is a bitter quirk of fate that, since Mother Nature decided women were to bear children, she didn't include in all of us the maternal urge, or the urge to become slaves. Yes, I'm selfish. I know it and readily admit it. I'm probably crazy not to be thankful to have a healthy, normal, cute two-year-old. But, oh, for the chance to go back three years, to be able to join the host of women who can know of something in life besides crying, diapers, feeding, routine, training, teaching, and above all . . . boredom, complete and overpowering boredom.

Is there any answer for those who aren't and can't be satisfied with the routine of a child? Or is our restlessness and bitterness the punishment we must pay for not wanting our children as they should be wanted? Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request)

Banishes Boredom

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: You seem to receive so many letters from well-educated women who are bored with housework. I wonder if my solution would be an answer? When my youngest was two, I went back to college. My purpose happens to be to complete certification requirements for high-school teaching. As this is my second year, I know it's no whim. I get a second degree next winter, and, I hope, another baby next summer. I have no outside help (except nursery school and kindergarten) and teach high school two nights a week in the winter.

Block that desolation! Whee for education! Yours truly,

DORELLE MARKLEY HEISEL

Modern Mothers Have a Cinch

Buck Ridge, B. C., Canada

Dear Editors: Instead of asking all the young women with two or three children and all modern conveniences how they manage (and pretty poorly, seems to me), ask my mother-in-law, who is now eighty-three. She has had fifteen children, no modern conveniences and little money. Yours truly,

ALICE HANGLID

Solves Everything

Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Editors: I'd like to propound two rules for successful family living. Rule No. 1. Never have either a first child or a last. Parents are too inexperienced to do a relaxed, common-sense job of bringing up a

(Continued on Page 8)

CLOROX gives you More than gentler bleaching!



It's a 4 in 1 product!



1 AN *extra-gentle* BLEACH

Long life for linens is one of the big reasons millions of women prefer Clorox. For Clorox is *extra gentle* . . . free from caustic and other harsh substances . . . made by an exclusive formula protected by U. S. patent!



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Whenever you get a stain on white or color-fast cottons or linens, refer to the Clorox label. For Clorox removes numerous stains from linens . . . kitchen and bathroom surfaces, too.



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Yes, Clorox deodorizes in laundering and in routine cleaning. Clorox-clean linens, and kitchen and bathroom surfaces, not only *look* clean . . . they *smell* clean!



4 *In addition* CLOROX is one of the world's great DISINFECTANTS

Clorox is the most efficient disinfectant of its kind . . . it *acts faster, kills germs quicker.* Give *your* family the added health protection of a Clorox-clean home. Disinfect drainboard, sink, wash basin, shower, tub and toilet bowl *regularly* with Clorox. See directions on the Clorox label.

You get all 4 in 1 with

CLOROX

AMERICA'S FAVORITE



CLOROX-CLEAN *means* ADDED HEALTH PROTECTION!





office

asked Laura to lunch if they could possibly
wasn't good company or that she didn't pay her
ne fault that outweighed her good points. What
rl, would be the last to suspect. There's one in
e had to be the one.

y time

You could be guilty of *halitosis (unpleasant breath) right now
litosis may be absent one day and present the next . . . and, when
th everybody. It can nullify your other good points.
ffending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple and delightful
reath is instantly fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

tra-careful

HAVE A LOAD OF

Phone your West relieve off-color breath
watch a load Antiseptic sweetens and
easy, thorough tly . . . and helps keep it
Westinghouse Elonds . . . not for minutes
. No wonder it's the *extra-*
st bad breath. So, to be
ra-careful. Never, never

omit Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before any date, when you want to be at your best. While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Even ground-in dirt yie
Westinghouse LAUNDR

WASH AWAY RINSE AWAY A



because dirty was
away from clothe

That's the sec
gets white cloth
brighter. And it
job is *completely*

The Laundron
water and soap, t
sive WEIGH-TO-

No other washer made, either automatic or conventional, has such thorough washing action as the Laundromat. Thanks to its exclusive WASHaway-RINSEaway action, clothes are lifted up and out of the water . . . turned over . . . washed inside and out, again and again and again.

Then the clothes are triple-rinsed in fresh, clean water, equal to 1500 hand rinses. Every speck of soil and soap is flushed out, *stays* out,

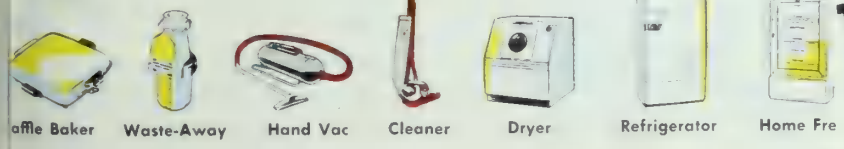
LOOK TO WESTINGHOUSE FOR TV's TOP ENTERTAINMENT . . . Exc
Outstanding COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAMES . . . plus WESTINGHOUSE "STUD

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Wes



TISEPTIC

. . . . IT'S BREATH-TAKING !



See and Hear **THE SAMMY KAYE SHOW** ★ *"So You Want to Lead a Band"*
CBS TELEVISION NETWORK



part-time angel

He's a daytime imp but a nighttime angel, cuddled soft and sweet in his downy Merrichild Sleeper. He's an all-time darling!

And he loves his warm Merrichilds, Hanesknit for sweet sleeping. The snug cuffs and neck hug close on chill nights. The fabric gives easily with every sleep-wriggle. Mothers love the durable double feet, the self-training seat, the easy Gripper fasteners.

In pink, blue, canary, red and green. Say "Hanes" for long-wearing sleeper values at thrifty prices.

SLEEPER SHOWN ABOVE ONLY $1.89



SPRINGY-KNIT OF THE FINEST COTTON One-piece, sizes 0 to 6, $1.89; in red, $2.25; size 8, $2.19; in red, $2.85.



PROCESSED FOR PERMANENT FIT Two-piece, sizes 0 to 4, $1.89; in red, $2.25.



WONDERFULLY WASHABLE Three-piece, with extra pants, sizes 0 to 4, $2.85; in red, $3.39.

Prices slightly higher in the Far West

HANES SLEEPERS

MERRICHILD SUEDEKNIT*

Underwear, sportswear and sleepwear at good stores everywhere

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., WINSTON-SALEM 1, N. C.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 6)

the first child and are too indulgent with the in heast. Rule No. 2. Never have a child until imporou can provide it with three parents—I come to earn a living, one to run the house, scamind one to attend to the physical and I tounental needs of the child.

one I'm sure if everyone would follow these assi-simple rules there could be no harried less,housewives and no problem children; but helpas long as dumb dopes like myself persist I in ignoring them, we'll just have to strug-ordegle along with the same old problems.

Jou Sincerely,
now LETEE FOSTER IDE
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the

Just two parents for several children has always seemed an uneven match—one parent is ridiculous, unless, of course, the parent has two heads. ED.

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Bringing Up Father

Evanston, Illinois

Dear Editors: My wife put the August JOURNAL in front of me, opened to the article on Making Marriage Work.

"Am I a creative wife?" she inquired.

After twenty-three years I refuse to be startled by silly questions, so I tried my best to look bored as I glanced over the questionnaire prepared by Doctor Adams.

"Bought a little gift for your husband? Served a new dish he liked? Tried a new dinner arrangement? Given him several unexpected compliments? Told him how much you love him?"

Ye gods! If there is anything wrong with the American housewife today it is because her mind has become distorted by the rot she reads in magazine articles and fiction. No doubt Doctor Adams has the most honorable intentions, but some of us would prefer to muddle along in our old-fashioned way. Yours truly,

TOM MULLEN

How many months, weeks, hours—well, maybe minutes since you told her you loved her? ED.

Only Warm Bathroom in England

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I have just installed a new hot-water system, so efficient that we are now going around with bound-up fingers, suffering from burns! Even handsome Mr. Williams, who installed it, was at a loss yesterday to know how to fit a washer on a pipe! I think even Beatrice will now think my warm bathroom is really warm!

The other day I was bidden to a party at Cliveden, your friend Lady Astor's place, to have the honor to meet the Queen, who looked sweet and wore blue and had a smile and a kind word for most of us. She is so much prettier than her pictures in the paper, and she has a gentleness I wish some of our bouncing celebrities would copy. It was an international-relations party, and there were people from all over the world, including some African ladies in their native party frocks, who had done something too chic for words with a duster by way of a headdress. (Wilhela should look into this!) I have been trying it out myself, but the result is not the same. And there I met also a Burmese gentleman I knew in Rangoon long ago. He had changed very little, except that he was translated out of the lovely peacock blue and pink silks in which he used to dress himself, into a morning coat and top hat. It was no improvement.

This is our busy season in the village. A large white tent has arisen in the field, like a sitting hen. Near it, but not too near, are two smaller tents like chickens. One labeled Ladies. One Gents. The stage is set. Our Flower Show is about to begin. The battle of the red and black currants and the broad beans opens at 2:30 P.M., and it is a very serious matter. This year we have an added excitement, because it has always been a foregone conclusion that Mr. Napper will win the sweet peas—but now our Mr. Port has come forward with some truly astonishing blooms, and the camp is divided. Some friendships are quite severely strained at Flower Show time, but by Harvest Thanksgiving everything is as it was before and all bitternesses have been forgotten, and this is as it should be. Love to you all,

DOROTHY BLACK



Aching feet can put lines in your face

● When your feet are sore, throbbing with fatigue . . . your *face* looks tense and tired! . . . And perhaps even worse, those little pain-lines can be the beginning of unpleasant wrinkles!

That's why it pays to rub those feet with Absorbine Jr. at the first sign of ache or fatigue.

First, Absorbine Jr. quickly cools and soothes the sore spots. Second, it counters the irritation that causes the pain with a grand muscle-relaxing effect!

When your *feet* feel better, *you* feel better . . . and *your face shows it!* Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold . . . $1.25 a long-lasting bottle or MAIL COUPON TODAY!



"It feels so good."

Absorbine Jr

Mail this coupon today

W. F. Young, Inc.
250 Lyman Street, Springfield 3, Mass.

Please send me a Free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—Postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____



There's one in every office

The other girls never asked Laura to lunch if they could possibly avoid it. Not that she wasn't good company or that she didn't pay her share . . . but she had one fault that outweighed her good points. What it* was, Laura, poor girl, would be the last to suspect. There's one in every office . . . and she had to be the one.

It can happen to you...any time

How's *your* breath today? You could be guilty of *halitosis (unpleasant breath) right now . . . *without realizing it.* Halitosis may be absent one day and present the next . . . and, when it is, you are in wrong with everybody. It can nullify your other good points.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple and delightful precaution . . . such an *extra-careful* one? You simply rinse the mouth with it before any date and, lo! . . . your breath is instantly fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

A number of things will relieve off-color breath *momentarily*, but Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens the breath instantly . . . and helps keep it that way . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually. No wonder it's the *extra-careful* precaution against bad breath. So, to be extra-attractive, be extra-careful. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before any date, when you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



. . . . IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

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Florentine Lace

PIERCED STERLING

A Brilliant New Achievement By

REED & BARTON

The six-piece place setting, including tax, $38.50

Distinctively New, Exquisitely Pierced Solid Silver. Florentine Lace . . . beauty inspired by treasures of Catherine de Medici, Renaissance patroness of arts. Never before have you seen silver with so much fine and lacy piercing! You will use this sterling proudly, for every occasion — with every type of china, crystal, linen. Florentine Lace, Reed & Barton's latest triumph in sterling silver craftsmanship for your table.

A beautifully illustrated Florentine Lace folder will be mailed upon request to Box 990L, Reed & Barton, Taunton, Mass., Silvermasters since 1824.

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould Editors



BIRDS AND FLOWERS
HANGING SCROLL
1368-1644
COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART

Your Red Feather

October is RED FEATHER month, and in cities and towns all over America united Red Feather campaigns are in full swing. That's traditional—it happens every fall.

But this year there's a difference. The RED FEATHER is a *bigger* Red Feather. Symbol of more than 15,000 health, recreation and welfare services that combine their appeals once a year in more than 1300 local Community Chest campaigns, the RED FEATHER this year has an added assignment: the United Defense Fund.

Our mobilization for the defense of democracy demands efficiency, economy and wise planning in health and welfare services, just as it does in industry. The United Defense Fund answers that demand, for it finances the combined strength and know-how of national health, recreation and welfare agencies.

Included in the United Defense Fund are: United Service Organizations, Inc. (USO); American Social Hygiene Association; National Recreation Association (emergency defense program); United Community Defense Services; American Relief for Korea.

Health, recreation and welfare services such as family-service agencies, visiting nurses, Scouts, the "Y," boys' clubs, hospitals, clinics, Traveler's Aid, USO, children's-aid societies and United Civilian Defense Services provide help civilians need. Volunteers undertake the enormous task each fall of raising money to provide these human services. And everyone, no matter what his income, can contribute to the welfare of his neighbor through his pledge to his town's UNITED RED FEATHER CAMPAIGN.

There's just one thing to remember. It's a bigger Red Feather this year because it includes Community Chests *and* the United Defense Fund. When you contribute with generosity to your local united RED FEATHER campaign, you are helping to strengthen and defend democracy.



Democracy in Theory and Practice

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Any thoughtful observer of government in the United States today is forced to report widespread political cynicism and deep distrust of government on all levels, as well as a popular feeling of helplessness, sometimes approaching despair—more often expressing apathy.

During the current year, the Senate Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in the United States (the Kefauver Committee) uncovered appalling situations. It was established that criminal rackets are nationally organized; that in every state gangsters are allied for mutual profit with law-enforcement agencies; that in some places it is difficult to disentangle or even distinguish organized crime from organized government.

Chicago was found to be still in the grip of the Capone heirs; in Detroit, industry was being blackmailed into co-operation with gangs. Missouri politicians were disclosed as in alliance with a variety of rackets; Kansas City politicians were involved in murder. California's Mickey Cohen had fingers in many government activities; former Mayor O'Dwyer, of New York, admitted tolerating henchmen who closed their eyes to crime. In instance after instance the investigation revealed police captains unable to explain their extraordinary bank accounts.

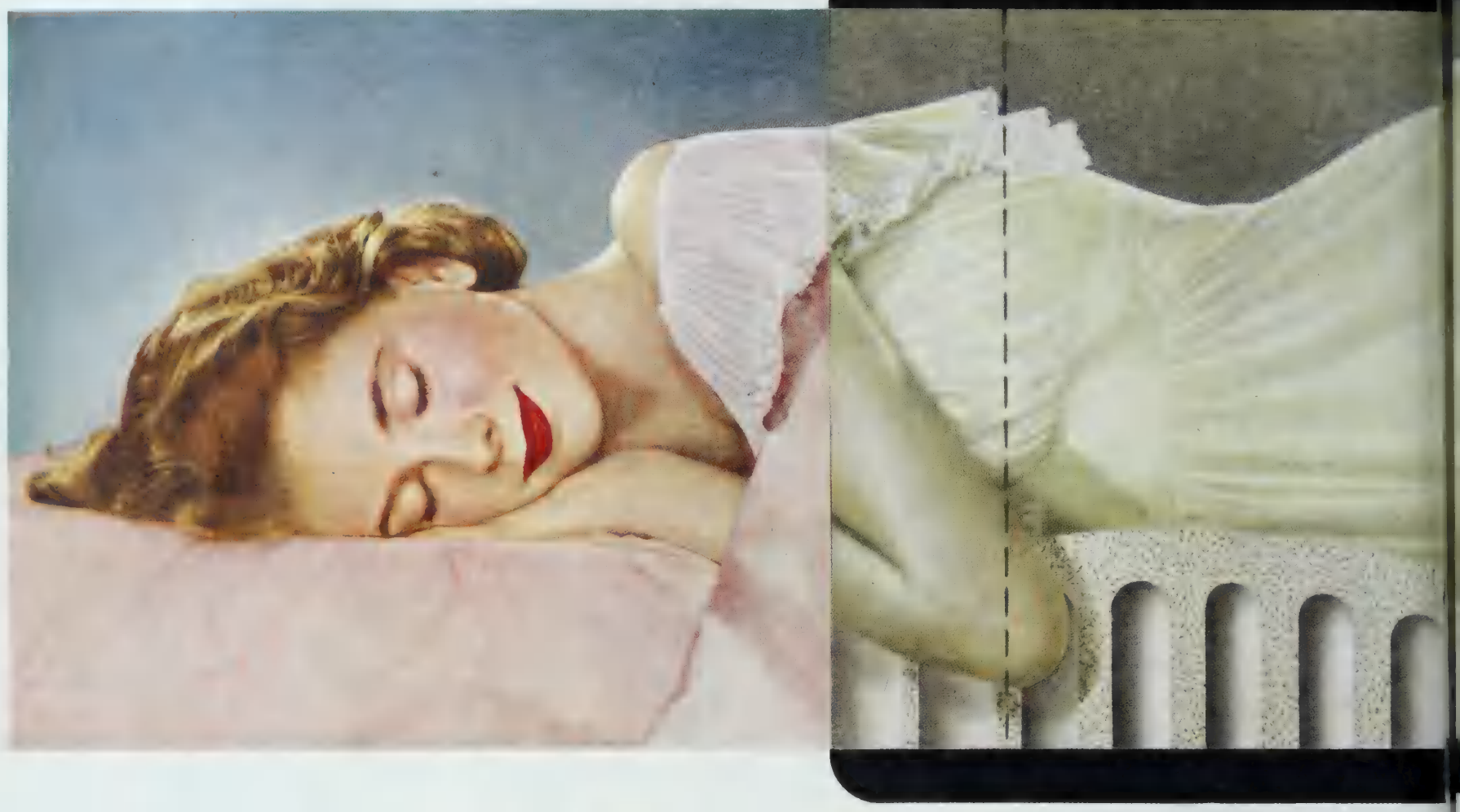
Simultaneously it was shown that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which lends the money of the American people to businessmen, was full of favoritism for political pets.

The assumption has been that the fact of exposure would, of itself, bring about purification. We doubt it. The American people did not demand that former Mayor O'Dwyer be removed from his post as their representative in Mexico. They were appalled and disgusted, but most of them, when the exciting television show was over, settled back into the hope that things would improve—with the same apathy about doing anything to improve them.

Yet the puritan spirit is not dead. A majority of Americans place honesty, integrity *(Continued on Page 14)*

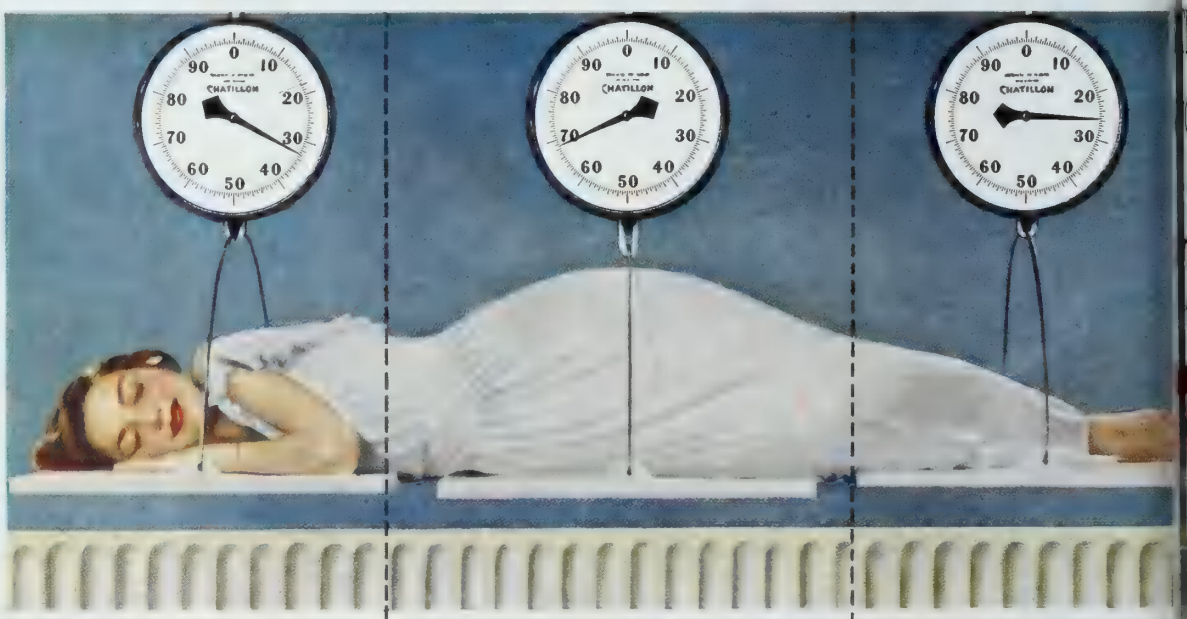
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the X-ray story of how



Form-Fitting, because it is built to support the different weights of head . . . torso . . . limbs . . .

No matter what your size, weight or build, your body weights vary much like this young lady's. So you need the Form-Fitting Mattress Construction that gives different kinds of support to the different weights of your body. The Form-Fitted *Foamex* Mattress does this . . . and floats your body in natural balance while you sleep.



33 pounds from head to just above the waist. The larger air spaces (nature's own springs) in this section of the *Foamex* mattress give lighter support where *you* are lighter.

68½ pounds from waist to knees. This mattress section is built with more firm, lively *Foamex* (smaller air spaces) for heavier support where *you* are heavier.

25½ pounds from knees to to You get larger air spaces in t foot section of the *Foamex* ma tress to float your lighter limb

Form-Fitting, because it moulds itself to the curves of your body.

Foamex conforms to your contours like a second skin. It yields to fingertip pressure . . . returns instantly to level smoothness when you take the pressure away. Although soft as a rose petal to the touch, *Foamex* supports you firmly when you lie on it. Tired, aching muscles are cradled in blissful relaxation. You sleep deeply—you awake alert and refreshed on a Form-Fitted *Foamex* Mattress.



...et more rest while you sleep



...his entirely new and exclusive Form-Fitting Construction supports ...our different body weights while it cradles your body curves

The Form-Fitted Mattress of Firestone FOAMEX*

...e X-Ray Story proves it! Now your body ...n rest as nature meant it to rest. Not ... the board-like surface of too firm a mat-...ss, not on the sagging discomfort of too soft ...nattress. But cradled in balanced comfort ... cloud-soft *Foamex* built with firmer sup-...rt in the mid-section.

...e Form-Fitted Mattress is a Firestone ...amex exclusive! No other mattress so com-...etely supports your body in correct sleeping ...sition. The Form-Fitted *Foamex* Mattress ...ves you lighter support in the head and ...ot sections—firmer support under your ...avier mid-section. No matter how much ...u turn, twist or change position in sleep, ...ur different body weights stay evenly bal-...ced in rest.

...ght after night, year after year, Firestone ...amex always gives "brand new mattress" comfort. *Foamex* stays lively for life. Nothing to break or come apart. Just pure milk of the rubber tree, whipped with air to a creamy foam—baked like angel food cake. After 12 years of 24 hour use in hospitals, *Foamex* mattresses showed no sign of wear.

You can feel the heavenly softness of *Foamex* yourself. Bedding departments everywhere feature Form-Fitted *Foamex* Mattresses and matching Box Springs. Just stretch out and imagine what it's like to be cradled in comfort every night of your life.

Form-Fitted Mattress of Firestone *Foamex* $79.75

available with Special Matching Box Spring $69.75

Prices subject to change

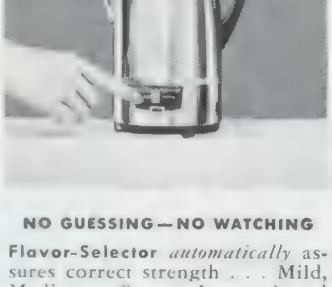
Look for this label at better stores everywhere!



© 1951 Firestone Industrial Products Company

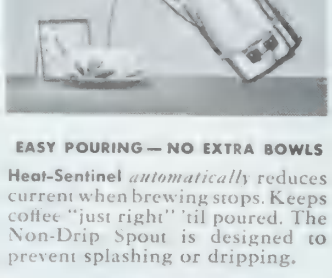
Enjoy the Voice of Firestone Monday Evenings on NBC Radio and Television





NO GUESSING—NO WATCHING

Flavor-Selector *automatically* assures correct strength . . . Mild, Medium or Strong. Just set it and forget it—the Redi-Lite will come on when coffee is ready to pour.



EASY POURING—NO EXTRA BOWLS

Heat-Sentinel *automatically* reduces current when brewing stops. Keeps coffee "just right" 'til poured. The Non-Drip Spout is designed to prevent splashing or dripping.

Completely Automatic—Complete in One Unit

Everyone enjoys the automatic convenience of a Universal Coffeematic. Just set it . . . and forget it! Select the exact strength you want, and the wonderful Coffeematic takes over . . . *automatically* brews coffee to the correct strength and signals when it is done.

Your coffee stays hot, too, cup after cup is kept at perfect serving temperature without increasing the strength. And remember, Coffeematic has no bowls or extra, cumbersome parts to remove.

For features, for the flavor and quality of the brew . . . for its completely automatic action, it's no wonder Coffeematic is *America's Favorite Coffeemaker.*

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

(Continued from Page 11)

and independence of mind above party loyalties and class interests. It has often been demonstrated that voters will break class and party allegiances to support candidates whom they believe to have these qualities. It is not true that "good" men cannot be elected to office. Men who have taken the currently unpopular side of issues have repeatedly been re-elected to Congress, simply because the people had respect for their characters.

In every community there are men and women in whose characters, energy and judgment large numbers of people have confidence. They may be newspaper editors, clergymen, businessmen or trade-union leaders. They are on hand for every unofficial movement for community improvement; they do not sway with every wind that blows, but are rooted in character and common sense.

Why is it often difficult to persuade such persons to run for public office?

First, because too few people are trying to persuade them. But such able persons have other doubts. They say, "I am incompetent to play the political leader who dares to run afoul of the 'idols of the market place.' Maybe I could take it, but I don't want my kids coming home from school with black eyes for defending me against what this or that radio commentator may have said about me the day before. You can't exercise good judgment if your chief purpose is to get yourself re-elected. And party leaders don't regard character and competence as necessarily the best vote-getting qualities. There are few men in political life today who would dare oppose any measure which has a strongly organized claque behind it."

Since political parties are a fact, the first duty of a citizen, it seems to me, is to join one—and, of the major parties, I don't think it makes a great deal of difference which one. If we leave the composition and control of political parties only to people who have some personal or group interest to promote, we are going to have officials nominated by special interests and under obligation to them. These may be criminal racketeers seeking collusion with law-enforcement agencies, or selfish pressure groups of other kinds.

A legislature or Congress which becomes a mere recording machine of waves of feeling or organized pressures ceases to be a deliberative body. "Write your congressman" is good advice only if the writer has himself carefully deliberated the issue involved. It is more important to have a representative whose honesty and wisdom one can trust.

The American people could do much to create a more civilized atmosphere if they would more vigorously and publicly condemn campaigns of character assassination based on unsupported and irresponsible charges. Our libel laws are much looser than are those in Great Britain. It is practically impossible to win a suit for libel where one can prove no damages beyond an offense to one's honor. Almost any kind of slander goes on the floor of Congress under cover of Congressional immunity. Certain journalists and radio commentators—some with a wide audience—have themselves so well insured against libel suits that they feel they can risk making charges that, in another age, would have brought a challenge to a duel. Indiscriminate mudslinging coarsens the whole tone and temper of the nation and increases general cynicism.

Democratic government will never survive the shocks of this epoch of change and overturn merely by its *theoretical* virtues. Democracy, to survive, must provide not only popular government, but *good* government. It must not only represent the people. It must represent in large measure the *best* in the people—the best in their traditions and in their character. It must preserve liberty without permitting liberty to degenerate into license, and maintain authority without permitting authority to degenerate into tyranny.

Such government requires certain dispositions of mind on the part of the governed: a high respect for law, a natural respect for oneself and others, and a willingness to subject issues to the tests of reason. It requires the presence of a natural nobility who set the tones and standards of society; not an aristocracy of birth, or of wealth, or of power groups, but an aristocracy of brains and virtue—persons who welcome and accept responsibility without hope of personal gain.

To increase the number of such persons is the function of democratic education. The majority of the American people undoubtedly put the national welfare above their own peculiar interests, yet this majority is never adequately represented. It never will be unless more people participate more actively in party life at the grass roots. THE END

Small Places With Hopeful Names

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

New England breaks out in good names
Upon its smallest crossroads places:
Bethel, Goshen, Gilead;
God's light is on their well-washed faces.

No place too high or far or mighty—
Athens, Paris, Mexico—
But little makers of red clover
Named their one-horse villages so.

And as the honeyed years rolled on
Small tanned boys outgrew their breeches,
Left bucksaws to rule commonwealths,
Caught the stars in bold half hitches.

The villages had names so handsome,
Concord, Friendship, Harmony,
Plain carpenters grew nation builders,
Plain shepherds, shepherds of the sea.

New England is the law of growing
Bigger in barns and faith and mind;
The plowman sees small boys who follow
As preachers and teachers close behind.

The waters of life burst still from acres
Hard and steep and sweet with stone,
Small places with hopeful names are makers
Of best New England brains and bone.

Brand-new! For lemon pies that taste homemade!



Now—for the first time in a pie mix—you can get that wonderful, teasing, tangy taste—just like fresh-squeezed, fresh-grated lemons!

And so quickly, too! Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling saves about 15 minutes' time—gives you perfect texture every time. Never stiff or too runny. Always just right!

Directions on package for this luscious lemon meringue pie. Get a package at your grocer's today. Guaranteed best—or your money back!

Grand too! For scrumptious puddings and pies!



Chocolate Macaroon Pudding. A rich pudding with crunchy macaroons! So *easy*, too! Prepare package Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Chill. Layer with macaroon crumbs in parfait glasses. Garnish. Serves 4.

Vanilla Cranberry Treat. A luscious combination of tart cranberries and delicate vanilla flavor. Try this *new* treat tonight: Prepare 1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses and top with cranberry sauce. Serves 4.



Butterscotch Cream Pie. Oodles of brown sugar flavor makes this pie tops with the family. Such a *thrifty* treat, too! Prepare 1 package Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Turn into baked 8-inch pie shell. Chill. Top with sweetened whipped cream.



JELL-O PUDDINGS AND PIE FILLINGS FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

ECONOMATIC GAS COOKING



So Simple, So Easy, So Quick!



Throw away the matches—HARDWICK EconoMatic is a complete system of pilot lighting, with every advantage of automatic oven lighting as well as the convenience of top burners that light instantly at the turn of a valve. EconoMatic lighting is pin-point, so that your range will be cool in all kinds of weather—a cooler top, a cooler oven when not in use.

OLD STOVE ROUNDUP—Trade for a Hardwick EconoMatic Now!

HARDWICK
EconoMatic
pin-point pilot lighting

Costs So Little!

HARDWICK Gas Ranges are famous for value because you don't pay for gadgets and extras but invest in actual cooking performance. EconoMatic adds to the saving. For pin-point lighting costs less to operate and your savings will go on, year after year.



Usual Oven Pilot Flame
HARDWICK EconoMatic
About ⅓ as large
Automatic convenience, a cooler range, finer cooking performance —at a new low cost!

Gas has got it!

MODEL 5526-1-EM

HARDWICK
STOVE COMPANY
Established 1879
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE
See your dealer, your gas company, or write to Dept. L-15

AGA Approved for LP, Natural or Manufactured Gases



WORLD WIDE

Mayor Impellitteri takes the first ride on the new merry-go-round.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

THE carrousel burned down. You know, last November, in Central Park. The horses had capered there for just under eighty years, and New York children rode the same ones that their parents, their grandparents and their great-great-grandparents had ridden. It was a sad day. But another carrousel was found, and once again the organ plays, the horses prance, and for seven cents a child gets a five-minute ride. It is one of the nicest things in New York.

New York is a cozy place, as we've always said. Bowery flophouses are showing television. In a recent cleanup of old telephone directories such articles were found between the leaves as wedding certificates, love letters, bankbooks, auto licenses, unused theater tickets, defense bonds, money and horse-race tips. The tiny red lighthouse under George Washington Bridge, beloved of birds and children, is going to stay—though it looked for a tragic time as if it mightn't. And Peter, the hippo at the Bronx Zoo, recently celebrated his forty-eighth birthday. Th birthday cake was a cabbage topped with carrot, which he ate after his usual meal ninety pounds of hay and twelve gallons soup.

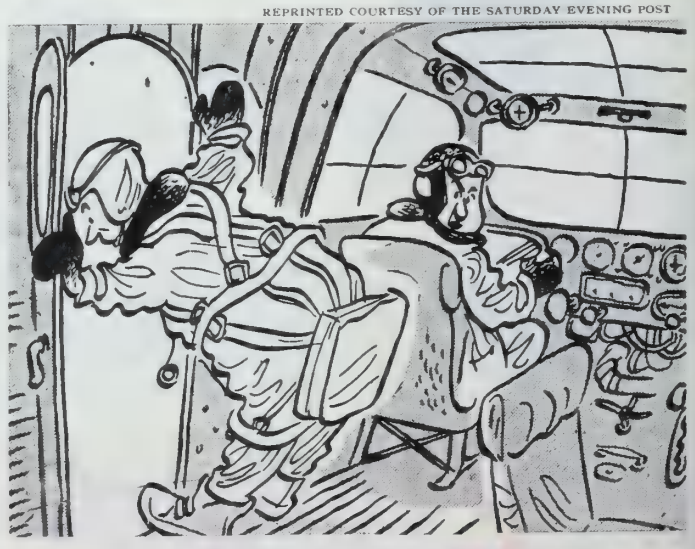
Which for some reason brings to min TRUE TALES FROM THE ANNALS C CRIME AND RASCALITY, by *St. Cla McKelway*. There is the tale of M 880, the counterfeiter who stuck t one-dollar bills; the story of firebu out for insurance; of Harry Bridg fooling with the FBI; of the tong wa and of the innocent man sent to Sin Sing, who had to pay thousands of do lars to gain his freedom and wasn given even the regulation twenty do lars when he left. Amazing tales.

•

"All men are frightened," Gener Patton said once. "The more intell gent they are, the more they a frightened. The courageous man

(Continued on Page 18)

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Quit yelling 'Watch out below!' Just jump!"

New! BROWN BREAD SO QUICK SO EASY!



Brer Rabbit OVEN-BAKED BEANS

2 No. 2 cans Oven-Baked Beans
½ cup BRER RABBIT New Orleans MOLASSES*
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup finely chopped green pepper
8 frankfurters

Combine beans and molasses. Fold in salt, onion and green pepper. Pour into shallow baking dish. Cut frankfurters in half lengthwise, then crosswise. Brush with molasses and arrange on top of beans. Bake at 425° F. (hot oven) 15 minutes or until frankfurters are well browned. Makes 6 servings.

Now a meal that's really easy and economical—and really delicious, too!

You don't steam this elegant new Brown Bread—you *bake* it. And it's wonderful! Tender, moist, and rich with authentic old-time molasses flavor!

Serve it with a bubbling casserole of plump "oven-baked" beans, dressed up this grand new way. Here's a quick, easy, *satisfying* meal—for only pennies per serving!

The secret is *plenty* of Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses. Brer Rabbit, made only from freshly crushed, Southern plantation sugar cane, has a *character all its own*.

It's rich in food iron, too . . . needed for building good red blood. Use it freely . . . in Beans 'n' Brown Bread . . . as a delicious *spread* . . . and to give *extra* goodness to your baking.

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*Use either **Gold Label Brer Rabbit**—light, mild-flavored. Or **Green Label**—darker, more full-flavored.

Brer Rabbit ALL-BRAN BROWN BREAD

1 cup ALL-BRAN
½ cup seedless raisins
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup BRER RABBIT New Orleans MOLASSES*
¾ cup boiling water
1 egg
1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon (if desired)

1. Measure All-Bran, raisins, shortening, molasses into mixing bowl. Add boiling water, stir until shortening is melted. Add egg; beat well.
2. Sift together flour, soda, salt, cinnamon; add to All-Bran mixture, stirring only until combined.
3. Fill 2 greased cans (baked bean cans) about ⅔ full . . . or if you prefer, use medium loaf pan. Bake in preheated mod. oven (350° F.) about 45 min. Serve hot.



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2. DRAB, DULL SKIN needs local stimulation. Rule 2 is Stimulate, brighten and freshen without drying. Pat with Orange Flower Skin Lotion, $1 to $3.75.

3. TINY LINES and rough patches need a smoothing, softening, overnight treatment. Rule 3 is Lubricate . . . with Special Dry-Skin Mixture, $2.25 and $4.

All prices plus tax

trust Dorothy Gray and the "Rule of Three"

(Continued from Page 16)

the man who forces himself, in spite of his fear, to carry on."

That certainly goes for the paratroopers, whose every jump is like a little death. The finest book we've read about the paratroopers—one of the most vivid and dramatic of all war books—is **THOSE DEVILS IN BAGGY PANTS**, by ***Ross Carter***. This was the outfit that jumped and fought in Sicily, Salerno, Shrapnel Pass, the Plains of Naples, the Volturno, Cassino, Anzio and the Battle of the Bulge. Only three men were left out of the original platoon whom we get to know like our own brothers, and this book is the first-hand account by one of the three.

•

When Melville Goodwin USA wanted to get out of uniform, he bought the oddest clothes, you will remember. . . . When Marlon Brando (movies) went to a swank

COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"You like it?—I mean, I'm certainly glad you like it, sir!"

affair where formal attire was de rigueur *he wore black sneakers instead of white. . . . And when Joe Adonis, jailed after the Kefauver Committee finished with him, went to prison, he ordered two dozen monogrammed silk shirts to take with him. Or so we hear.*

•

In another crime book, FRAMED IN BLOOD, *Brett Halliday*, creator of the Mike Shayne mysteries, has ten commandments for women who wish to avoid trouble. Among them are:

1. Do not walk alone in bad neighborhoods after dark.

2. If accosted, try to get away . . . nails and nail files and the jagged edges of keys help if you don't know jujitsu.

3. For those who have to go into those neighborhoods, a whistle should be standard equipment.

4. Do not tell your business loud enough for strangers to hear.

5. Do not "make friends," male or female, in questionable haunts.

6. If local police action doesn't work, complain to newspaper and radio-TV stations.

•

In spite of the fact that most critics (including this humble department) would say that ***William Faulkner*** is one of our greatest living writers, one can still admit that **REQUIEM FOR A NUN** is tough going. It's true that when you're through you've got something—a story not unlike **DOUBLE MUSCADINE**, with murder and a court scene, down in ol' Mississippi. But it is done in dark and turgid Faulknerian prose, and there are moments when you feel like throwing it across the room.

(Continued on Page 22)

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A few years ago, the words "heart case" spelled doom for a child. Endocarditis—infection of the lining of the heart—was until quite recently a relentless killer in childhood. Those whom it did not destroy, it so severely injured that an abbreviated life span, accompanied by physical, social and economic limitations, was a usual result. Before the discovery of the sulfa drugs, bacterial endocarditis *killed more than 97 per cent* of those attacked. The sulfas, particularly sulfadiazine, gave promise that a successful fight could be waged against these invaders.

With the advent of penicillin the way was shown to arrest these infections in a majority of cases. Very high dosages are required, and they must be coupled with good nutrition and expert nursing care, but *about 65% of cases recover* on penicillin alone. Aureomycin, and other newer antibiotics give promise of greatly improving the latter figure. In a recent scientific review it was authoritatively stated that there now exists *the theoretical possibility of curing 95% of such cases!*

We have to thank for such lifesaving gifts not only the research teams who devote intensive study to investigations of this kind, but also the freedom of intellectual and economic growth which is our way of life. To build for the future, to battle for the health and happiness of all, and to break through almost insuperable barriers—by competitive effort—these are our heritage as a free people.

Through research, they live who would have died!

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(Continued from Page 22)

Big-oaks-out-of-little-acorns dept. **The National Music League is to musicians what the Artists' Gallery is to painters and sculptors. The League is nonprofit, and is dedicated to the cause of the young American musician. The artists who apply must be American, thirty or under, and with enough talent and experience to begin a professional career. They are selected through a rigid audition system, and auditions are held only when the artist list has a vacancy, or when an increase in business warrants enlarging it.**

After selecting these young artists, the League proceeds to build up their names. It books engagements for them in colleges and small communities so that they may have experience before audiences in all parts of the country, and when they become sufficiently well known may be picked up by the large management firms, and eventually—as has happened in many cases—become big names. Risë Stevens was a League artist, John Brownlee, Josephine Antoine, John Gurney, Carroll Glenn, and many others whose names have become familiar to concert and opera goers.

An exchange with foreign countries is also being inaugurated. This year France is sending a violinist to the U. S. A., and the League in return is sending a sonata team—pianist and violinist—to France. A representative of the League will also appear in Brazil.

The League depends for its existence upon voluntary contributions.

•

An absorbing historical novel, worthy to rank beside KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER, is THE UTMOST ISLAND—set in the year 1000, the scene Iceland, and the hero *probably* Leif Ericson. The author is ***Henry Myers.***

•

There are No People like Show People, for generosity. When one of the players in a certain popular band became critically ill after an auto crash, he was kept alive by blood donations from Latin Quarter chorus girls. He had twenty transfusions. . . . Danny Kaye put on a bang-up show in London for the benefit of the family of the late Sid Field, British comedian, with acts by Orson Welles, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Judy Garland, and a trio that brought down the house, sung by Danny, Vivien Leigh and her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier. . . . Bob Hope turned over his entire fee for London appearances this last visit to Clubland, a youth club blitzed during the war. He gave them $80,000.

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Danny Kaye, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier bring down the house in London.



Looking at the pictures gives you an idea of the appeal of Gibbs tots-to-teen-age underwear. Selected, fine quality combed yarn assures long wear. Generous tailoring allows plenty of room for action, prevents binding and chafing. Gibbs underwear stays soft, holds its shape. It's made for long and active wear. See it at leading department stores and specialty shops.

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Infant's slipover shirt.
With didytabs.
Sizes 3 to 18 months

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Patented shoulder.
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Girl's panty.
2-way-stretch, double panel front and back.
Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8.

Girl's vest.
Fine gauge super yarn.
Sizes 6 to 16.

Girl's panty.
Fine gauge super yarn, elastic waist, rib cuff leg.
Sizes 6 to 16.

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Medium weight.
Sizes 2 to 16.

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Meg Wohlberg

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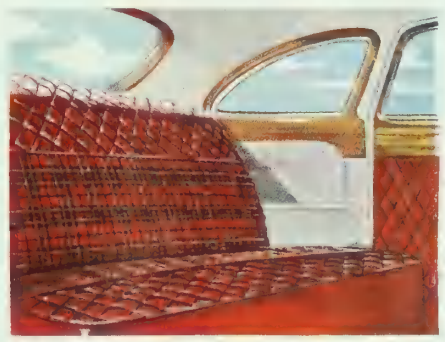
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There's a Man in the House

By HARLAN MILLER



What's become of the new-fashioned girl who paid for her own steak or banana split on a date? From Junior's demands for emergency financing, I gather he doesn't know any. "As of 1951," he briefs me, "they're extinct."

I know one way to silence my Dream Girl: by chatting about my own funeral's details. "Give me a modest funeral," I tell her, "so you can use the money you save for a long cruise and maybe lasso a rich husband!"

The man next door has suddenly acquired a future son-in-law, much to his surprise. "I can tell there's a wedding in the offing," he confides, "because my daughter has begun to look at everything movable in the house as if it were loot to be carted away!"

On laundry day at our house I must wake up an hour earlier to get a warmish shower bath. Alas, the queer view prevails that the washing is far more important than my bath.

I observe that the Great Debate has filtered down to bridge-table conversation. There isn't a woman in our town so ignorant on world affairs that she doesn't know exactly how General MacArthur combs his hair.

At our town's first country-club party of the autumn, our local No. 1 passion flower confided to me that her technique with the men is based on Madame Pompadour's first axiom: Treat all men as if they were four-year-olds with a splinter in a toe.

In our house, the battle of music continues with no quarter. Every time I want to play Smoke Gets in Your Eyes on the phonograph, Junior hastily puts on something noisy by a musical wonder boy apparently named Satchmo.

I wish every homely girl in our town could paste on her mirror this little gem from my grandmother: "A soft, sweet voice and clear enunciation are as becoming to a girl as a well-shaped nose."

"These Halloween handouts," complains Betty Comfort, whisking her birdbath and big outdoor vases out of harm's way, "are getting too fancy. Some of our richer chums are so afraid of the little scamps that they're serving 'em practically a buffet supper!"

At least three ecstatic girls in our town have been told they look enough like Corinne Calvet to be her sister. . . . Every time a new movie star dawns, at least 100,000 ordinary American girls who resemble her proudly strut their stuff on Main Street.

Our nervous neighbor with the edgy grocery-bill complex vows he'll never give his wife any more expensive engraved stationery for Christmas. "It costs fourteen cents a sheet," he exclaims bitterly, "and she uses it to scribble her fantastic grocery lists on!"

We really crashed high-level Manhattan on our summer vacation: a bighearted friend lent us his apartment on the forty-second floor of the Waldorf Tower. They even let me pitch a typewriter table on the roof, and our youngest brought up a picnic snack for him and me: the first pickled pig's feet ever eaten on the Waldorf's roof

Maybe the most whimsical wife in our town is the one who has named all her sons for the suitors of her girlhood. (But her only daughter for a rich aunt, not for her husband's college sweetheart, as he suggested!)

We're lucky in our neighborhood: We have a fortyish ex-Big Ten halfback to coach our small-fry footballers. But the kids are rough on him when he puffs 'em a perfect end run, and his anxious wife keeps his crutches handy.

Our eleven-year-old Quentin has hit on a brilliant idea which has eluded me on all my midnight icebox raids all these years: he thinks your kitchen refrigerator doors ought to be of glass, so leftovers may be sized up at a glance. (Better'n glass-doored showers!)

I've noticed that the girls who cause the most masculine anguish at the country-club parties are the ones who manage somehow to wear a primitive female facial expression which says:

"Well, big boy, what are you going to do about *me?*"

My philosopher chum who lives on the corner says that families are as squeezed together at home as the crew of a submarine, and he demands from his children greater courtesy toward one another than the kind they extend toward even the garbage men and the butcher.

"I've compromised with my wife about our football games this fall," Peter Comfort tells me, attempting vainly to dropkick his son's football over the garage. "If I won't yell signals from the grandstand, she won't insist on enough stadium equipment to transform our seats into a boudoir."

My neighbor with the double mortgage has the cheerfulest face in our block. "I wear a serene mask and keep a stiff upper lip," he said, "to convince my wife and kids that I know all the answers, even if I don't."

Quite a few fathers in our block have a "poor boy" complex. Merely because at that age their spending money was a dime or a quarter a week, they're shocked when Junior needs $3.50 to take his girl to dance to the music of a second-rate "name" band.

Meditation over a plumber's bill: I wish they'd taught me more about plumbing repairs and carpentry and painting and electricity in high school. Botany and ancient history were splendid. But a white-collar man could save himself an inflated $1000 or two a year if he knew how to use his hands and a few tools around the house.

In my mania for trimming the grocery bill, I suggested to my wife, before a party, that we could improvise some tasty hors d'oeuvres by putting dainty dabs of hot canned corned-beef hash on tiny squares of toast. "Just like most of your suggestions!" she said scathingly. I claim it'd taste better than lots of appetizers I'm offered.

When my daughter fills my plate at a buffet supper and erroneously gives me a piece of white meat . . .

Or Junior suddenly turns out to be a better bridge player than I am . . .

And our youngest suddenly springs a five-syllable word on me and uses it correctly . . .

Or my Dream Woman suddenly forgets that I'm supposed to be in the doghouse and kisses me tenderly on the top of the head . . .

Then I stop muttering silent tirades and imaginary exhortations to the family and conclude that my family treats me better than such a scalawag deserves.

"I made the big play at the Army game!"

"Jim and I had been dating ever since his Cadet days at West Point. But he always treated me like a little sister. So when he invited me, recently, to go back for a big football week-end, I thought, 'Nancy, this is your chance to make the big play for him!' And here's what happened . . .



"We watched the game in a freezing rain. But I didn't complain about the cold! Jim held my hands to keep them warm, and I had my Jergens Lotion to soften them up for the dance at night. Jergens Lotion is a blessing in this weather . . .



"When we went sight-seeing, the river breezes were sharp and cutting. I was kind of glad, because Jim had to hold me close so I wouldn't shiver, and I knew Jergens Lotion could smooth my chapped skin in a jiffy."



Jergens Lotion is wonderful for rough, chapped skin. It doesn't just coat hands with a film of oil. It softens because it penetrates upper layers of dry, rough skin and furnishes softening moisture it needs . . .



"At the dance that night, Jim kept kissing my cheek. (Thank goodness for Jergens Lotion, I thought.) 'You're such a softie', he whispered, 'do you think you could take the rough grind of an Army wife?'"



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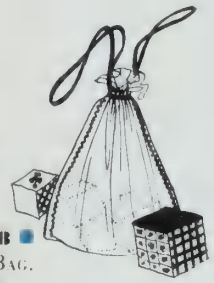
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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Learning of her husband's infidelity is one of the hardest blows a wife can receive. She feels she must take some action — but what?

Unfaithful Husbands

"TWO weeks ago I learned that my husband had been unfaithful to me. I was crushed, for I thought our marriage was happy. He admits he's had casual affairs with a dozen women in the last eight years, but claims he wasn't serious about any of them, that life is too short not to make the most of it, and that he is no different from other married men. He is kind and wonderful. I love him, and he says he loves only me, but how can I ever trust him again? I'd rather break clean now than later. What can I do?"

Unquestionably, learning of her husband's infidelity is one of the hardest blows a wife can receive. Hurt, shock and bewilderment are succeeded by indignation. Though she may feel herself partly responsible, she is more likely to blame it all on her husband.

She feels she must take some action—but what? Should she leave him? Demand a divorce? Exact promises, and agree to stay on with him so long as he fulfills them? Or should she accept the situation and continue the marriage in the hope that matters will improve?

There is no easy answer. But one sound principle is to postpone decision and discussion until you are calm enough to face the issues objectively. These questions may help you to analyze the situation.

Do we still love each other? Real love does not attain full maturity through one act, nor is it destroyed by a single episode. If husband and wife still love each other, their marriage is worth trying to save.

Was he like this before we married? Men who had a record of promiscuity long before marriage are seldom able to reverse their past habit patterns. If a girl knowingly marries a man with such a history, she should accept the possibility that he will revert to earlier behavior. She took him "for better, for worse," and should try to adjust to the old problem.

Has his behavior developed since marriage? If so, then the wife must assume some responsibility. In some way, either sexually, as a companion or as a wife, she has failed to fulfill her husband's needs. If she can discover her lacks, and correct them, then the marriage may still grow into a really understanding relationship.

Can I forgive, forget and look ahead? A mother does forgive and forget the misdeeds of her children, because she loves them and knows she is partly responsible for their conduct. She does not discourage their attempts to improve by reminding them of former mistakes. If husbands and wives adopted this attitude toward one another, many heartbreaks would be avoided. There is little hope for happiness in a future which is dominated by past unhappiness.

Has this crisis made it easier for us to talk things over? If the wife (or the husband) regards the situation as an intolerable disgrace, to be mentioned only in anger or as a threat, then nothing can save their love or the marriage. But if the couple face up to the problem, and talk it out calmly and objectively, both may reach a better understanding of the reasons why the husband was unfaithful, and they may even evolve a workable plan to make its recurrence less likely.

Not all husbands are unfaithful, but many are. But, instead of regarding infidelity as the greatest sin in marriage, approach it as you would any other serious difficulty. If you understand each other, if each sincerely tries to meet the other's needs, you have a good chance of resolving the problem and saving the marriage.

Shall We Retire?

"MY husband and I have just passed sixty. He runs his own business, and likes it, and I am kept busy with my home duties and church and social affairs. Now that our three children are married and settled, we can think about retiring, but are not sure we want to. Do you think everybody should retire at a certain age?"

For older people to modify activities in accordance with their decreased energies is desirable; but a contented old age demands not idleness, but continuing participation in the world around us. Physical limitations or employer policy may force retirement; but to retire without substituting new occupations and interests is to reduce existence to a mere procession of purposeless days.

Pension systems and Federal retirement benefits afford some relief from financial anxiety in old age, but do not solve the problem of adjusting to a totally new status. As the proportion of old people in our population grows, it becomes increasingly important to plan for a purposeful and productive old age—just as in youth preparations are made for the years of active working life.

Start planning now. Your present schedule may not allow time for the hobbies and personal and civic projects which appeal to you. But you can start now to plan a program, based on such interests, for the leisurely years ahead.

Suit activities to altered capacities. Since physical energy is less at sixty than at forty; strenuous tennis or golf may no longer be possible. But you can learn less-taxing sports; and you can develop pursuits which depend on faculties which improve with age, such as judgment and emotional control, rather than on sheer physical strength.

Continue working at your regular occupation if feasible, or at something else if not—but continue working. Perhaps you can follow your avocation, or set up a small business of your own. And charitable and welfare organizations have useful work for volunteers, both men and women.

Live in the present. Elderly people often complain of lack of companionship. One reason is that they are prone to talk about what they have done, rather than what they are doing. The person who is alert and interested in the world around him will not lack friends, at eighteen or eighty.

Stay where you are unless compelled by necessity to move. That comfortable sense of belonging is most readily maintained among old friends and familiar surroundings.

The additional leisure of old age offers you and your husband increased opportunity to share in each other's lives. That in itself can make this period one of the richest and most rewarding of your lifetime—provided you start preparing early to make the most of it.

Do You Know Your Luck?

The questions below concern conveniences which fifty years ago were rare luxuries if they existed at all. Yet today many wives take them for granted as necessities. Check to see how your home compares with your grandmother's—or mother's.

HAVE YOU:

1. **Running water in your house?**
2. **Electricity for lights and power?**
3. **A central heating system?**
4. **A bathroom?**
5. **A refrigerator?**
6. **A gas or electric range?**
7. **A vacuum cleaner?**
8. **A telephone?**
9. **An electric iron or ironer?**
10. **A radio?**
11. **The use of an automobile?**
12. **Daily mail and parcel-post service?**
13. **Access to a public transportation system?**
14. **Modern paved roads?**

Commonplace as these things seem, they have made the homemaker's tasks both easier and more pleasant. Do you use your bonus of time and energy to enhance your family's happiness?

Do You Agree?

Is it a sin to continue to love and live with a husband who has repeated affairs with other women?

I consulted three ministers who agree with me that the answer is *no*. Only through your love may he yet change his ways.

It always reflects your prettiest face



Angel Face

MIRROR CASE by Pond's

Angel Face—your "one-and-only" make-up for instant complexion glamour, now in a handsome new Mirror Case complete with mirror and puff!

Heavenly smooth foundation and powder in-one—neatest, sweetest way to look your prettiest!

Velvet-soft Angel Face is *all* you need for instant complexion loveliness! Pond's unique blend of foundation and powder in-one is so delightfully *easy* to use! No greasy foundation or damp sponge—never a trace of spilled powder. "Angel Face goes on so easily, gives my skin such a smooth color—and stays on much longer than powder!" says the Countess Jean de Caraman.

New—the enchanting Mirror Case, slim enough to tuck in your slimmest handbag!

Now your "one-and-only" make-up goes where you go, in its stunning new ivory-and-golden Mirror Case! Smooth on your beloved Angel Face anytime, anywhere, for a complete new make-up! "My new Angel Face Mirror Case is the most important bit of flattery I carry in my handbag!" says Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr. Angel Face Mirror Case in 6 sweet-tinted skin tones—only **$1***



Also in the familiar blue-and-gold boxes now in two sizes, 89¢ 59¢*

*PLUS TAX



should a girl go steady

When you go steady . . .

. . . . . it used to mean, automatically, no dates with anyone else. But lately there's a *new* trend. When you agree to go steady with some boys, that means you date him week ends and for big affairs, but during the week you're free to go out with *other* boys, and he can date other girls. Going steady today means anything you want it to mean—as long as you and your date talk it over and agree on the same conditions!

You should know each other . . .

. . . . . at least two months, see each other in a variety of circumstances—at school, at home, on different types of dates—and be sure it's the person (and not just a class ring, or the fun of saying, "I'm going steady now") that you want. "Because," say teen-agers who know, "while going steady doesn't always mean you're in love for keeps, you should have a really strong affection for each other."

Your age should be . . .

. . . . . at least eighteen, say these teen-agers—"A girl of fourteen should get to know lots of boys. Later you like to have a boy you can depend on. Also—a young boy is very changeable and there's no point in going steady for a short time and getting your heart broken. At eighteen you both *should* know your minds better."

You should think hard . . .

. . . . . about what you gain and what you give up when you say "Yes" to that flattering question, "Will you go steady with me?"; and to help you out, here are opinions from teen-agers who have gone steady or are going steady now—30 per cent *in favor*, an overwhelming 70 per cent *against:*

In favor of going steady . . .

. . . . . "It means so much to know that someone likes you well enough not to want to go out with anybody else. It gives you confidence with other people too. You don't feel so strange in new places. You've got somebody on your side all the time."

. . . . . "You get invited to more things because couples are easier to entertain. If you're an independent, you take your chances, but when you go steady, you always have a date for everything."

. . . . . "You can talk about more things to other boys for having known one so well. You get to understand boys better—the way they act and think and feel. Later, when you get married, you spend a lifetime with one person, and this gives you some idea of what it might be like. You learn to give up things for the other person, to respect his wishes. You learn how to co-operate."

. . . . . "With a date you have to make an impression, but with your 'steady' you can be yourself. You can tell him everything and he'll understand, and you're generally sure of having a good time. You feel happier when you're going steady. You're calmer just from having this security."

Against going steady . . .

. . . . . "It's too complicated to go steady. It limits your social contacts and stunts the growth of your personality. You don't meet as many boys, you don't do as many things on dates, you really don't have as much fun. And if you see one boy all the time, how are you going to know what other boys are like? There might be another type boy you'd like better—if you gave yourself a chance to find out."

. . . . . "You start to lose your girl friends. You can't help but have a superior attitude when they still have to worry about dates and you know you're safe. And close friends resent the amount of time you spend with your boy friend that you used to spend with them. This can hurt—especially when you *stop* going steady."

. . . . . "When you go to a party, boys wouldn't think of asking you to dance. They hardly even talk to you, because you're 'somebody else's property.' Then for a month or two after you break off, you're still branded. And it's hard to get back in circulation. The fellows wait to see if you and your ex-steady will get back together again."

. . . . . "Most high-school kids are too young to be sure of their feelings. When a girl tells a boy she'll go steady, she makes him awful happy. Then if she turns around and changes her mind—even if she's been honest with the guy all the time—he'll be hurt. Other guys may get the idea that she's fickle and steer clear. A girl should think carefully before she tells a fellow that she'll go steady."

How can you be sure? . . .

. . . . . There's no *guaranteed* check list for distinguishing honest, strong affection from momentary infatuation, but there are signs a smart girl will look for. If you like to do things for him, if you would rather be with him than anyone else, if you have fun together, if you enjoy talking things over with each other, if you've tried dates with other boys and still wished you were with him, if you feel that he understands you and you understand him, if you've felt this way consistently for at least two months—chances are you may make a good thing out of going steady. *But don't rush.* You can date him as much as you like *whether or not* you're formally going steady—and it's better to be "single" and sure than "steady" and sorry!

How to walk in high heels

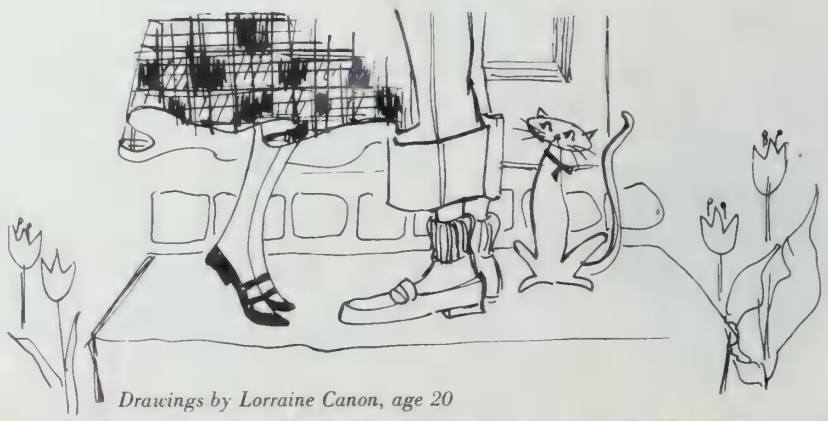
Take a fairly short step—not more than six to eight inches—and keep your steps in close parallel lines as they are when you're standing still. Instead of landing flat on your foot, rock your weight from heel to ball to toe, and keep your knees *relaxed.* Concentrate on the most important lesson in poise of any sort—move slowly and take it easy. The more relaxed you are, the better you will look!

The art of making small talk . . .

is easy if you remember one simple rule: *observe what is going on around you.* You go to see your best friend. Her family have just put a new picture over the mantel—a country scene. Admire the picture if you honestly do. Ask where it was painted, and by whom. Perhaps it reminds you of a funny experience you had in the country last summer. Tell that—and someone else may have a funny experience of her own to follow up with. The conversation is on its way!

This one simple trick—*observation*—will help you out whenever you need it. Discuss Tim's new jacket ("That's a super-looking tweed. Where did you ever find it?"), or the dress the history teacher has worn every day this week ("Do you suppose she washes it at night—or maybe *not at all?*"), or the decorations the dance committee worked so hard to make extra-special ("I hear they *slaved* over this. Look at that centerpiece—how do you suppose they ever got it together?"). Try to end your remarks with a question—and that will start the other fellow talking. Everyone knows that you don't have to be *special* to make good conversation. You just have to be *yourself!*

Sixteen, a one-act play about how one Sub-Deb meets her first love, is yours for 10 cents. Just ask for No. 2308. Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



Drawings by Lorraine Canon, age 20



quick change...
long range

PRINTZESS FASHIONS

Coats with multiple talents by Printzess... to take you to theatre, to sports events, to important little dinners. Full and fingertip lengths ...loosely cut...with last year's bulk *subtracted*, fresh new details *added*. Of soft 100% wool that wears almost forever.

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Printzess by Printz
SINCE 1893

HATS BY FREDERICK

a Cashmere-like wool. Detachable muskrat collar in new "Breath of Spring" or "Silverblu" shades. Black, brown, navy, green, purple, copper. Women's and misses' sizes.

b Fleece or gabardine. *Milium* lining makes it remarkably warm and light. Nude, tan, gold, cafe, red, purple, skipper. Misses' sizes.

c Fingertip-length, suede-finished broadcloth. Black Persian trim. Grey, navy, black, burgundy, copper, red. Women's and misses' sizes.



Look Ladies— this thrifty SOUP

Quick 'n' easy...



It's NEW! A *super vegetable soup!* Rich in the complete, healthful goodness of selected garden-fresh vegetables. With a hearty, meaty flavor that will warm the cockles of any man's heart. And to make this *super* soup—in a few quick minutes—for a few pennies a plate—all you need is a can of VEG-ALL, Wilson's B-V and seasoning. What a soup! What a blessing in today's homes! And it's so easy to make!

Here's how you do it...!



Dice 1 onion and sauté in 1 tablespoon butter until golden.

=



Add contents from 1 can Larsen's Veg-All, including liquid. Heat thoroughly.

Wilson's B-V Meat Extract. A combination of meat juices and vegetable flavors—in concentrated paste form. America's favorite gravy maker. Imparts meaty flavor to soups, stews, casseroles, etc. Makes delicious bouillon and a hot drink like "beef" tea. No kitchen is complete today without Wilson's B-V.

Larsen's VEG-ALL. A *nutrition* combination of green and yello vegetables—carrots, celer potatoes, peas, green bean corn, lima beans. America supreme quality mixed garde vegetables. More women bu VEG-ALL than any other brar of mixed vegetables. For dinn vegetables, salads, and soups.

More women buy LARSEN'S VEG-ALL MIXED GARDEN VEGETABLES than any other brand

serve your family
made with VEG-ALL and B-V...

tasty, pleasy!



Add 1 tablespoon Wilson's B-V dissolved in a little of the hot liquid.

Add 4 cups boiling water and touch of pepper as desired.

Here's another tasty dish

B-V and Veg-All Casserole

Prepare 1½ recipes of B-V gravy, adding an *extra* 1½ teaspoons B-V and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. (See B-V carton.) Add 1 can drained Veg-All*, 1 medium onion, minced, and 2 cubed, cooked, unsalted potatoes. Casserole and bake as usual with biscuit or pie crust top. Serves 6.

**The drained liquid may be used in the gravy.*

WILSON & CO. INC.

The Wilson label protects your table



the Finest Food Preparer

KitchenAid

It isn't just chance that *KitchenAid* is the "finest made" food preparer for the home.

For *KitchenAid* is built by Hobart, the world's oldest and largest manufacturer of food and kitchen machines. *KitchenAid* employs the same performance-proved advantages that have made the large Hobart commercial mixers preferred in the world's finest bakeries and restaurants . . . in hospital, hotel, school and club kitchens . . . in fountain service counters . . . wherever fine food is prepared, served and sold.

Naturally, with this broad background, *KitchenAid* would do more than just ordinary "mixing" or "stirring." With exclusive Hobart "round-the-bowl" mixing, it mixes, whips, blends, stirs, folds and beats with the same superior, true-to-recipe results demanded by exacting chefs and bakers.

Naturally, *KitchenAid* would be "plus-powered" for any mixing task . . . and to easily operate the wide range of practical attachments. Naturally, it would offer years of useful service. The first series of *KitchenAid* Food Preparers are still in service after more than 30 years of operation. And, naturally, you'll want to know more. For literature, write *KitchenAid* Electric Housewares Division of The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Dept. KL, Troy, Ohio.

KitchenAid

The Finest Made... by Hobart TRADE MARK

World's Largest Manufacturer of Food and Kitchen Machines



The fragrance of burning leaves is heady and exciting. Even the sun has new brilliance in this crisp, dramatic season.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

THE air smells of burning leaves, one of the best smells in the world. We no longer burn ours—they are too precious, they go back into the earth—but I have a sneaking joy that some leaves still burn along the roadsides. For this is the fragrance of autumn, heady, exciting. The blue smoke drifts toward the deep blue sky, the sun has a new brilliance. The fields are harvested, the barns filled with hay. The last wild asters and the bright spikes of late goldenrod are lovely against stone walls, the blackberry canes are chalky purple.

Racing wildly through russet leaves, Jonquil looks like a leaf herself. She is almost the color of a maple leaf now, and I decide this is the most beautiful color for a cocker until I see Linda, who is black as onyx or new satin, or ebony or any black there is. Then Tiki comes with a whisk broom in his mouth, and I think black-and-white is as lovely as an etching. I think, in the end, as I remove the whisk broom, that any color is just right for a cocker.

Daphne and Maeve, the Irishers, feel the heritage of their hunting ancestors and hunt all day long. And for sheer beauty, a pair of red setters racing along a hilltop is something to gladden the heart. The plumes of their tails stream back behind them, always waving, their legs move so fast they hardly seem to touch the earth. Red setters are really airborne dogs.

Daphne is still adolescent. She has such a candid look, and she finds life so mysteriously exciting. Society has not yet cramped her. Last week end, she ate two cakes from the kitchen counter. One had orange icing, one chocolate. By resting her elbows on the counter top, she can look over anything that is laid out and take her choice. We mean to keep the food put away, instead of punishing her for her faith in human nature. What's ours should be hers, she feels. And Jill says, "Daphne is undernourished, she needs those calories more than we do!"

Daphne is the only dog we ever had wh can carry a plateful of butter away wit her, set it down and eat the butter withou upsetting or damaging the plate. She sim ply picks it up by the edge and lopes away head held high.

School is in full swing now. We watch ou the window every morning to see our littl neighbor, Barby, trudge by to the schoo bus. In the afternoon, we see her come bac lugging her papers and book. She seems t me to symbolize all children, she is so smal and walks so proudly, and she has so far t go. When she gets nearer home, she skips. always wish we could be making the road easier for our children; the echo of the inno cent footsteps of all the children in th world should sound in our ears.

They still have sewing in the schools. remember my fearful bouts with an apron and I loved the Progress Sheet a little friend brought home. This is the way it read:

PROJECT—Dish Towel.

Sept. 5. Measured, pinned, and basted side 1.
Sept. 7. Measured, pinned and basted sides 2 and 3. Ripped out side 1
Sept. 9. Measured, pinned and basted side 4. Remeasured, repinned and re-basted side 1.
Sept. 13. Remeasured, repinned and re-basted side 3.
Sept. 15. Sewed side 1 on machine. Ripped out. Crooked.
Sept. 19. Resewed side 1. Sewed side 2.
Sept. 21. Sewed sides 3 and 4. Ripped out side 1.
Sept. 27. Recut, remeasured, repinned, re-basted and resewed side 1. Because of hole.
Sept. 29. Washed, ironed and turned in dish towel.

Grade—B.
Remarks—It wasn't worth it.

It wasn't worth it to me, either, when I spent a whole term wrestling with an apron,

(Continued on Page 134)

AMAZING NEW NONFAT DRY MILK
DRINKING! COOKING! WHIPPING!



STARLAC

Unbelievable, but true!
*Makes 5 quarts nutritious nonfat milk for as low as 40¢ **

Starlac is milk—with only the water and fat removed!

What wonderful news for housewives everywhere!

Now you can get 5 quarts, yes, *5 full quarts* of nutritious nonfat milk for about 40¢*.

It's Borden's Starlac! Fresh, pasteurized milk—with only the water and fat removed.

So easy to use! You just put back the water and mix. Then store in your refrigerator just like any milk.

You'll have plenty of fresh-tasting nonfat milk for drinking, cooking and pouring on cereals. You can whip Starlac, too! (See recipe on package.)

So nourishing! Starlac gives you all the muscle-building *proteins*, bone-building *minerals*, valuable *B vitamins* and energy-giving *lactose* of the finest milk you could buy.

A miracle of convenience! The Starlac package needs no refrigeration. Stays fresh on your pantry shelf like sugar, flour and other staples. You can reliquefy a cup, a pint or all 5 quarts at a time.

Discover Starlac at your grocer's today...and remember Starlac is yours at an *unbelievably low cost per quart!*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or a Refund of Money If Not as Advertised Therein

*Slightly higher in some areas.



25% to 50% more food space

Compare this new General Electric with old-style refrigerators and see how G-E gives you much more space in the same floor area!



There are 133 items in this grouping of food. And, *you* can place every item—*and more*—in the G-E Refrigerator shown at the right! Everything's in its place, too.



Model NH-10 above. Most General Electric Refrigerators are available with either right- or left-hinged doors. *Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.*

TO GET the best buy in a refrigerator, keep these three mighty important things in mind: You want lots of food space. You want convenience features. You want dependability.

SPACE. The General Electric Refrigerator gives you 25% to 50% more space than most old-style refrigerators now in use.

CONVENIENCE FEATURES. You'll be pleasantly surprised when you see *all* the wonderful features in the G-E Refrigerator.

DEPENDABILITY. No other refrigerator can surpass General Electric's record for dependability. *More than 2,700,000 General Electric Refrigerators with sealed refrigerating systems have been in use 10 years or longer. Many for 15, 20 years and longer!*

See these wonderful refrigerators at your G-E dealer's. You'll find him listed in your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



You get two appliances in one cabinet when you invest in a General Electric Refrigerator-Food Freezer Combination.

ONE: The large food freezer has its *own separate door*, and its *own separate refrigerating system*. It's not just a storage compartment for frozen foods. In it, you can *freeze your own foods*, for it maintains *zero*-degree temperature.

TWO: The de luxe refrigerator also has its *own separate door*, and its *own separate refrigerating system*, and its own temperature control. In it, moist cold keeps *foods garden-fresh day after day!*

G-E gives you all these wonderful convenience features:



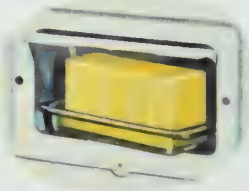
Foods remain crisp and fresh! *Frost does not* build up in the fresh-food section. Uncovered foods do not dry out, an advantage of *moist cold*.



Redi-Cube Ice Trays! You can pick out cubes singly, and return the rest to the freezer—still undisturbed in the dividers.



Vegetable Rolla-Drawers, on rubber-tired wheels, roll quietly. So easy to keep clean. High-humidity keeps vegetables garden-fresh.

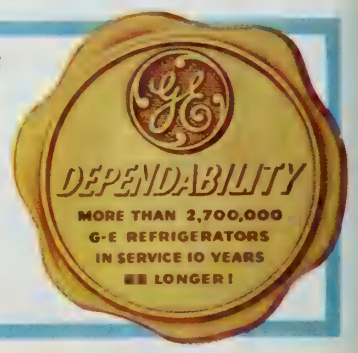


No more hard butter! This special conditioner, built into the door keeps a full pound of butter at *spreading* and mixing temperature.

Judge values for yourself



In our opinion, G-E Refrigerators are unsurpassed for quality, workmanship, and features—yet are priced as low as you will pay for other refrigerators with less usable space, fewer conveniences.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

50 years ago in the Journal

IN October, 1901, one of the "most talked-about luncheons ever eaten in America" occurred: President Theodore Roosevelt invited outstanding Negro leader Booker T. Washington to the White House. Automobiles were doing almost a mile a minute, and a Frenchman circled the Eiffel Tower in a dirigible. To get money to pay her mortgage, a Texas woman, Mrs. Anna Taylor, went over Niagara Falls in a barrel,

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JACK AND JILL: 1 1-yr. $2.50; 2 1-yr. $4.00; Each additional $2

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

"Social distinctions," Doc remarked.
"are drawn kind of taut around here.
We'll have to look for more country."

ILLUSTRATED BY



Everything
can change
in 5 minutes...
your whole life,
maybe.

The bell rang downstairs
and Laurie turned pale.
"A Harvard man,"
she said hoarsely.
"I don't think I . . ."

date with a harvard man



By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

RIGHT afterward, she couldn't believe that it had happened at all. She stood motionless in the high-school corridor, her sense of excitement and happiness so great that she leaned weakly against the wall. *Did he really ask me?* she thought. *Or did I dream the whole thing?*

She straightened and began to walk slowly toward the bright square of daylight at the other end of the corridor. It was funny how much everything could change in five minutes—your whole life, maybe. And it had come so simply, without any warning at all. She had come out of History 2A with the others and stayed behind for a moment, stuffing papers into her case as she had done a hundred times before. And then she had looked up and seen Bruce Andrews talking to Penny Walton down the hall. They seemed to be talking very fast, and then Bruce's voice rose, saying, "Okay! *Okay*, then!" He had turned abruptly and begun walking toward her, his face flushed, his mouth held in a stiff line.

It was then that it happened. Bruce saw her. He hesitated, a change coming into his eyes. And then he walked over to her side. "Hi, Laurie," he said. "You're looking in the pink these days."

It was so sudden, so unexpected that she couldn't speak. She stood there, looking up at him obliquely because he was so tall, clasping her heavy books to her chest with hands that were suddenly damp with perspiration.

"Hey, look," he said, his voice surprisingly loud and clear. "Why don't we get together some night? How about this Saturday? You doing anything?"

"N-no," she stammered. "Not a thing." Everything around her was a blur, but she was vaguely conscious of Penny walking past, her head held high.

Bruce laughed, as if she had said something very funny. "Fine," he said even louder than before. "Saturday it is. Seven-thirty." For a moment his head turned to follow Penny. He stood motionless. Then he said in his normal voice, "So long," and moved away in the opposite direction.

Now she walked down the wide tree-lined street, only she wasn't walking at all, she was sailing on a ship of excitement. She was blinded. *I have a date*, she thought; *a Saturday-night date with Bruce Andrews.* At the corner, as she waited for the light to change, she looked around her. And in that moment, seeing the sun splashed on the lawns, seeing the clean blue of the sky, it was as if everything inside her and around her were caught up on a high, trembling crest of happiness. She felt almost giddy and she closed her eyes. "Thank you, God," she whispered. She opened her eyes and began to walk on again. *(Continued on Page 230)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



All Sally Vogel wanted when she started out was a clean park. Politicians like Eddie Harris, ward boss, convinced her she'd have to work on City Hall first.

WHO CARES?

Many have died to save democracy—yet democracy has no chance unless we are willing to live *and* work *for it daily in practical, constructive ways.*

Ten years ago, in July, 1941, months before the attack on Pearl Harbor, the JOURNAL published an editorial—That Freedom Shall Not Perish—stating, among other things, that democracy was worth fighting for. In part, that editorial read:

And the curious thing about democracy is this: a bad government can suppress it; a good government can permit and even encourage it; but democracy can flourish and grow strong only in the hearts and minds of a myriad of individual men.

That is the strength of democracy and its weakness. It is a government of, by and for individuals. Democracy does not tell its citizens what to do. Its citizens tell a democracy what to do. If its citizens are strong and wise and self-sacrificing for a common ideal, democracy will succeed; if they are not it will fail, whether ground out by the iron heel of Hitler or smothered in a thousand internal strifes.

In the difficult, terrible world of today, democracy—the only governmental system yet tried which respects the dignity of the individual man—democracy has no single chance, we believe, to endure, unless Americans—American men and women and children—have it stamped upon their spirits as an ideal for which they as individuals are ready to fight and, if need be, die; for which they as individuals are willing to do the even harder thing—live.

This, we believed then. In the great, confused war which followed, millions believed it so fiercely they were willing to die and did die for this belief. We who survived, if we still believe, must be willing now to fight on, day after day, for our belief. Are you willing?

Democracy is more than an abstract idea or an ideal. It does not float over us like a cloud. Definitions of democracy not stated in terms of its day-to-day operation are meaningless. The label "democracy" can be slapped onto all manner of nefarious schemes, including communist tyranny, by smooth-talking radio politicians—and you have heard it done. *Democracy is the free co-operation of a thinking and acting people.* Democracy is what each individual person actually *does* to contribute to his self-government. It has no other being. When a substantial number of us stop contributing—because of laziness, fear, or because we're just too busy making a living—democracy dies.

Political Pilgrim's Progress, which we begin in this issue, is a new experiment in living-reporting designed to show, by the example of others, like you, how the individual citizen can do "the even harder thing"—live for democracy.

Taking an active part in the political life of one's community, the "grass roots" of democracy, requires more than desultory effort from the "Gosh, what can I do?" citizen. It requires gritty persistence, sweat, and perhaps tears, if not blood. Blood our young men pour out—in Korea or elsewhere—when we fail to act, fail to do our part, seek to close our eyes to what must be done here and now.

The most radical—and the most successful—system of government ever devised by man is that system which permits people to govern themselves. "Government of, by and for the people" has always been a political system in peril. Seldom has it been in such peril, from inertia, as it is today. External threats to democracy exist—and we must be militarily prepared to meet them around the world—but democracy in the United States is in greater danger from its "do-nothing citizens" than from military attack. The practical application of "government by the people" has grown frighteningly close to "government by default" in these complacent United States.

There is no need to cite the appalling numbers of eligible voters who fail to vote in primary elections. Did you vote? Or, for that matter, who fail to vote in the most crucial presidential elections. Did you even vote in that? One out of two voters didn't. You should vote, but if you wait until election day to participate in self-government, it is almost too late. To do nothing more than vote is, in effect, to do very little. Not enough to survive. Failure to vote is one of few clear-cut examples of suicide by choice. No amount of complaining about the government can make up for your failure.

It is hard to understand how the exciting miracle of self-government—attained by the self-sacrifice of those in our Revolutionary and Civil wars who believed it was more precious than life itself—can be ignored, and even belittled, by so many of us who are privileged to exercise it. "Politics is a dirty business—let George do it" has become almost a national slogan. "George" is a cog in some "unbeatable" political machine. The man for whom George votes is the crook in office—though he may have to flee in disgrace when the heat is, temporarily, on. Pride of participation in our government has sunk to such a dismal low that it is socially acceptable for many to boast of their political indifference—"I am not now, and I never have been, a member of *any* political party!" This is the bitterest irony, and it is unhealthy in the most literal sense of the word.

Testifying before a Senate subcommittee on ethics in government, responsible and politically experienced citizens have said that we cannot have a higher standard in our politics unless we have it in our citizens. That's you. Unless our citizens care about graft and immorality in public life, graft and immorality will increase, because they make millions for the politically crooked—and the gamblers who buy them.

If you wait until voting time you will frequently only have a choice between two men of indifferent principles. These men were chosen because they promised to support a machine or a strong pressure group. They were chosen because they *do not intend* to govern as well as possible in the interest of all. At the present time it's more profitable to be crooked than honest, politically—and you pay the bill.

The problem of each citizen is this—to see that politics in his locality, his township, his election district, his county, is drawing in the best brains and effort of the most responsible citizens of his community, including himself. If that is done at the local level, it will be achieved at the national level. There is no way by which national politics can be more intelligent, more ethical, more courageous than the local groups in which it has its roots. That's why you—yes, you—can do something about it.

Democracy will not endure unless it is a good democracy. It can endure only if it is a fair-minded government of fair and honest men, providing opportunities for the maximum educational, economic and social growth of each of its citizens—growth not only in economic standing, but also growth to man's fullest stature ethically (for democracy is essentially a spiritual and ethical conception, envisioning citizens strong and free and unafraid enough to care that their neighbors be also strong and free).

If democracy grows cynical and corrupt, it will perish—either to enemies without, or to power-minded men within. We are the only ones who can preserve it—all of us, as citizens.

In the following pages you can read how any one of you—if you believe in democracy—can *live* as a full-voting citizen in these United States—and how you can begin right now.

The Editors

How do you get to be a politician? The story of Sally Vogel, an average housewife, spurred into finding out by a broken milk bottle in the park where her child went to play.

POLITICAL PILGRIM'S



Only park in Sally's neighborhood was so dangerously littered with glass that eighteen-month-old Kitty couldn't play there. Sally decided somebody had to do something, wound up in politics.

This is the real-life story of how one woman's concern over a dangerous park led her into politics. The JOURNAL *followed, but did not influence—since it is not politically partisan—Sally Vogel's progress from the first phone call to the last. Looking back, Sally says that the magazine's interest in her work speeded her up—that without it she might have taken more than a year to get as much involved in her city's politics.*

SOMETHING really ought to be done, Sally Vogel thought to herself moodily as she stared down at the sharp, glittering pieces of broken glass that lay embedded in the grassy sward of Clark Park—the one oasis in the grubby checkerboard of West Philadelphia pavements where she could take 1½-year-old Kitty for her daily outing.

The glass had been there last year, too, when she had taken Kitty out in her carriage, and it had annoyed Sally then, but this year she saw it not only as irritating but as downright dangerous. Kitty liked to roam around on her own, but she tumbled frequently. If she fell face down on one of those jagged chunks of milk bottle ——

Kitty was tugging at her hand now, so Sally let her go, but kept a sharp eye on her movements, as she sat down on one of the cement-and-wood benches. Sally was a tall, wholesome-looking blond girl, in her mid-twenties, who had graduated from college and become a social worker but had left her work before Kitty was born in order to give the child—and another soon to come—the best of her energies. She enjoyed being a mother and took it seriously, but often she felt defeated by circumstances over which she felt she had no control: the run-down condition of the only apartment she and her husband had been able to find, combined with the efforts of the landlord to raise their rent; the trash-cluttered streets which were unsafe at night because of their dim lights and their inadequate police patrols; the steadily rising prices of even bread and milk and, as a last straw, the sorry shape of the park which made it impossible for her to relax for even an hour and let Kitty play freely.

Now, watching Kitty as she dug in the ground near a shiny bit of sharp, threatening glass, Sally felt impelled to take some



Note no-parking sign in plain view of double-parked cars. Picture could have been taken in any big or little city in country, was actually shot across from Philadelphia's vast City Hall.



Philadelphia streets are no worse and no better than those in most large cities. After battling futilely to clean up her neighborhood, Sally became a public-political housekeeper. Like any housekeeper, she knows it's a lifetime job.



Caretaker thought Sally's complaints huge joke, echoed statements park wasn't for kids, claimed he "hadn't time" to pick up "bits of glass." Sally thought it should be somebody's business.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESTHER BUBLEY

PROGRESS

sort of action to get the park cleaned up. She looked across the park toward the maintenance men. As was usual at this time of afternoon, they sat on the steps of the tool shed, talking to each other. It would be futile to discuss the glass with them; she'd have to go higher. *I should call City Hall,* she said to herself. *Somebody ought to do something—and I guess it might as well be me.*

With that thought comforting her, she took Kitty and went home. It did not occur to her at the time that she was embarking on a project, and a political project at that. Her only thought then was that perhaps she could arouse some official to do the obvious. But even finding an official was a complicated matter—so complicated, in fact, that she decided to keep a record of her efforts. She wrote in her diary the next night:

Called City Hall today. Asked switchboard operator for person in charge of park maintenance. Was first switched to Fairmount Park Guards. They said they were not in charge of parks throughout the city. I asked who was. He said, "Got me." He then went away. Before he came back I got switched to 43rd Street Fire Alarm Station. They asked who it was. Switchboard operator came in with, "I'll take her."

Next department (correct one finally) was City Property. I asked who was in charge of park maintenance, and Mr. Fagan (central-city superintendent) was called to the phone. I asked Mr. Fagan if he was in charge of maintenance at Clark Park, 43rd and Chester Avenue. He said that there were two men full time and one man part time. These men come on at 8 or 8:30 and leave at 4:30. I asked Mr. F. regarding the glass that was generously distributed in the park, and Mr. F. said that it must have been broken overnight, as park had been cleaned recently. I said that I had been going there for over a year and the glass had remained there all that while.

Mr. F. said that as soon as the men leave, young kids come over there and break bottles. He said that the parks are getting worse every year, that they are not playgrounds, but caretakers feel sorry for the children and do not run them off. Parks are mostly for older people for "resting and breathing," he said. They try to keep down ballplaying, but cannot do it. Just then a Mr. Connelly came



Today was trash day, but collectors "forgot" these cans. Uncleanliness made Sally realize she had to do more than clean her own house to be a good citizen, active community member, mother.

THE PERILS OF POLITICS

IN the classic parable Pilgrim's Progress, the hero set out for the Celestial City in a great wax over the evils in his own town, the City of Destruction, and the evils in himself. It was a terrible trip. On the way he faced all sorts of trials and tribulations. "Wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, peril, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons and, in a word, death," was the description Worldly Wiseman gave him, and suggested he see a lawyer who could get him out of some of these perils. Worldly Wiseman, however, constituted a peril in himself, just as did such characters as Sin, Sloth, Presumption, Mistrust and Timorous. All had their own angles on how Christian could avoid such obvious difficulties as Giant Despair, who spent his leisure time beating pilgrims to death, and the Slough of Despond, which pulled you under like quicksand, and the enchanted meadow, the air of which was so drowsy you grew pleasantly sleepy. Fortunately for our hero, there were also a few characters who were interested in seeing that he got to his goal and even in lending him a hand—men like Help, Mercy, Goodwill, Ease, and a trio of women named Piety, Charity and Prudence. Without them he never would have made it through Doubting Castle or the Valley of Humiliation and kept to the straight and narrow path, avoiding crooked roads. He made it, however, though he was sorely tried frequently and only just barely equal to crossing the last river, where the waters were shallow or deep in direct proportion to his faith.

The present-day voyage from the present-day Cities of Destruction to the Celestial Cities we all know could exist on earth should not be quite so dangerous, but only a character like Simple would be able to say truthfully, "I see no danger."

You will meet with Apathy, Greed, Laziness, Ignorance and Fear. Cynical will say to you, "But what can one person do?" Status Quo will declare, "It's always been that way. Why should you try to change it?" Laziness will ask you, "Why shouldn't I try that? Everyone else does, doesn't he?"

You will meet Fine Morals and Great Morale. When you have to fight for something you believe in, the slow pace of accomplishment may shatter your faith.

You will also encounter Blamer. Blamer is the man who thinks politicians live in another world and have developed from another species. "The machine runs everything," Blamer says. "No one can do anything about it." Honest will tell you a better story, however. "Everyone is in politics in a democracy," he'll say. "If you've got bad officials, well, either you chose them—or you neglected to. Let's face it."

Well, you can be like Pliable and go a little of the way on your political pilgrimage and then turn back because the route seems too long or arduous. Or you can be like Christian's wife, who, when she heard her husband had made it, set out along the same narrow path with her four boys. She wasn't very well informed, however, and got violently scolded for not getting a guide. "It's a poor thing that's not worth asking for," Receiver told her, and gave her a guide named Greatheart. After that, depending on Greatheart, she advanced in a firm fashion, and swam the last river as if it were only knuckle-deep, so strong was her faith.

"Someone must do something," Sally thought, "and I guess it might as well be me."



Sally telephoned—Kitty got political education too.

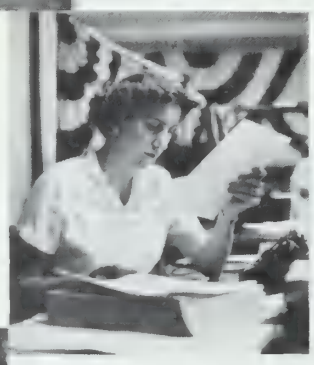
Ward leader welcomed her, but gave her no work, no help.





She worked for independents to fight the machine.

She listed phone numbers, called voters, pleaded for help.





She studied Kefauver report to learn political realities, though Kitty complained.

Her goal was City Hall, where the men who rule her city sit in power.



in and Mr. F. called him to the phone, saying he was really the man in charge of this park.

Mr. Connelly said that the boys go through there every night and shoot the lights out with their BB guns. I asked him if there were not laws prohibiting the defacing of public property. He said that there were but that if I wanted these laws enforced, I should call the police. He has called them, and after his call they will patrol for one night. Mr. Connelly said that the citizens of the area were more responsible for the park than anyone. He said that the parks were not playgrounds but that there were so many mothers and children out there that they could not keep the grass growing.

I asked Mr. Connelly about waste tins for the park. He said that they used to provide waste tins. However, they had a lot of trouble with "slop." Mr. C. said that they found that the people in the nearby houses emptied garbage into waste tins so that now they provide only one waste tin.

Mr. C. said that it was impossible to keep a park clean if the people in the area were not interested. He said that if this area were like the Marlin Street one, we could really have it nice. He said that some people up there have an organization. All the houses for about a two-block area pay $1.00 each, then they put in seeds and bulbs and keep the gardens in order.

I asked Mr. C. if he knew the names of any of the people in that organization. He said that he did not, but that he could get his men to find out. I said that if I could talk to them and see how they ran their organization, perhaps we could start something like that around here. He seemed to think that this was a good idea and said he would get one or two names and call me back.

4 P.M. Same day. After talking with Mr. Connelly I took Kitty to the park to see if glass had been cleaned up—but it had not been. It just occurred to me that in the year I've been going to Clark Park I have seen the men working only once.

Sally was a little let down after that first call. To have the officials blame the glass on the parkgoers seemed a little hard, inasmuch as the mothers she had talked to were as concerned as she was about it. Her enthusiasm was only dampened, not defeated, however. She decided she'd start again from a different angle, this time tackling the women themselves to see if they'd form a cleanup group.

As she walked slowly to the park with Kitty trailing her, she noticed that trash cans were crowding the sidewalk and that some were full and some were empty. A woman was standing in a doorway and she stopped to ask her what day was trash day in this block. The woman told her that today was, and that the men had come but they hadn't picked up her trash. She added that she'd called City Hall and they *(Continued on Page 248)*

HOW TO START

1. You must officially select your party in order to vote at primaries—and it is at primaries, often, that the most important things happen. There it is decided, for instance, whether your party nominates Mr. Old-Party-Hack, or Mr. Good-Solid-Citizen, for governor of your state.

2. So, think about it. Decide which party you will support. Call a politically minded friend, or your election board, to find out whom you contact to enter politics at the lowest rung.

3. Don't be a political pawn. When you've decided on a party, work in it. Go to meetings. Ask questions. If you feel you're being given a runaround, collect a few friends who think as you do. Then ask more questions. If you're not getting anywhere, you might try putting up a candidate of your own.

4. Professional politicians are in politics because they want something. Sometimes they want an honorable career, with real regard for public welfare. Sometimes they just want themselves, their family and friends on the public payroll, with a little gravy thrown in. Study the situation, decide who is who and which is which. Help out the former, work to replace the latter by honorable women and men (perhaps, eventually, yourself?).

5. Graft and corruption flourish on your indifference and mine. Searching questions, a sincere attempt to shed light in dark corners—if persisted in—will make dishonesty less possible in your community, your state. But remember, you don't house-clean once—it's a weekly, monthly and yearly job.

AT ELECTION TIME

1. Get the records of all candidates (from dog catcher to governor) from the League of Women Voters, party headquarters, the newspapers, Municipal League Bulletin, and study them. Note whether the office seeker's previous record in school, private life, business or government is good enough to recommend him as a public official. Ask yourself: Do his records and his connections show that he'll work for the general welfare of all rather than for a special segment of the population? Does his way of life indicate he is living within his income? Has he ever taken a stand which showed his willingness to risk his popularity to serve his principles? Or does he try to please everyone but the man-eating shark?

2. When you have decided which candidates you are for, call their campaign headquarters and offer to go to work. Attend as many campaign meetings as you can; get to know as many candidates as you can; ring doorbells, phone, baby-sit for voters, or do chauffeuring. The hand that pulls the voting lever rules the world—the world you live in.

WHAT WOMEN DID IN GARY

WOMEN CAN GET RESULTS

Women can do a lot when they get started.
Here's what some have done:

In 1948, twenty-three-year-old Mary Shadow, running on a reform platform, successfully challenged a hard-shell political machine to become the second woman ever elected to a regular term in the Tennessee House of Representatives. Just a year out of college, where she majored in political science, Mary ran against two veteran politicians, spent less than $270 in her campaign, and won a House seat held by the same man for eighteen years. Then began her uphill fight for revision of inadequate adoption laws, repeal of the poll tax, a new state constitution and many other reforms. In 1950, Mary ran another race as rugged as the first and again was elected.

Senior members of the Wisconsin Assembly have reason to fear the factual, down-to-earth arguments and the analytical ability of Representative Ruth Doyle. In her fight for "good government," her attacks on lobbyists and her demands for reapportionment to meet changing population needs, Mrs. Doyle, now serving her second term, has angered some, heartened others, but won the respect of colleagues on both sides of the House.

In March, 1942, Mrs. Mary A. Gillen, of Brooklyn, was elected to the New York state legislature, with the endorsement of both major political parties, to fill out her late husband's unexpired term. She has won all succeeding elections—has worked for improved public-assistance procedures, public housing, day-nursery care and the civil-service system.

Mrs. Bernice T. Van der Vries has been a member of the Illinois House of Representatives for 17 years. In almost every primary election she has won against stiff opposition. Last January she began her ninth term in office. She has proved that on the floor of the House she can hold her own with the best of her colleagues. In debate she bolsters up her arguments with facts and figures and is a determined fighter in the interests of public health and welfare. Several of her bills for the improvement of conditions in the state's institutions for the mentally ill have been adopted as models in other states.

Maude Frazier spent 40 years in the Nevada public-school system, 19 of them as a city school superintendent. Last year when she ran for the state legislature on a support-for-education platform, she was an easy winner.

THIS is the story of the murder of an innocent woman.

This is the story of a town so enmeshed by gambling syndicates and petty criminals that many officials, from the top down to the smallest public officer, were often willingly or helplessly incriminated.

This is the story of women, so determined to make their town a decent place to live in that they risked the threats of the underworld to their homes and children, to work, undeterred, for good government.

The story begins in Gary, Indiana, on the night of March 3, 1949. Mary Cheever, a popular and much respected teacher in one of Gary's high schools, was on her way home from a Parent-Teachers meeting, where she had been the principal speaker. A purse snatcher accosted Miss Cheever just outside her own apartment building, shot her at close range, and left her dead—not more than twelve feet from one of the main streets of Gary.

Mary Cheever's death was the culmination of a series of shocking crimes in Gary. During the previous two months of 1949, the town had experienced one murder every nine days, and any number of petty thefts and crimes. Gary had one of the worst traffic records in the United States. Gambling was one of the big businesses of the city. Gary had been cited by some authorities as the second crime center in the country, and by the American Social Hygiene Association as the nation's worst offender for open prostitution.

"Mary Cheever's death was the spark we needed," explains Mrs. Frank H. Collins, former president of Gary's Council of Social Agencies. "At the time we thought her death was utterly meaningless, a useless tragedy. Now we believe it was a symbol, calling us to action. We knew, then, that something had to be done."

The women of Gary went to work. Within four days of Miss Cheever's murder, they formed the Women's Citizens Committee, pledged to fight until Gary became a community where honest officials and efficient law enforcement were the rule and not the exception.

It is now more than two years since Mary Cheever's death. The racketeers who sneaked out of town for a few days to let the women get tired of trying to clean up Gary did come back. But they found the easy pickings to which they were accustomed had vanished. Their movements were followed at every turn by housewives and schoolteachers one would have thought too timid to meddle in the affairs of a vice syndicate. There isn't a brothel open in the whole town. There is a new prosecuting attorney who sees that *(Continued on Page 109)*

GARY POST-TRIBUNE



The two thousand women who jam this auditorium are demanding law enforcement. In righteous indignation they decide to march on City Hall. This meeting marked the birth of the Women's Citizens Committee with eighteen thousand members pledged to fight vice and corruption of public officials in Gary, Indiana.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



Recapitulation

According to her mother,
Connie was good, sensible, sweet.
And according to Connie, this was an insult

By JESSAMYN WEST

MRS. MALLOY went to the door of her daughter Constance's room to remind her that it was time to set the table for supper. It was a fine Saturday afternoon in November and ordinarily Connie would have been outside, up in the hills with friends, or helping her father with the irrigation: or just walking about under the pepper and eucalyptus trees in the yard, deep in a world which found significance in the parchmentlike bark peeled from a eucalyptus tree or in a bunch of berries (thirteen berries, exactly the number of years she had been alive—what was the meaning of that?) dropped from the pepper tree. But this afternoon Connie had spent in her room in spite of the clear warm weather, and Mrs. Malloy examined with considerable curiosity her daughter's stubby, somewhat boyish profile outlined against the golden light of the west windows.

"What are you writing, Connie?"

Connie looked up from the sheets of paper spread before her on the rickety bamboo desk she had bought for herself that summer and said, "I'm not exactly writing, mother." The sheets had words on them and Connie had a pencil in her hand, and as if aware of this contradiction between appearance and truth, she added, "I'm making a list."

At this Mrs. Malloy smiled. In school she had learned that ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny; and though she had always been somewhat hazy as to the meaning of that sentence, still it had stayed in her memory and was, amended, her formula for accounting for her daughter: Connie recapitulates Jim. Since she loved and approved her husband, believing him to be not only handsome but as often as not wise and sensible as well, she was glad this was so. Though it was strange, as now, to see the gestures and habits of a large, dark, thirty-eight-year-old rancher recapitulated in a medium-sized tow-haired girl. *And how much simpler my life would've been*, she thought, easing her shoulders against the doorjamb, *if Connie had recapitulated me instead of Jim*. Jim was hard enough to fathom in himself and writ large without the added need of fathoming a Jim writ small, condensed and made more obscure in a daughter. Nor was she helped any now, in understanding Connie's activity, by the fact that it was one which she had witnessed in Jim for fifteen years. More than fifteen years. She had once broken her engagement for two days because of a list that Jim had made.

Jim had shown her one evening—with considerable pride, she now realized—a sheet of paper headed in a businesslike way "Reasons for Loving Lelia Ames," a sheet Mrs. Malloy still remembered with resentment. On it Jim had analyzed his emotions and her attributes as if both were subjects suitable for the biology textbook in which she had learned about recapitulation. He had started out with "I—Character" and wound up with "V—Physical Beauty," and he had pursued all headings, not only under A's, B's and C's but even unto 1's, 2's and 3's. It still made her angry, and at the time she had believed it would be impossible to live with a man capable of dissecting his love in so orderly a fashion. She had thrown his "Reasons for Loving Lelia Ames" down on the floor *(Continued on Page 239)*

Mother," Connie asked,
"do you think I'm funny?"

"I couldn't compete with my Mothe



"People say I'm lucky to be Marlene Dietrich's daughter—
and I agree. But my dates always asked,
'When may I meet your mother?' Producers wanted to see
All my life I've had to fight to be myself."

By SELMA ROBINSON

PASTED on the mirror of Maria Riva's make-up table is an almost life-sized portrait of her mother, Marlene Dietrich. That incredible face with the deep-lidded eyes and the sultry smile cuts off nearly half the glass. Thus, whenever Maria consults her mirror to brush on her lipstick or her mascara, the reflection and the photograph are side by side, inviting comparison. She cannot see her own face without also seeing her mother's.

That mirror, in a way, is symbolic of Maria's life. Her twenty-six years have been shaped and colored by the fact that she is Dietrich's daughter. It is possible that she cannot ever be free of it, no matter how desperate the struggle for her own separateness. She is not merely Maria Riva, CBS television star with a seven-year contract and a growing audience, not merely the wife of William Riva, a talented young scenic designer, and the two little boys.

In addition, and just as important, she is always Mar child of Dietrich, one of the most glamorous women in It is something you never overlook, despite the vigor personality. And neither does Maria.

"I was always self-conscious because of my mothe Maria said one day as we sat drinking coffee in a resta CBS. She spoke wistfully, like a girl convinced of her ness. She seemed unaware that everyone who passe stared at her slender figure and her pale, intense fa winging eyebrows and the broad, high forehead so like She was wearing her mother's hand-me-downs, a Ch suit of black velvet and a black fox stole. Above enormous turquoise eyes and her cloud of apricot-c shone brilliantly.

"Mommy grows younger and more beautiful every Maria. "There are lots of women prettier than she. Bu that makes one a great beauty—Mother has it.

"I never felt good enough for her. She was so beau always gave me a feeling of ugliness and unworthiness. I suffered because I was terribly overweight and I felt should be ashamed of me.

"Do you remember how I looked when you first Maria asked.

I nodded. It was in February, 1945, and Maria wa tiny part in the Theatre Guild play, Foolish Notion. She like a peasant girl in a baggy, sleeveless sweater an skirt. No make-up. She told me then that her weigh pounds—"exactly what my mother weighed when she to America."

"I lied to you," Maria confessed. "It was really 170 May, 1950, when my second son was *(Continued*

WIDE WORLD



Watching polo at Santa Monica. Maria was 10. Mother had just made Scarlet Empress.

WIDE WORLD



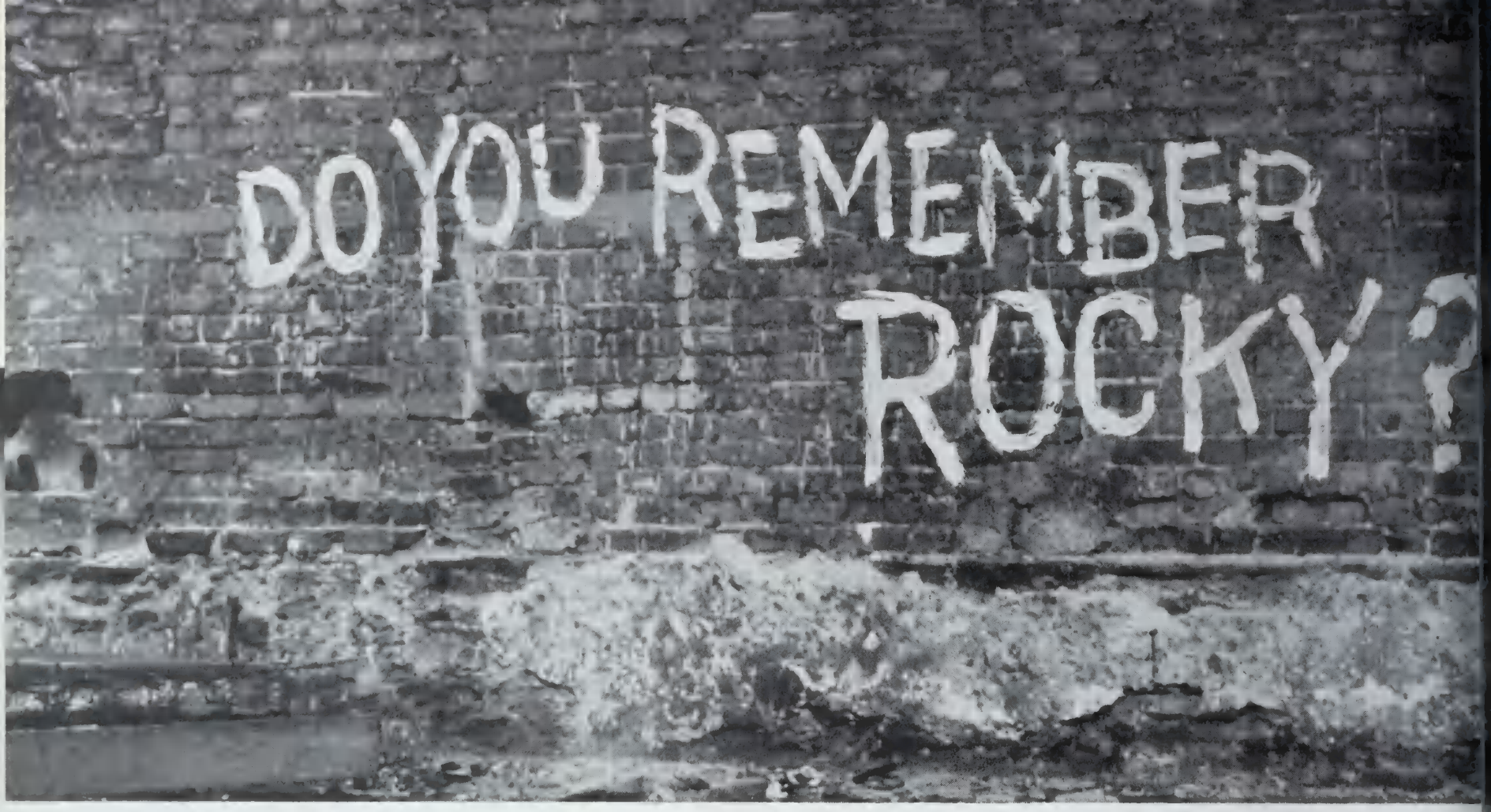


Maria, once 198 pounds, now weighs trim 118 — which is "exactly mommy's weight."

Scene from her new movie, No Highway in the Sky, shows the famous Dietrich trade-mark.

Not many people know
that <u>really</u> real things
live in the heart





The History of a Youth in Crime Begins in the Tragedy of Neglect . . .

Profile of Youth

IN the black hour just before dawn on a cold morning in March, Rocco D'Agostino awakened to a persistent rapping at the door of his room in a house off Columbus Avenue in Manhattan's West Nineties. At first he thought it might be Kelly, a fellow who had been staying with him lately, but Kelly wouldn't knock like that; Kelly had a key. Rocco called out, "Who is it?" A sultry feminine voice answered unintelligibly.

Flattered and a little surprised to have a girl knocking at his bedroom door so early in the morning, Rocco got out of bed, switched on a lamp and hastily pulled on his clothes. Cautiously he opened the door a crack to peer at a lovely visitor. She flashed him a bewitching smile, gently pushed the door open and stepped into the room. Then she flashed a badge, identifying herself as a member of the Police Department of New York City, and informed him he was under arrest. Two less shapely but more muscular detectives—Al Spinosa and Jerry Valente—pushed in beside her; one of them snapped on the overhead light and moved to search the room. No one is clear about what happened immediately after that—least of all, Rocco.

The newspapers recorded he boasted, "No cop will ever take me alive!", used other loud and abusive language, and put up quite a fight for a little guy. (He weighs 135 pounds and is 5′ 5″ tall.) "He'll kill somebody yet," Detective Spinosa said later. "He'll kill a cop or somebody."

It is certain that Rocco resisted arrest and search of his room; it is also certain that he was confused and did not at first comprehend it was a raid. He had never seen a lady detective like twenty-five-year-old Laurette McDonnell, a former model and ex-Wave, or police like Valente and Spinosa, both under thirty, who find it easy to assume the sloppy dress and diffident manner which make them appear more like Abbott and Costello at college age than like the city's finest.

In the brief scuffle, Miss McDonnell was scratched severely on the arm—whereupon one of her companions applied a blackjack with more than nervous force to Rocco's skull. In the quiet that followed, they searched the room and quickly located two ounces of heroin, plus two dozen tiny capsules of heroin and cutting and mixing equipment, which they confiscated, along with $250 in small bills. Among these was the $5 bill a young Negro detective, William Owens, posing as an addict, had used to buy twelve capsules of heroin from D'Agostino the evening before.

Handcuffed and bleeding, Rocco was taken to the 24th Precinct Station, where he was booked on a charge of selling narcotics. The detectives said most of his customers were teen-agers. It was the third arrest and second felony offense for Rocco D'Agostino, alias "Rocky." He gave his age as twenty; his occupation: "handy man." News photographers took pictures of him in a group of young narcotics offenders who had been picked up in the night-long series of raids.

This was the end of "public interest" in the little "tough guy." Rocky was sent to Bellevue Hospital for treatment of head injuries and later returned to The Tombs (Manhattan City Prison) to await disposition of his case.

Early in April, the Grand Jury of the County of New York handed down to the Court of General Sessions a three-count indictment for "the people . . . against Rocco D'Agostino," accusing the defendant, in the first count, of the crime of feloniously selling a narcotic drug. The second count accused him of unlawfully possessing a narcotic drug; and the third count, of possession "with intent to peddle, barter, sell, exchange and to aid, abet and directly and indirectly counsel, command, induce and procure the peddling, sale, barter and exchange of same." Attorney Robert P. Brown was assigned as counsel for the accused by Justice

(Continued on Page 123)



MORRIS ENGEL

By G. M. WHITE



NEW YORK JOURNAL AMERICAN-INTERNATIONAL

Rocky is the handcuffed youth on the left. Confiscated narcotics are on the table. At the right is Augustine Castillo, after whose conviction by jury Rocky pleaded guilty to selling heroin.

At the dignified age of four, Rocky was the well-scrubbed innocent posed below. Grade-school teachers remember him only as "a pale, thin little boy"—never a serious behavior problem.



YOUTH BEFORE THE JUDGE

By JUDGE JOHN CLARK KNOX, *United States District Court, New York*

OUT of an experience of thirty-three years on the Federal bench, I have learned that crime, to a considerable degree, is due to lack of judgment—to sudden impulse, and to immaturity. Hundreds of offenders between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five have stood before me. Among them, those who possessed traits of real viciousness were few and far between.

Many of our most honorable and successful men were guilty, as boys, of foolish acts which would have sent them to a "reform school," had luck been seriously against them. Youth is the period when considered action and sound *(Continued on Page 131)*



Worn here as a monotone costume with Mr. Alf's velours hat, $8.95, brown plastic alligator bag, $5.00, taffeta scarf, beige cotton gloves.

Luncheon and dinner blouse in gray satin by Herbert Labandter, $14.95. Small Persian-lamb muff by Harold Rubin, black doeskin gloves.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

ONE WONDERFUL SUIT

Receptive to changes, adaptable to many hours and seasons, this timeless oxford-brown flannel with the cut-steel buttons could well be your only suit. You can wear it with taffeta, velvet and furs, or with sweaters, walking shoes and a soft felt cloche. Try a taffeta or shantung blouse in gold, olive green, silver gray . . . a cashmere sweater or jersey shirt in mauve, black, brown, beige. Wear it with a brown velveteen vest for warmth, plus fashion. Give it a Paisley wool or a taffeta scarf. Wear its wonderful six-gore skirt as a separate with wool tops, a leopard or a broadtail belt. Suit by Alvin Handmacher, $75.00. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal

YOUR SIGNATURE



Ever since you were seven and dressed up in your mother's best, put on all her jewelry and spilled her perfume, you've been fascinated by the elementally feminine idea of adding your own strokes of genius to your clothes. You take your favorite black cashmere sweater and line it with tie silk or turquoise taffeta. You pin a spray of white flowers on your tweed suit. You tuck a striped scarf into your neckline and pull it through your belt. You put on a taffeta petticoat with last year's full-skirted wool dress to give it this year's flare.

There is an art in the putting on. Try wearing a pair of long pendant earrings as the only jewelry with an unadorned black dress, one orange velvet rose with your gray flannel. Tie a bow of African-pink or turquoise velvet in the neckline of your black jersey, a ruby silk sash around the waistline of your black velvet. Perhaps silver bracelets would be better than gold with your new oxford browns, a yellow capeskin or russet calfskin belt a livelier accent than black with your grays. Do the original instead of the conventional thing with jewelry. Collect old watch chains for bracelets; or tassels, fobs and necklace clasps for charms. Find lovely antique gold or silver buttons for a last year's wool dress—just what it needs.

Everybody loves this personal-signature idea, and it is one of the most engaging and least expensive facets of fashion. It takes imagination plus restraint. The single touch that catches the eye is a good thing, but too many is too much in any season, especially this one. The plain truth is that it is better to be stark-simple than "all decked out," and the simplest kind of costume is the best basis for the touch that identifies and charms. Too much detracts from the dress, submerges the personality and defeats the whole lovely idea. —R.M.P.

Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit. Mme. Pandit, Ambassador from India, likes the Western fashion of ribbon-tied veils, doeskin gloves, a brocade envelope bag with a golden feather.



Mrs. Richard Aldrich (Gertrude Lawrence, of The King and I) has her cashmere sweaters lined with taffeta, carries the same bag night and day—a black velvet carryall that holds everything.

FONSSAGRIVES



Lady Browning, writer Daphne du Maurier, has varied tastes in her clothes—a feminine gray taffeta tea gown for dining at home, red gabardine slacks and a shirt for working. Her gold link bracelet is worn with everything.

three to go..
ANYWHERE

Red and black are good colors t
count on. The fitted coat, pretty on the fi
ure, feminine to the nth degree, has com
back into fashion, and is the basis of a ne
kind of wardrobe. Take it in black, wea
it with one bright wool dress and one blac
crepe or faille, and you're ready for prac
tically everything. Your bright wool (c
jersey) could be red, ginger, gold, roya
blue or green—a dress that takes you
favorite belts, gold and silver jewelry,
velvet hat or a beret. Your black dress
silk or rayon, has an intriguing new fu
skirt and square neckline. Fill in the neck
line with rose beige chiffon or nylon ne
for early in the day, wear it bare and flar
your skirt with a petticoat for later. Sup
plement your coat with a tweed and a vel
vet skirt (full or narrow), a sweater, woo
and silk blouses.

By WILHELA CUSHMA
Fashion Editor of the Journ

WILHELA CUSHMAN

The fitted, taffeta-lined black wool coat has the new flare, $85.00, by Marvin Leto. Wear it with a red taffeta scarf tied in a bow. Velvet hat, $8.95.

Give your coat another change with a long shoestring tie of blond fur, beige gloves.

Three to Go Anywhere, total $155.00
Skirts and tops 52.80

STEPHEN COLHOUN





An extra: the narrow salt-and-pepper tweed skirt, $12.95; gray cashmere sweater, $14.95: calfskin belt: rayon cloche, $12.95.

Right: Noon-to-midnight rayon-crepe dress by Mary Kay Dobson, $35, for late day with veil, $5.95, jade-and-rhinestone pin.





STEPHEN COLHOUN

Below: Afternoon additions: the gold silk shantung blouse, $12.95; black velvet skirt, $11.95, velvet pillbox, bracelets.



It's the year of the red dress under the black coat. This one is wool crepe with hook-and-eye closing, $35, by Pat Warren. Peaked velvet hat, $7.50, the foxtail scarf around your wrist.

HAT WITH RED DRESS, ELIZABETH MARKS; VELVET PILLBOX, MR. ALF; CLOCHE, JOHN FREDERICS; VEIL, THERESE AHRENS; FOXTAIL FUR, HAROLD RUBIN; TWEED SKIRT, HARRY RUTENBERG; BLOUSE, SAMUEL SALSKY.



Sleeveless velveteen sheath without the jacket, could be an evening dress. Dress, around $20. Jacket, $15.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

MARIAN PLUMMER WILSON'S suit: gray flannel, nipped-in jacket, skirt softly full. By Madeline Fauth. $35.00.

Our own

LIKE other busy young women who divide their time between a home, children and career, and give each a full-time measure of success, they take stock each season, of their clothes closets and then go after what they need. They can spare little time for shopping, make quick decisions, demand much of the clothes they buy. . . . Follow a policy of rotation—one year the major investment will be a good suit; the next year, a heavy topcoat. . . . Invest most heavily in the clothes they wear most—a formal evening dress, for instance, would never be something to splurge on, but a beautifully tailored silk blouse might very well be. They are guided, second after becomingness, by practicality—"A shoulder bag," as Betty Hoffman says, "is indispensable if you have two small sons, one clinging to each hand!" They have learned the economy of choosing simple clothes in basic grays, blacks, muted browns, to spark with scarves and colored ribbons, vary with changes of belts and jewels. They know (and this is real wisdom) that a good clothes economy is your own figure, when it's pared down to its best-possible proportions, for it not only does away with the need for costly, time-consuming alterations, but enables you to wear more easily the inexpensive "little dresses for a song" which come, luckily, now and then, within every woman's reach.



Black-and-white-checked wool jersey basque dress, belted with patent leather, jet buttoned. By Ann Fogarty. $39.95.

BETTY GRAY'S wing-collared pearl-gray taffeta dinner dress remarkable buy at $22.75. (The skirt is stiffened with a crinoli



young marrieds...



BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN goes square-dancing in a gray denim skirt, by Chee Armstrong. $14.95. Blouse is blue cotton.



Brown-and-wine wool-tweed suit. By Jean Bronstein. $69.95.



Rhinestone-buttoned wool-and-rayon dress. $25.00.



MARY ADELE MORRIS' gray wool-jersey dress. $29.95. By Natalie Renke. Rough gray-and-yellow-plaid tweed coat is a "go over everything." $69.95.

"I like clothes to be *warm*, above all," says Mary Adele. Long rayon-flannel dinner skirt $29.95, by Mary Blair. Short-sleeved velveteen cardigan. $16.95.



H tartan-plaid braid-trimmed wool suit is slightly padded t he hips, small-waisted. By Madeline Fauth. $39.95.



CAPSULE WARDROBES...



What could be more compact than a reversible coat with a skirt to match each side? To the office goes the black-and-white tweed side, showing velvet collar and cuffs. The citron-yellow velveteen hat and bag are exciting accents. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7499.

Slim tweed skirt topped with red jersey piped in black and buttoned with small covered buttons. This blouse could also be worn with the velveteen skirt and either side of coat. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 7514, 12 to 20; skirt No. 6949, 24 to 32.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)



The dressed-up part of the wardrobe: charming yellow satin blouse with novelty braid trim tops a velveteen skirt. Over it, the velveteen side of the coat, of course. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 7447, 12 to 20. Skirt, Vogue Design No. 7506, 22 to 30.

MARIA MARTEL



for City... for Country

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*

Three well-chosen pieces in colors that blend are the key to this wardrobe. The suit, a tweed flecked with pink and blue, picks up each color in the sweater and scarf. The nicely fitted jacket has side pockets—the skirt, six gores. Vogue Design No. 7488. 12 to 40.





A lovely soft wool is dressy enough for afternoon or small dinners in the country. Wear pearls or jeweled pin. The skirt is full enough to take a taffeta petticoat. Pretty under the tweed coat. Vogue Design No. S-4251. 12 to 20.



A casual tweed coat in turquoise-and-gray tweed worn over the suit skirt and a sweater. Stitching detail accents neckline, pocket flaps, is optional. Velveteen cloche and carpetbag also pretty with suit. Vogue Design No. S-4252.

For Other Views, Sizes and Prices, turn to page 192

a Small miracle

By HOPE SHELLEY MILLER

BLACK Thursday again. He cut himself while shaving, and when he came downstairs the oatmeal was boiling over on the stove and the kitchen was deserted except for Bill, in his high chair, gnawing on a graham cracker and the cat meowing around underfoot. Pat must be in the basement, judging from the volcanic sound of the washing machine, an antique, bought when Susie was born, which still coped with Bill's diapers. Though why on this particular Thursday the washing took precedence over breakfast was a mystery. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday he lectured to his classes in Child Psychology and the Psychology of the Adolescent in the comparatively serene atmosphere of the university. Thursdays he spent at the clinic dishing out advice to the harried mothers of problem children—or to the problem mothers of harried children. And so it was always on Thursday that he ran out of razor blades, that breakfast was late, that the domestic scene became more than ordinarily chaotic.

He turned off the oatmeal, poured himself a cup of coffee, and prepared to scan the headlines. But immediately the international situation was crowded out by events much closer at hand. The basement door opened and Susie emerged, gold curls bobbing, soapsuds dribbling from her hands. "See, daddy, bubbles!" The cat came up meowing, permitted himself to be used for a towel. Having dried her hands on the animal's black fur, which only increased the meowing, Susie added her protest that breakfast had not yet been served, "Kit-nen hongry. Susie hongry too, bery hongry."

"Yes, I know, we're all hungry," he agreed resignedly.

But resignation was not in Susie's nature. "Boy not hongry!" She planted herself in front of the high chair, pointed an accusing finger at her brother's contented graham-crackery face. (Sibling rivalry again, normal, but potentially dangerous if mishandled.) And suddenly Bill was howling in the high chair while Susie knelt on the floor dividing the graham cracker with the cat.

At which point, of course, Pat had to enter the kitchen. It was a complicated situation needing to be dealt with carefully and in the light of Susie's growing jealousy of Bill. Pat chose to deal with it by giving Susie a swat on the seat of the pants, then planting her at the table, setting a bowl of oatmeal in front of her and commanding her to eat it and let her brother and the cat alone. A simple solution which solved nothing.

Jeffrey Kirkwood, assistant professor of psychology, adviser of problem mothers, author of a soon-to-be-completed text on child psychology, forced himself to keep silence. And yet Pat was intelligent enough in other ways.

"I had to get the washing started so we could be at the doctor's by eleven." She was beating eggs in a bowl. "You haven't forgotten I'll have to have the car?"

He had forgotten, yes. And was there no other day but Thursday for Pat to make a doctor's appointment?

"I'll have an omelet for you in a moment." She put a frying pan on the stove. "Unless, of course, you'd rather have oatmeal?" That came under the heading of early-morning humor; she knew how he loathed oatmeal.

"Never mind." He set down his coffee cup with finality as she poured the eggs into the pan. "If I'm going to walk I'd better get started."

He arrived at the clinic early—early, hungry, and more than a little guilty with the knowledge that he could have waited for the omelet had he chosen to. In the sunny, orderly playroom Ellen Andriesen, assistant to Dr. Finley Jones, the director, was laying out toys. He watched her arranging books on a low round table, her *(Continued on Page 117)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DE MERS

Jeff knew the rules, But he didn't know Susie— Susie neve

His wife was smart, Jeff knew. Why
couldn't she manage the children
the way the book said?

used the same set of Rules twice.

MELVILLE GOODWIN

VI

IF I was disturbed after Captain Robert Goodwin had left, it was an indefinite sort of disturbance. Uncertainty had begun to lurk behind the background of everything I touched. You could start with all the world events which I was trying to put, with the aid of Art Hertz, into an agreeable, intelligent capsule to fit within the limits of fifteen spoken minutes. Nothing was secure in the world any longer where balances and beliefs were moving and settling like the foundations of a badly constructed building.

Once I had been able to view all these matters detachedly, but that was before I had stakes in the future and before I had become involved with studios and contracts and people like Gilbert Frary. I was not even alone with my own problems—there was also Melville A. Goodwin. I began thinking of Melville Goodwin in Washington, struggling with his own uncertainties. I was reminded that before long I was going down to Washington myself to give the broadcast. The details had all been arranged six weeks before. I was enmeshed in personalities and details.

Before I was aware of the time, Art Hertz came in with the final script. While I was reading it and Art sat down to wait, I felt that he was watching me, though every time I looked up from the boldly typed pages he was looking carefully at his hands or playing with a pencil.

"That's fine, Art," I said.

"I'm glad if you like it," Art said.

"I always like what you do, Art," I told him, "but no two minds ever think exactly alike. You mustn't worry if I intersperse a few ideas sometimes."

"Oh, no," Art said, "that's all right. I've always liked working for you, Sid."

At certain times you noticed small details if you knew what was good for you. Art had used the past tense when he said he liked working for me, and the disturbing thing was that he noticed it too.

"And I still like it, Sid," he said.

"Has Frary called up today?" I asked.

Art Hertz put his pencil in his pocket and smiled. "Oh, yes. He was on the telephone about half an hour ago. He just wanted to hear the lead of the script. He said the sun was shining and he must leave for his massage in the solarium."

"Did you tell him I was here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Art answered, "but when Miss Maynard said you were in conference, he just said give you his love. I guess he was in a hurry to get to the solarium. You know how he is about the sun."

"Oh, Miss Maynard was in your office when he called, was she?" I asked.

"She just dropped in," Art said. "You know Maynard; she's always around everywhere."

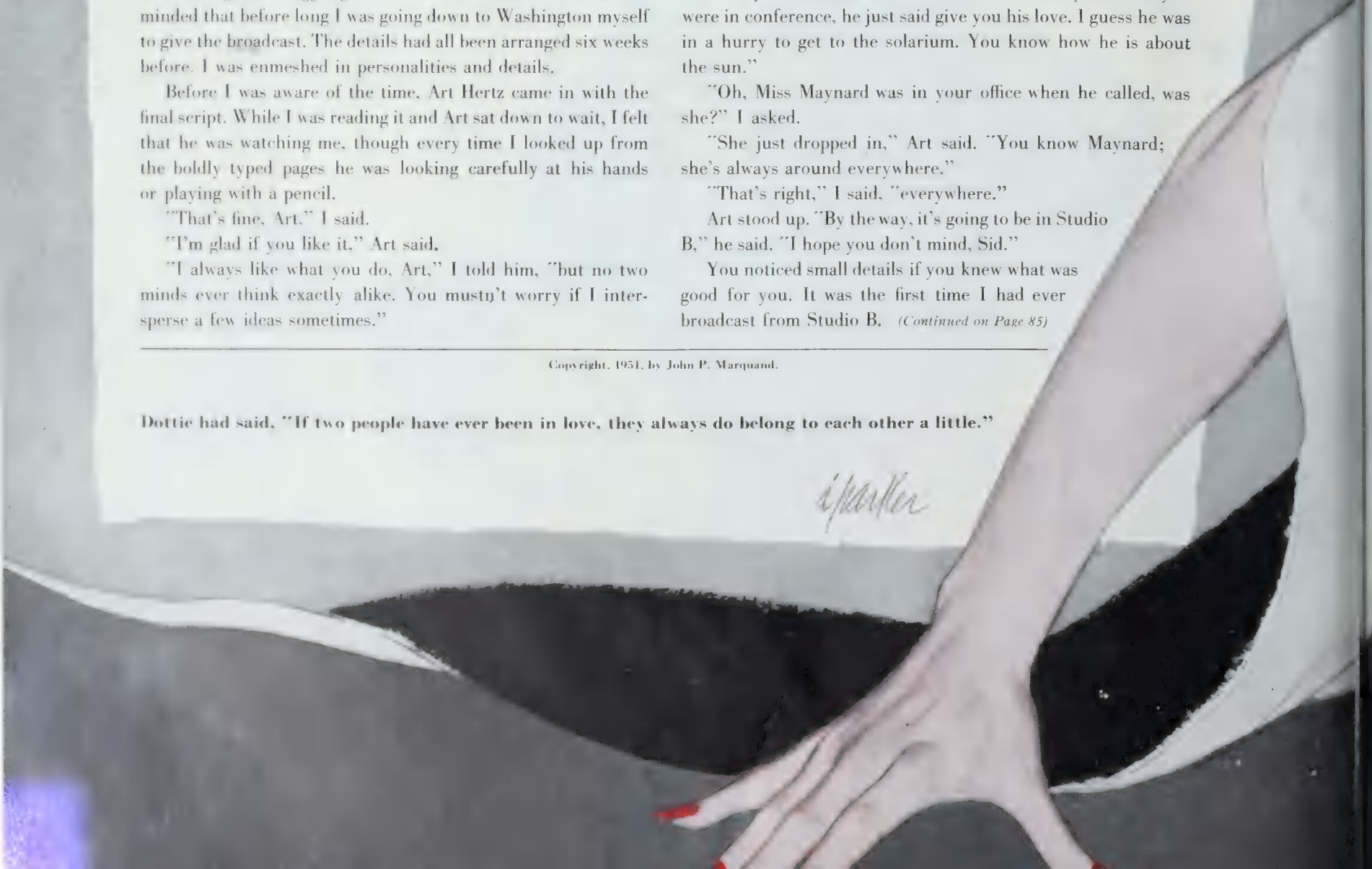
"That's right," I said, "everywhere."

Art stood up. "By the way, it's going to be in Studio B," he said. "I hope you don't mind, Sid."

You noticed small details if you knew what was good for you. It was the first time I had ever broadcast from Studio B. *(Continued on Page 85)*

Copyright, 1951, by John P. Marquand.

Dottie had said, "If two people have ever been in love, they always do belong to each other a little."




USA
by John P. Marquand

Sticking closely to a color range of greens, beiges and reds allows plenty of variety and still gives a unified look to a room broken up by many windows.

Furnishing Firsts *in a Journal "owner-built" home*



by H. T. Williams

By the time a young couple like Jack and Shirley Alker, of Somerville, New Jersey, had lavished much time, loving care and $10,000 of their savings on building their home (a JOURNAL owner-built "Sweat Equity" project, a year in the finishing), they had become pretty skillful managers with time and money—and they needed to be. To produce an interior that could live up to the exterior on the money they had left was going to take doing.

Working the plan out with the Alkers, we chose the sofa, the rug and the armchair for permanence, and budgeted accordingly. The accessories and occasional chairs and tables are of the type that can be used in other rooms later, when the Alkers can afford to collect the individual pieces they will want to live with the rest of their lives.

Integrating windows and walls was the big problem in a room where the walls were mostly windows. Matching walls to full-length, unpatterned fabric produced a background that didn't compete with either the out-of-doors when open or the color and pattern used as upholstery on the furniture inside when closed. Rounded shapes in the chair backs and circular dining table were best adapted for furniture groupings that would be seen from all sides.

Where you're conserving precious wall space, let in the sky. Soften the direct sunlight with an inexpensive (about 30¢ per square foot) split-bamboo shade hung in shallow loops. In a narrow passage a hinged slab table for breakfasting, impervious to stains, cigarette burns, drops to create additional room when not in use.



HAROLD FOWLER

andsome economies, the reversible linen-and-
)tton rug (9′ x 14′, about $154); sunfast
ashable rayon dress material used in the lavish
irtains; the coffee table (about $30)—a 27″
iopping board set on a metal frame made
y a local ironworker. The latest thing in pin-up
mps (see right of picture), adjustable and
)unterweighted, is worth a second look.

Sunday-morning breakfasts with a view (curtains open), snug dinners (curtains drawn) take place at this Scandinavian elm-and-birch table which extends to seat eight. Rolling serving table is ordinary typewriter stand with a lower shelf added.



There was nothing
her mother wouldn't
do for Joanie ...
except let her live
her own life

Mrs. Fremont's Daughter

By AUDREY DE GRAFF

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM MILLER

IN the still darkness, Betsey Fremont struggled awake. Suddenly alert, she tossed aside the afghan that covered her and swung her feet to the floor. The book she had been reading, one of the new popular psychologies, dropped off the bed with a thick thud, causing her to blink unbelievingly at the luminous dial of the bedside clock. Ten minutes of two! She'd fallen asleep, she actually hadn't heard Joanie come in.

She tiptoed quickly to the door and down the hall, stopped, surprised, at the doorway of her daughter's bedroom. The small dressing-table light still burned, the room waited, a dream of soft blue and rose, drifty white curtains and French-provincial furniture. But there was no Joanie, slim and blond, turning bright, brown eyes to her; there was just the room, waiting and empty.

A host of small worries presented themselves, and worry deepened the darkness of Betsey's eyes. The dance was over at one, it was a short walk home from the high-school gym; even with a stop at the Sugar Bowl, even loitering a bit with Jimmy Sardon, Joanie should have been home by now. *These crushes*, she thought, *these desperate, intense, high-school crushes!* She hadn't forgotten, of course—even at fifty-five she could remember—what they were like, exciting and wonderful, and usually mercifully brief. She just wasn't sure of this Jimmy, and Joanie loved him so much.

Betsey looked about the room, turned down the bed and laid a pink nightie and matching peignoir across the foot of it. Joanie looked darling in the peignoir. She looked darling in anything, her mother thought fondly. She frowned down at the old red loafers that showed beneath the ruffled bedspread. Joanie was always just slipping into them, they spoiled the whole effect. Betsey confiscated them, smiled upon the familiar scuffed toes of them, and put the pink rosebud slippers in their place. There, that was right, that was the picture, just perfect for a very pretty girl going on sixteen.

She caught a vision of herself as she passed the mirror, surprised, as always, by the silvered strand that ran in one thick wave through her dark hair. It was so hard to believe the years. But she didn't mind. *Because I haven't forgotten*, she thought, *what it's like to be young, to be growing up, and have everything be right and wonderful. I had it that way myself, the fun, and the pretty clothes, and the gaiety. So I know. . . . I also know*, she reminded herself, *that it's late.*

The night was warm for mid-March, not spring, but still not winter. Perhaps those youngsters were *(Continued on Page 200)*

"Would it be too much to ask to let me have my own broken heart?"

First Rate Fare

By Ann Batchelder

YEARS ago there was a vogue for songs, so-called "popular" ones, about food and eating. These old songs were primarily minstrel-show material, and, in those preradio days, they lasted too short a time for memory to get in its work. You sang them, whistled them a few times, and a few got on what are now known as "platters." And then they faded away. Suddenly, as I was thinking how good simple food can be if you do your best with it, one of these old songs came into my mind. I recall some of the words and all of the tune, but the title is lost to me forever, I guess. It went like this: "Dinner's ready in the dining room. Everybody gather round. Dinner's ready in the dining room. Can't you hear the dinner bell sound? We've got 'possum pie and applesass. And the way it's going it sure won't last. Dinner's ready in the dining room. Everybody gather round."

It was first-rate, all right. Now down South, which was the background of this song, the famous old mammies set a standard of cooking that was hard to beat. Their meat pies and meat stews were thought well of. Many were celebrated dishes, a specialty of some of the great plantation kitchens. The 'possum I'll pass by. I never saw one or ate one, in a pie or out, and I'm positive I never shall. The important thing to me is that if the folks of those days didn't have or couldn't get expensive foods, they made the most of what they had. And they sang about it. They weren't sad or mad or discouraged. *(Continued on Page 246)*

MENU

Avocado Appetizer

Swiss Steak

Parsley Potatoes Brussels Sprouts

Spiced Apricots

Baking-Powder Biscuits

Orange-and-Raisin Bread Pudding

Coffee

(Planned for 6)



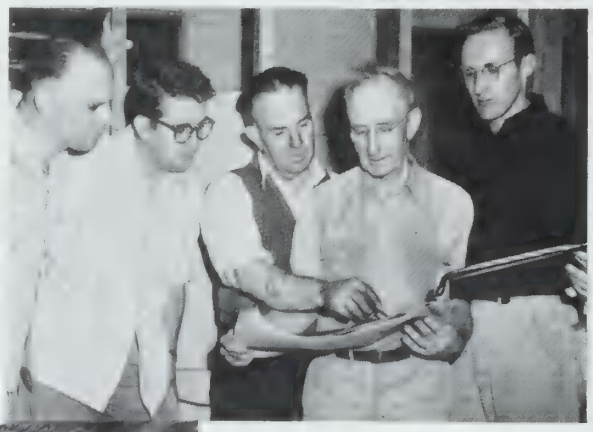
SET: ART-TOWLER



ROYAL BARRY WILLS, ARCHITECT. EXTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

Notice how parsonage reversed floor plan of basic version below to fit the site. Together with full-attic version opposite, shows how color tones can vary appearance of practically identical design.

ANTHONY CABRAL—BOSTON TRAVELER



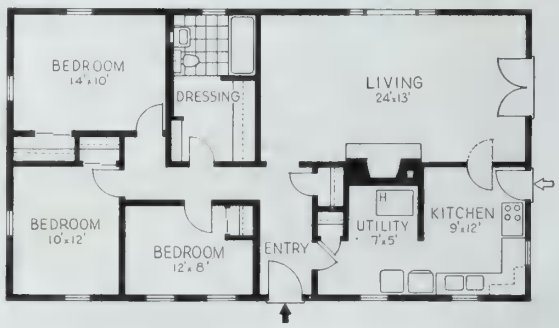


Any congregation has big advantage over any married-couple owner-builders—in manpower, variety of skills.

The minister nails up insulation—one of the pleasanter jobs, for which many wives and husbands compete.

One of the church members was a steam fitter. Only masonry, plumbing, plastering had to be hired.





Real entry, commodious kitchen, completely isolated sleeping section, trafficless living room are features rare indeed!



Triple threat to high prices

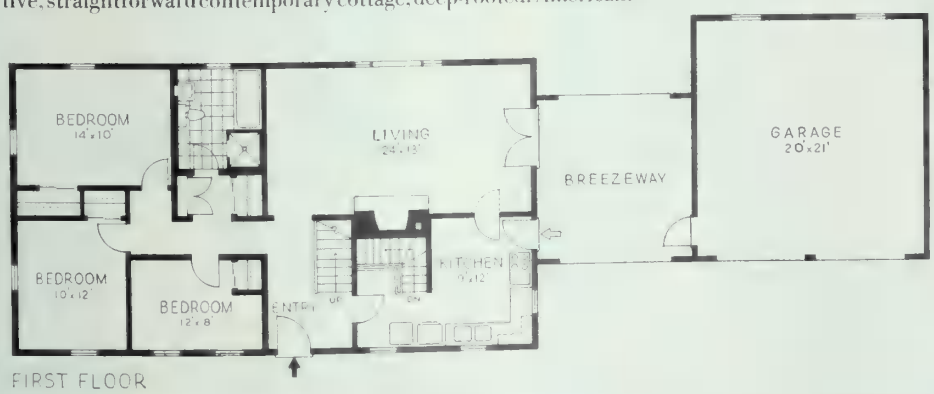
This time two couples and a congregation find that Journal Sweat Equity can cut prices in half. Multiply the money value of owner effort by expert designing, simple methods. Show how to shop for materials, equipment. Tell how to hire skilled assistants. Make spare-time work really count.

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

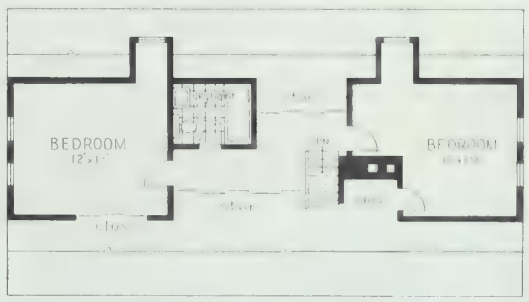
THE ready-built price of a much-needed parsonage was twice what Second Church could afford. Both Sweat Equity's method and design were naturals for the congregation. And the congregation was a natural for Sweat Equity. For among its 120 adult members were a carpenter, a steamfitter, an electrician, a paper hanger, several painters, many amateur assistants. Even so, much help had to be hired, most materials purchased. The final cost should be an inspiration: $8875! . . . But what Lindy and Gertrude, a couple in another town, did, both with busy full-time jobs, should be an inspiration too. They worked week ends on their five-bedroom, two-bath version below. Owner-contracted it the Sweat Equity way. Nearby ready-built houses like theirs were priced up to $32,000. Theirs cost $18,850, acre and all. . . . Frank and Kay had more spare time to give their smaller barn-red version, opposite page below. *Their* final cost, $10,450. . . . Try matching any of the three! You can, if you try.



To basic design can be added two attic bedrooms and bath: basement (study the stairs); breezeway, a one- or two-car garage. An attractive, straightforward contemporary cottage, deep-rooted. American.



FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR

A general booklet, No. 2639, A PRIMER FOR THE OWNER-BUILDER, can be ordered from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna., for $1. Use coupon on Page 30. To the Easi-Bild Pattern Company, 462 Bedford Road, Pleasantville, New York, send 50c for Shopping Guide, No. 514, to estimate cost of materials; or $5 for both Shopping Guide and Build It Yourself House Pattern, No. 514.

LIVE A DAY

1 It has no doubt already come your way. I am speaking of—of all things—a moving picture. And if this word "moving" can be applied to anything under the sun, this picture has it. It is a "movie" built with taste, skill, beauty and power around Theodore Dreiser's story, An American Tragedy. The most incredibly beautiful girl is the heroine of this piece—a young lady named Elizabeth Taylor. I saw the preview. I shall see it again in circulation.

2 I understand that this is cheese month. Also apple month. Now go on wid ye, every month is cheese-and-apple month; and here's something curious, they go together like a stocking and a run. What's a run without a stocking? I should know. Never ask me how.

3 Some people lift an eyebrow at garlic. Personally I don't care for it on ice cream. But garlic is quite an item when it comes to roast lamb, for instance. If you don't want it smack *on* your lamb, try rubbing the bottom of the roaster with a cut clove and then sprinkling with salt. That way you get just enough.

4 A good noodle casserole isn't to be passed up. Take this one, for example: Cook 1 package noodles until they are tender. Drain them and mix with 1 teaspoon caraway seeds. Place in a casserole, alternating layers with 1 can condensed tomato soup and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound grated American cheese. Bake in a moderate oven until light brown. This is wonderful with ham.

5 Fingers of fruitcake rolled in powdered sugar are seen on some of the smartest tea tables.

6 It's a poor bun that can't double at least once when it's called on. Here's one that doubles as a quick patty shell. Split the buns in two lengthwise. Scoop out the center, butter the inside and toast in the oven till brown and crisp. Fill with creamed chicken, etc.



RIVIÈRE AU COUCHER DU SOLEIL, *by Camille Bombois*

7 West Coast Broil: Cut canned pork luncheon meat into $\frac{1}{2}$" thick slices. Spread each slice with a thin coating of horse-radish, then generously with prepared mustard. Sprinkle with brown sugar, dot with butter or margarine, and broil about 10 minutes to heat and glaze nicely.

8 If you like your stewed tomatoes spicy, add 8 whole cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cinnamon, 2 teaspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon butter or margarine to 1 No. 2 can tomatoes. Simmer slowly over low heat about 10 minutes, until heated through. Remove cloves and serve hot.

9 Opinions differ—some say that baked apples are better warm than hot or cold, and that cooked prunes are top-flight only when they're as cold as the North Pole. With meats, I like them hot.

10 Hot consommé looks as lonesome as anything on earth, and tomato soup, no matter if it *is* red, ought to have a little better chance in the world. So if your appetite isn't what it ought to be, serve a slice of toasted French or Italian bread sprinkled with Parmesan cheese on top of either of these soups. Takes away that forlorn look.

11 Two good ideas for meat loaf: Spread it with a thin layer of prepared mustard before baking; that's one. Baste every 15 minutes or so with beef bouillon while baking (the other). Don't try both on the same loaf.

12 To make a simple New England nutmeg sauce excellent for many simple puddings, sift together 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, a few grains salt. Add 2 cups boiling water. Stir. Add 1 tablespoon butter. Cook 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

13 When you toss up a tuna salad with mayonnaise, of course, don't have it *all* tuna. Some chopped cucumber, grated onion and a few spots of lemon juice add a lot.

14 For rolled sandwiches, use a fresh loaf with the crusts removed. Cut thin, spread slices with butter, then with jam, or cheese softened to spread. Roll up and keep in wax paper in the refrigerator until you're ready. Then cut them in two or leave them whole.

15 Savory croutons do things to clear soups. Heat some butter or margarine in a frying pan, add a little salt, onion salt, celery salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon savory.

16 *Part 2:* Toss 2 cups toasted bread cubes in the seasoned-butter mixture until they're light brown and crisp. Drain and serve afloat on the soup. And remember that these savory bites are wonderful in a green salad. Put them in the *last* thing.

17 Maybe this rice dish came from the Argentine. Maybe it didn't. Anyway, it's a good one. Combine 2 cups cooked rice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 small onion, chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stewed raisins, 2 tablespoons catchup, dash of cayenne or Tabasco, and 1 teaspoon salt. Place in a casserole, top with grated cheese and bake 15 minutes at 400° F.

18 Good spread for rye or pumpernickel or brown bread on the appetizer tray. Mix "blue" cheese, cottage cheese, crisp bacon bits and sliced stuffed olives.

19 One more idea for the same kind of occasion. Mix together $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cream cheese, 3 sections Camembert cheese and $\frac{1}{2}$ bar butter. Use plenty of elbow grease on this. It pays off. Add salt to taste, and half a bud of garlic, crushed to a fare-you-well. Make into little balls and roll in chopped curried peanuts.

20 Here's a sauce for ice cream (or leftover spice-cake) that raisins might have dreamed up on the stem, all by themselves. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins to the sirup of 1 can pineapple, *or* plums *or* apricots. Chill it well. The raisins will become as one in flavor with the other fruit.

21 Quick sauce for ice cream: Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey until it bubbles. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped toasted almonds.

22 If you yearn for the best from a chicken, give it the lemon treatment. Just rub the skin all over with a cut lemon, then season with salt and pepper and go ahead and roast or broil or fry.

23 Elegant for breakfast, lunch or supper. Spread *pâté de foie* on rounds of hot buttered toast, place a well-poached egg on each. Dot with butter, season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

24 A full-sized baked Alaska is quite a production. But you can achieve this miniature version with ease: Fill small baked tart shells with ice cream, set in freezing compartment until firm again. Cover *all over* with meringue and bake until the meringue is delicately brown.

25 There's a little supper dessert that wins the heart. Made from peach halves sautéed in butter or margarine and brown sugar, then add some peach sirup to the frying pan and, when hot, pour over the peaches. Serve on French toast or waffles.

26 "Home is the hunter, home from the hill" where partridge and grouse and quail linger still. The patient cook who cooks these wild birds finds that, besides bread sauce, a sauce of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currant jelly, melted, and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce saves time and trouble. Stir well. Serve hot.

27 After mixing minced onion and seasonings with meat for your hamburgers, let stand in refrigerator $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or so—improves flavor.

28 Dip thin apple rings in a light batter (you can make it from a pancake mix if you're in a hurry) and fry in deep fat to a golden brown. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and serve with crisp bacon.

29 Cabbage and curry—two worthies in the same dish. Add 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese to 1 cup well-seasoned cream sauce. Pour over chopped boiled cabbage and bake till brown.

30 For a seasonable and reasonable company dish: Cut avocados in half, remove pit, fill with hot creamed crab, oysters or lobster. Set in a pan of hot water and bake, covered, at 375° F. for 15 or 20 minutes.

31 Going over some books of another era—not farther back than 1928—I picked from my shelves a thin little volume of verse called Spring Plowing, by a young poet, Charles Malans. It has a distinction few poets called "minor" can boast. It contains a perfect lyric—The Singer in the Sun. Where is he now, this poet called minor? Why do we not hear again his silver trumpet across the foothills of Olympus? Sing again in the Sun, and tell us what was the harvest like.

By Ann Batchelder

First: you take TOMATO Soup—



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

OH, what *magic* is in that can of tomato soup! Is there a woman now alive and cooking who could keep house half so easily and thriftily without this wonderful soup? For it serves her in 3 ways—as a soup, as a smooth pour-on sauce and as an everyday cooking ingredient.

Tomato soup is made from luscious, field-ripened tomatoes fresh from summer vines, and puréed with creamery butter. It lends color and zest to any meal—to almost any dish.

Use tomato soup a dozen ways! Pour it over meat, fish, spaghetti and vegetables—use it as an ingredient in any cooking that calls for the best tomato sauce. *First* you take tomato soup!

To make a Tastier Stew!

Tomato soup gives it a richer flavor and more color. In making your favorite stew, use a can or two of tomato soup for part of the liquid.

To glorify Hamburgers!

Hamburgers are *always* more delicious with tomato soup heated (seasoned, if desired) and poured on them. *Extra*-rich, *extra*-smooth just as it comes from the can.

To prepare America's Favorite Soup:

(left) CREAM OF TOMATO—Blend with milk for a rich, delicious cream soup that's always appetizing.

(right) TOMATO—For the zesty flavor and tempting color of red-ripe tomatoes, just add water.

The Duchess of Sutherland . . .
Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor . . . La Comtesse de la Falaise
. . . share a sure and lovely look of
exquisite distinction that singles them out
wherever they may be. Yet—each is
magnetically *individual* . . . revealing
in her charming face that *special* woman
that is her Inner Self



Britain's Duchess of Sutherland

Her expressive face mirrors the inner grace and dignity of this lovely Duchess—shares with you, too, her warm friendliness. Her complexion has the fresh delicacy of England's own May blossoms. "I *always* use Pond's Cold Cream," the Duchess says. "I don't know a better cleansing cream in the world for keeping skin smooth and soft."



America's Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor

A lovely composure looks out at you from Mrs. Astor's charming face. It is a face that beautifully expresses the fascinating quality of her Inner Self . . . a face that never fails to excite interest because it is so delightful to see. Mrs. Astor's complexion has that flawless, smooth look *every* woman wants for herself. Her beauty care is simple to copy. She uses Pond's Cold Cream. "To my mind there is just no better face cream," Mrs. Astor says.

MELVILLE GOODWIN USA

(Continued from Page 70)

No," I said, "I don't mind. I'd just as
not have a crowd watching me."
should have gone over the script again,
instead I began thinking about my con-
t and I remembered how hurt Gilbert
been when I had shown it, before sign-
to a law firm I had selected myself. The
was Frankel and Jacobs, well-known for
ary and theatrical work, and as a matter
act Dottie Peale had introduced me to
n. The contract was a long document
ch I had never read carefully, seeing that
d paid the Frankel firm to read it, but
d remember a clause called a Mutual
satisfaction Clause, permitting a termina-
of the contract by either party. The
about either party had been inserted by
Frankel. I wanted very much to read it
then. I even thought of asking Miss
ynard for a copy until I thought that
might arouse needless suspicions. In-
d I asked her to get me Mrs. Henry
le again on the telephone.
Darling," Dottie said, "I thought you
ht be calling me. Is anything the matter?"
went to show that she knew too much
ut my voice and behavior.
I was just wondering whether young
dwin had gone," I said.
He just left a minute or two ago," Dottie
l. "He was so sweet. Don't you think he's
et?"
That's right," I said, "he's sweet."
Why don't you stop in for a minute on
r way home?" she said. "I could give
a bite of supper, dar-
, up in the study. I
en't anything to do un-
nine o'clock."

lbert the butler greeted
like an old family
nd and asked whether
should take me up in
lift or whether I cared to go by myself.
ld him that I would try to run the thing
ne. When the doors opened automatically,
uld see Dottie, through the open door
her study, sitting on the sofa with her
curled under her in that manner she
l never outgrown.
She wriggled off the sofa when she saw me,
t as she would have years before. There
s always something young about the way
ttie got herself off a sofa. She was dressed
a greenish afternoon frock which I could
gine she had hurried into directly after I
l told her about Robert Goodwin. She
d her hands out to me, but before I could
e them she threw her arms around me and
sed me. It was utterly unexpected, but I
ld not say I minded it.
Well, well," I said, "say I'm weary, say
sad, but Jennie kissed me."
Darling," she said, "your feathers are
ruffled. You look upset."

HERE was no use concealing my feelings,
d as I stood with my arm around her, I
d to admit I felt almost happy, because
ddenly realized she and I were friends in
te of all our quarrels and competitions.
Well," I said, "perhaps I am."
I had Albert bring up chicken sand-
hes and milk," she said. "Do you still
e chicken sandwiches?"
It was kind of her to remember that I
ed chicken sandwiches, but then if she
nted she could remember everything.
Darling," she said, "I'm glad you called
up." She was back on the sofa again with
r feet curled under her. "It's awfully nice
know you still belong to me a little."
"I don't mind it either right now," I said.
new this was one of her moods, but per-
ps it was valid.
Dottie said, "If two people have ever
en in love they always do belong to each
her a little, whether they approve of it or
t. It isn't anything to be ashamed of. I
n't even mean that we were very much in
ve, because we always knew too much
out each other, and now you'd better pull
your socks and tell me what's the matter."

I did not love her any longer and she did not love me, but at the same time I could tell her some things about myself which I could not have told Helen because they would have disturbed her and they would not bother Dottie Peale.

"Well," I began, "this afternoon at the office ——" And there I was, telling Dottie Peale about Alan Featherbee and Gilbert Frary and Art Hertz.

"I know," Dottie said. "Haven't you known that Gilbert was out to knife you? I've known it for the last six weeks."

"How did you know?" I asked.

"Because I'm not a chump like you," Dottie said. "There's plenty you can do about Frary. You're as important as Frary. What are you thinking of doing?"

"Frankly, I'm thinking of collecting my year's salary and getting out for good," I said.

"And then what'll you do?" she asked.

It was a pleasure to have her ask me instead of asking myself. "I don't know," I answered. "Maybe I might do some writing."

"What sort of writing?" Dottie said. "Dog stories?"

"I've a poodle named Farouche," I said. "I might do poodle stories."

She saw that I was laughing at her. "It's just the way it was on the paper," she said. "All right, I'll go around myself and see someone tomorrow. You can forget about it now and let me run this."

"Well, that's fine," I said. "You sound exactly like Mrs. Melville A. Goodwin."

I had never considered the consequences when I mentioned Mrs. Goodwin until I saw Dottie's face redden and there was a moment's silence.

"Now just why did you bring her up?" she asked.

"Now, Dot," I said, "I didn't mean to, but how did you like the soldier boy?"

Dottie sighed impatiently. "One of your worst troubles," Dottie said, "is that you never face up to anything. First you come here and tell me all your difficulties and then when I'm considering them, you ask about something else. What's the matter? Don't you want to have me help you?"

"Now, Dot," I said, "talking this over has been a help, but I don't want you to go and see someone."

"Sid," she said, "please. Just the other night I was talking to Norman Jones. You know Norman Jones in White Wall Rubber, don't you? Well, he was saying that they want to sponsor a news hour. I'm going to see him whether you want me to or not. You never know what you want."

"Dot," I asked her, "does anyone know what he wants?"

"That's a silly question," Dottie said. "I know, I've always known and I don't flounder around like you."

"You've never got it, have you?" I said.

There is always something embarrassing about a naked truth. She scowled at me and then I saw her move her head sharply and I heard the automatic elevator.

"What time is it?" Dottie said, and then looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was exactly half past eight. "Darling," she whispered, "don't go. Don't go just yet."

We had both turned to the door that opened onto the hallway, and there was Melville Goodwin. There was one of those uncertain silences before any of us spoke.

"Why, Mel," I heard Dottie say, "you're early."

"That's right," he said, "a half an hour early. I hope I'm not interrupting a conference. Hello, Sid."

I think he was surprised, because he must have expected Dottie to be alone, but at the same time he was glad to see me.

"Hello, Mel," I said. "I just dropped in for a minute and I'm leaving now."

In great actions men show themselves as they ought to be; in small actions, as they are. —CHAMFORT.



Those questions on a mother's mind...

Is my 10 year old daughter too young to be told about menstruation?

Should I be the one to tell her?

What should I say.... and when?

If your daughter is 12, or younger . . . you will find guidance and reassurance in "How Shall I Tell My Daughter," a new booklet prepared by the makers of Modess.

This confidence-inspiring booklet, which will be sent you free, tells how, when and what to tell a preadolescent . . . gives hints on how to approach the shy girl, the disinterested girl, the girl who has learned "false facts."

Mothers who have already received this booklet say, "I wish *my* mother had had help like this when I was growing up."

How can I make my 13-year old daughter's "first times" easier?

Should I give her definite health rules to follow?

Can I be sure of my facts?

If your daughter is 13, or older . . . give her the attractive, new Modess Special Teen-Age Package. It contains . . .

1. A copy of "Growing Up and Liking It," a friendly booklet explaining menstruation in "a girl's own language." 2. A Modess Sanitary Belt. 3. Twenty-four soft, safe Modess Napkins in all 3 sizes, so your daughter can discover which size best suits her needs.

Free Book!

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Please send me the following:

☐ Free Book, "How Shall I Tell My Daughter?"

☐ Special Teen-Age Package (enclose $1.50)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Daughter's Age_____

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I dreamed I was bewitching in my *maidenform® bra



Every little star is winking—even the man in the moon is carrying a torch! They're enchanted, entranced by a magic someone. "Who-o-o-o?" All the night owls know the answer... me... bewitching everyone in my charm of a Maidenform bra.*

Shown: Maidenform's Allo-ette in black satin. Also available in broadcloth and nylon taffeta, marquisette or lace... from $2.00. Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, N. Y. 16.*

There is a ***maidenform*** *for every type of figure!*

See Faith Baldwin's best loved stories on ***TV****. Tune in Maidenform's Theater of Romance, Saturdays at mid-day, ABC-TV coast-to-coast network.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Maiden Form Brassiere Co.

"What's the idea of your leaving?" Mel Goodwin asked. "Dottie and I were going to see the town. How about taking him along, Dot?"

"Sid just came around for some advice, Mel," Dottie said. "Career trouble."

Mel Goodwin smiled and walked across the room and patted me on the shoulder. "Career trouble?" he repeated. "That sounds like Washington. Well, Sid can tell me about it while you go in and put on what you call an evening frock."

Dottie shook her head. "Mel," she said, "would you mind very much if we all stayed here?"

Mel Goodwin looked at her quickly. "Why," he said, "what's the matter, Dot?"

"Oh," Dottie said, "nothing, Mel, except perhaps I've been thoughtless. Darling, I never dreamed that people would begin to talk."

Mel Goodwin clasped his hands behind him and glanced at me and back at Dottie. "Well," he said, "so that's why Sid's here."

"No, no," Dottie said, "it isn't Sid, but I imagine Sid agrees with me. I've been awfully thoughtless, Mel."

"Now let's get this straight," Mel Goodwin said. "You didn't feel this way when I called you up at noon. Someone's been talking to you. Who was it, Dot?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter, Mel," Dottie answered.

"Come on," he said, "who was it?"

It was interesting, for once, being an innocent bystander, especially when one remembered that Dottie had always been looking for a man. I was sure that she did not want to tell and I was just as sure that she was going to.

"It's about time for me to be going home," I said.

"No," Mel Goodwin said. "I want you to stick around, boy. Who's been so interested in me, Dot?"

"Mel," Dottie said, "promise me you won't be mad at him."

"That depends on who it is," Mel Goodwin said.

"All right," Dottie said, "have it your own way. It was Robert."

"Well, I'll be damned!" the General said. "So it was Bob, was it? Did you see him, Sid?"

"I saw him at the office," I answered. "He's worried about you, Mel."

The guileless eyes of Mel Goodwin held me for a second. "Do you think he's got a right to be?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered, "he made me think so."

"What did you think of Bob?" he asked.

"I liked him," I said.

MEL GOODWIN smiled and the watchfulness left his eyes. "That boy is going to get along," he said, "if he just learns not to stick his neck out. It's nice, his being worried about the old man. You know, I kind of like it. What did he say?" He was asking me, not Dottie.

"He thinks you have a future, sir," I said, "if you don't stick your neck out."

"You know, that's sort of pleasant," Mel Goodwin said, "to know that the kid thinks that. Did you and Bob get along all right, Dot?"

Dottie smiled her warmest smile. "He loved talking about you, Mel," she said. "He was so sweet about you."

"Well, well," the General said, "maybe I should have taken this all up with Bob myself, but there never seemed to be any opportunity around the house in Alexandria. Maybe Bob's right about being around publicly. Well, let's all stay here and have a happy evening. I'm pretty proud of Bob. This is certainly a welcome change from Washington. That crowd in the Pentagon! It's full of people with battle records now, but a lot of the boys look confused."

I forgot that it was time I was starting home. I was in an atmosphere of revealing suspense as I watched Mel Goodwin and Dottie Peale. No matter what a man and woman might try to conceal, no matter what studied indifference they might display toward each other, anyone could ascerta much of what lay between them. I had nev realized until then how far things had go and how irrevocable things were betwe Mel and Dottie Peale.

It was fascinating, for instance, to obser when he sat down on the sofa that he unbu toned two buttons of his blouse. When y thought of the buttons of West Point and his subconscious preoccupation with appea ance, nothing could have been more revea ing than that unconsidered action. It told clearly as words where Dottie and M Goodwin stood.

"This is a fine idea," he said, "sitti around in a home this evening."

THIS was the second time, Mel Goodw was saying, that he had come home from war. He had been very junior on the oth occasion and this was easy to handle, but was no joke coming home as a general, wi a lot of missiles being thrown at you, i cluding custard pies and bricks. It seem down in Washington, even in branches the Department, that everyone was forge ting there had been a war and Washingt was sick to death of officers and their re ords. The truth was, combat officers we selling for about a dime a dozen, and y could not see the desks for battle ribbon

On his first day in Washington he ha dropped in to see "Snip" Lewis just for friendly chat and some informal orientatio on the off chance that Snip might not be t busy. Maybe he should have telephone Snip had been in a key position since t war, and as far as M Goodwin was concerne he deserved everythi he had, including t Legion of Merit and t D.S.O. and his compl mentary French and Bri ish decorations. He ha nothing at all agains anyone like Snip, who had been three yea behind him at the Point. Snip was an o Grimshaw man, and they had worked t gether in Washington before "Torch." was not Snip's fault that he had stayed on Washington; somebody had to stay, an Snip had been a fine exec for Grimshaw Nevertheless, he was surprised when H dropped into that Pentagon office. The thin that struck him right in the eye was Snip exec in the outer office. It was old "Froggy Jukes, sitting there pushing all the button

He wanted to make it clear that he ha nothing against Froggy. It wasn't any man fault if he suffered from emotional instabilit and did not make the grade in a front are because this might happen to the very bes Nevertheless, when Froggy Jukes was "Bullpup" in North Africa, he had droppe the ball at a crucial moment, and old Heinz had not taken him over to Italy, after tha little mix-up. Yet here he was, a brigadie in the Pentagon with three secretaries an secret filing cabinets and four telephones. H had nothing whatsoever against Froggy an he had not been mixed up with Froggy problems, but they had both been in "Bul pup," and he knew the score.

"Well, well," Froggy said, "I've bee wondering when you'd come here."

"Well," Mel Goodwin said, "it's nice t see you, Froggy. How have things bee going?"

You could see that things had been goin pretty well. Froggy had his North Africa ribbon, the Legion of Merit and the D.S.C and a Caribbean ribbon.

"I'm just the boss's errand boy," Frogg said, "but I'm busy as a bird dog, what wit all this unification. Let's see, you were i 'Bullpup,' weren't you, Mel?"

Froggy knew damned well that he was i "Bullpup," if he had not lost his wits.

"Heinzy never understood me out there, Froggy said.

All you could do was to be nice about i and say that a lot of others hadn't hit it o with Heinzy either, but you could see tha Froggy still had it in for the "Bullpup crowd on general principles.

(Continued on Page 90)

The devil always paints himself black, but we always see him rose-colored.
—FINNISH PROVERB.



Which one is the daughter?

This beautiful Metropolitan Opera Star looks as young as her daughter!

Both these lovely ladies are Jarmila Novotna!

Yet, though it's hard to believe, one of them is Jarmila the Younger — and the beautiful woman by her side is her mother!

Madame Novotna has long been a star of the famous Metropolitan Opera. Her thrilling voice is matched only by her exquisite beauty.

What marvelous secret does Jarmila Novotna know? To be one of the world's great beauties . . . with a daughter of 19?

Madame Novotna says: "If I have a secret, it's a well-known one. Complexion is the mirror of age. And there's only one regular care I give my skin—Woodbury Facial Soap."

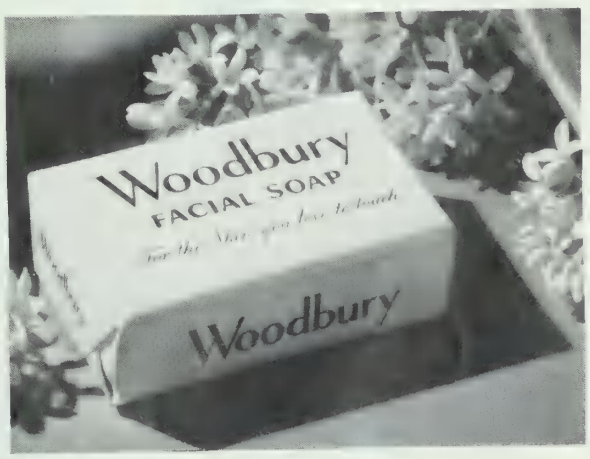
There's a vital difference in Woodbury care. It's more than a cleanser, for skin scientists add an emollient beauty-cream ingredient to every cake.

This rich beauty oil is the very same skin-softener found in the most expensive face creams.

While some soaps may dry delicate skin, Woodbury smooths. The beauty-cream ingredient is intended to help replace the *natural* oils you wash away.

The living proof of Woodbury's complexion magic is Jarmila Novotna (the woman on the right). And proof, too, is her daughter — another radiant Woodbury Deb!

Try Woodbury Facial Soap yourself . . . and soon.



Woodbury Facial Soap ... *with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient*

for the skin you love to touch

Sensational Baking Recipes of the Century use WESSON



FOR YOU, THE BEST! America's No.1 Salad Oil NOW your liquid shortening

Millions change from solid shortening to Wesson Oil—for STIR-N-ROLL pie crust, biscuits—and Chiffon Cakes

You see it in magazines and newspapers. Hear about it on TV or radio! Exciting new recipes are being originated with Wesson Oil. You'll find that *liquid shortening* is easier, surer to use. And Wesson's delicacy *naturally* makes good foods *taste* better.

Wonderfully flaky pie crust and meltin' tender biscuits are made the sensational STIR-N-ROLL way. No more cutting in solid shortening—just stir in Wesson Oil!

Glamorous Chiffon Cake can't be made with solid shortening...but *light* Wesson Oil is perfect for that *extra-light* texture.

Wesson is modern. Pours to measure, pours to mix...blends by simple stirring. Ends all that fuss of "melting shortening" for waffles, muffins, brownies, fruitcakes, ends "melting fat" for frying!

And, don't forget—Wesson is America's *favorite salad oil, too!*

Bake the modern way with WESSON OIL



STIR-N-ROLL APPLE RAISIN PIE

A liquid shortening recipe by Betty Crocker. Flaky pastry at first try—you stir in Wesson Oil.

PREHEAT oven to 425°.

Make **STIR-N-ROLL pastry for 9-in. two-crust pie (recipe below).**

Cook (covered) until tender (about 5 minutes) in . . .
1⅓ cups seedless raisins
1⅓ cups boiling water

Stir in a mixture of
1⅓ tbsp. GOLD MEDAL Flour
⅔ cup sugar

Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat.

Stir in
1⅓ cups sliced apples
½ cup finely chopped walnuts or pecans
2 tsp. grated lemon rind (about 1 lemon)
3 tbsp. lemon juice (about 1 lemon)

Pour hot filling into pastry-lined pie pan.

STIR-N-ROLL pastry for 9-in. two-crust pie

1. Mix together
2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour
***1½ tsp. salt**

Pour into a measuring cup (but don't stir!)
½ cup WESSON OIL
and . . . **¼ cup cold whole milk**

Then pour all at once into flour.

2. Stir lightly until mixed. Round up dough ...divide in halves. Flatten each half slightly.

3. Place one half between 2 sheets of waxed paper (12-in. square). Roll out gently until circle reaches edges of paper. (Waxed paper will not slip while rolling pastry if table top under paper is slightly damp.)

Peel off top paper. If dough cracks or breaks, mend without moistening by pressing edges together...or by pressing a scrap of pastry lightly over tear.

4. Lift paper and pastry by top corners; they will cling together. Place (paper side up) in 9-in. pie pan. Carefully peel off paper. Gently fit pastry into pan. Trim to rim.

TOP CRUST: Roll as above and place over filling. Trim to rim. Seal by pressing gently with fork or by fluting edge. Snip 3 or 4 small slits near center. Bake *about 40 minutes* (until golden brown and juice begins to bubble through slits in crust) in *hot oven* (425°). Serve warm.

*With GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour, omit salt. Bake at 375° about 50 minutes.



STIR-N-ROLL POCKETBOOK BISCUITS

A liquid shortening recipe by Betty Crocker of General Mills. Stir up tender biscuits every time with Wesson Oil.

PREHEAT oven to 475°. Sift together...
2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour
***3 tsp. double-action baking powder**
***1 tsp. salt**

Pour into measuring cup (but don't stir!)...
⅓ cup WESSON OIL
⅔ cup milk

Then pour all at once into the flour.

Stir with a fork until mixture cleans sides of bowl and rounds up into a ball. Smooth up by kneading dough about 10 times without additional flour. With dough on waxed paper, press out ¼-in. thick with hands, or roll out between waxed paper.

1. POCKETBOOK BISCUITS: Cut dough into 3-in. rounds with unfloured biscuit cutter. Fold over...or place ½ tsp. of your favorite jelly in center before folding...then press edges together tightly. Bake 10 to 12 minutes on ungreased cooky sheet in very hot oven (475°). 12 medium biscuits.

2. ROLLED OR PATTED BISCUITS: Follow directions above, *but do not fold or add filling.* For high biscuits, roll dough ½-in. thick.

3. DROP BISCUITS: Mix as directed above, *but do not knead dough.* Drop dough on ungreased cooky sheet.

*If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour, omit the baking powder and the salt.

WANT LOTS MORE RECIPES using Wesson Oil for baking and frying? Send for these 4 free folders: (1) Stir-N-Roll Pastry, (2) Stir-N-Roll Biscuits, (3) Chiffon Cakes and Hot Breads, (4) Wesson for Frying. Send name and address to Wesson Oil, 210 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

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h on Cakes so light, so luscious, can't be made vith any solid shortening...use light Wesson Oil and Softasilk Cake Flour.

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sson Oil is a reg. trademark of the Wesson Oil and Snowdrift ...pe. "Betty Crocker," "Gold Medal" and "Softasilk" are reg. ad arks of General Mills, Inc.





MARBLE CHIFFON CAKE

A liquid shortening recipe by Betty Crocker.
Angelfood light...luscious...made with Wesson Oil.

PREHEAT oven to 325° (slow mod.). Sift ample amount of Softasilk Cake Flour on a square of paper.

STIR these until smooth. Cool:

¼ cup cocoa — **¼ cup boiling water**
¼ cup sugar — **¼ tsp. red food coloring, if desired**

STEP 1...MEASURE (level measurements throughout) and SIFT together into mixing bowl:

2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack) — **1½ cups sugar**, **3 tsp. baking powder**, **1 tsp. salt**

Make a well and add in order:

½ cup WESSON OIL — **5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium sized)** — **¾ cup cold water** — **2 tsp. vanilla**

BEAT until smooth with spoon, or beat with electric mixer on medium speed for 1 minute.

STEP 2...MEASURE into large mixing bowl:

1 cup egg whites (7 or 8) — **½ tsp. cream of tartar**

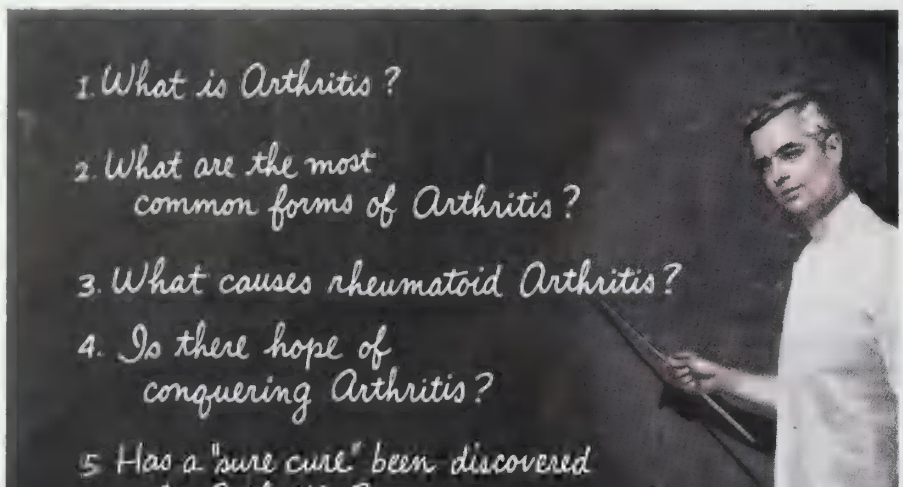
BEAT until whites form *very stiff* peaks by hand, or with electric mixer on high speed for 3 to 5 minutes. DO NOT UNDERBEAT. Egg whites are stiff enough when a rubber scraper drawn through leaves a clean path.

STEP 3...POUR egg yolk mixture gradually over beaten egg whites...*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended. DO NOT STIR.

Place ½ the batter in another bowl; pour cocoa mixture gradually over it, gently folding until blended. IMMEDIATELY pour alternate layers of light and dark batters into *ungreased* tube pan, 10 x 4-in. Bake 55 *minutes* in slow moderate oven (325°), then increase to 350° (moderate) for 10 to 15 minutes...or until top springs back when *lightly* touched. Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube over neck of funnel or bottle. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over. Hit edge sharply on table to loosen. 16 *to* 20 *servings.*

If you live at an altitude over 2,500 ft., look on the folder inside the Softasilk package for Chiffon Cake recipe adjustments.

BROWN BEAUTY ICING: Combine in a bowl 1 *cup sifted confectioners' sugar*, 2 *or* 3 *egg yolks* (or 1 small egg), ¼ *cup milk*, 3 *squares* (3 oz.) *unsweetened chocolate*, melted, 1 *tbsp. soft shortening*, ½ *tsp. vanilla*. Place bowl in ice water and beat with rotary beater until consistency to spread (3 to 5 minutes.)



Can you answer these questions about ARTHRITIS?

1 Q *What is Arthritis?*

A. Arthritis is the term applied to many different diseases affecting the joints of the body. All of the arthritic diseases are characterized by inflammation or swelling of the joints, but these conditions differ widely as to causes, symptoms, and the kind of treatment required. In its various forms, arthritis affects more than 3 million Americans. In fact, it is a leading cause of chronic illness in our country today.

2 Q *What are the most common forms of Arthritis?*

A. Of all types of arthritis, the chronic forms, *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*, are by far the most common. Osteoarthritis is primarily the result of aging, or normal wear-and-tear on the joints. It rarely develops before age 40 and it seldom causes severe crippling. Rheumatoid arthritis is a much more serious disorder. It usually strikes between the ages of 20 and 50, and unless it is properly treated the joints may become permanently damaged.

3. Q *What causes rheumatoid Arthritis?*

A. Although the exact cause of rheumatoid arthritis is unknown, a variety of factors are involved in its onset. In this condition, there is usually evidence of disease of the entire system—such as loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional strain, and nutritional deficiencies. Since many factors may be involved, doctors stress the importance of a *thorough physical examination* of each patient. This is essential to proper diagnosis and treatment, which in all cases must be based upon the patient's *individual* needs.

4. Q *Is there hope of conquering Arthritis?*

A. Yes, indeed! Methods of treatment for all types of arthritis are constantly being improved. The outlook for further advances is now more hopeful than ever before—thanks to research which is yielding new facts about the underlying causes of arthritis, especially the rheumatoid type.

5. Q *Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis?*

A. No, indeed! Yet, many people are still misled by claims that are made for certain "arthritis cures" or other forms of therapy that are worthless. Authorities emphasize that proper medical care offers the only hope of permanent relief from arthritis. Today, about 60 percent of the victims can be greatly benefited, *and in some cases completely relieved*, if proper treatment is commenced early.

6. Q *How can you guard against Arthritis?*

A. Doctors say there are certain precautions that everyone can take to help prevent arthritis, or to lessen the effect if it should occur. Here are some of them: keep weight normal . . . try to maintain good posture . . . get sufficient rest, sleep, and exercise . . . eat a balanced daily diet . . . have regular medical and dental examinations . . . maintain a calm mental outlook . . . *see your doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint.*

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 1051J, "Arthritis."

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(Continued from Page 86)

"I suppose you want to hit the chief for something," Froggy said.

Of course he was saying it in a kidding way, but it was not a nice way of putting it, considering who had the rank and record.

"If General Lewis has about three minutes," Mel Goodwin said, "I'd like to pay him my respects."

"The chief is pretty busy now," Froggy said. "It's a crowded morning, but I think he can give you five minutes."

"All right, ask him," Mel Goodwin said. "I'm pretty busy myself, Froggy."

Froggy opened the door to the inner office and slid through and closed it softly behind him. There was nothing about any of it that Melville Goodwin liked, but of course Snip Lewis had time to see him.

"Sit down, Mel," Snip said. "I wish I didn't have to get out of here in five minutes. We'll have to get you and Muriel over on the first clear night, and we'll get the Old Man. The Old Man wants to see you."

"Well, that sounds good," Mel said.

"We've got to find a groove for you, Mel," Snip said. "If there's anything you'd like particularly, count on me to put in a word."

This was all said in a kidding way, of course, and Mel Goodwin laughed because it was the right thing to do and not because he felt like laughing. "Well," he said, "if you've got a division running around loose, bear me in mind, will you?"

This was said in a kidding way, too, but it was curious to see the blank look on Snip Lewis' face.

"What do you want a division for?" Snip asked, and Mel Goodwin felt as embarrassed as if he had asked for something off color.

"Well, I know about them," he said.

Snip Lewis wrote something on his memo pad. "Listen, Mel," he said, "what would Muriel say? We can cook you up something higher than that. Now you're safe home we don't want to send you out to Bragg or Bailey. What would you do with a division, boy?"

He wanted to ask Snip Lewis what he thought the Army was about, but it was no time to sound off too freely, and besides, Froggy had just re-entered the room.

"General Councillor is outside, sir," Froggy said, "and the car's at the Mall entrance."

"All right," Snip said, "two more minutes, and take my brief case," and they both watched Froggy close the door.

"Froggy has been quite a find," Snip Lewis said.

"I'm glad to hear it," Mel Goodwin answered. "I'd be damned if I'd want him." He could call a spade a spade with Snip, and Snip laughed.

"I know," he said, "but right now we need more brains than brawn. Just get it through your head that you've got brains too. Goochy's here, and a lot of your old crowd. Take off the pressure, Mel, it's going to be all right."

I had never seen Melville Goodwin quite so completely frank. His face was more mobile than I had ever seen it, and it exhibited traces of uncertainty and worry that I had never observed previously. He was clearly talking to himself as much as to Dottie Peale and me, though at the same time he was conscious of both of us. He wanted to listen, although there was nothing either of us could contribute, because we were not familiar with the practice of administration. He passed his hand over his closely cropped hair and unbuttoned the top button of his blouse.

"Why don't you take your coat?" Dottie asked him.

"Maybe that's a good suggestion," he said, "but I wish you'd get in the habit of calling it a blouse instead of a coat."

"Oh, excuse me," Dottie said. "I always keep forgetting."

He rose and took off his blouse and hung it neatly on the back of a chair. "When I was a kid at the Point," he said, "I often dreamed of ribbons. Maybe there comes a time when you get too many. Maybe I've reached that period. I've got a queer sort of a feeling."

"What sort of a feeling?" Dottie asked.

"That maybe I might kick and hold anybody should happen to pin another cluster on me," Mel Goodwin said. "Maybe I've been a kid all my life and now I'm growing up. Maybe Sid sees what I mean. He was looking at me in his coolest way."

"Mel," I said, "you'd better remember just one thing."

"What one thing?" he asked.

"You'd better remember that you're too old to grow up."

For a moment he looked deadly serious and then he smiled his youngest smile. "Son," he said, "that shows you know about me and about the service. I don't believe you know how deep that cuts. I'm too old to grow up, but I can feel myself growing. Now maybe you can tell me what it's taking me."

"I wouldn't know," I said.

He walked across the room to the window. "All right," he said, "I wouldn't either. But something's got to give somewhere. That's right, isn't it, Dot? Something's got to give."

"Now, Mel," Dottie said, "don't worry about it now." She must have been referring to something between them that they had often discussed, and I could only listen.

"I'm not," Mel Goodwin said. "I'm used to shoving off whenever I know what's cooking." Then his mood changed. "Why haven't you stopped me sounding off about myself?" he asked. "You were saying that Sid had something on his mind. What's the matter with you, Sid?"

It was remarkable how quickly they could rearrange themselves. I was very glad to tell him my troubles and to get advice from him.

Dottie Peale had heard my story before. She sat looking abstractedly at the point of her slipper, but Melville Goodwin gazed straight at me, following every word and occasionally his forehead wrinkled.

"You see, it's what I've told you, Mel," Dottie said. "Sidney is always drifting and simply never seems to care."

"I don't know," Mel Goodwin said. "Sitting in on this with a purely outside point of view, I can make a few suggestions, but it seems to me Sid's done pretty well, too. He's getting the facts together and waiting to take action."

Gilbert Frary and the broadcasting staff had reached a military level, and Mel

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(Continued from Page 90)

odwin's voice had the ring of complete thority. He had taken over my problem. "Now, Mel," Dottie said, "don't forget out this man I know who wants a news ogram."

"I'm not forgetting," Melville Goodwin d. "There was an officer at the St. George otel in African headquarters in Algiers, med Ed Sturmer, holding a temporary nk of brigadier general like me. He was st like this Frary, flexible and without alty. He wanted to get my spot in 'Bull-p.' He was always telling me what a fine y I was and how he admired me, and then was always getting in to see the Old Man en I wasn't there, and finding little facts out me and giving them an unfavorable nt. Well, I let Ed run along with it until was all ready for him." Melville Good-n rubbed his hands together. "I waited til the Old Man had Ed and me alone th him there in the St. George," he said, oing over a map. I remember Ed was lding a pointer and arguing about some tle track behind the mountains. I inter-pted him right in the middle and spoke to e Old Man.

"'Sir,' I said, 'may I make a remark be-re General Sturmer finishes?'

"'Yes, what is it, Mel?' the Old Man said.

"'Heinzy,' I said, 'Ed is going to ask you, he hasn't asked you already, whether he n't have my spot in "Bullpup." If you want m and not me, I'd suggest you make the cision, instead of letting us both horse ound like kids at a cocktail party.'"

Melville Goodwin looked at me as though were Ed Sturmer, and I could feel in-rectly the impact of his words.

"There are times when you've got to stick ur neck out," Mel Goodwin said. "Sturmer mped so he damn near dropped the pointer, t old Heinzy didn't say anything for a arter of a minute. I had thrown the ball ght at him.

"'You're damned impertinent, don't you ink, Mel?' the Old Man said.

"'Yes, sir, I think so,' I told him.

"'Well,' he said, 'there's no need for such ocking manners, Mel. Go on and consider ere has been no interruption, Ed.'"

Melville Goodwin paused as though he d reached the end of the story.

"That was all there was to it," he said.

"But what *happened?*" Dottie asked.

"Nothing happened," Melville Goodwin id. "I was in 'Bullpup' until I got a piece hardware in my shoulder, wasn't I?"

It seemed to me that it was one of Melville Goodwin's better anecdotes, be-use it ended in suspense, even if Melville oodwin thought it ended perfectly.

"Is Ed Sturmer around the Pentagon ow?" I asked.

"Yes," Melville Goodwin said. "Ed's the Pentagon, but that isn't the point."

"Then what's the point?" I asked.

"Either you or I must be pretty dumb tonight, son," the General said. "The point is, you've got to stick your neck out sometimes. You get another job lined up and then go and see this Frary."

"Did you have another job lined up in Algiers?" I asked.

"Listen, son," the General said, "I'm talking about you, not me. Three other people were asking for me, and Heinzy knew it. Dottie will go around and see that man for you, and now you'd better get back to Connecticut. You have nothing further to worry about. Dot and I personally will handle your situation."

"Suppose I don't want you to handle my situation?" I asked.

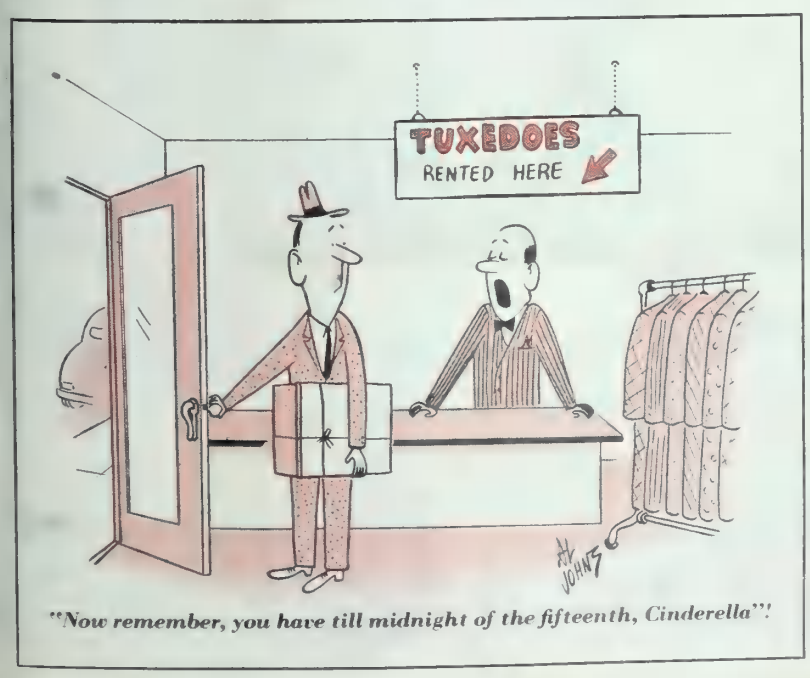
Melville Goodwin smiled. "I used to think you knew something about women, son," he said. "Don't you know that Dottie will do it anyway?"

It had been Gilbert Frary's pet idea, as I have said before—and Gilbert always did have an instinct for showmanship—to move the broadcast about the country. This gave the broadcast, as Gilbert said, an on-the-spot reporting flavor. Though he was still out in Hollywood, he had laid all the plans by remote control. I was ostensibly to be in Washington looking into the Chinese situation, and somehow Gilbert had contrived to get the State Department interested and a man from the Department named Hubert Stillwater was to have a three-minute spot in which he would tell me all about China.

I was lodged in one of those suites in the Hotel Mayflower, all done in Empire and damask, designed apparently for foreign potentates with an entourage of equerries. We did not need all the suite, because Gilbert was still out there in Hollywood, but still, there was the entourage. There was Sammy Glick, who always traveled with the show to handle transportation reservations and general broadcasting arrangements. Then there was Miss Maynard, who helped out Sammy more than she ever helped me. Then there were Art Hertz and Miss Olson, his secretary, and one of the ushers named Jimmy, who handled bags and typewriters.

The suite and the entourage were all there ready and waiting for me, when I had arrived from New York at eleven o'clock in the morning, but there was not the same flair to the expedition with Gilbert Frary away in Hollywood. We all seemed like automatons without Gilbert's showmanship to pull us together, and there was also a perfunctory quality in everyone's attitude toward me which was more noticeable than it had been in New York. Sammy naturally gave me the largest room, but he did not buzz around as he had formerly. Art Hertz was in the adjoining room, and I noticed that Jimmy, who was unpacking his bags, did not leave them to take care of mine. There were two adjoining sitting rooms, one

(Continued on Page 95)



"Now remember, you have till midnight of the fifteenth, Cinderella"!

Frosteds, Waffles, Soufflés . . .

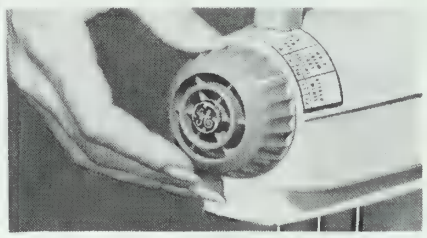
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Whip Tip for October:

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KRAFT FRENCH AND MIRACLE FRENCH ARE SEASONED SO DELIGHTFULLY...SAVE SO MUCH WORK AND WORRY...THAT HOSTS OF SALAD-FANCIERS BLESS THE DAY THEY TRIED THEM. WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THEM A WHIRL?

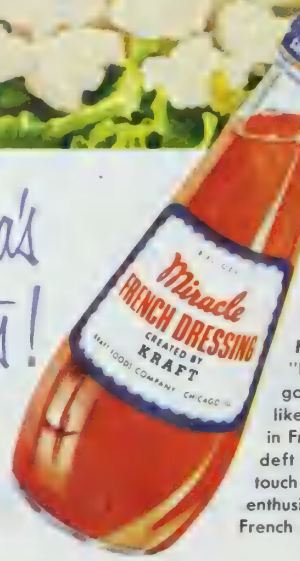


October Salad Platter

Leaf lettuce
Tomato wedges
Scored unpeeled cucumber slices
Shredded red cabbage
Cauliflowerettes
Carrot sticks
Onion rings
Miracle or Kraft French Dressing

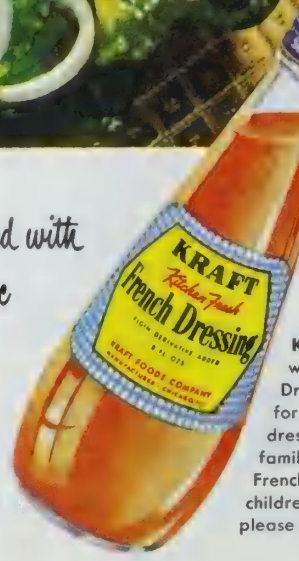
Arrange 5 lettuce nests on a round chop plate. Fill the nests, respectively, with tomato wedges garnished with tiny lettuce leaves, cucumber slices, shredded cabbage, cauliflowerettes, and carrot sticks. Garnish the platter with onion rings and serve with a bowl of *Miracle* or *Kraft* French Dressing in the center. Kraft French and Miracle French are so immensely popular that they actually outsell *all* other French Dressings combined!

America's Favorites!



Deftly seasoned with onion and garlic

Miracle French has a "Parisian accent" that gourmets praise. If you like onion and garlic in French Dressing—a deft touch, just the right touch—you'll share the enthusiasm for Miracle French Dressing.



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Kraft French is the ... widely popular Fren... Dressing ever offere... for sale! A creamy-thi... dressing that the whole family loves, famous Kr... French is mild enough fo... children, zippy enough t... please grown-ups.

(Continued from Page 93)

r Art and Sammy and me, and the other r the girls, who had already set up their pewriters.

"Art," I called through the connecting oor, "is your room all right?"

Art entered my room in his shirt sleeves. Everything's swell, Sid," he said. "I've egun on a first draft—without waiting for ou." There was nothing to criticize in the ay he said it except that his manner was nduly positive.

"Go right ahead," I told him, "and see is man Stillwater too. I won't bother you ith any thoughts today."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way," Art said.

"That's all right, Art," I told him, "and hen Gilbert calls up from the Coast, talk o him yourself. I have a lot of personal ings on my mind."

"Sid," Art said again, "I didn't mean it hat way."

"Neither did I," I told him. "This whole how runs like clockwork when I'm not ere."

"I don't know what's troubling you to-ay, Sid," Art began, "but if I've done any-hing you don't like, I wish you'd specify it."

Of course there was nothing to specify, nd nothing could have been gained by hav-ng it out with Art Hertz, who was only a traw in the wind.

"Don't you ever get depressed, Art?" I sked. "I'm only undergoing a mild fit of lepression, that's all. Don't worry about ne. I'll get over it."

I walked into the itting room.

"Miss Maynard," I aid, "will you get me Mr. George Burt-eimer in Chicago, lease?"

I said it loudly nough so that Art ould not miss hear-ng it, and Art did ot miss.

"Say, Sid," he said, 'you know how Gil-ert feels about any-ne else talking to Burtheimer."

"That's all right," I said. "I'm feeling onely," and I observed that both Miss Maynard and Art looked flustered.

The telephone was a wonderful invention. I only had time to sit down and smoke half a cigarette before Mr. Burtheimer was on the line, and by then all the connecting doors of the suite were open and everyone was listening.

"Hello, George," I said. "I'm here in Washington and I'm feeling lonely."

Then I asked him what he was doing for breakfast the next morning. I said I was lonely and I wanted to have breakfast with him and told him that I could take a night plane to Chicago. Then I asked Miss May-nard to see about a reservation. I had been thinking over this plan for several days, and I was gratified by the general reaction.

"Say, Sid," Art said, "have you told Gilbert anything about this?"

"Why, no, Art," I said. "The impulse just came over me."

"But what about tomorrow night?" Art said.

"Oh, I'll be back in New York in time," I told him. "You write it and I'll read it, Art."

Now that the lines were drawn, it was only necessary to let matters take their course. There was no need to embarrass Art Hertz by staying in the suite for the next few hours. All I needed was some good excuse to leave, and I thought of Melville Goodwin. I had the Goodwins' number in Alexandria.

"Will you please get me General Good-win," I told Miss Maynard.

When I did not recognize the voice of the woman who answered, I knew that Enid Joyce must be speaking. The General—that is, Mel—was not in, but Mrs. Goodwin—that is, Muriel—was right there, and she knew that Muriel would be so delighted I had called up, and she would get Muriel in just a second.

"Muriel," I heard her calling, "Muriel."

There was often a discouraging anticlimax in the sound of a disembodied voice, but Muriel Goodwin's had a clear, executive assurance surprisingly like that in the voice of Dottie Peale. Both voices had the same contagious warmth and enthusiasm, artificial perhaps, but nevertheless peculiarly effective.

She said, "Mel will be furious if he doesn't see you right away. He's at the Pentagon, and I'll have him call you, and what are you doing after the broadcast tonight?"

I could see what Mel Goodwin meant about her taking over. She had read all about the broadcast, and she kept on planning even after I told her I was taking a night plane to Chicago.

"We'll take you to the airport," she said. "We're having a steak fry in the back yard tonight. It won't be any trouble at all, Sid. Mel or someone can take you to the airport. It's only really a step." She had all Dottie Peale's executive powers, and an even greater certainty.

"That sounds wonderful," I heard myself saying.

No people in the world were more hospitable than service people. There was an invariable disregard for ordinary limitations. All I had to do was wait right where I was, and she would get hold of Mel and Mel would call me. All I had to do was wait until I had heard from Mel.

I did not have to wait more than a few minutes, either, before the telephone rang again. A captain by the name of Rattisbone was on the telephone. General Goodwin was at a meeting which he could not leave, but the General was looking forward to seeing me the moment he was free. In the meanwhile, if I would wait just where I was, Captain Rattisbone himself would call for me.

The Pentagon, I was thinking, was the greatest military monument in the world, dwarfing the Invalides and Napoleon's Tomb in Paris. It was endless and labyrinthian and, characteristically, had already grown too small for the clerical staffs and the documents that occupied it. It was the glorified temple of the services, and I could feel the invisible arms of discipline surround us as Captain Rattisbone and I walked up the steps.

"This way, sir," the captain said when we stepped off the moving staircase.

The corridor was leading us into the higher echelons. We were nearing the thrones of the hierarchy. Young Rattisbone opened a door on the right.

"This way, sir," he said.

We entered the outer room of a suite of offices, but the captain did not pause. Having led me past a row of empty leather-upholstered chairs, his hand dropped on the knob of a closed door. He turned it noiselessly and pushed the door cautiously, prepared to close it discreetly if we had arrived at an unpropitious moment.

"Will the General see Mr. Skelton now?" he asked.

Then I heard Mel Goodwin's voice. "Yes. Don't keep him waiting outside."

"You can go right in, sir," Captain Rattisbone said.

The offices were very comfortable in that part of the Pentagon. I have never heard who was responsible for the interior decoration, but whoever it was understood the value of setting. I was in a fine room, carpeted in crimson. A massive mahogany desk stood in front of three broad windows that looked

(Continued on Page 98)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Preference

By Elizabeth McFarland

I search for beauty that comes brief
and spare—
Like dogwood blooming with its
boughs leaf-bare,
Or like a thin-cheeked woman's
silvering hair.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Toast as you like it

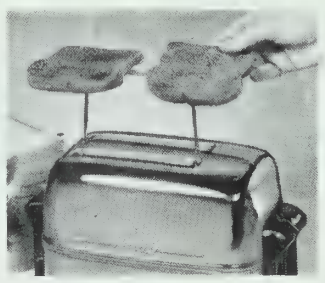
—hot till you want it!



Arvin

Toast-tested AUTOMATIC TOASTER



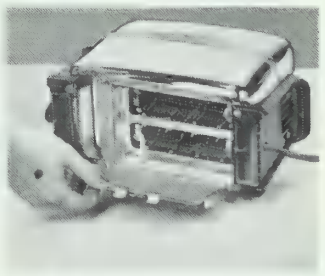


Exclusive Sta-Warm butter-melting shelf!

Arvin's *your* toaster—if you like every slice hot, with golden melted butter spreading to cover every inch of its crisp, tempting goodness! Only Arvin includes the Sta-Warm Shelf to keep first slices hot while the next slices are toasting! You'll like it 365 mornings a year!

Practically cleans itself of crumbs!

Arvin's *your* toaster—if you like easy cleaning! Arvin's hinged crumb tray gives instant access, practically cleans itself in a split-jiffy! Can't come loose and spill crumbs on the floor to crunch annoyingly underfoot. You'll say again that Arvin thinks of everything!





Every Arvin is triple toast-tested!

Arvin's *your* toaster—if you like to *know* every slice will be exactly as brown as you want it! Every Arvin must toast six slices, two light, two medium, two dark—before it leaves the factory testing table! And it must pass many other rigid tests to prove itself America's most ruggedly built automatic toaster.

A gift that gives a lift to any occasion!

Arvin's *your* toaster—if you're looking for a perfect gift! For beauty, for dependability, for years of complete satisfaction—and deep appreciation—give an Arvin! **$22.95**



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Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana
(Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)

Also makers of other Arvin Electric Housewares, TV, Radios, Car Heaters, Metal Furniture, Ironing Tables.

"M-m! Pancakes with Syrup, Butter, Bacon, and Coffee!"

Entice 'em WITH A Real American Breakfast!





Starring Aunt Jemimas

America's Favorite Pancakes... Now "fluff-whipped"!

Get set to bake the *lightest, most delicious pancakes* of your life! For Aunt Jemima's famous Old South recipe is now "Fluff Whipped" . . . a special blending process that whirls a wonderful fluffy lightness right into Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix. All *you* do is stir the creamy batter *very, very* gently, and bake. In a jiffy you're serving your folks the lightest, tenderest pancakes in the whole wide world!

Yes, it's *easy* now to make *breakfast* their favorite meal. See how eagerly they pull up their chairs to Aunt Jemima's "Fluff-Whipped" pancakes and all the trimmin's. Log Cabin Syrup, Swift's Premium Bacon and satisfying coffee. A feast of goodness that's truly American —*any time, any* day!

© Quaker Oats Co., 1951



The Red box for pancakes

The Yellow box for buckwheats



"M-m! Coffee with Pancakes, Syrup, Butter, and Bacon!"

Invite 'em WITH A Real American Breakfast!



Nothing takes the place of COFFEE at Breakfast Time ... At Any Time!

Whatever the hour—nothing hits the spot like a cup of coffee. Wonderful with a breakfast of Aunt Jemima Pancakes, Log Cabin Syrup and Swift's Premium Bacon. With *any* meal or in-between snack—no other beverage offers such a full measure of pure pleasure.

Honestly now, when you come to think of it—for *sheer* satisfaction—for old-fashioned goodness—you can't name anything that satisfies like coffee. At home or in a restaurant—morning, noon or night—nothing compares with America's best-loved beverage!



HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE EVERY TIME

- Take 1 Standard Coffee Measure (2 level tablespoons) to each ¾ measuring cup of cold, fresh water.
- Brew in spotlessly clean coffee-maker and serve as soon as possible. Never, never boil or re-heat coffee.

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"Rose Classic"... ever so pretty, ever so practical! Freda Diamond designed it to go with traditional and modern china. Complete services... stemware and tumblers all matching. Drinking edges* guaranteed against chipping. Gift-boxed. (Brides adore them.)



*"If the rim of a Libbey 'Safedge' glass ever chips, we'll replace it."

8 of a kind, boxed
Stemware $5.50
Tumblers $3.50

(above prices approximate)

All prices slightly higher in the South and West.
At leading stores everywhere.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Hostess Sets by LIBBEY GLASS

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(Continued from Page 95)

out over the Potomac. Melville Goodwin was standing near the desk with the cold light from the windows upon him.

"Well, well, Sid," he said. "So you got him, did you, son? Did he come without making trouble?"

Captain Rattisbone laughed appreciatively. "There wasn't any fuss, sir," he said.

Melville Goodwin smiled. "Just a minute now before you duck out and leave us here, captain," he said. "We're frying steaks at home tonight. Why don't you and Mrs. Rattisbone come over if you haven't anything else to do?"

"Thank you very much, sir," the captain said.

"And when you go out, see if you can find General Gooch and tell him I'm hungry, will you? Tell him Mr. Skelton's here, and it's time for lunch."

"Yes, sir," the captain said.

The General and I stood watching the door close noiselessly behind Captain Rattisbone. Melville Goodwin cleared his throat.

"I've been in two meetings this morning," he said, "or I'd have gone over to get you myself. They're going to decide what to do with me any day now. It's been sort of tense here this morning. I wonder what's happened to Goochy."

Melville Goodwin cleared his throat again. I could see that he was waiting to introduce me to General Gooch and that he was rather reluctant to start talking when we would be interrupted at any moment.

"Come to think of it," Melville Goodwin said, "Muriel was pretty tense this morning too. I wonder whether she knows something I don't or whether it's just this steak fry. I'm glad we're throwing a party, now you're here, Sid."

General Goodwin was an old hand in dealing with tensions. He knew only too well how to handle hours and minutes of suspense, each of which had its own peculiar agony.

"Mel," I said.

He turned toward me quickly and he must have suspected that I was going to say something that was out of line with convention. I was verging on a familiarity that I would never have ventured on a few weeks before.

"Mel," I said, "has anything happened to you?" It was the bluntest and most personal question I had ever asked him.

"What makes you think so, son?" he asked.

I was too old for him to call me "son," but there was still that ten-year gap in our ages. There was no implied rebuke in the way he called me "son." On the contrary, it was more like an acceptance of a closeness in our relationship and an invitation to me to continue.

"Because I think you're pretty wound up this morning," I told him.

I could see him thinking it over, but something inside him had relaxed. "Right," he said, "you're right on that one, son."

He walked over to the windows and looked out at the river. Then he walked back to where I was standing.

"I've been going through quite a lot lately—emotionally, I mean. I can handle it, but at the same time —— Do you ever get hunches, son?"

"Yes," I said, "occasionally."

"Well, it isn't a bad idea to respect them," he said. "I've noticed the further along a man gets, the more he's got to live with himself with a few hunches that come to him out of the air. There gets to be less and less to lean on except yourself and whatever it is that makes you work, and the hell of it is you don't know what that something is, except that it's a combination of everything that's behind you, and you'd better not get too analytical or you'll lose your grip. Do you think I'm talking sense?"

I nodded, and his glance moved slowly over the office and the woodwork and the soft upholstery.

There is nothing more notable in Socrates than that he found time, when he was an old man, to learn music and dancing, and thought it time well spent. —MONTAIGNE.

"This is all pretty new to me—all th ting around here, I mean, not the facts. is up pretty close to the throne, a lo close for comfort, but hunches are hu anywhere and I still know a hunch wh meet one. It begins in the stomach and els through the liver and then gets up the head. There's something inside me keeps saying, 'Listen, Mel, you're goi get it one way or the other. Be ready to it, Mel.'"

I was so completely captured by his eloquence that I was bracing mysel whatever it was that was coming.

"The dice are coming out of the box, he said. "I'm either going to get patte the head or kicked in the pants, and about time too. The air's thin here, a don't want to talk to Muriel about it more either. I wish there was a war."

He rubbed his hand over the back o closely cropped head. It was one of his indecisive gestures.

"Have you seen Dottie lately, son?" asked. He asked it abruptly, as thoug were changing the subject, but his mood not changed.

"No," I answered, "not since that nig

"I haven't either," he said. "Perhaps just as well."

He stopped, seeming to hope that I w make some answer that would be reassu

He said slowly, funny how many t I've had to lecture off on woman trouble, now I don't seem to the build to handle it self. New York's too to Washington." He passed me a memoran for my comment and tials, and he was wait

"I could say something pretty obvious said, "but I don't want to make you so

"Now, Sid," Mel Goodwin said, won't make me sore. I've stuck my neck haven't I? It's right out there a mile."

"All right," I said. "It might be a g idea if you were to pass up Dottie Peale.

"Sid," he said, "you're a nice boy."

"I'm glad you still think so," I answe "You know I'm only talking sense, d you?"

"You never did approve of this thing, you?" he said. "I know how it all looks. there's only one trouble with your sug tion. I'm just not able to take it, son."

I had to admire his frankness. He spent most of his life dealing in problem fact and he could apply the principles himself.

"Doesn't it occur to you that this is o a phase?" I began. "Nearly everyone g through something like this sometime."

Melville Goodwin nodded and he stare the floor as though it were a map. "Ye know," he said. "You've got it all on y side, son. I've said that to other people I've said it to myself, but I can only d with the foreseeable future. I don't kn whether it's a phase or not. The trouble i love her." If he had only said it with m emotion, it would have been easier to count. Instead, he made the statem sound inescapable.

"All right," I said, "but do you think loves you?"

"I wouldn't know," he said. "She says and I hope she does."

For a second the picture was all there black and white, without a bit of shadi Then an instant later it was gone, beca the door opened and all his storm and str was snapped away into the compartm reserved for his top secrets. His face clea and the whole office became bare and i personal.

"Hello, Goochy," Mel Goodwin sa "Where have you been? Let's go in to lun and I want you to meet my friend, Sid Sk ton, General Gooch."

As soon as I saw General Gooch, I realiz I had met him before in Normandy, bu had not placed him as the General's chief staff. That absurd Army nickname, "Lo

(Continued on Page 100)

You just made a magnificent impression

How could you do otherwise when right from the start you chose DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail?

Look at those clean-cut, tidy gems of glorious summer fruit. Did you ever see anything so gay and glamorous—so full of promise, so easy to serve?

And what wonderful flavor, too! That's DEL MONTE's real distinction.

No wonder more women prefer DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail than any other brand. Isn't that to be expected from the brand that's earned your confidence on so many other foods?

JIFFY FRUITED LEMON PIE

1¼ cups fine gingersnap crumbs
4 tbsps. melted butter or margarine
1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ tsp. salt
1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) sweetened condensed milk
½ cup lemon juice
1 #303 can DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail, well-drained
Sweetened whipped cream

Blend gingersnap crumbs with butter. Press on bottom and sides of 8-in. pie plate. Bake 10 minutes in a slow oven (325°F.). Cool. Mix egg, salt, and milk. Stir in lemon juice and pour into crumb shell. Chill thoroughly. Top with the chilled, well-drained DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail and serve with whipped cream garnish. Serves 6 to 8.

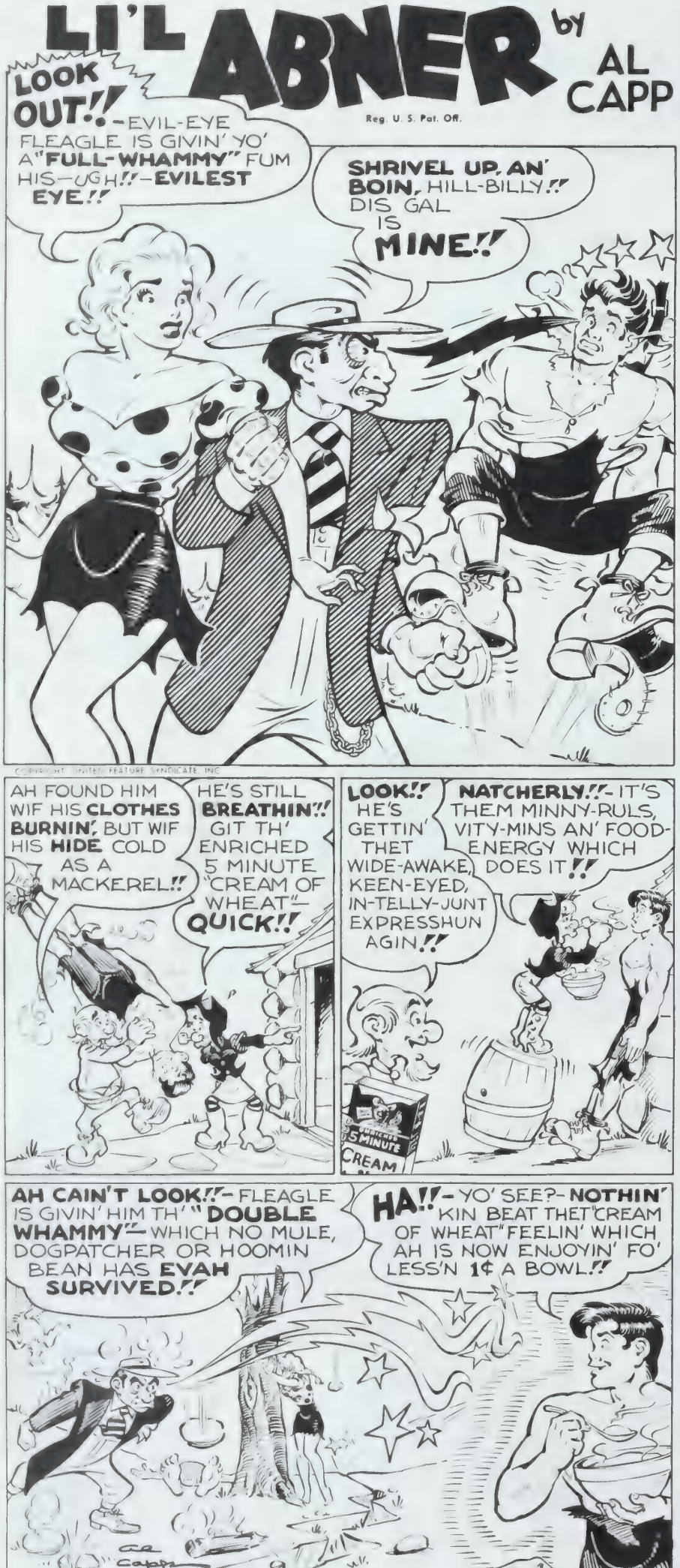


Del Monte Fruit Cocktail

BRAND

—the brand that puts flavor first





(Continued from Page 98)

John" Gooch, was the reason for my error. It was one of those heavily humorous Army efforts. Instead of being tall, he would have been in the shortest squad at the Point, which was undoubtedly the reason they had called him Long John, unless they had given him the name because his face was long and concave.

Small Army men always looked harder and tougher than their larger counterparts. At any rate, General Gooch looked very tough. His dish face was leathery and hard and it contorted itself in an almost painful way when he smiled, and even his smile had a sour tinge that fitted the rasp in his voice.

"Glad to meet you, sir," he said. He did not look as though he were glad to meet me. He made me feel as though I were both an interruption and an unfortunate weakness of General Goodwin's.

In the seconds of awkward silence that followed, I saw Mel watching us both affectionately, but at the same time professionally.

"Let's get lunch, Goochy," he said.

"Where do you want to go, sir?" General Gooch asked.

Melville Goodwin smiled happily and spoke with a sort of artificial carelessness. "We're going to have lunch in there in the Secretary's Mess," he said.

"Who's shoving us into there?" General Gooch said. "Why not the General and Flag Officers' Mess, where boys can be boys?"

Melville Goodwin laughed merrily. "Goochy always swallows the wrong way when he sees civilian Secretaries," he said. "It's all right, Goochy, I asked Snip to fix it. I told him that Sid here is a VIP and that he ought to see the works."

"How about going to the Army and Navy Club?" General Gooch asked.

"No, no," Mel Goodwin said, "we're not dead on our feet yet, and I want Sid to see the top brass. Come on, Goochy."

I had never been to the Secretary's Mess, although I had heard of it, and judging from General Gooch's hesitation, he seemed to doubt whether I was up to it.

"I don't know whether we can get a small table, sir," General Gooch said.

"Then we can sit anywhere," the General said. "Maybe Sunny Minturn will be there."

General Gooch glanced at his wrist watch, and then his beady eyes met General Goodwin's wordlessly. I did not know who Minturn was, but his name appeared to convey something significant.

"He might be," General Gooch answered. "It's about his usual time."

"I have a hunch Sunny may have some news for me," the General said, and he and General Gooch exchanged another wordless glance.

"Yes, he might, sir."

MELVILLE GOODWIN gave a pull at his blouse, although it did not need straightening. "Well, what are we waiting for?" he said. "Come on, Goochy."

I followed Melville Goodwin through the outer office and out to the corridor with General Gooch walking close behind us. Everything we had said in the office was over and finished and filed for future reference. Melville Goodwin looked happy in the corridor.

"You know, this eating place is really something, Sid," he said. "Sometimes when I see it I wonder who let me in."

It was amazing how completely he could throw himself into any present. His adroitness in repressing himself would have been abnormal in me, but of course it was not in him. The drives inside him might lead him up or down, but the surface was serene.

"Oh, by the way, Sid," he was saying, "I didn't tell you, did I, that I have a civilian outfit now? I'm going to wear the tweed tonight. You wait till you see it, Goochy."

All the while he spoke the heels of his polished brown shoes were also speaking. We were all in step together and the cadence beat into my thoughts.

"The trouble is, I love her," I could hear his boot heels saying. "The trouble is, I love her."

He was all right in the Pentagon—he knew where he was going—but unfortunately he was going farther than the Pentagon, and into a strange country where his instinct or terrain would not assist him—only his instinct for self-preservation or destruction, whichever it might be.

I FOLLOWED Melville Goodwin into the secretary's dining room and for the first time in a long while I felt shy and callow. The mark which the Army had left on me was stronger than I had realized. That decorous clublike dining room was a suitable setting for the climax of careers. I cannot remember its details clearly, but I can recall its dignified and measured merriment. It was a room to sit up straight in and to take your soup carefully and to speak in a modulated tone. In fact, I found it difficult to speak at all.

"Gooch," General Goodwin said, and I thought that even his voice was low and tentative, "there seems to be a small vacant table over there."

"Yes," General Gooch said, "but I'm not sure ——" His words trailed off beneath the firm voices and the discreet sound of knives and forks around us.

Melville Goodwin cleared his throat and spoke to a Filipino petty officer who stood by the door. "May we occupy that small table over there, chief?" he asked.

"Which table, sir?" the Filipino asked.

"Over there in the corner," Mel Goodwin said.

"Certainly, sir," the Filipino said.

"Thank you, chief," the General said. "Come along, Sid."

I felt very proud of Melville Goodwin as I followed him. He did not walk too fast or too slow. He smiled and nodded to officers who looked up at him, graciously or deferentially according to their rank. We seemed to have walked a long way before we reached the table.

"Sit over there, Sid," the General said, "where you can see the show."

The faces at the other tables were all alike in spite of differences in features. They all bore the imprint of similar experience.

"There's Minturn over there," the General said. "Who's he sitting with, Gooch?"

"He's with General Candee, sir."

"That isn't Butch Candee, is it?"

"There's only one Candee that I know, sir," General Gooch said.

"Then it's Butch," the General said. "Where's Butch been keeping himself? I've never seen him around here."

"He's in from Japan, I think, sir," General Gooch answered.

"Yes, it's Butch, all right," Melville Goodwin said. "It's been ten years since I've seen old Butch. . . . It looks like a roast-beef day, and how about some roast beef? The beef is good here."

"Coffee with the meal, sir?" the mess attendant asked, but the General wanted coffee later.

We finished the roast beef and we were each working on a hard brick of ice cream, a variety that seemed especially invented for an American officers' mess. Throughout the Secretary's dining room luncheon was nearing over. Chairs were being pushed back. I saw General Minturn, with his three stars, looking at us across the room, and Butch Candee with his one star. Melville Goodwin sat straighter and waved his hand at them in informal greeting. A tall, pallid beanpole of a major general with an Adam's apple walked toward us, and he halted at our table, smiling at Mel Goodwin. General Gooch sprang hastily out of his chair, but Melville Goodwin remained seated for an appreciable moment. Then he, too, stood up.

"Hello, Snip," he said. "Sit down and join us, won't you? We're about to have coffee. This is my friend, Sidney Skelton I was telling you about. He used to be in P.R.O. Major Skelton—General Lewis."

(Continued on Page 103)

The most dangerous thing in the world is to try to leap a chasm in two jumps.
—DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

Start Your Child's Day Right

with the *Right* Hot Drink at Breakfast!



A Nourishing Hot Drink Like Ovaltine in the Morning Acts As a "Spark Plug" for the day!

We parents all know how much a bracing hot beverage can mean to us in the morning. But we are apt to forget that children too can enjoy, *and benefit from,* a hot drink at breakfast that's really *right* for them.

Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine mixed with hot milk as directed is the *right* kind of hot drink for your child.

Authorities say that a good breakfast every morning can change a child's whole outlook on life and something hot is almost a "must" in a really good breakfast. Ovaltine is *right* three ways as a hot breakfast drink for children!

First, Ovaltine mixed with milk supplies essential vitamins, proteins and minerals that children *must have* for good growth and robust health. It is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps and chinks that may occur in children's breakfasts, even in the best of homes.

Second, its soothing, comforting warmth helps to put little folks at ease to enjoy and digest their breakfasts.

Third, Ovaltine is quickly and easily digested, starts giving out its bracing food-energy by the time children reach the schoolroom.

So, to insure a more adequate breakfast for your child, serve Hot Ovaltine along *with* the rest of his breakfast—as an addition to, not a substitute for, the foods he regularly eats. Start in tomorrow! Let your child enjoy delicious *hot* Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine at breakfast every morning.

Children Like Their Own Hot Drink at Breakfast!

Hot Ovaltine Takes No Extra Time!

"Eat a good breakfast to start a good day," ys the U. S. Bureau of Human Nutrition, d it adds, "*Something hot* is cheering, and nes up the whole digestive route." Hot nocolate Flavored Ovaltine is the *right* nd of hot drink for children's breakfasts. supplies food essentials that every child should have to start the day right after the long foodless night. And it's so *delicious,* it helps make breakfast a real *joy* for your child! *Hot Ovaltine takes no extra time.* While you wait for your morning coffee, just stir three teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a cup of hot milk and it's ready to serve!

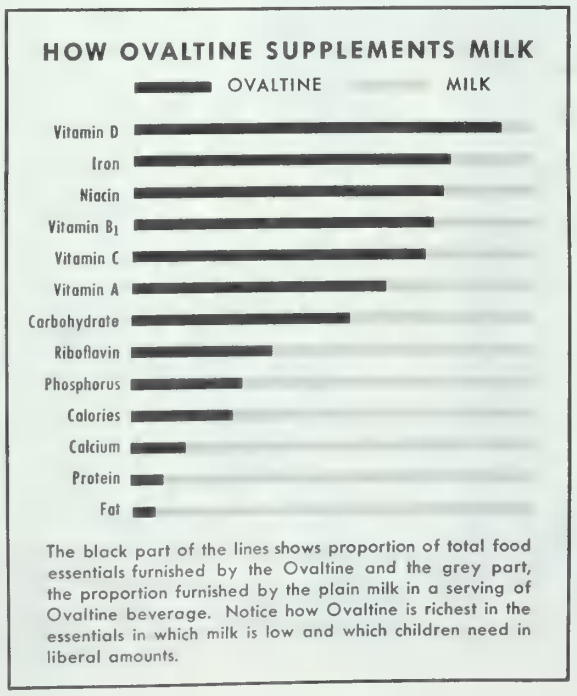
Breakfast Considered Day's Most Important Meal, the Year 'Round!

utrition experts more and more e coming to recognize that breakst may well be the most important eal of the day.

They say, for example, that children *should* get from a fourth to a ird of their daily food requirements breakfast time.

And it is known, too, that children eed two or three times as much of ertain vital food elements, in proortion to their size and weight, as e adults do.

Scientific findings make it plain nat there is a real need among children for better breakfasts the year ound. This need exists for many hildren whose parents least suspect it.



The black part of the lines shows proportion of total food essentials furnished by the Ovaltine and the grey part, the proportion furnished by the plain milk in a serving of Ovaltine beverage. Notice how Ovaltine is richest in the essentials in which milk is low and which children need in liberal amounts.

Mid-Morning Fatigue Affects School Work!



If your child acts dull and listless in the middle of the morning, look first to his breakfast! Surveys indicate a shockingly large number of children fail to eat enough breakfast. Authorities say children cannot readily make up for it at other meals without over-eating.

An inadequate breakfast can cause poor concentration, lack of alertness, lower grades. A good breakfast gives your child the start he needs to do his best at school.

OVALTINE

THE HOT FOOD DRINK FOR CHILDREN THAT'S RIGHT FOR BETTER BREAKFASTS!

Ovaltine costs so little compared to the good it can do, you'll want to serve hot Ovaltine with your child's breakfast every morning! Use only three teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine to a cup of hot milk.

TWO KINDS: CHOCOLATE FLAVORED AND PLAIN



Dream dishes—double-quick!

See the special, speedy tricks—no other rice can do!

SUPER SURPRISE . . . IN 31 MINUTES

Tangy Ham Roll-ups. A show-off treat for special guests, yet Minute Rice's magic makes it quick to do. Prepare 1⅓ cups (5-oz. package) Minute Rice as directed on package. (Put it in water, bring to a boil. No more cooking's needed!) Heat ¾ cup tart jelly with about ½ cup rich prepared mustard. Combine ½ cup chopped parsley and hot rice; place equal portions on 8 thin slices boiled ham. Roll up, place in baking dish, cover with hot sauce. Bake 10 minutes at 400° F. Serves 4 lucky people.

MINUTE RICE PREPARES ITSELF —JUST BRING TO A BOIL!

MINUTE RICE DOES MAGICAL TRICKS WITH FLAVOR!

BUDGET BONANZA . . . IN 20 MINUTES

Beef Porcupines. A pound of beef makes a satisfying meal for 4 or 5 people . . . it's a special Minute Rice trick! Heat 2 cans bouillon in skillet. Combine ⅔ cup Minute Rice, 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup milk, 1 tablespoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon sage, and 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Shape into small balls. Simmer in bouillon 10 minutes. (The rich beef flavor is absorbed by every grain of rice!) Prepare another ⅔ cup Minute Rice as directed on package. Place meat balls on bed of rice on hot platter. Serve with gravy made of bouillon and 3 tablespoons flour. Wonderful!

POT LUCK DE LUXE . . . IN 18 MINUTES

Hot Diggedy Stew. Combine in saucepan: ⅔ cup Minute Rice, 1½ cups tomatoes, 2⅓ cups tomato juice, 1½ teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of basil. Bring to boil quickly, cover, simmer 10 minutes. (Here's where the magic happens . . . Minute Rice takes on the rosy tomato color, the full rich flavor!) Sauté ¼ cup chopped onion and 3 sliced frankfurters in 2 tablespoons butter. Add to stew. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. It's a grand supper dish for 5 or 6!

BETTER GET THE TRIPLE ECONOMY SIZE!

Minute Rice now comes in 2 sizes. Keep the big 15-oz. box of this fancy, long-grained, *pre-cooked* rice on hand—and be ready to fix marvelous rice dishes *in a wink!*

★ NO WASHING! ★ NO RINSING! ★ NO DRAINING! ★ NO STEAMING!

For perfect rice without the work ★★★ pre-cooked

MINUTE BRAND RICE

A Product of General Foods

(Continued from Page 100)

I kept forgetting that my old rank could carried into civil life, if I wanted it, as a ceful acknowledgment of past services. In t, I could have been called colonel if I had cted to join the reserves.

"It's a real pleasure to have you here with Mr. Skelton," General Lewis said. "I'm ry the Secretary isn't here today, because would have enjoyed meeting you—but haps some other time."

"Sit down, won't you, Snip?" Melville odwin asked again.

General Lewis smiled and shook his head gretfully, but even that brief gesture conyed ease and charm of manner. I could ice him right away as just the sort of per- who would be selected to accompany a ief on an overseas mission that demanded ct and adroitness.

"I wish I could," he said, "and I hope Mr. elton will forgive me, but I'm due at a eeting in five minutes." He smiled at me nfidentially. "Unification. Mr. Skelton obably knows 're unification-nscious around re now. Mel, has nny Minturn seen u yet?"

Melville Goodn's glance travd across the room d back to General ewis. "How do you ean, has he seen e yet?"

General Lewis ad the conrned expression someone who had id too much. You would think, ouldn't you, that d know enough not let cats out of gs by now," he id, and then the ll charm of his nile was turned on lelville Goodwin. Anyway, it makes e the first to conratulate you, Mel. tep over here for a cond with me, will ou? Will you exuse us, Mr. Skelon, if two bad boys a little talking t of school?"

I had observed at playful manner efore in other quarters, and I could think of omen speaking of that charming General ewis. He had his arm through Melville Goodin's, and they moved a few paces away. Genral Lewis and General Goodwin were shakg hands, and I heard General Goodwin say, Thanks, I'll see you later, Snip." The tenon and the waiting were over. The decision r Mel Goodwin's professional future must ave been made that morning.

Melville Goodwin was walking back to us. Well, Goochy," he said, and his voice was oarse and he cleared his throat. "Well, oochy."

"Come on—what's the score?" General ooch asked.

MEL GOODWIN smoothed the wrinkles on is forehead and policed the lines of his outh. He sat down slowly and took a sip f water. He put his glass down carefully and olded his napkin neatly and slowly.

"Merriwell's asked for me."

I saw General Gooch's face light up. Boy," he said. "It's Plans."

"That's right," Melville Goodwin said, Plans."

"Say," General Gooch said, and I could eel the depth of his pleasure and relief, "see f you can get me over with you, will you?"

Melville Goodwin rolled his napkin into a eat cylinder and dropped it in front of him. Goochy," he said, "I don't know what's he matter with me. I know it's more than I deserve. I ought to jump at it, but ——"

"Say, Mel," General Gooch said, "how about coming to my office? We can scare up a cup of coffee there instead of having it here."

"Plans" and "planning" had always been breathless words for me when I was a P.R.O. I had always experienced a twinge of envy for any officer in Plans. Plans was so remote, so clouded and top secret that I never knew what happened there, except that Plans was the brains of the Army. You knew everything there was to know if you were in there. You had to be outstanding in some line and cleared for everything. It was the secret circle of the elite. I had felt pleased for Melville Goodwin. It seemed to me like a distinguished climax to his career and an ultimate reward for brilliant service.

MY imagination was building up the vision, but instead of looking elated, Melville Goodwin looked tired and discouraged. There were many worse things than Plans—Troop Information and Education for one, and I could think of others. I wanted to tell him so, but I knew when to keep my mouth shut.

"Never mind the coffee, Goochy," he said when we were back again in the office.

"Okay, Mel," General Gooch said. "Rattisbone," he called, and his voice crackled like bond paper. "Say I've stepped out if anyone calls. We don't want to be disturbed unless there's a telephone for General Goodwin."

He closed the door softly and decisively. It had a lock and when Goochy locked it, for some reason rank dropped away. In fact, I could almost call him "Goochy" and I could finally see why Melville Goodwin liked him.

"Listen, Mel," he said, "let's cut out the horsefeathers. I haven't seen you this way since they ordered us out of Maule. Nothing you say in here is going any further unless"—his black eyes bored into me—"unless it's Mr. Skelton."

I had never heard Melville Goodwin raise his voice before. He did not raise it much, but it sent a shiver down my spine. "Sid's all right," he said. "Besides, we didn't pull out of Maule."

"No, we didn't, and we nearly got a court for it," General Gooch said.

General Goodwin rocked back and forth on his heels. "They couldn't give me a court," he said "because we saved the whole corps, and you know it, Goochy."

"Now listen, Mel," General Gooch said, "don't you know how to take what's coming to you? What's the matter with Plans?"

Melville Goodwin jabbed his hand into the side pocket of his blouse and pulled out his cigarettes and his lighter. Then he jerked a cigarette from the pack and lighted it, with the same sort of one-two motion that an infantryman used on the bolt of his rifle at inspection, and the lighter made an appropriate decisive click.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Goochy," he said, "that I don't jump at a good thing when it comes my way. I was in with the chief half an hour yesterday. He didn't say a word about moving me into Plans. I want to know what Fancy Dan fouled me up in this. I wish they'd ordered me out to SCAP. It would take me out of here for a while."

Next Month

How soft and gentle her name sounds when I whisper it. It lingers on the tongue, insidious and slow, almost like poison. . . .

HE had no sense of foreboding. But when Ambrose went to spend a winter in Italy, Philip Ashley was never to see his cousin again. Ambrose wrote first that he'd met a distant connection of the family, the Contessa Sangalletti—or Cousin Rachel, as she liked to be called. Within weeks, Ambrose had married her. Within months, he was dead. And Rachel had disappeared.

The author of Rebecca tells the story of a young man's search for the truth about a beautiful woman born, it seemed, to bring tragedy with her.

MY COUSIN RACHEL

By DAPHNE DU MAURIER

Beginning in the November JOURNAL

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☑ ☐ Burners operate at peak capacity immediately after washing

☑ ☐ "No-Turn" Broiler, broils *both* sides of meat at once

☑ ☐ Smokeless broiler, meat can't catch fire

☑ ☐ High-level, fixed position for broiler pan, eliminating guesswork

PERFECTION / OTHER RANGE

☑ ☐ Removable oven rack-holders, leave smooth interior for easier cleaning

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You can't beat *Perfection* Gas . . . Electric . . . Oil Ranges

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French's flavor



Savory Roast Pork

Sprinkle 6 pounds pork shoulder with salt and ¼ teasp. French's Black Pepper. Roast in shallow pan on rack, fat side up, in slow oven (325° F.) for 4 hours. Combine 1 cup broth or water, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ teasp. French's Oregano, ½ teasp. French's Fennel, ⅛ teasp. French's Nutmeg, ⅛ teasp. French's Garlic Powder; cook 5 minutes. Baste every 30 minutes with herb mixture until used, then with pan juices. Sprinkle potatoes with French's Parsley Flakes.



Ginger Glazed Carrots

Boil 8 small carrots until almost tender. Rub off skins under cold water. Dry thoroughly. Heat 3 tablesps. butter or margarine and ½ teasp. French's Ginger in a heavy skillet. Roll carrots in 2 tablesps. sugar and place in skillet. Simmer until glazed, turning frequently. Garnish with French's Parsley Flakes. Yield: 4 servings.



Chocolate Cake

Melt 4 sq. unsweetened chocolate in ¼ cup hot milk; cool. Cream ¾ cup shortening: slowly add 2 cups sugar; beat well. Add 3 egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add chocolate. Sift 2 cups all-purpose flour with 1 teasp. baking soda and ½ teasp. salt; add to batter alternately with 1 cup milk and 2 teasps. French's Vanilla. Fold in 3 egg whites beaten stiff. Turn into 2 greased 9" pans. Bake at 350° F. 30 minutes, or until done. Cool; spread layers with whipped cream flavored with ¼ teasp. French's Vanilla. Combine into layers.



® French's SPICES and EXTRACTS

"And just who would be wanting you in SCAP?" Goochy asked. "Why don't you get the lead out of your pants?"

I did not understand the technical significance of the last question, and Mel Goodwin paid no attention to it. Instead he began pacing back and forth across the office rapidly, as though there were no weight in his pants at all.

"I wonder how the wires got crossed," he said. "Do you know what I think? I think it's Muriel."

General Gooch laughed rudely, but Melville Goodwin paid no attention.

"You know, this is just what Muriel wants," he said. "She'll be crazy about this. Me settled down in the Pentagon with Merriwell to ride me!"

"Oh," Goochy said, "when did you start getting so particular? Just what's the matter with Lieutenant General Merriwell? He was a damned good corps commander, wasn't he? I didn't hear you gripe about Merriwell in Normandy."

Melville Goodwin stopped his pacing. "He's a fussy old s.o.b."

"They all are," Goochy answered, "but he's only got another year."

"I know," Mel Goodwin said, "and maybe I'll get another star out of it if I live right—but a year with Sister Merriwell!"

I knew that I was hearing more about the Pentagon than I would ever hear again, but the conversation was too technical and intimate to follow.

"Don't you know when you have it soft?" Goochy said. "You and I can't be buzzing around forever—and we've had a lot of fun."

I had not known that General Gooch could speak so gently. His words seemed to make Mel Goodwin feel his age. I would not have called it fun that he and General Gooch had been having, but they always called active service fun in the Army, and perhaps it had been fun for Goodwin and Gooch.

"Damn it, Goochy," Melville Goodwin said, "this place is getting you calcified. Pull in your belt. You and I aren't through just yet."

"I didn't say we were," Goochy answered. "You'll end up with a corps when you get out of Plans."

"I know I don't make sense," Mel Goodwin said, "but after paper-passing for two years in Frankfurt, I suppose I hoped I could be connected with troops in some way."

"Can't you ever get troops off your mind?" Goochy said.

Melville Goodwin moved toward the desk very slowly and ground the end of his cigarette hard into a glass ash tray. "Say," he said, "no matter what they shower on me, I know what I'm meant for and what I'm made for."

"Horsefeathers," Goochy said. "You'll go where they send you, Mel."

Melville Goodwin smiled his most mechanical smile, but for once it concealed nothing. "Will I?" he said. "Maybe—but I could retire."

THERE was a dead, queer silence, and he seemed to hold and control all that silence.

"Say, Mel," General Gooch said, "has that little skirt in New York been getting to you again?" It came so suddenly that I caught my breath.

"Never mind that now, Goochy," he said, and that peculiar silence was back with us.

Then the telephone rang and the spell or whatever it was that had held us was broken. Before the ring was over, General Gooch was at the desk.

"General Gooch speaking," he was saying. He closed his wiry hand over the mouthpiece and nodded. "For you, Mel," he said. "The Chief's office calling."

Melville Goodwin grabbed the telephone. "General Goodwin speaking," he was saying.

The rank was back. The world was moving again by the numbers. There was a sharp decisive click as General Gooch unlocked the office door.

"Yes, sir," General Goodwin was saying. "I'll be there directly, sir." The telephone gave a little thump as he set it down. "T makes it official," he said. "I'd better sa long, Sid. I'll see you tonight, and b your baggage; someone will get you n board that plane. Wait for me, will y Goochy?"

"Thanks for the lunch and good lu sir," I told him.

General Gooch smiled his most pai smile. "Congratulations, Mel," he sai "on everything."

The sound of the wish was as acid as smile that had gone before it, but Melv Goodwin was already gone.

I HAD my own sources of information the broadcasting business, and these all dicated that Gilbert Frary was definit planning to throw me over. It was time plan carefully what I would say about program to George Burtheimer in Chica and what I would say to Gilbert Frary eit in New York or Chicago, for it was certa Gilbert would fly east promptly. I had already made my business plans and conta Dottie Peale had taken over as she had s she would, and I had seen my lawyers a Dottie's friend in White Wall Rubber. was time to put my cards into order acco ing to suit and value. Yet somehow I co not do any of this after I had left Pentagon.

Again, the intrigues in which I was gaged seemed petty and insignificant. dilemma of Melville Goodwin was larger more tragic. I could see myself worry along in some way, but it would be differ with Melville Goodwin. I did not possess intensity, or his liking for personal risk the belief in myself that would allow me throw over a comfortable future for so thing indefinable.

Instead of keeping my mind on mysel thought all afternoon of his infatuation Dottie Peale. His personality was lik cloud that obscured everything I did, an did not want to see him end in nothing. I not want to see small things ruin him.

All that afternoon and evening, I w through the motions of my own living, I did not recall a single detail of the bro cast ceremony or what there was in script or how I read it. I only remember t I wanted to know what was happening Alexandria.

People in the service seldom displa much imagination about their home surrou ings, perhaps because they could not aff imagination. When my taxi stopped in fr of the house in Alexandria, I could not esc the idea that I had seen the whole pict many times before. It was about eight in evening and rather cool for a steak fry, l in the small back yard a good many peo were clustered around the outdoor grill, a there were more on the sun porch and in living room. Everyone was talking lou and having a wonderful and half-off-t record time, as one often did on those serv occasions. It was a military party, but l others of its sort it had, to an outsider, quality of fancy dress, because so many the male guests were out of uniform.

When no one answered the doorbell opened the door myself and entered the l ing room, followed by the General's driv carrying my suitcase.

"That's all right," I said to the driv "just put down the suitcase," and he v gone in an instant, because he did not belo there.

I was about to move out to the sun po to look for my host and hostess, when eye lighted on Captain Rattisbone, w sprang up instantly.

"General and Mrs. Goodwin asked me keep an eye out for you, sir," he said. " tell the General, if you'll wait here."

Captain Rattisbone returned with M ville Goodwin. It took a second for me adjust myself to his appearance. Melv Goodwin was out of uniform and he fit into no preconceived pattern, because I h never seen him that way before. I had ne known him to assume an awkward pose, h now mediocrity had suddenly overtak him. He looked like a plump and mido

ge nonentity, whom you might meet at a
ol ub and immediately forget.
d course it was the cut of the clothes. A
od tailor might have set off his figure
ty ly, but even so, Mel Goodwin would
ot ave known how to manage a civilian
oa at any rate, a service budget demanded
ea -made clothing, hastily altered. The
Fe al wore a tweed coat and gray slacks.
w ed that I might have gone with him
h he had bought his outfit, but then he
ro not have settled for quiet colors. After
ea of olive drab he would have revolted
ga st monotones. The coat he had selected
a viciously heavy and unkempt garment.
ts ain color was reddish russet brown,
u grid of violent green had been woven
t the brown texture. It was belted in
he ack and full of pleats. His gray slacks
e a hideous imitation of an English
o , with accordion pleats around the belt-
s aist. His soft shirt was a rich blue. His
e as red with green diagonal stripes.

here was the
o win gone, I was
i ing, who had
to there in the
e gon prepared to
s if he could not
en with troops?
Wh e was Goodwin
f rth Africa and
Go win of Saint-Lô
n Goodwin of the
Bu e? He may have
ea some of my
n ghts, because he
fu had an unex-
e dly sensitive in-
g

lo you got here,
i you, boy?" he
ai "How do you
n I'm looking?"
Like something
ff Scottish moor,"
d him.
That's right," he
and appeared
hted. "It's Harris
d, and you can
l it and it says
the label. Well,
take that suit-
of yours upstairs,
n then you can
the crowd."
e Goodwins and
oyces must have
completely con-
al to have lived
her in that small
se, which was
ly designed for a
e family. There
d be, I was sure,
so-called master's bedroom, the smaller
le children's room, a communal bath-
, and finally a hall bedroom which at
time would have been called a sewing
, and I was right all the way.
Here," Melville Goodwin said, pointing
e hall bedroom, "we can stick the suit-
in my dressing room."

had referred to it as his dressing room,
it doubtless was for the time being, but
as really a spill-over room whose denim-
red studio couch was available at any
ent for any unexpected guest.
There certainly is a crowd downstairs,"
aid. "You never can tell who's coming
n Muriel throws a party. Let's go."
Just a minute first," I said. I could treat
almost brusquely now that he was in
tweed coat. "I know it isn't any of my
ness, Mel, but I can't help being curious
ut what happened to you this afternoon."
Oh," he said, "oh, that."
Yes," I answered. "Are you going to take
job or aren't you?"
e gave me his blankest, dullest stare.
sten, boy," he said, "in the Army when
boss puts you in a good spot, you don't
e. I did tell him I was disappointed, for
onal reasons, just a little disappointed."
he anticlimax fitted perfectly with Mel-
Goodwin's tweeds and slacks, but it also made me happier. "So you didn't resign?" I said.

Melville Goodwin still looked at me blankly. "Listen, son, you don't do things that way. You don't show any immediate superior when you're browned off. You pull the lines together first and get organized and do a little quiet cerebration. I'm waiting and thinking for the moment, son, and, you know, I've got quite a lot to think about."

"Well, that's fine," I said. "I've been worrying about you. Have you explained your reactions to Muriel?"

HE rubbed his hand over the back of his head. "I suppose you'll think this is funny," he said. "I started to, but she's so happy that I couldn't. This whole party's by way of turning into a celebration. Maybe I haven't any guts when it comes to Muriel. She's been through a lot and I don't like to spoil it for her—at the moment. Let's go downstairs."

It should have been the end of a perfect day, but no one could ever evaluate the reasons for another's discontent. He belonged with that crowd downstairs. He would have been a fish out of water anywhere else, and I had to tell him so—no matter what his reaction might be.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Mel, don't you know you belong right here? If you try to fit anywhere else, you'll be as silly as you look right now in those clothes."

"Now wait a minute," he said. "What's wrong with these clothes?"

"They're grotesque," I said.

"Now, Sid," he said, "let's get this straight. What's wrong with you tonight?"

He was reaching the center of the situation, and perhaps there was more wrong with me than there was with him, because I did not have his capacity for adjustment. I asked:

"What do you think you'll look like if you leave this for Dottie?"

"Sid," he said, "what makes you think I'm going to?"

"I've been watching you," I said. "You've been thinking about it, haven't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I've been thinking."

"Well, think some more," I said. "Think what you have and what you'll lose."

The moment that followed was one of those uncertain beats of time. Neither of us took his eye from the other.

"You see a lot more than you ought to, boy," he said.

"You're pretty obvious sometimes," I answered.

Melville Goodwin drew a deep breath. "Boy, it's funny," he said. "I ought to be mad as hell at you." Suddenly he clenched his fist, moved his hand upward slowly and tapped me gently on the chest. "There's just one thing I want straight from now on out. I don't need any more advice, son. You understand?"

"You won't get any more," I said.

"Everyone has to run things for himself, in the final analysis. You understand?"

"Yes," I said, "I understand."

"It's funny I don't get mad," he said. "I would, except you mean well, don't you?"

"That's right," I said, "I mean well."

"Come on," he said, "let's go downstairs and get a drink."

(Continued on Page 107)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ultimate

By Archibald Rutledge

Beyond your valleys lie no vales
for me;
No mountains rise above your
mystic hills;
No ocean rolls beyond your azure
sea.
Your love for me my final hope
fulfills.
After your blooms there are no
flowers forever;
No heavens past your eyes, my eyes
to meet;
No waters flow for me beyond your
river;
No forests lure beyond your
wildwoods sweet.

Strange was the way I came, and
long and far,
O end of all my world, all beauty's
verge;
My harbor, haven, terminal you are.
For me no lights beyond your light
emerge.
I see one star above life's lonely
hill;
I see no other, and I never will.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

3 ways to give leftovers that French's flavor



1 A GOURMET'S SAUCE FOR COLD MEAT SLICES

½ glass currant jelly **Equal quantity French's Mustard**

Melt currant jelly over low heat, add slowly and blend in an equal quantity of French's Mustard. Serve hot with slices of leftover roast pork. Or, meat and sauce together may be placed in frying pan, covered tightly and simmered slowly till hot. This sauce is equally delicious with cold ham, lamb or chicken.



2 HAM AND POTATO SALAD

1 cup cooked ham, diced
2 cups cooked potatoes, diced
1 cup diced celery
3 hard cooked eggs, chopped
½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup French's Mustard
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix mayonnaise and mustard together and combine with other ingredients. Serve on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves.



3 CHEF'S CASSEROLE

1 cup cooked rice
1 cup cooked fish
½ cup milk
1 egg, beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
1 tablespoon French's Mustard
1 teaspoon French's Parsley Flakes

Combine all ingredients and pour into greased casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven (350 F.) for 45 minutes. Serves 3-4.



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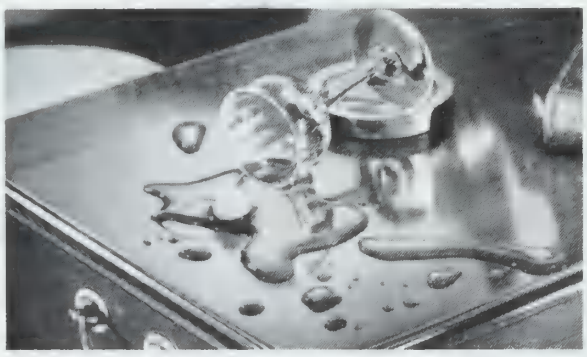
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(Continued from Page 105)

least we knew where we were, and was no need for double talk. General knew, too, that it was Dottie Peale had upset the balance of his life. The had gone around already about that skirt in New York. Melville Goodwin nly realized that the shadow of scandal ight behind him. I was pleased with f that I had again had the intestinal ide to bring up the subject of Dottie

st one thing more," I said, and I d at the head of the stairs.

d," he said, "I'm pretty well browned ht now."

st one thing more and I'll be through. our imagination," I said. "Try to think ou'd look with Dottie in New York."

could find a good civilian job," he said.

es," I told him. "Dottie can find you l right."

e could get a ranch somewhere," he "We could travel."

es," I said, "and how would you look ng the bags?"

n I knew I had gone too far. I had ated something that he had to keep ate. His face had grown brick-red and ice shook.

ome on," he said, "get going before I ou in the pants downstairs."

st see you don't kick yourself down- ," I said, and I turned back toward the room.

here are you going?" he asked.

or my suitcase," I told him. "I'm leav- ow."

ait a minute," he said, "don't do He had controlled his face and voice, e shook his head slowly. "I told you," id, and his voice was very restrained, ld you to stop riding me. Don't do it , son. Don't you see there are some s I can't help?"

es," I said, "I see."

hen shake hands," he said. "You and n't make this world."

neone downstairs was beginning to play iano, and he grasped my arm just above lbow.

ud," he called as we were going down- , "come here. I want you to meet Sid on, and call to Joe to fix him up a —rare." We were back at the party, from our rough trip together, and it quite a party—almost a celebration.

you grew in experience, and grew to rstand people and their motives, you leveloped a sense of discrimination and mprehension of your own tastes and ations. A few years ago I might have happy with all that group, because I would not have known any better. Now I had lived too long, and I had become too specialized. I was like a child at a strange party. They were all as polite to me as they would have been to a strange child, but I was not in the service and I possessed none of the drives and worries connected with it. This did not mean for an instant that I did not like the crowd. I knew enough about them to understand that they were more valuable by far to the world than people like Art Hertz or Gilbert Frary or most of the newspaper crowd and the writers I played around with. I both admired and envied them. I might have been one of them if I had shared their years of apprenticeship and indoctrination, but now it was too late. I floundered there like a fish out of water.

THE steps from the sun porch descended onto a small lawn, bright under a floodlight. It was not unpleasantly cool outside, and some of the women were wearing evening cloaks and some of the men stood around the dying embers of the grill. I saw Muriel Goodwin at once, completely in command.

"Sid," she said, "this makes everything perfect."

There were so many people she wanted me to meet, she said, and she was so sorry that Helen was not with me, but there would be another time. Before I met anyone, she was going to be selfish and talk to me for just a minute. She drew me away so that we stood apart from the guests on the lawn.

"Have you seen Mel?" she asked. "It's the first time in years that Mel's got anything he deserves. He doesn't seem to understand that at last we're really going to be able to settle down." She lowered her voice. "He's right on his way to almost anything and he doesn't know it."

I nodded, but I did not answer. I could not say anything to spoil it for her.

"He's been so restless," she said, "and he's been so repressed lately. He's never let himself unwind since he got back from Germany. It's been so hard wondering how I could help him."

"He still seems pretty restless." That was all I was able to say and the only way I could put it.

"I know," she said. "They all are restless when they come back from overseas. I'm going house hunting tomorrow, and Mel can have his golf. All he needs is to get back into a routine."

"It's pretty hard to settle down," I said.

"It will be all right now things are fixed," she answered. "He never can believe that he has a future. I won't have to sit and wait any more and wonder where he is. You don't know what waiting and watching means, because you're a man."



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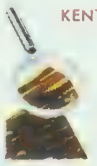


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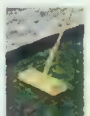
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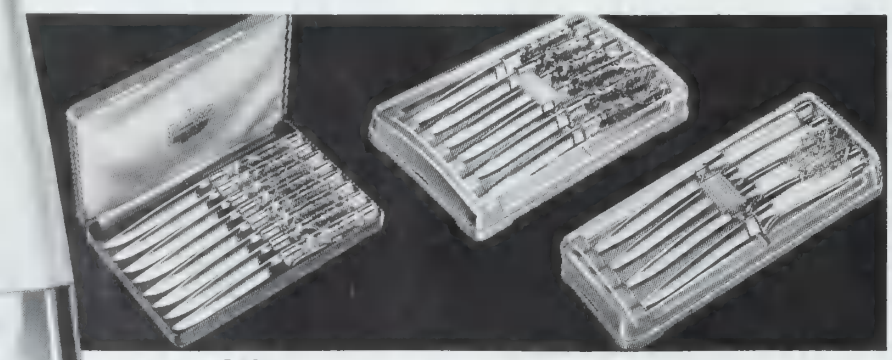
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He was the hunter home from the hill with all his field service behind him, absolutely safe.

"And now you'll have to meet everyone," she said.

Hardly anyone in the house was below the rank of colonel. I saw a general doing card tricks, and two other generals, surrounded by officers' wives, exhibiting Roman wrestling. Melville Goodwin had already gathered a group in the living room and they had been singing Smiles and I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl and other songs of World War I. Melville was standing beside the piano and General Gooch in a pepper-and-salt suit stood on one side of him and General Snip Lewis in a dinner coat on the other side. Suddenly, I heard his voice, entirely off key, but booming with deep fervor, "*Bless 'em all, great and small.*" One of the beauties of that song of the Pacific was the secret meaning you could put into it, which acted as a balm to lacerated feelings.

"And now I want you to meet General Merriwell," Mrs. Goodwin said. "He's Mel's new chief, you know."

General Merriwell was the only three-star general present. He stood alone three paces behind the crowd at the piano, not singing but listening tolerantly, like someone who had no ear for music or too few drinks.

"Muriel, my dear," he said, "this is a delightful party."

General Merriwell also wore a dinner coat. His face lacked the aggressive lines of the singers around the piano. It was both shrewd and pedantic.

"I just wanted to say, Muriel," he said, "how pleased I am to get my hands on Mel and to have him in the next office. The work has been crowding up lately. It's time we had more men in Plans with long and practical combat records, but I'm a little afraid, from something that transpired this afternoon, that Mel is reluctant."

"That's just the way Mel always is when he starts with desk work," Muriel Goodwin said. "He always expresses doubts."

"Somehow or other," General Merriwell said, as though he had not heard her, "officers with combat records are often restless. Well, if Melville did not want this, he should not have rated so high at the War College. I went over all Mel's qualifications off the record with Foghorn. By the way, his arthritis is pretty bad lately."

"Yes, I know," Muriel Goodwin said. "Mel and I called on him yesterday afternoon."

"I made that pilgrimage, too, yesterday," General Merriwell said. "Whenever anything important comes up, I like to get the Grimshaw angle. There's always that jump between combat and no combat—a different thought pattern, as Foghorn put it. Foghorn told quite a funny story about the first time he saw you and Mel. Where was it?"

"Why, at Bailey," Mrs. Goodwin said.

"Bailey, that's right, at the old Small Arms School," General Merriwell answered, "and you fixed a sandbox for him. Well, Grimshaw says not to worry about Mel. He says put Mel anywhere and he can do anything."

"That's awfully sweet of Foghorn," Muriel Goodwin said. "Melville, come over here."

MELVILLE GOODWIN stood attentively in front of us. "Yes, what is it, dear?" he said.

"I just wanted to tell you what your new boss has just told me that General Grimshaw said about you," Muriel Goodwin said. "He says put you anywhere and you can do anything. Now aren't you pleased?"

"Yes, dear," Melville Goodwin answered, "very pleased. Thank you for passing that on, sir. Sid, I think you and I ought to leave for the airport pretty soon."

I had never thought that General Goodwin would take me to the airport. I had thought that I could simply call a taxi, but he seemed anxious to go with me, but somehow I still rated a Public Relations car, which Goochy had ordered. People were leaving already, he said, and his ducking out for a few minutes would not break up the party.

"Airport, son," he said to the dri , and then he added, "the commercial ines" and he turned up the glass windo that separated us from the driver's seat.

I was a little constrained, but he ed as though there had been no words betwen us and I remembered that he must ha lived through lots of torrid scenes.

"Driving out here makes me el as though I were pushing off somewhe myself," he said. "I wish I were—anywhere."

He must have been thinking of Ha ard from which Air Transport planes use to be loaded and from which I had left myself with Dottie Peale and that trope of VIP's for Europe, and it would ha been better for Mel Goodwin if that C- had never made the flight.

"I USED to like these parties of Muriel's," he said. "I don't know why I'm not in the mood for them now. Sid, do you e Jeff as though you'd missed something? mean something you've never known about."

"Yes," I answered, "I suppose everybody feels that way sometimes."

"I keep thinking what I've been doing with myself all these years," he said. "Do you know when that idea first came to me?"

"No," I said.

"Well, it came over me all at once in Paris when I saw you and Dottie Peale. That's why I began reciting about Ulysses. Old Ulysses must have felt just this way, and he had the brains to recognize it."

"That only goes to show that people like you should never mess around with civilians, Mel," I said. "You can't be me, and can't be you. Nobody can have everything."

"All right," he said, "let me ask you this one question. You wouldn't want to be me now would you?"

"No," I said, and then I was afraid that had sounded rudely fervent. "I wouldn't have what it takes."

"All right," he said, "then you ought to see why I don't want to be myself. Dottie does."

I seemed to be standing in front of a mental fluoroscope watching the simple motives of General Goodwin.

"Yes," I said, "Dottie would. Dottie doesn't want to be herself either."

"Poor kid," he said. "I know. Dottie never had a break."

"How's that again?" I asked.

"You don't understand Dottie," he said. "You don't try to. She's like a —" He stopped. He was not good at similes.

"Like a what?" I asked.

"Like a bird fluttering in a cage," he said "and Dottie knows what I'm going through. She's got a lot of insight, Sid. And I'll tell you something else about Dottie."

"What else?" I asked.

"Dottie's got guts," he said. "Dottie and I have that in common. If we had a war we could both go down the line together. Dottie wouldn't be afraid."

Dottie had done what she wanted with him, and he was sewed up now. He was at peace with himself momentarily because in his thoughts he and Dottie were walking away from the Pentagon together, walking from General Merriwell and Plans, walking from humdrum fact and into a roseate future whose details did not matter because they had insight and infinite patience and understood each other. It did not occur at all to Melville Goodwin that there would be a morning after.

"Mel," I began, "take hold of yourself," but he stopped me.

"Don't give me any more advice," he said. "I told you I'm handling this myself from now on out."

As the driver was opening the door he made one last remark. "Don't bother to come inside with me, Mel. Go back home where you belong and try to stay there."

"Well, good night, son," he said. "You must remember, we have to work out these problems by ourselves. Happy landings, so to speak."

"Happy landings, Mel," I said.

Suddenly I was sickeningly sure of what he was going to land. I felt as though I were walking away from a wreck.

(To be Concluded)

WHAT WOMEN DID IN GARY

(Continued from Page 51)

ders are quickly brought into court and hed to the full extent of the law. The are brighter at night, and you can down the streets after dark with safety. job isn't done, by any means. The en are the first to tell you so.

isky-voiced, tense little Mrs. Russell T. th puts the attitude of the Women's ens Committee in words: "Of course is lots more to be done. We can't stop minute. But we aren't tired. Why, I'll this thing if it kills me." The mother of mall children, with no regular domestic Mrs. Griffith still plans to be making about candidates and issues right up to on day. Friends say, "Peg's a regular inder. She makes everybody feel like ng the flag and shouting the The Star-gled Banner when she speaks."

understand how the big steel city of furnished such fertile soil for the th of vice gangs and racketeers, one look to its history. The site was selected 05 as the perfect spot for a steel town, teel interests whose executives saw in location at the conjunction of Lake igan and the Calumet River, near the railroad center of Chicago, and within shipping distance of limestone and ore sits, as well as a supply of coal and er, the perfect combination for their ose. Here land was cheap and available. he steel companies paved streets, built es, planted trees on the sand dunes, pre-ng for the steelworkers who would oc-this brand-new town.

"When Gary was laid out," Mrs. Collins ts out, "the north side was planned for r residences, while the more modest lings of the many foreign-born workers were later imported to fill the jobs were e south. There is a natural boundary een the two sections: the railroad tracks the river. I have always felt that this had d psychological effect—with the tracks g as a physical as well as a social barrier een the two residential sections."

new town grew beyond expectations. population leaped during the two world s. Still more workers had to be im-ed—many of them Mexicans, Negroes Puerto Ricans. They settled for the most in what is now called the "Central rict" in the heart of town. This is a poor hborhood, reaching almost down to the t of Gary's business section. Probably use the property has never been worth h, the streets are poorly paved and ly lighted. Row upon row of unpainted e shanties characterize the section. The ugly, festering eyesore seems to stretch on for miles. It is here that an unwritten real-estate agreement keeps Gary's Negro, Mexican and Puerto Rican population. Under these atrocious conditions it is no wonder the incidence of crime in this section is very high.

Lake County, of which Gary is a part, also includes the big towns of East Chicago and Hammond, which fringe Chicago's south side. They, like Gary, attract a transient population. Moving out from Chicago, the vice interests some years ago found the prospects good, the restrictions easy to dodge, in this sprawling lakeside settlement, where money came easy to many who weren't accustomed to it and sought liquor, gambling and women on which to spend it.

MISS MARY CHEEVER was buried Monday afternoon, March 7, 1949. That night 2000 women, called by a handful of leaders of various women's organizations, met in Seaman's Hall. Filled with righteous indignation as they listened to demands for law enforcement, the women in one accord leaped to their feet to march the three long blocks to City Hall where city council was in night session.

An ultimatum was read to Mayor Eugene Swartz and the city council: "The women of the City of Gary long have suffered from lack of police protection in their homes and on the streets; they have endured the humiliating and unsavory reputation of their home town spread across pages of national magazines. They have watched helplessly as neighbors and friends have been attacked on the streets and robbed in their homes and automobiles, with no aid from the law-enforcement division of the city government." Citing Gary's flagrant record, they demanded that the superintendent of the Indiana State Police, Arthur M. Thurston, be called in immediately to survey the situation and make recommendations. They gave the mayor two weeks for action. Then, they said, "If the city government does not clean up the city, give it protection and make it safe for the citizens and their families, the women can and will, with God's help!"

It was Hylda Burton, a schoolteacher, who suggested that first night of the indignation meeting, "I move that this group be made a permanent organization, called the Women's Citizens Committee, and that the women who called us together be appointed on an advisory board."

"Our organization was really as simple as that at first," Beryl Ann Brownell, serious-minded young women's-page editor of the Gary Post-Tribune, remembers. "We had no

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To a Favorite Dachshund Burying a Bone in a New Overstuffed Sofa

BY JOAN AUCOURT

Beloved dog, whose busy paws
Impose antique and jungle laws
Upon the idle and effete
Appurtenances of this seat,
Believe—I understand your case,
And with what feeling nose you trace
The glorious spots of grease and
gore
That mark your small but valued
store.

But oh, consider, if you can,
The duller struggles of mere man.
I, too, have dubious battles fought;
And paid, what's more, more than I
ought,
Just to possess my larger bone—
To wit, the sofa—for my own,
And have transported it into
The deepest jungle that I knew—

Again, to wit, my living room—
There to lurk in ancestral gloom.

Conspirators are we at heart,
But with objectives worlds apart.
For you, dear dog, the natural end
Of all the energy you spend
May very well be said to be
The wise increase of gluttony.

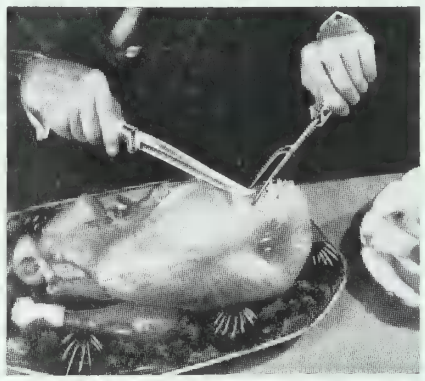
Whereas, for me, it's not so easy—
The human stomach being queasy—
My sofa's not to taste or smell
Nor lend romance to dinner bell,
But me to solace and sustain
When marketing is long and vain.

Therefore, sweet beast, desist, I
pray:
Bones are less rare than rest today.

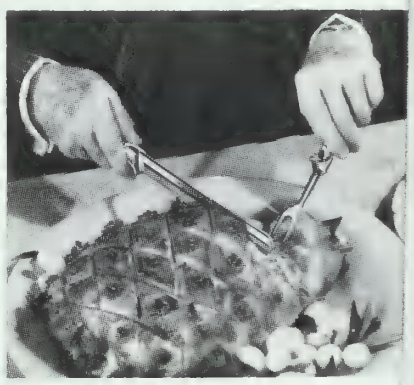


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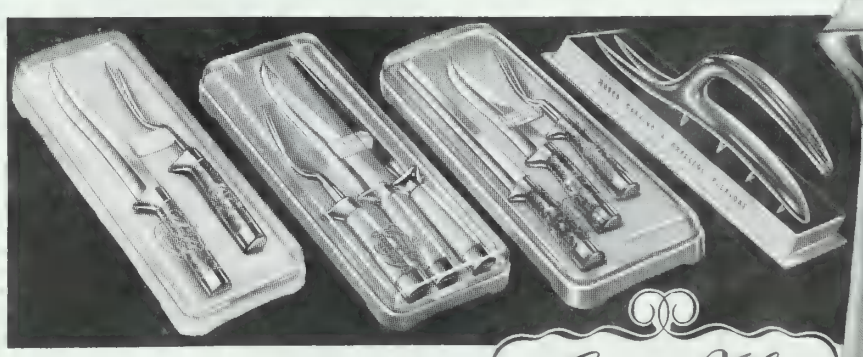
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4 large baked potatoes
½ cup hot milk
2 teaspoons chopped onion
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup diced Chateau
8 frankfurters (1 lb.)
8 slices Chateau (from the 2-lb. loaf)

Cut potatoes in half lengthwise. Scoop out centers. Mash well with milk and seasonings. Stir in diced Chateau. Put back in shells. Place one frankfurter on each potato half. Cover with Chateau slices and broil 3 inches from flame till cheese melts.

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definite plans. We were simply united by the desire to clean up Gary."

Two weeks after their first visit to the City Hall, the Women's Citizens Committee marched again to see Mayor Swartz. He said he had done what he could to clamp down on gambling and prostitution. He refused the police-department shake-up the women demanded. He denied the existence of syndicated gambling. "We'll take this to the governor," the women said. And they did.

The fifteen-minute interview Gov. Henry F. Schricker promised the Gary delegation stretched out for almost four hours. "The governor began by gallantly complimenting us on the fine spring weather we brought with us," Mrs. Benjamin Saks, one of the spokesmen of the group, recalls. "When we had finished, I don't think he cared what the weather was like outside. It had been very stormy in his office." At one point in their talk, Governor Schricker, who is a Democrat, accused the women of being Republicans, come to harass the incumbent administration. "Why," retorted Mrs. Saks, shaking an indignant finger, "I'm as good a Democrat as you are. We want good government and we don't care if we get it from the Democrats or the Republicans."

By the end of March, convinced the women were in deadly earnest, Mayor Swartz took what seemed to be a positive step toward cleaning up Gary. He appointed Capt. Peter Billick, a police officer whose reputation was above reproach, as a special investigator of vice, and fired the old vice squad, some members of which the Women's Citizens Committee had charged were working hand in glove with many of the "joints." (These men promptly threatened to sue Mrs. Saks for $40,000, claiming she had defamed their reputations. "We tried to get the case brought into court, but it never was," Miss Brownell charges.)

"Captain Billick worked night and day," Peg Griffith remembers. "He and his men followed tips of their own and many which we received through calls and letters. The trouble was that once the arrests were made, everything stopped. Case after case was dismissed, or the defendant released with a small fine."

By midsummer of 1949, Mayor Swartz assured the Women's Citizens Committee, "There's no open gambling or prostitution here now." After a conference with and encouragement from Captain Billick, the women decided on action which would focus the attention of the whole town on the illegal traffic going on right under the nose of the public. Then followed the famous two days when 160 women, representing as many different organizations (all members of the Women's Citizens Committee), "picketed" eighteen of the worst taverns, brothels, gambling houses.

"People jeered at us, called us names, or simply stood by and stared. It was scalding-hot weather in late July. We didn't carry signs or make trouble. We simply walked up and down, took notes of the things and people we saw. One tavern operator was so angry he rolled back his awning so we wouldn't get any of its shade. But we hurt their business. We were simply proving to Mayor Swartz and the public of Gary that there were still plenty of wide-open joints in operation. We also showed our enemies that the Women's Citizens Committee was not just a small group of special interests, but represented all the women of Gary," Mrs. Collins has pointed out.

ALTHOUGH Billick and his squad made remarkable progress throughout 1949, Mayor Swartz transferred him at the end of the year to the Records Bureau of the Police Department. "This made him completely ineffective so far as law enforcement was concerned," the women say. Despite this setback, however, they refused to be discouraged.

Since the courts of Gary were one of the weakest links in law enforcement, the Women's Citizens Committee began a program of court observation. Under the direction of Mrs. Marshall Iams, wife of a Gary attorney, teams of women were assigned to every session of the Gary Municipal Court. "As a citizen interested in government, your presence in court need no explanation," she instructed the watchers. "Don't make yourself conspicuous or discuss any case outside the court." Mrs. Iams herself sat in court day after day, from April, 1949, until the end of the year, despite the fact that this meant hiring sitters to care for her two preschool-age children. "We found the process of justice in Gary was a farce," she charges. "Although a Municipal Court judge receives a salary of $[illegible] per year, he spent about twelve hours a week on the bench. Indiana law permits a 'special judge' to be appointed for certain court sessions. When things got hot, the judge usually wasn't there. He divided these court appointments among a group of attorneys. Often them would sit on the bench one day, and would be seen the next defending someone whose case he had previously heard."

POLL watching was another step taken by the Women's Citizens Committee to improve better government. "We are convinced there were many irregularities at the polls, and although we couldn't take any direct action we could prevent overt cheating," Mrs. Collins says. "In one precinct during our first observations, over half the voters asked to be assisted. In each case we insisted that both a Republican and a Democrat judge be called in." Since poll watching has been practiced, she believes there has been steady improvement in voting practices.

As time went on, it became evident to the leaders of the Women's Citizens Committee that many officeholders in Gary, Lake County, and even the State of Indiana, were committed, willingly or not, in subtle ways to the big gambling interests. They believed a clean sweep of officeholders was necessary. But to point up the relationship between officials and graft to the voting public, they realized they needed more than hearsay or opinion. It seemed that ineffective action on the part of Gary's police force might stem from Chief of Police Michael Matovino, a hangover from the regime of Joseph A. Finerty, Gary's former mayor. There was good reason to believe that Jack Doyle, so-called Gary Crime Syndicate head (subsequently summoned before the Kefauver Committee), was running several gambling houses in Gary and Lake County and conspiring with various politicians. Further responsibility for the wide-open existence of vice they attributed to Lake County's prosecuting attorney, Benjamin Schwartz, and his chief deputy in Gary, Paul A. Lucas, who served a prison term in [illegible] as a result of his conviction on a liquor-conspiracy charge. So the women enlisted the help of men in Gary they knew were as eager to clean up the town as were they. The Gary Crime Commission was formed, dedicated to ferreting out proof of the tie-up between vice and local officeholders.

Bernard Spong, pastor of the Bethlehem Lutheran Church in Gary, is chairman of the commission. "The Crime Commission is really the 'baby' of the Women's Citizens Committee. Our board is made up of fifteen men, twenty-one women, the latter from the Women's Citizens Committee. This gives the ladies the controlling vote in any controversial decision. They trust us," and he smiles, "but they want to be sure we do what they think best. Actually, the two groups work very closely together, and it is the women who keep us alive!" (The WCC's recent protest over the withholding of a grand jury report on a probe in Lake County led the Senate Crime Committee to ask Criminal Court Judge William J. Murray for an explanation.)

With typical directness, when funds were needed to finance expert advice to the organizations and for the dissemination of information to the public, the women simply started ringing doorbells. Within six weeks the Women's Citizens Committee treasury boasted $15,000, received in amounts ranging from $1 to $25. "One dollar made you a member of the WCC for two years. We soon had 9000 members. And other people contributed to the cause because they agreed with us," they explain.

om the time of its organization in the g of 1949, until October 1950, the Gary e Commission's work was quiet and in- icuous. But two weeks before the No- er elections, the Commission made ing revelations concerning graft in the ty prosecutor's office. Since Schwartz unning for re-election, their timing was ct for his defeat. In a pamphlet entitled Microphone Speaks, the Crime Com- on related in detail a series of conversa- between Blaz A. Lucas and a steady m of bootleggers, panderers, gamblers professional bondsmen, many of whom defendants in Lucas' own court when as sitting for Municipal Court Judge I. Ruberto. To gain this information, Crime Commission had planted secret ophone equipment in Lucas' office, with s leading to a recording machine in a adjacent to the office of Marshall Iams, ember of the Commission. It was five ths before Lucas discovered the wires. ose records told everything we hoped would," acknowledges young Dr. Mar- Avery, Jr., a dentist in Gary, and a er chairman of the Crime Commission. ne little pamphlet painted a sorry pic- of case fixing, collections from policy gambling racketeers during political paigns, and collusion with the operators rothels, carried on right in the deputy ecutor's office. Even blasé Gary citizens shocked, and thousands in this strongly ocratic community split their tickets for first time to vote a Republican, David nton, into the prosecutor's office. Stan- s record was good, and he promised to do best to promote better law enforcement. evidence of this he soon had Captain ick back on active duty as special in- igator. The Crime Commission called for investigation, and the Disciplinary Com- tee of the State Supreme Court filed dis- ment proceedings, which are still pending, inst Lucas.

he Women's Citizens Committee dipped i» its treasury that first year of their or- ization to purchase a drunkometer, a de- for determining the amount of alcohol in an individual's system. "We knew that t of Gary's bad traffic record stemmed n drunken driving," Marian Iams said, " we made the drunkometer a Christmas sent to Mayor Swartz and Captain lick."

EGINNING as political novices, the leaders the WCC had to learn through mistakes l hard work what they lacked in experi- e. "We were so sincere in our purpose, so e our ends were right, we barged in any- ce. Once we interrupted the governor at a vate luncheon to ask how he was pro- ding in the investigation of Gary," Mrs. s smiles in recollection. Their work paid idends, however, when, for example, the te Legislature recently passed overwhelm- ly two bills their organization had spon- ed. The first provided for four special in- stigators in Lake County to assist the osecuting attorney search out law viola- s; the second was designed to reduce by lf the number of taverns in Lake County. Ours was the only county in the state which uld legally have one tavern to every 500 people," the Reverend Mr. Spong declares. "And Gary had many more than that."

Each member of the Women's Citizens Committee advisory board approaches her work with serious spiritual dedication. "We begin each meeting with prayer," they say. The clergy of Gary, Catholic and Protestant, were quick to encourage their work.

Although the birth of the Women's Citizens Committee was almost spontaneous, its development has been carefully nurtured. The eighteen-member advisory board, which serves for two years, is the executive body of the organization. Thus far there has never been a permanent chairman, and members of the board take turns holding this post for two-week periods. Representatives of more than 300 different women's groups in Gary act as a steering committee for the group, meeting on call to vote on major decisions. Individual members now number 18,000 of the ultimate goal of 25,000 women.

THE women who have worked faithfully with the WCC since its inception represent a good cross section of the civic-minded in the city. There are white-haired, gentle Mrs. Frank H. Collins, long a worker in Catholic organizations, who remembers that during that first year, "I never had time to iron my husband's shirts—the phone was always ringing"; diminutive Marian Iams, a graduate of the University of Chicago, who continued to work in spite of the fact that Blaz A. Lucas' friends tried to disbar her husband after the recording machine was traced to his office; Beryl Ann Brownell, whose reporting of the WCC's activities won for her in 1950 the title of "Woman Who Has Contributed Most to Journalism in Indiana"; eloquent Mrs. Benjamin Saks, who had worked with the Jewish women's organization, Hadassah, and has intimidated many an oily politician with her ability to "think on her feet"; fiery little Peg Griffith, who once laughed into the phone when a lisping thug warned her to "Lay off, thithter, it won't work"; Mrs. Catherine Johns, veteran principal of the Jefferson School, who has taught in Gary since 1907; Mary Jessee, trust officer at Gary National Bank; and Mrs. William P. Swan, a Negro, whose husband is principal of a Gary school.

After a particularly bitter denunciation of Gary's officeholders, Mrs. Hylda Burton and her small daughter were threatened with being "bumped off" in a mysterious call. Undaunted, Mrs. Burton filed as a candidate for mayor of Gary on the Democratic ticket. Although she didn't win in the May 8 primary, many members of both parties believe she garnered enough votes and interest to swing the election the way the WCC wants it to go. On November 6, the WCC will have at the polling places 200 women volunteers—trained as watchers.

In a recent bulletin written by their protem chairman, WCC members were warned, "The people who don't want good government would be happy to have us all go back to our knitting. Will you make them happy? Or will you continue to work for a Gary you can be proud to call your home?"

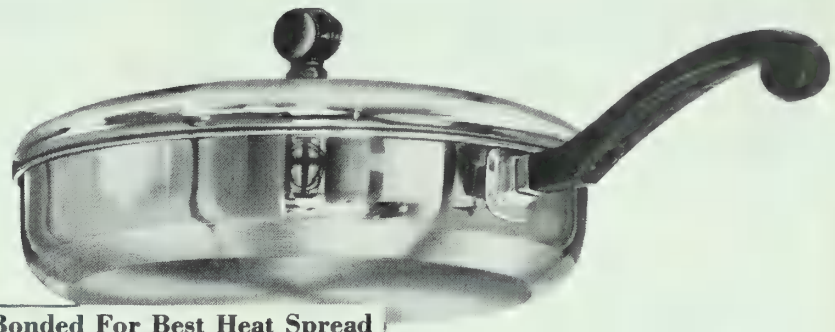
The answer, it would appear, will bring no cheer to enemies of Gary's cleanup campaign.

THE END

NOTHING IS NEW

Back in the eighteenth century, tea and coffee had been but recently introduced to the Scandinavian countries. Argument ran high about the beverages—would they or would they not poison those who drank them over a period of time? Sweden's King Gustavus III settled the issue by using modern scientific methods of testing. A pair of identical twins, sentenced to death on a murder charge, gave the king an idea. He offered to change the sentence to life imprisonment if they would agree to imbibe huge daily doses of the controversial drinks. The twins readily agreed. From there on in, one drank tea every day, the other coffee. The press of the time carried reports of the health of the men: daily at first, then weekly, finally just once a month. And as the years dragged by, news of the twins got into print only once a year—on the anniversary of the start of the experiment. The tea drinker finally died at the age of 83, but the coffee-testing brother lived on and on. The Swedish people today have the largest per capita consumption of coffee of any nation in the world.





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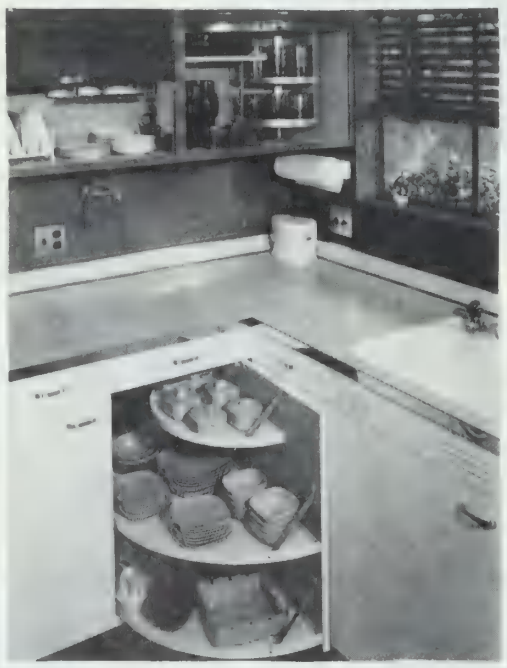
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Half-round shelves below the counter swing into easy reach as door opens. To save reaching into far corner, upper cabinet shelves revolve, are adjustable.

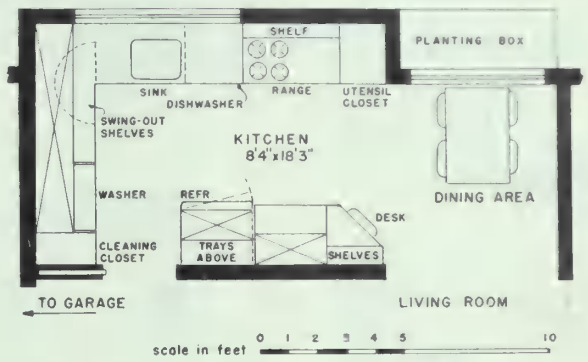
Arm's-reach kitchen

IT all began with a reader letter about a kitchen problem. The p
for an appealing new house were almost completed—a small
spacious modern one-story home finished in rust wooden shingles
with a yellow door. It had a window wall in the living room, a
planned bedroom-and-bath area, an attached garage. But the kitc
plan wasn't what the lady of the house wanted. However, in the
stage, changes are easily made.

The arrangement seemed so satisfactory that, with a few chan
it became a JOURNAL kitchen, and a breath-taking one indeed. Wi
the dimensions—12′2″ by 8′4″—everything is in arm's reach,
there is no feeling of being crowded. The kitchen has a leisu



The modern answer to casual meals. Dining nook links the kitchen and living room. Here on glass-topped iron table family meals are served or buffets spread for larger groups.



Practical small kitchen in modern one-floor house is arranged so work area is out of traffic line. Laundry center is conveniently located near rear entrance, and away from cooking area.

astic doors in wall cabinets roll up out of
e way. The dishwasher between the
k and the gas range opens like a drawer
r loading, allows for work space above.

Moved to the front, cabinet above refrigerator is useful as is tray rack in back of it reached from the side. Table-height desk-shelf doubles as extra serving counter.

By **GLADYS TABER**

harm, and it really goes to prove that you can have superefficiency
d be as romantic as moonlight on magnolias at the same time.

Each of the major appliances has a place to work at and storage
ace within arm's reach. The sink and under-counter dishwasher are
nder a spacious sunny window, with the range at the right. A tall
upboard by the range houses cooking utensils and tools, and, when
ou swing open the door, everything you need to cook with is right
here, and a place for everything. I think I envied most the space that
s the pressure cooker and the roaster. For I believe if you added up
he miles women fare with their roasters and pressure cookers, up
rom the cellar, down from the *(Continued on Page 114)*





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Arm's-reach kitchen

(Continued from Page 113)

attic, they would go round the world five times any day.

The pot covers, too, which make fearful havoc in many kitchens, are right by their own pots, ready to pop on. The broiler rack has its home, and the dripping pan! I could really stand all day and just admire this storage cupboard and dream up dinners.

At the left of the sink, cabinets and counters flow smoothly around to the automatic clothes washer with cupboards above for laundry supplies, and next to that is a tall closet for cleaning supplies. The refrigerator, with its mixing counter and cabinets, is placed on the wall across from the sink, and here, stepped down 6" from counter height, is a small home-office desk—a miracle with its housing of cookbooks, radio, telephone, bulletin board and files.

There are two perfectly lovely space savers at the left of the sink. A swing-out unit below is large enough to hold a whole set of dishes, and a turnabout in the cupboard above to hold an entire set of glassware. This kind of storage unit is like magic to me. No hauling from dark corners, no reaching, no awkward stacking, and, at the same time, you have more storage room you can really use.

THE upper cabinets have roll-up plastic doors which are especially fine in a small kitchen. Open cupboard doors not only bang your unwary head at times but make the room seem tighter all over. The roll-ups vanish away at a touch!

The placing of the space for a dining table is one of the happiest answers I've seen to the no-dining-room question. There is space for a table large enough to seat six comfortably, and yet it doesn't seem to be a part of either the kitchen or the living room. A low big window looks out on the garden, now glowing with fall colors. The garden, of course, is actually a planting box next to the front entrance of the house—but it's a garden within arm's reach too.

The dining furniture is charming, modern but not stiff-looking. Substantial, but light enough to move easily. The chairs are easy to sit in and yet good to pull up to the [table] for dining. The seats and backs are of [cane], closely wound. I do love comfortable chairs.

For lighting, this kitchen has a long [strip] of fluorescent light recessed in the ceiling above the sink, and similar lights are set in the soffit overhanging the work counters.



Even the door is used for storage. Heavy, bulky utensils like the pressure canner and roaster are at the bottom, lighter utensils are kept in slots at the top. It's a one-handed job to reach any item here.

This gives glare-free illumination. The ta[ble] is lighted by a hanging fixture which refle[cts] light against the top and diffuses it. A [de]cry from fixtures of yesterday.

The color used in the kitchen seems to bring the outdoors inside, making it, too, [in] arm's reach. Wallpaper on the dining [wall] has a flower-garden pattern with pink ge[ra]nium, leaf-green and the yellow of the [co]yarrow. The roll-up doors of the cabi[nets] are a true summer gre[en] and the outside of [the] wall cabinets and [the] walls are painted [to] match. Clear geran[ium] color lines the cupboa[rds]. Counter tops are la[mi]nated plastic in [a] country yellow. The c[ei]ling echoes the yellow a[nd] the floor is a marblei[zed] green plastic tile.

The window treatm[ent] adds a final note [of] charm. Green fabric-c[ov]ered valances have [a] wooden frame which [has] been painted to l[ook] like the iron of the c[ook]ing set and wound [at] intervals with cord [to] match the chairs. U[n]lined leaf-green drapes fall softly to the s[ill] framing the box garde[n] outside. Green Venet[ian] blinds keep the room c[ool] and airy and control [the] sunlight.

As I stood in the do[or]way of this kitchen, I [re]minded myself that [we] are not supposed to ha[ve] things perfect in t[he] world, but I rea[lly] couldn't think of a[ny] small thing wrong in t[his] room. Perfection, I t[hink] myself, is certainly wit[hin] arm's reach right here [at] any rate! THE E[ND]



Mixing center is close to refrigerated supplies. Enamel dip-in bins for sugar and flour, now available for installation in cabinets, are covered as drawer closes. Rack in drawer keeps knives sharp and orderly. Wall cabinet includes step arrangement for holding spices and a narrow shelf for measuring cups in graduated sizes.



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A SMALL MIRACLE

(Continued from Page 68)

d hair smooth and shining, her white se fresh and immaculate, everything ut her uncluttered, serene. Serenity! ely it had come to seem to him perhaps most valuable quality in life, the ttainable opposite of the haphazard noil which had become his world.

Don't you ever get fed up with this job? een or twenty kids a day. Problem kids hat."

he shook her head, smiling. "I'd prob- y get fed up with yours fast enough—the nmas. But you see I really enjoy children; akes all the difference."

He supposed it did. She stood with her k to him reaching for puzzles on a high lf, her slim black skirt pulled above her es by her upraised arms. She had good s, the seams in her sheer nylons admirably ight.

He shook his head at himself, at the phi- derer in every male, even the most loyal sband and father. And since when had started thinking of his relationship to t and the children in terms of anything so npulsive as loyalty?

He asked himself the question, quite hon- ly, more than once during brief interludes that hectic, futile day. Futile because, as was forced to remind himself once again, men were not realists. Not that he be- ved such generalizations sound. But there s Pat, who bewailed Susie's jealousy of l, then fanned it, as she d done this morning by r own impetuous be- vior. And these women o flocked here to the ic, they came osten- ly seeking advice but reality demanding a racle—a painless solu- n to their problems in- lving neither time nor uble. Like Mrs. Kelly w, the last of the miracle kers for today, thank aven, bulging on her air across the desk from n, shushing the baby she held in her arms.

"But, professor, where am I going to find e time? What with the washing and the ning and the scrubbing and always three als a day to get, and the dishes and every ne you turn around one of the kids with t pants or needing his nose wiped ——"

He sighed. Ought he to remind this woman the tired face and shabby coat that he s, after all, only a mortal trained in the alysis of certain limited problems—not d, not a worker of miracles? Little Jimmy elly, aged three, now waiting with Ellen ndriesen in the playroom, had been found anding over his baby sister's crib with a mmer. Sibling rivalry, a matter of degree— d parental handling. Susie hadn't taken ter Bill with a hammer yet.

"I'll try and do like you say, professor"— rs. Kelly bulging at the door now, the by crying in her arms—"I don't know w, but I'll try." She went on out into the ayroom.

He leaned back in his chair, eyes closed, laxing. After a day like today a man needed quiet space for the restoration of his soul, d he would not find it at home. There ad been a time—when he and Pat were rst married—— Incredible then how the hole day had waited for the evening. Pick- g Pat up at her office on his way home om the university (he had been on a fel- wship working for his doctorate), then he two of them stopping at the delicatessen, oking with Mamma Bertini, who ran it, pening cans and scrambling a meal to- ether in that closet of a kitchenette. Later, reaming over coffee of the time when e would have his degree, Pat could quit ork, and they could live a "normal life." Well, this was it, no doubt, the dream come rue, the normal life! Certainly those eve- ings seemed abnormal enough now in their nbelievable serenity, a world forever lost.

Ellen Andriesen came in with a sheaf of case notes, observations on the playroom attitudes and reactions of today's crop of children. "I'm going to add that little Jimmy Kelly to my adoption list." She went over to the files. "Did you get a look at him? He's a perfect cherub."

"Do you want the rest of your adoptees worked on with a hammer?"

"Nonsense. He needs a little love and attention."

"How many are there on the list as of this moment?" It was a standing joke between them.

"Oh, about forty; I'm going to have to start eliminating."

"You might do better, genetically speaking, to have five or six of your own."

"I'd love it; that is, if I could have at least six. I never have been able to see the point to spending all those years raising just a child or two. The only difficulty"—her eyes met his levelly—"I'm afraid I'll have to find a father first. And all the best fathers get snatched up."

Unaccountably he felt himself reddening, like an adolescent, and ducked for academic cover. "How about borrowing those Kelly notes for tonight if I guarantee to have them back by nine in the morning?"

She brought them over to him, stood beside him while he slipped them into his briefcase. "You're not working on your book tonight? After a day like today!"

There was something bolstering in her incredulity, her understanding of the effort of will involved in those evenings of work. He thought of Pat's comments on his latest chapter: "There's nothing lovelier than a theory, is there, unless it's an ivory tower?" Ellen Andriesen spoke as one who shared this most univory-towerish nightmare with him.

"Sadism spurs me on," he told her; "the delicious thought that once the thing's in print I can compel my students to buy it even if no one else will."

"I doubt if you'll have to flog them with knotted thongs." She smiled her quiet smile.

There had been a time when he and Pat had enjoyed their own small quiet jokes, when Pat had been less caustic about his work.

"If there's nothing else you need, I'll go clear up the playroom." Ellen Andriesen locked the files. "Mrs. Kirkwood phoned to ask you to bring home a pound of hamburger. I thought it wise to wait till the last minute to remind you."

Tolerant acceptance of his academic absent-mindedness mixed with something too close to pity. "Very wise." He managed an answering smile, rejecting the pity. But inwardly he was furious.

Pat had had the car today; surely she could have managed her own marketing. After all, it had been only a few years since Pat had had, as copy writer in a New York advertising agency, to organize her work. And now this fatal disorganization which had overtaken the household ever since Bill was born ——

He got home with the hamburger under his arm, got inside the front door by playing hopscotch through a set of Susie's strewn dishes filled with mud pies—not, however, without an image of Ellen Andriesen serenely picking up toys, restoring order out of chaos. Here was only chaos.

The kitchen window was open, but the smoke was visible and the air had an aroma of charred flesh. Pat, in blue jeans and rumpled plaid shirt, stood at the sink scouring a pot. Bill, in his play pen, was furiously hurling blocks.

(Continued on Page 119)

"When I die," said dear, whimsical old Doctor Pyecroft, "I shall have a bell hung on my headstone, with an inscription asking the compassionate passer-by to ring it long and loud. *And I shan't get up.*"

—R. L. HINE.

—From Confessions of an Uncommon Attorney (Used by permission of The MacMillan Company).

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(Continued from Page 117)

Sacrificial offering?" he sniffed.

Burnt stew." Pat turned, pushing damp s off her forehead with the back of her d. He gave her a kiss, said "Hi" to . From upstairs came a thin high wailing, nd of mourners at some primitive funeral. Susie?"

at nodded. "I put her to bed without supper."

Ie noted the too-thin line of her mouth, too-vigorous scouring of the pot, and ed no more questions. But now Bill, ry of the everlasting play pen, joined in funeral dirge floating down from upstairs.

You know"—it might not be the mo-nt, but he did have certain obligations ard his son—"he'd be a lot happier se. Confined like that he gets bored, and that he's learned crawl, his natural e toward loco-tion ——"

Yes, I know," Pat in, "he's frus-ted. Well, so am by the walls of s jail." Her hands k in the kitchen, house. "But turn n loose, do what-r you want with n. Only I'm afraid s got wet pants."

'Mainly he's a uch graham-ckery."

Pat opened a wer, took out a shcloth, wet it der the faucet, nded it over with-a word.

He washed his son's e and hands, then isted him high ove his head with lere we go in the , fellow!" and ickly set him back wn again. "I'm aid it's not just pants."

Pat went on calmly aping hamburgers. 'here are diapers, o soap, oil and cot-n in the bathroom."

'And there are nes"—he tried for ocose note—"when fellow needs his ther. Right, son?"

Pat opened her outh, shut it again, mmed the ham-rgers under the oiler. "Watch them. they burn, we'll eat bread and milk." She nt upstairs with Bill.

The hamburgers did not burn, but they re cold by the time Pat came back down ain, without Bill.

"I plopped your son into bed early," e announced. "He doesn't seem to mind d Susie's quiet at last. Who knows, per-ps by some miracle we can eat a meal in ace."

HERE it was again, the persistent feminine y for a miracle. He had visions of a female orus, world-wide, hands joined as in ring-ound-a-rosy, all chanting, "A miracle. Pro-ssor, send us a miracle."

They sat down to cold hamburgers, lettuce lad, canned Lima beans. "It smelled like a autiful stew"—Pat made a face at the mburger—"I even poured the last of that ttle of claret in. And then Mrs. Walsh me by to ask me to 'assist about the oms' at the Faculty Wives tea, and life t out of hand."

Involuntarily he found himself scrutiniz-g the soiled jeans, the rumpled shirt. Mrs. alsh was the wife of the head of the epartment.

"Oh, don't stare in horror"—Pat an-wered his unexpressed thought with that marital telepathy which had its disadvantages—"I still had on my doctor-going clothes. We were all quite presentable. Only, of course, Susie had to oblige with one of her better performances."

"What now?"

"TEASING Bill again. The old snatch-and-grab routine, this time with the cat. She'd bring the kitten up to the play pen—which would have to be parked in the middle of the living room, naturally—Bill would reach out to pet the kitten. No cat. Screams from Bill. Then just as things are settling down, repeat the whole performance over again, till finally I lost my temper and dumped her into bed."

He gave up trying to eat the cold hamburger; the cat could have it.

"Poor darling." Pat came round the table, rumpled his hair. "I'm sorry the food's so awful. I'll get the coffee. And we've got chocolate-chip cookies; Susie and I made them this morning before we took off for the doctor's." She poured the coffee, passed him the cooky plate.

He took one, laid it on the edge of his saucer. "We had a boy in this afternoon, a three-year-old, who was found standing over his baby sister's bassinet with a hammer. Punishment hadn't helped."

Pat set down her coffee cup, spilling coffee on the tablecloth, put her head down on her arms, her shoulders shaking. He got a towel from the kitchen, mopped up the coffee, let her sob—the needed release of tears. Only when she was finally quiet did he go round the table, put a hand on her shoulder.

"Sorry. I shouldn't have brought it up tonight, you're tired. Why don't you go to bed?"

"Yes, why don't I!" She raised her head and eyed him belligerently, drying her eyes. "I've only got the dishes to do, formula to make, diapers to get up from the basement and fold ——"

"Couldn't it all wait till morning?"

"Stick around some morning and see." She got up and began clearing the table.

Wearily he sat down at his desk, began revising the chapter he had finished last night, the one which had produced Pat's outburst about there being nothing lovelier than a theory. He could hear her out in the kitchen rattling dishes, then upstairs in response to Susie's inevitable, "Toidy, mommy, toidy."

Much later she came in and picked up the manuscript he had worked over, sat down on the studio couch with the sheets in her lap. Ordinarily he welcomed her criticism: she had a knack with words, the copy writer's touch. But tonight he wanted no more about the ivory tower. He ignored her, and was amazed when she interrupted him with:

"Darling this is wonderful, so down to earth."

He turned from the typewriter. She was staring at the pages in her lap.

"This, for instance: 'In the very nature of the parent-child relationship a degree of hostility is normal. When, however, a chronic

Definition

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Kitchens should be rooms without
a lock;
Having a low shelf for a cooky
crock,
A table over whose edge anxious
eyes
May mark the progress of un-
finished pies.

Kitchens should not be tidied up
too soon;
A mixing bowl, a golden, battery
spoon
Possess a special polish when licked
clean,
And there should be broad sills
where elbows lean

While ovens breathe hot fragrance,
and hopes rise
Out of all ratio to a small boy's size.
Science for kitchens has changed
many things,
But not the one who at her baking
sings;

Never the hungry boys who, rest-
less, wait
With fresh-washed hands, but
scorning proffered plate,
Running on noisy feet through any
door—
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for!



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FLOUR MEATS AND FISH on fresh, clean ScotTowels. Then throw used towels away—and you're rid of a messy clean-up in one motion. Saves *work*, saves *time!*



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ee how all the batter is
arried into and through
hem—how their surfaces
onform to the actual con-
ours of the bowl. No pil-
ng up of dry ingredients
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nmixed whirlpools. No
y-passed pockets. All the
atter gets a thorough,
ven mixing in LESS
IME—*automatically.*

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urved to fit the contour
f the bowl all the way
o the bottom. The larger
nside BOWL-FIT beater
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eaters are in correct relation to
he bowl. ALL the mixture goes
nto and through them for EVEN
nixing every time. Your hands
re always FREE to add ingredi-
nts in correct proportion.



Actual photograph of angel food cakes made in baking tests with ordinary food mixer and with the new Sunbeam. You can SEE and TASTE the difference. Sunbeam Mixmaster's higher, lighter, finer textured cakes are a result of the better mixing and greater aeration the new larger Bowl-fit beaters give you.

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tension develops between mother and child ——' Chronic tension; what a wonderful phrase, like chronic indigestion or chronic appendicitis, only this is more painful. 'When, however,'" she began reading aloud again, "'a chronic tension develops between mother and child, temporary separation is to be recommended. Even a brief separation will often serve to give the mother a fresh perspective.'"

She looked up at him from under lashes that were the original of Susie's. (There was the crux of the problem: mother and daughter were too much alike. Bill was more stable, less affected by Pat's impulsive discipline.)

"When is spring vacation?"

"It starts this week end officially, but I won't have my grades in before next Wednesday at the earliest."

"Maybe I oughtn't to leave before Thursday, then? Or to be safe, even Friday?" She counted on her fingers. "Friday, Saturday, Sunday—three whole days. I have an idea I could gain a lot of fresh perspective in three whole days."

"Where were you thinking of going?" Even to himself he sounded stiff; she knew perfectly well he had planned to spend spring vacation working on his book.

"New York." Her tone implied he might have been expected to know. "Mary's been after me to come for ages." Mary had been Pat's roommate back in the old premarital, advertising-agency days. "I can sleep on her studio couch and do a little sponging elsewhere. It won't cost much besides bus fare. But I've kept writing her, 'Impossible!'—thinking of the children, of course. Which is what comes of losing perspective, I guess." Her mouth turned up at the corners in Susie's sudden smile. "That's the wonderful part of being married to a psychologist."

She left Thursday evening on the bus and was gone Friday, Saturday and Sunday—"three whole days."

Friday was a fine day, a day to make a man wonder how any woman could complain of the monotony of child care and domestic routine. For pure joy, simple contentment, he had seldom spent such a day. Of course he changed the routine. Susie put in the morning happily washing the breakfast dishes, standing on a chair at the sink with a bath towel tied round her middle, managing, naturally, to get herself and the kitchen floor quite wet, but only in the process of building the most magnificent sapsuds castles. Bill, released from the confines play pen, explored his forbidden world with a curiosity that was a delight to watch, crawling from room to room in a frenzy of motion, removing pots and pans from the cupboards, magazines from the magazine rack, dish towels from the drawer, upsetting an ash tray here and there, but doing no real damage, nothing that could be measured against the liberation of body and spirit, the freedom to learn and grow.

After lunch the children had naps and he—with the lunch dishes stacked in the sink—lay down on the studio couch and read an article he had been trying to get to for weeks. Time and again he had tried to convince Pat she ought to relax while Susie and Bill were napping, only to have her snap, "When do you think I get my work done?" The week end would be a success, he decided, if only it gave her enough perspective to rechart her day.

After their naps they went for a walk, Bill in his stroller, Susie pushing her doll in the squeaky doll buggy. And, more relaxed than he had been in weeks, he discovered the world through Susie's eyes: the small round rock so wonderfully smooth in the palm of the hand, the fat woolly Sealyham on the corner shaking with joy at their approach, and down the street in a sunny spot by the garden wall the marvel of yellow daffodils just coming into bloom. For Susie had that joy in little things, the childlike joy most people lose. Had Pat now lost it, too, so that

WAYS *and* MEANS

New ideas for work, new inventions to try—add it up and it's fun to keep house

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

• With party or school-play time just around the corner, it's a ve precaution to flameproof cotton costumes and play clothes for youngsters. Particularly those worn to campfire parties. The Workshop recipe: Mix 7 ounces borax and 3 ounces boric acid with 2 quarts water. Dip cottons in that. While not completely fireproof, treated clothes will not flame.

• An ounce-of-prevention idea. To keep dark wood chair backs from smudging light walls, use small, inconspicuous black bumpers on backs of chairs. They're like rubber-topped thumbtacks. Lest rubber leave a mark, coat with clear liquid plastic or nail polish. That's the way the walls in Mary Bass' JOURNAL office are protected.

• Turning tables, a druggist wrote us for a prescription. Seems he's the family chief putter-upper of food for freezing and wanted a way to keep peaches from turning sun-tanned color. Our answer: ½ teaspoon ascorbic acid with each quart of sirup. We've learned, too, that peaches look and taste better if really ripe so skins slip off without scalding. If scald you must, keep the time short—three seconds.

e no longer drew happiness from such a
y as this?

That evening, after a supper of the cold
m and gelatin dessert Pat had left in the
rigerator—the children in bed, the dinner
ishes stacked in the sink along with those
m lunch—he settled down to an evening
work on his book. Pat complained of the
lling of the mind that came from house-
rk, but his mind had never seemed fresher.
rtainly concentration was easier than after
lay at the clinic, or even four or five hours
lecturing to classes. The house was quiet,
e fire burned cheerfully in the fireplace,
mind turned easily. He worked till two
M. and went to bed well satisfied with
nself as writer and parent.

Saturday started out well enough. After
eakfast he took Susie and Bill to the clinic
d dumped them on Ellen Andriesen while
went over some problems with Doctor
nes.

The children obviously had a fine morn-
g, and apparently Ellen Andriesen did,
o, because she insisted on coming by
e next day and taking them to the park
ile he got some work done on his book.
hen he protested that would be too much
a busman's holiday, she reminded him
ce again that she honestly enjoyed chil-
en. Which seemed to him an admirable
ntiment, only by late that afternoon he
as not sure that he himself honestly did.

It was noon when they got home from the
nic, and they were hungry. But the furnace
e had gone out and the house was cold.
aving the children in their outdoor clothes,
descended to the basement. Ten minutes
er he came back up to find Bill in his
ht-blue snow suit, seated inside the fire-
ace eating the ashes of last night's fire.
hile Susie—in the far from waterproof
nk coat-and-legging set Pat's mother had
nt her for Christmas—was joyously wash-
g dishes at the sink. As he scoured Bill
o something less like a chimney sweep and
opped up Susie and the lake that had once been the kitchen floor, it occurred to him that—the development of human personality notwithstanding—there might be disadvantages to the full and free exploration of environment by the immature.

It was one o'clock by the time he got them moderately clean and dry. There was still one bottle of the formula Pat had left in the refrigerator. He put it on the stove to warm, but the refrigerator was too cold or the stove too hot or he was in too great a hurry. Anyway, the bottle cracked, leaving him with the necessity of making formula. But before he could make formula he would have to wash bottles and a kettle, and before he could do that he would have to clear the sink of yesterday's dishes to make room for hot water and soap. Meanwhile Bill was screaming with hunger. He persuaded Susie that she was a big girl, big enough to sit on a high stool and spoon strained peas into her baby brother while daddy made formula.

That worked very well for a time. But when Susie saw the beautiful soapsuds in the sink she lost interest in being a conveyor of strained peas and came dragging a chair. "Me wash, me wash."

"Not today." He shooed her away. "Daddy's in a hurry. Susie can wash tomorrow." (Though who should know better than he that in the world of two-and-a-half there is no tomorrow?)

Susie lay in the middle of the floor sobbing out her disappointment, with Bill and the cat joining in on the choruses—the cat, meowing, pushing his empty dish about the room by way of a gentle hint. Pat's insistence on making formula while she washed the dinner dishes had long seemed to him one of her more obstinate stupidities. Now, faced with one hazard after another, he became less dogmatic in his opinion.

Susie, it seemed, had broken a glass in the course of her most recent dishwashing. He cut himself in the process of making the discovery, and a bleeding hand did nothing to speed things up. But he had finally got



• *It burns me up!* Electric timers on modern ranges have such dainty little numbers that to tell time you have to walk right up and peer at them. We know one homemaker who had dinner ready an hour early. Luckily it wasn't soufflé. We vote for clock numerals clear enough so they can be read from across the room. And let's have automatic timers so simple you don't forget from one Sunday to the next how to set them.



• Greasy gravy is even worse than curdled custard. That's why we use a tube-and-bulb baster to siphon extra fat from roast drippings. It's easier and more certain than spooning. In our kitchens, the gadget is also used to water plants, skim cream from milk, exhaust air from plastic freezer bags before sealing, and, naturally, to baste things. Oh, yes, it does come apart for washing.

• A restoration suggestion for blankets shrunk from bed to cot size. It's a two-person job. Wash the blanket. While it's still wet, grasp opposite ends and pull, pull, pull. Then with a wire brush—the kind used to curry canines—brush vigorously to loosen fibers and bring up nap. Don't worry if some nap comes out. After this carding, pull again. It's work, but for badly felted blankets as much as four inches can be regained—enough to cover cold shoulders. As a bonus, the blanket looks fluffier.

• Another make-do idea for blankets. Stitch a strip of old sheeting to one end. It gives tuck-in length for anchoring.

• Everybody likes the long-handled cellulose-sponge mop for floors. It's slick for walls too. The handle extends your arm's reach, no need to risk the stepladder. We were pleased with the way the thirsty sponge dried the wall, left no streaks. The sponge is squeezed with a lever so hands never soak. Memo to the manufacturer: Why not a short-handled one for bathtubs? Windows too?



• Ever get locked in a zippered dress—or girdle? Two ounces of prevention: one, when ironing, press seams flat around slide fasteners, so no fabric can get caught—better still, catch fabric with blind stitches; two, rub a small stick of zipper lubricant on the back side of the fastener. Available at notion counters. We all like zippers—let's keep them sliding.

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the bottles washed and sterilized and the formula ready to bottle when the laundryman knocked at the door. Leaving the kettle of unbottled formula and the sterilized bottles on the drainboard, he went upstairs to the bathroom clothes hamper for the shirts, the only part of the laundry Pat sent out. When he came back down again the bottles were still on the drainboard, empty. Bill, exhausted, had fallen asleep with his head on the high-chair tray. Susie was quiet too. But the kettle of formula was gone from the drainboard, and over in a corner the cat was greedily lapping milk. He gave the laundryman the shirts, closed the door. Then he turned Susie over his knee and paddled her—hard.

"Kit-nen hongry," she protested reproachfully.

Sunday morning, the morning of the third day, he was in the basement washing diapers when Ellen Andriesen appeared, keeping her promise. She came down the steep basement stairs in her high-heeled sandals: "Susie let me in." She had on a blue suit and the ever-immaculate blouse, and her hair was smooth and shining. "It's a sin to stay in a dungeon on a morning like this." She came and stood beside him at the washing machine, smelling, in the midst of the diapers, of some fresh flower scent. "It's such a beautiful day," she said, "that I thought we might *all* go to the park."

"Sorry"—he started the wringer and she moved away out of range of the spattering soapsuds—"afraid I'm stuck here. We're running out of dish towels."

"Dish towels?"

"The next best substitute when the diaper supply gives out."

She laughed. "Isn't there a diaper service in town?"

"There is"—he ran the diapers through the wringer, burning his cut hand as he fished them out of the soapsuds—"but it doesn't cater to customers on an academic salary." (And she was expecting to raise the six children she was looking for a father for, with benefit of diaper service?) He piled the clothesbasket high, refilled the machine. "Let's go hang these out."

She went up the stairs ahead of him and he noted mechanically that the seams of her nylons were scrupulously straight, then his mind shifted to the weight of the clothesbasket. How did Pat, slight as she was, ever manage to lug it up these stairs?

Out in the fine May sunshine, Bill sat listlessly in his play pen sucking his thumb.

"It seems a shame"—Ellen Andriesen made the obvious comment—"to keep him cooped up like that—a child as eager and active as he is."

"It is a shame"—he hung up a diaper—"but it is also practical if you have clothes to wash in the basement and no nursemaid or policeman on tap upstairs."

But Ellen Andriesen was gazing beyond him with horrified eyes. He turned. Over in a corner by the fence, Susie was beating the kitten with a stick.

"Susie"—he dropped the diaper he was hanging, got the stick away from her while Ellen Andriesen picked up the cowering kitten—"what are you doing?"

"Daddy punishment Susie; Susie punishment kit-nen." Her explanation was simple and quite unabashed.

"I lost my temper yesterday and paddled her," he elaborated for Ellen Andriesen.

"You're joking?"

He shook his head.

"But her venting it on the kitten—that's sadism!"

SELDOM had he seen a problem mother more disturbed. So it was a clinical serenity, after all, flourishing in the carefully controlled atmosphere of a test tube—or a sunny, well-arranged playroom where for a few hours a day one could manage, observe, and make notes. And he, the trained analyst of human behavior, had been taken in by it.

"Quite right"—he shook out another paper, hung it in the sun—"but I'm afraid it's also life—cruelty received, cruelty given, in endless chain."

"And you accept it calmly?" She looked as though she might get Susie's stick and prod him, turn him over, a white slug found lying in her path.

"On the contrary." He hung another paper. "I did consider slitting my throat, I could have found someone to make formula, wash diapers and stand guard here. By the way, do you know what time the grocery stores close on Sunday? We're running out of ham and gelatin."

She continued to stare at him. "But . . . the whole future personality of the child—Why, in your own book ——"

ALL through his book he had been at great pains to avoid being trite. Now the only words that occurred to him were most undeniably trite.

"Miss Andriesen"—he took time out to rescue Bill, who had somehow managed to get his knee stuck between the slats of the play pen—"have you ever *lived* with children?"

It was ten P.M. and he had collapsed on the studio couch with the funny paper when Pat got home.

"Oh, I had the most wonderful time!" She came in with shining eyes—the small round rock so wonderfully smooth in the palm of the hand. "Two plays, and both of them good, and the ballet, and ravioli and frogs' legs and shashlik and blintzes ——"

"Not all at one meal, I hope?"

She came over and kissed him. "You have no idea how good it is to eat food you haven't cooked yourself."

"And you have no idea," he assured her, "how tired I am of ham and gelatin."

"Poor darling!" She laughed. "How are Susie and Bill? You know, I really do think I've gotten some perspective, seriously. Maybe I won't lose my temper so quickly." She went on out into the kitchen. "What, no dishes! I didn't expect to be able to get through to the sink."

"That was last night." He followed her out.

"And formula all made and bottled!" she exclaimed. "And diapers dry and folded. And here I was all ready to pitch in and start the night shift," she said. "Why, it's a miracle!"

Maybe that was the answer after all—a small miracle now and then for each of us? A pause to gather strength for the daily struggle.

"How about a cup of coffee?"

She reached for the percolator on the high shelf, the only place in the crowded, inconvenient kitchen where there was room for it her skirt pulled high by her uprais arms, the seams of her sheer nylons beautifully straight.

"Mrs. Kirkwood"—he came up and put his arms around her—"did anyone ever tell you you had good legs?"

"Yes, long ago someone did mention it," she told him.

"I've missed you."

"That's good." She smelled of some new perfume, heady and not at all serene. There had never been anything serene about their life together; he knew now that there never would be. "Did you get anything at all done on your book?"

"I'm starting a new one," he told her. "It's going to be called Parents are People."

"Oh, darling, the week end must have been terrible. It's bound to be a best seller though."

"If it is," he assured her solemnly, "we'll have an automatic washer right there by the kitchen door, and a built-in nursemaid in the basement."

She looked at him inquiringly, but he did not offer an explanation. THE END

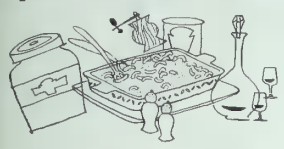
Second-rate minds are apt to be confirmed in their inferiority by education. This is why a liberal education so often results in illiberal opinions.

—J. A. SPENDER: Comments of Bagshot
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● **Before frying fish,** spread them with Heinz Yellow Mustard and dip them in cornmeal. They'll be golden-brown and crisp!

You Know They're Good Because They're HEINZ!

DO YOU REMEMBER ROCKY?

(Continued from Page 58)

Saul S. Streit. Rocco D'Agostino pleaded *not* guilty on the fifth of April.

He had been in jail almost two months when I talked to him for the first time. I was his first visitor. He was subdued, still confused, but eager to talk to somebody. He was disgusted because he had been labeled a "tough guy" in the newspapers.

"Those papers are very much wrong," he told me. "I'm not a tough guy. I never saw any of those people before in my life—none of those they took my picture with. You can ask them. Ask more than one of them. This guy comes in my room, says, 'All right, where's the gun?' I says, 'What gun?' He says, 'Are you trying to be funny or something?' That's how that all come about my saying no cop would ever take me alive."

He brightened when I said I was going to write a story about him for a magazine.

"What do you want to know?" he said. "This guy, Kelly ——"

"I know all about Kelly," I told him. "Let's start here: Is your father dead, Rocky?"

"Yeah. He's dead. He died when I was two years old."

"That would be 1932?"

"Yeah. He died in 1932."

"Tell me about your mother—how is she getting along now?"

"She's sick. She lives with my sister. Are you going to see my mother?"

"I'll see everybody, Rocky. Is there anything you want me to tell your mother?"

"Just give her my love and tell her I'll be out of here in no time. What else do you want to know? I'll write it all out about Kelly—about my arrest—and send it to you."

In a few days his letter reached me by mail. Meanwhile, from police, relatives, acquaintances, former teachers, employers and public records, I had learned a great deal about the life and times of Rocco D'Agostino.

Rocco, the seventh and last child of Salvatore and Frances D'Agostino, was born on May 9, 1930, in Manhattan at an address in the vicinity of East 101st Street and Second Avenue. The section was then, and is still, a brick-walled mass of "huddled poor." Two blocks from his birthplace, the towering East River Housing Development, for families with incomes of less than $3000 a year, has now replaced some of the worst slum dwellings in the United States.

This is the fringe of East Harlem—the district of pro-Communist former Congressman Vito Marcantonio—populated by large numbers of first- and second-generation Italians, Negroes, and a more recent influx of Puerto Ricans. It is a raucous neighborhood—grimy and littered with refuse. The architectural pattern is a simple one of four- and five-story gray shells, laced with fire escapes.

Every morning, streams of children with bright faces of many hues flow through the narrow streets to school. Many start out in fresh, clean clothing, but the day soils them more quickly here: they play punchball against walls, wrestle on the pavement and sprawl on the curb to rest. From doorways and narrow passageways between buildings the hot sun brings up the heavy smell of urine. When spring rain comes it does not stir the fragrance of green growing things; a faintly acrid odor arises like that of saliva against a hot iron. Even the air is foul—no fresh breezes stir it.

Rocky began life as the great depression, following the crash of the stock market in 1929, was settling to its lowest trough. Downtown, in the Wall Street area, formerly wealthy men were leaping from the windows of tall office buildings to escape facing poverty and debt. In midtown Manhattan, less dynamic individuals were selling apples on the street. In the poorer sections, where poverty always had been familiar and toler-

(Continued on Page 125)



"Hand-done" perfection in washing clothes with the new G-E Activator-Automatic!



1. *"Each piece of my wash is so sunshiny-clean. A fine hand-laundress couldn't do better."*

Yes, like careful washing by hand, G-E Activator® Washing Action is thorough. Each piece is passed through 3 zones of washing action—vigorous, medium, light.



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Each piece of your wash is dipped, flexed, and gently cleansed individually—just as in fine hand laundering. NOT just sloshed around in a tangled mass.



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G-E complete rinsing—a spray rinse to kill suds, then a deep rinse—removes loosened soil and hidden soap film, leaves clothes clean-looking, clean-smelling.



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Spin-drying is most important. Unless rinse water is removed thoroughly, some dirt stays. The drier clothes are spun, the cleaner they are!



1-YEAR WRITTEN WARRANTY ON ENTIRE WASHER • Never needs oiling • Water-temperature Selector automatically mixes hot and cold water • No bolting • Porcelain top and washbasket. Baked-enamel front and sides • ALL THESE, *PLUS* 21 OTHER GREAT FEATURES. Model AW5B4 Illus.

AND ALL YOU DO IS SET A DIAL!

This new General Electric is completely automatic.

It washes, rinses, damp-dries your clothes, and shuts o— with one setting of the dial. But you can re-set it to shor n or repeat any cycle.

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NOT THE OLD WAY...



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You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 123)

like a delinquent friend, the people were erate, in the most factual ways, for food warmth.

f the D'Agostino family of seven chil-n, five were under the age of ten and two r daughters were married. The family isted on Home Relief, amounting at this to about $46 per month. The married ghters could not help because they needed themselves. The father, Salvatore, d his occupation on applications as orer—unemployed"; he was only forty-years old in 1930. Both he and his wife born in Italy, but had been living in the ed States for nearly twenty years.

oday, Mrs. D'Agostino still cannot speak lish articulately, although she under-ds the language with little difficulty. As d promised Rocky, I went to see her—he first and most important person on a list of those I thought would remember

rances D'Agostino is a short, plump and id woman with graying black hair bed in waves of precise tidiness about Italian-cameo face. She looks ill, but far nger than her age; as we talked it ned to me that mentally her grasp on ity is fading—as she wills it to fade. Her ghter is impatient with her.

he made it clear that she had seen very e of Rocco for almost two years—since e of 1949, when they had been evicted n a "railroad" apartment for nonpay-t of rent. The few times she did see him would not say what he was doing for a g.

I'm on my own," he told her, "and what is nobody's business."

s sister believes her mother has been too ent with Rocco all his life. She never nked him—oh, maybe a cuff now and n, but never a beating. Mrs. D'Agostino, had been sitting quietly and speaking in monosyllables, recoiled almost with or and remonstrated volubly in Italian he idea of beating her son. "He never ld listen to his brother or anybody," his r answered her. "None of us ever could him anything. He is better off where he She left the room to take care of a child was crying.

Irs. D'Agostino told me that she had not e to see Rocco because her hearing is not d and she knew, from previous experiences, she would not be able to talk to him. (Relatives are permitted to converse with inmates, while guards stand by, through a mouthpiece or "muffle board," designed to prevent whispered conversations by making hearing difficult.) It was also impossible for her to get about on New York subways alone, and—she indicated with a shrug—what could she do for Rocco now? I learned that her husband did not die but had been deported from the United States to Italy when Rocco was two. When I asked her why, she shrugged again.

"Rocco said to give you his love and tell you he'll be out of there in no time. Do you have anything you want to tell him?"

"*Tante amicizie lui dalla mia parte,*" she replied. ("Give him my regards.")

THE first cataclysmic experience in Rocky's life occurred before his memory began. After the "death" of his father, the family was split up. The three girls and his brother, who is two years older than Rocky, were sent to a Catholic children's home. Rocky went to a foundling home; his mother to a hospital. ("She has always been sick," Rocky explained. "Asthma, cardiac trouble, a heart condition—you know what I mean?") According to an older sister, Rocky suffered a broken nose while in the foundling home, and it was allowed to heal without medical attention. As long as anyone can remember, his nose has been slightly twisted and scarred.

Being the baby, Rocky was the first child to be returned to his mother, about a year after her hospitalization. She was still being supported by welfare funds. His brother was not released until two years later, and the girls stayed on into their teens.

Rocky's earliest memory is of tripping over a toy and severely burning his hand against a hot stove when he was four years old. He recalls that his mother applied coconut oil and butter and a poultice of dried potatoes. One other preschool impression meant a great deal to him: when he was a little over five years old, he discovered he had a brother. For him it was a great and pleasant surprise and marked the beginning of a crescending awareness.

When he was six years old, he was enrolled in the kindergarten of Public School 168, and he attended that school for eight and a half years. P. S. 168, like many other public schools in the city, is a forbidding H-shaped building wedged in a solid block. The play



"Believe me, Miss Frimel, the world wouldn't be in such chaos if people were more friendly."



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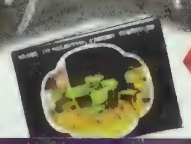




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area consists of two small courtyards—and the streets. The courtyards are enclosed by brick walls mounted with iron grilles, and the heavy sliding iron door is closed and locked when school is not in session to prevent broken windows and vandalism, which frequently occur anyway. The turreted, prisonlike building (much inferior to the new city jail) has long since accumulated the maximum effective coat of grime. The exterior walls are scribbled with such a tangle of hearts and obscenities that it is no longer possible to distinguish one from the other. Enrollment has varied in recent years from 1800 to 2200. Currently about half the pupils are Italian-Americans; 23 per cent are Negroes; and 22 per cent, Puerto Ricans.

Rocky liked school—for the first few years, at least. He claims now he never hated it. The first year he received a grade of A in conduct. During his entire stay at P. S. 168 he was never graded lower than B in conduct. He was seldom absent or tardy. But he had other troubles—lots of them. The big boys soon found it was easy to make him cry.

Of the teachers at P. S. 168 who were there when Rocky was, few remember anything about him, except by reference to records. "Oh, yes, I remember Rocco," one teacher said. "He was such a pale, anemic-looking little boy." But that was all she could recall. According to Principal Katherine Sullivan, who has been head of the school for thirteen years: "He certainly was never an outstanding problem that we ever had to do anything about." Rocco remembers only one teacher by name—Miss Kathleen Smith, who taught him in the sixth grade. "She was the only teacher that ever took any interest in me, but I don't know if she's still around. She was an old lady then." (Miss Smith retired from teaching in 1949 at the age of seventy, after having taught for fifty years at P. S. 168. Among her pupils, she specialized in the "problems"—and later attended the weddings of their children; she died in the spring of 1951, while Rocco was awaiting sentence.)

If ever you meet a woman who succeeds in convincing you that you are an exceptionally fine fellow, be very, very careful. She has far more intelligence than you.

In schoolwork, Rocco was slow from the start. He repeated the third grade and the second half of the fourth. His worst failures were in reading and English. On May 2, 1940, when Rocco was ten years old, he was given a complete psychological examination by the Bureau of Child Guidance. The reason given for the examination was "disinterest in school, temper tantrums and outbursts of crying on the playground." He was recorded as "imaginative in making up stories and telling lies to get attention." The report describes him as "a pale, thin boy, small for his age, and poorly nourished." While taking the tests, he "fidgeted nervously and played with his pencil."

ACCORDING to Binet tests, his was a "borderline to dull normal mentality," but he was judged higher in intelligence than an ordinary Binet test indicated. He was somewhat handicapped by his Italian-language background. Nevertheless, he scored low on both verbal and nonverbal tests. (He has a variety of I.Q.'s, ranging from 64 to 86.) He scored highest in tests involving rote memory and was accorded 'ninth-year level in recognizing absurdities." He was resentful of having been placed in a class of slow pupils and is quoted as saying, "They put me in the dumb class because I wasn't nice on the playground." The report recommended that emphasis in his school training be placed on manual activities. He was judged "socially immature." Teachers noted that he was "very tidy," but "not sure of himself" and "loses interest easily," although he was "never late and never absent from class."

Although he did failing work in the fifth grade, he was allowed to go on to the sixth because he was over thirteen years old and it was considered better for him to stay with his age group. At this time he was 59" tall and weighed 95 pounds, and, according to his health report, had "no headaches, no emotional disturbances."

Outside of school, Rocco's life had p ceeded at a faster emotional pace. Alwa physically small, he was frequently bull and beaten on the streets by stronger bo Although he was never punished at home, often came home bloody, bruised and ba ing. There was little anyone could do abo it and his mother did nothing. (His broth well ahead of him in school, was t mu help; he left P. S. 168 in 1940 and went Patrick Henry Junior High School. He w graduated from this school in 1943 with excellent conduct record and adequa grades.)

IN the summer of his ninth year, wh splashing in the water from an open f hydrant with a crowd of youngsters, Roc fell and broke his right leg. After hospitali tion, he spent two weeks at Camp Carey the Boys' Club camp on the north shore Long Island—which he remembers vivi because it was his first, and last, excursi from city streets. The following summer learned to swim at the Thomas Jefferson c pool, at First Avenue and 112th Street. spent a good deal of time at this pool, hopi to become a lifeguard, but he was to "You're too puny. You'd never make i

While attending P. S. 168, Rocky clai to have spent some of his time at a "pla land" in the basement of St. Lucy's Chur where he was confirmed, but his sister sa "He never went to church," and two prie said they did not remember him at all. T basement of the church is no longer used a recreation center. It is unlikely that he spe any time with churchgoing children—r did he belong to any ga As he reached puberty, had both physical and em tional reasons for keepi away from groups as mu as possible.

In this neighborhoo young boys between t ages of ten and fourte find secret recesses betwe buildings to demonstra to each other their sexual prowess. They ha been observed by teachers and others in t type of sex play (as they have been observ smoking "reefers"—marijuana cigarette Only the reticent—or the different—ha trouble with the other boys. A comm diversion is to catch some smaller boy, mo modest or less developed, and "take pants down." Trying to fight off one of the attacks—and failing—resulted in the severe beating that Rocky experienced at P. S. 16 He would not (or could not) engage in su sexual demonstrations at the age of twel As a probation officer for youthful offend pointed out, "He was possibly not a norm boy!"

He was subject to at least one other "em tional disturbance" the doctor did not d cern. Perhaps as early as the age of ten, wh the teachers noted "outbursts of crying the playground," but certainly before he l P. S. 168, he learned the truth about h father's deportation. As a child he had be allowed to believe that his father had died 1932 (and this fiction, like many others, still prefers to the truth), but bit by bit learned the whole story. He grew in the bel that lies were necessary and he became ade at telling them in any situation. He d trusted people.

Yet he still remembers being a monit once in the school corridor, and several tim he was given special privileges for drawin "They trusted me," he said of his teache with some awe, speaking from a barred ce He was not much interested in drawing, b Miss Smith was, so he drew, especially f the Christmas decorations—"Santa Cla and sleds and things like that." At home spent a lot of time tearing down and rebuil ing an old bicycle, and making kites. (Que tion: "Where did you fly kites in that neig borhood, Rocky?" Answer: "From the dan roof. Where do you think I'd fly the *from?*") He once won an award—the on award he ever received—for kite building a contest held on Randall's Island. He members, "It was a medal shaped like

(Continued on Page 128)

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new

sterling pattern

Stanton Hall

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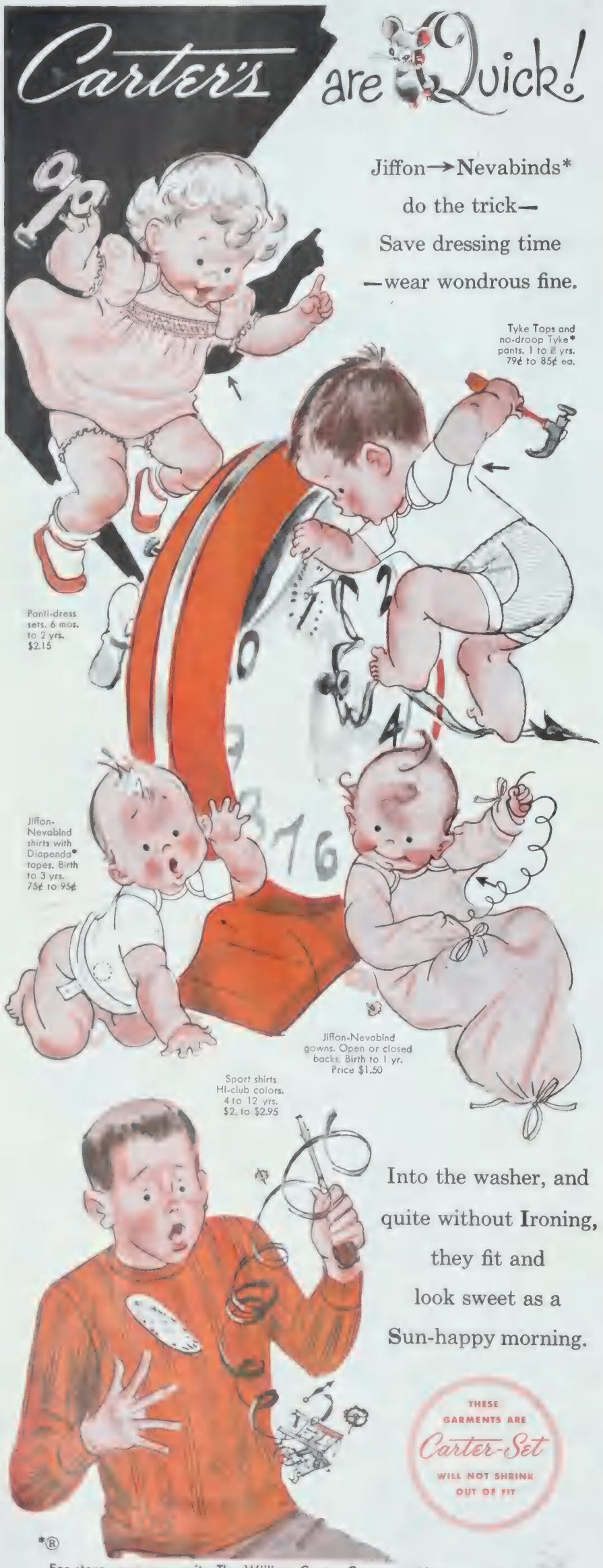
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(Continued from Page 126)

four-leaf clover, covered with probably fourteen-carat gold or something." At that time he thought if he could not be a lifeguard he would be an aviator. (Question: "Who was your ideal person, Rocky?" Answer: "Never wanted to be nobody but myself.")

When the teachers decided that eight and a half years was long enough for him to spend in elementary school and permitted him to go on to junior high, his last teacher at P. S. 168, Miss Kathleen Smith, sent along these terse comments: "Work poor, draws well, likes rhyming, makes kites, mother ill. He co-operates in any way he is able. *This child needs individual attention.*"

But in junior high at P. S. 171 he found things tougher in every respect. No one there learned to know him well enough to remember him—other than as a truant. In one term he was absent 81 days, present 9; in another he was absent 30 days, present 60; when "discharged as a runaway" in June, 1945, he had been present 21 days and absent 49 of that term. He was noted as un-co-operative and unreliable, a failure in scholarship and a poor reader, and unsatisfactory in courtesy, health and conduct.

"Discharged as a runaway" means that the truant officer was unable to locate him in the city, but in Rocky's case it is more likely the truant officer got tired of going after him. He says work kept him out of school. His story—and his stories get increasingly difficult to believe—is that an official recommended that he quit school and get a job to help support his mother, who was still getting welfare money. World War II had been going on for several years; man power—even boy power—was in demand. His brother joined the Merchant Marine. All his sisters had married and started families of their own. Rocky was the man of the family.

Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd it is to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress is of no use. Beauty is of value, her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend on a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of sense, she will find this out.
—SIDNEY SMITH.

For the next three years he had many jobs for short periods of time: with a drugstore, a camera concern, a film-processing company, a motorcycle shop and a metal shop. His job at the drugstore lasted one week. He was unemployed about as much as he was employed, and collected state unemployment insurance for several months. His record with employers is similar to his record at P. S. 171. No one remembers him offhand, except one former co-worker who said, "Yeah, I think I do. He's a real good punk."

Before he was eighteen, Rocky's social activities had shifted to the west of Central Park—specifically, to the area just above West 101st Street on Columbus Avenue—where he found men who accepted him. Many Spaniards and Puerto Ricans live in this section; it is dull-appearing in the daylight, but certain spots get livelier after midnight. The aroma is garlic; the music, Latin. On dance floors performers do a version of the mambo described as "some shake, some snake, some jump, some bump." Between the hours of two and six in the morning, junkies, bearing packs or capsules of white powder, move like beetles out of the walls.

ROCKY'S first arrest had nothing to do with narcotics—although he frequented places where drugs are commonly used. (At P. S. 171, five boys recently admitted "snorting" heroin in the back of a classroom.) Rocky was first picked up by the police after a street-corner brawl; brass knuckles were found in his wallet. He says he had carried them there for two years, having found them on the sidewalk after being attacked by two Spaniards. ("You see how my nose is sort of twisted and scarred? Them Spaniards did that.") For him brass knuckles fulfilled a long-felt need—but he never used them. He pleaded guilty to possession (considered a misdemeanor) and was sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse.

He had a great deal of trouble keeping himself employed, for most employers were disposed to fire him after a few weeks. One job—with a camera firm—he did like and kept for almost six months, but the place went out of business. For a long time he was without work and drew unemployment insurance—"It was just enough to eat on." Then, in June of 1949, he and his mother were evicted from their apartment on East 102nd Street. This he considers "the most tragic experience of my life." His mother went to live with one of his sisters—and Rocky "visited" wherever he could.

FOUR months later he was arrested with a gun in his possession. Again his memory of the incident is the exact reverse of the observation and experience of the police: Two men accosted him while he was walking down the street with a girl; one pointed a gun at him; he disarmed the fellow and was about to throw the gun over a fence when a cop interfered and "completely misinterpreted the situation." Rocky found himself back in jail, charged this time with a felony. He pleaded guilty and got six months.

Out of jail the second time, he found his brother and sisters reluctant to share their apartments with him, and he could not get work. His brother finally did permit him to stay—although he had only two rooms himself and his wife had just given birth to their first child. For several weeks he slept in the kitchen on an Army cot; then he moved to a room of his own on the West Side.

Less than three months later he was again arrested—this time for the possession and sale of a narcotic drug, a type of crime natural and easy for him to turn to. This is his account, as he wrote it in his own quite excellent handwriting, of the circumstances of his third arrest:

My introduction to narcotics, eventual addiction and imprisonment occurred in the following order:

During early February of 1951, I met Kelly in a restaurant where it was customary for me to have supper. In the days that followed I had occasion to speak with the friendly stranger and felt that I had gotten to know him quite well. Upon one such meeting he confided to me that he was having difficulty in obtaining employment, meeting his expenses, and that he had recently been evicted from his lodgings. Acting on a sympathic impulse, I offered to allow Kelly to share my lodgings until such time as he could re-establish himself.

While living with me I discovered that Kelly was addicted to drugs. When I questioned him about it, he readily admitted his addiction.

One evening, in a moment of weakness and depression, I accepted "a shot." The general effect of the drug seemed to induce a state of semiconsciousness. This was followed by acute illness—vomitting, as the effects of the drug began to receed. Feeling miserable, I consulted Kelly, who advised that I must have "another shot" as a curative measure for my illness. From that time forth it appears that my every thought and motive centered around obtaining a daily supply of the accursed powder.

On March 17th Kelly had come home with a package containing narcotics. He told me that a friend of his would call for the package. Early the following morning Kelly's friend arrived; I handed him the package and was immediately arrested by "Kelly's friend," whom I have discovered was a detective from the narcotics squad. Whereupon I was charged with sale (selling) of narcotics—a very serious crime.

After my arrest and detention in the City Prison (Tombs), and numerous appearances in court, it developed that Kelly, I have learned, had acted in co-operation with the narcotic squad. He received a term of only six months! A term usually given for petty offenses! Kelly is the lowliest of man in the lowest of occupations.

Sincerely yours,
Rocco D'Agostino

On the basis of this disappointing "friendship," Rocky insisted he was going to "have

(Continued on Page 130)

SCIENCE REPORT

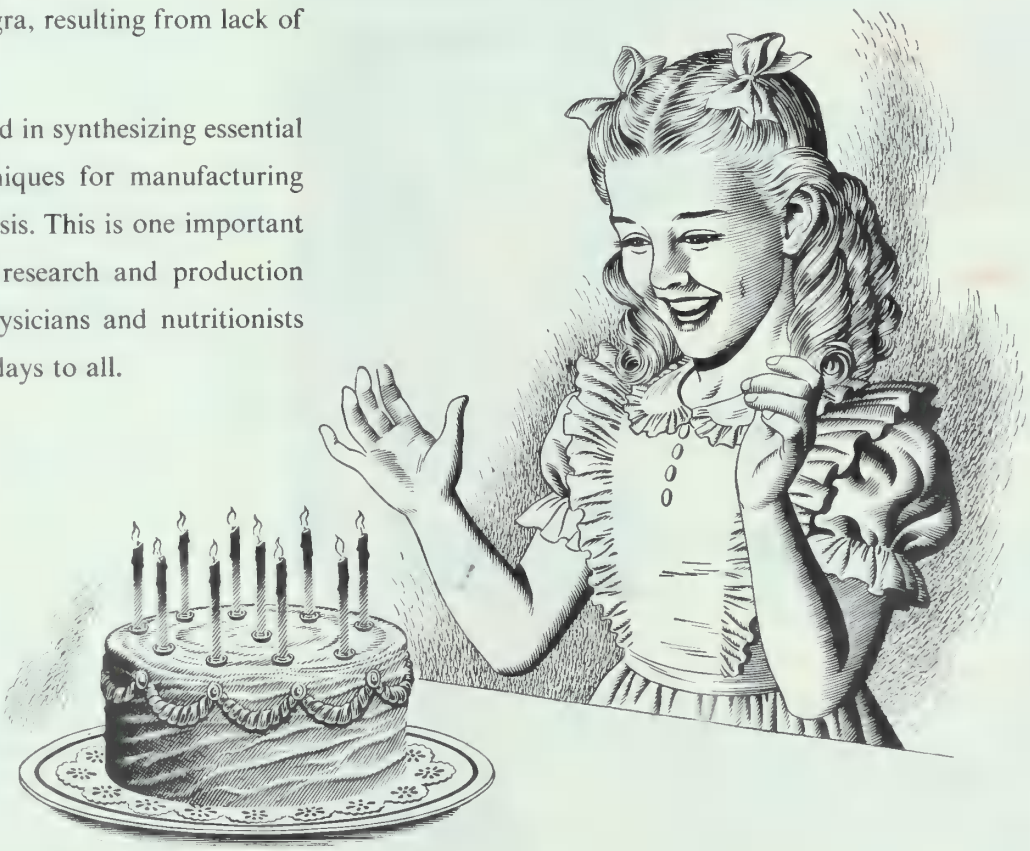
Healthier and happier birthdays

CHILDREN who celebrate their tenth birthday this year share another birthday of vital importance to their health —the Tenth Anniversary of Food Enrichment. For ten years bakers and millers of America have been enriching bread and flour with health-giving vitamins—thiamine, riboflavin and niacin.

More buoyant health and greater mental and physical vigor are rewards of the scientific use of vitamins in nutrition and medicine. Less and less common have become the devastating diseases such as pellagra, resulting from lack of vitamins.

Merck & Co., Inc. has pioneered in synthesizing essential vitamins and in perfecting techniques for manufacturing them on a large-scale, low-cost basis. This is one important result of the continuous Merck research and production program—devoted to helping physicians and nutritionists bring healthier and happier birthdays to all.

Vitamins help her grow up stronger



Research and Production for the Nation's Health

MERCK

MERCK & CO., INC.
Manufacturing Chemists
RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY
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(Continued from Page 128)

a party" (jury trial), even though his counsel warned him it would be difficult to explain away the $250 in small bills which the detectives had found in his room. According to the detectives, he was not a user of narcotics and he showed no violent withdrawal symptoms while in jail. Rocky claimed to have become addicted only recently, and there are a few spots on his arm which might be perforations of the needle. A relative said one time Rocky slept continuously for forty-eight hours in a room in her apartment. A narcotics-squad official conceded he might have done a little "joy-popping" (scratching or puncturing the skin with a hypodermic needle), but he was not a "mainliner" (one who takes heroin by injection into the main vein of the arm).

ROCKY persisted in his plea of not guilty until after the trial of Augustine Castillo, a young Puerto Rican, who had been arrested under similar circumstances the same night he was. The following excerpt from the cross-examination of Detective Alfred B. Spinosa, witness on behalf of the People, by Castillo's Legal Aid attorney, Mr. Della Volpe, clarifies Kelly's relationship with the police:

Q. Officer, there has been testimony that there was another man on the scene who was not a police officer. Did you know that man?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Is he what is commonly known as a stool pigeon?

A. It is hard ——

Q. You heard the expression?

A. When you say commonly known ——

Q. Let us put it this way: known to the police as a stool pigeon?

A. (Shakes head in the negative.)

Q. Do you know if he was a drug addict?

A. I am not sure whether he was or not.

Q. Was he, by any chance, doing your squad a favor, or isn't the question clear?

A. What do you mean by a favor? I don't know.

Q. Helping you out?

A. He certainly was helping us out; yes.

Q. Was he on the pay of the Police Department?

A. Was he what?

Q. Was he on the pay of the Police Department?

A. That question is not clear to me.

Q. Do you know of your own knowledge whether he was or was not on the pay of the Police Department?

THE COURT: You are on the witness stand, officer. You have to testify to what you know.

THE WITNESS: Yes, sir. I don't understand what you mean by on the pay.

THE COURT: He means what anybody else would mean.

Q. You are in the pay of the Police Department?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was this man in the pay of the Police Department just as you are?

A. He received money from us.

The jury decided Castillo was guilty after ten minutes of deliberation, or long enough to take a vote. Rocky, who had been waiting in the "bullpen" for an appearance in the courtroom, "copped out," as the police like to say. Through his counsel, he withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty, as he had been doing practically all his life.

The last time I saw Rocky before his sentencing, he seemed considerably relieved. "I am not bitter," he said, "but I get downhearted thinking what my sentence will be. I don't worry. I know I can get along all right with the boys in here, or where they send me. I might learn something. You never can tell."

"I have no friends," he said. "Ever since I got in trouble the first time, I have no friends, but I can't blame anybody except myself."

On the day of the sentencing, his mother, two sisters and a brother-in-law were early arrivals outside the courtroom of Judge Edward McCullen. Because of many instances of hysterical outbursts, female relatives of prisoners to be sentenced were excluded from this part of the General Sessions Court. A chair was placed just outside the door for Mrs. D'Agostino. Looking weak and ill, she sat there silently for three hours, her face a mask of uncomplaining woe.

DOUBTLESS she remembered, as Attorney Robert Brown reminded the judge, other unhappy courtroom scenes in her long and difficult life. In 1917, Salvatore D'Agostino, who was to become the father of Rocco, appeared before the Criminal Division of the Superior Court in Waterbury, Connecticut, charged with the crime of assault with attempt to murder. For this he served one year in the prison at North Haven. And then, in January of 1933, he appeared before Judge Morris Koening, in a section of this same General Sessions Court in New York, and pleaded guilty to the crime of "attempted assault in the second degree." The complainant was Frances D'Agostino, his wife.

A neighbor, who lived near their old flat at 2184 Second Avenue, recalls that Salvatore had beaten her "nearly to death." The father of Rocco D'Agostino, at least twice in his life

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Farm Woman

BY ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

Grandma used to tell about the time
the drought was bad,
And Grandpa, young then, lost
almost everything he had,
Got disheartened one day, as men
will get, and said
They'd best give up, load up and
hit the road instead.
But that night, while he did the
chores, she fixed things up,
With hand-wove tablecloth, with
china plate and cup,
The ones brought from the East,
with gold and roses scrolled,
The pewter pitcher and the silver,
thin and old
That she had saved for best, with
her crochet rug.
Then she put bright leaves and
berries in the baby's mug.

A man may go by signs
And things that were;
A woman knows, for earth
Is kin to her.

My man's a quiet, gentle man,
hard-working and good,
God-fearing and stouthearted,
strong as hickory wood,
Yet last night, when the wind blew
rugged from the south
He got that tight and lornsome look
around his mouth
As he watched the clouds pile up,
blurrylike and dim,
And said to lose the wheat again
would surely finish him.

Today the wagon wheel of sky is
almost buckwheat blue,
Though from the south a little
tomboy wind steals through,
But as I lay the table, with snowy
linen spread,
Set out the flowered plates and slice
the homemade bread,
And lay out grandma's silver, all
sparkling and clean,
A meadow lark is singing, down in
the wheat field's green.

A man sees but the grain
In golden sweep,
A woman feels the strong
Roots running deep.

'They've always been
uddlesome . . . now they're
olorful, too!"



DENTONS

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knitted Sleepers

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ow, choose Dentons in lovely
reamland pastels...PINK, BLUE,
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)0% long staple, premium cot-
n. Or the traditional LIGHT
RAY, fine wool-blend sleeper,
mous since 1895. Whichever
our choice, Dentons assure you
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armth and health protection.



- Denton Fabric has a luxurious, cashmere-like finish, lightly napped for extra wear.
- Generous sizes . . . do not shrink out of fit.
- Nine-thread seams . . . smooth and strong.
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- Adjustable, snug-fitting double-ribbed cuffs.
- Gripper fasteners . . . no "button bother".
- Exclusive extra-heavy single-thickness feet are ankle height for maximum wear and *quick drying*.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

Sold by leading
department stores and
baby shops . . . coast to coast

DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT
MILLS, INC.
Centreville, Michigan
Agencies in Canada: Mercury Mills, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

guilty of murderous assault, was sentenced to two years and six months in the state prison and subsequently deported from the United States. He died in Italy in 1940.

Preceding Rocky in the day's calendar of sentences, Augustine Castillo, whom a jury had found guilty of a similar charge, was sentenced to "not less than five nor more than six years" in the state prison. Then Rocky, neatly dressed in a light gray sports jacket and bright yellow shirt, appeared before Judge McCullen. In a plea for leniency, Attorney Robert P. Brown, who served as court-appointed counsel without fee, stressed factors of Rocky's environment and personality. He said, "In the most literal sense, he throws himself upon the mercy of the Court."

Judge McCullen replied, "The Court is always interested in individual justice, but it also measures collective justice. What the defendant has done not only affects him, but everybody else. Who is responsible I cannot say. I wish I had the answer. I wonder if anybody has. The Court approaches such a matter as this in the same way it approaches all similar matters: What is best for the individual and what is best for the public? This young man perhaps needs care. I must measure everything as I find it. For that reason, the judgment of this Court is that he go to the Elmira Reformatory."

An indefinite sentence to the Elmira Reformatory, limited to young inmates who are given the opportunity to learn a trade, was received thankfully by Rocky's relatives. But Rocky was not at all satisfied. "I hear from boys who have been there it's pretty rough," he told his attorney later. He would have much preferred a minimum definite sentence to Sing Sing—where older, more important criminals go.

YOUTH BEFORE THE JUDGE

(Continued from Page 59)

judgment are least developed. The life of almost any individual is apt to be the result, to some degree at least, of what catches his attention and fires his imagination in his youth. Young people are apt to be worshipers of heroes, and where real ones do not exist, imitation ones are often made to serve. It is unfortunate that vice can more readily be dramatized than virtue. Our police and our courts know that criminals, generally, are a drab, crude, unattractive lot. Yet criminals and their activities are sometimes presented so dramatically in the news that to certain limited minds their criminality actually appears as a kind of heroism, worthy of esteem and imitation.

Youth needs heroes in which it can believe. Crime is said to be noticeably less prevalent during any well-contested World Series. There is no way to gauge the good accomplished among our youth by a Babe Ruth, a Joe DiMaggio or a Jackie Robinson.

Let us work to get *schools* that will dramatize the still unparalleled opportunities of America, that will stress the heart-warming appeal that lies in honesty and honor, that will teach the responsibilities that we, as citizens, must assume;

. . . *churches* that will reach those now inadequately cognizant of their duty to God, to decency and right;

. . . *public examples* that once again will tend to strengthen belief in the honorable principles upon which America was founded;

. . . *law-enforcement* agencies that will honestly dispense even-handed justice that is tempered, especially where youth is concerned, by understanding and sympathy.

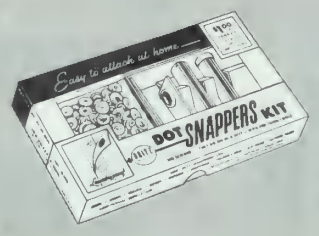
Among our youth a new America is in the making. It will have its weaknesses, as the nation we ourselves have made now has. But it will have its virtues and its strength, for young people in general, by their very nature, are clean and forward-looking. I am convinced that the youth of America are rising above their heritage. Let us, by all means, aid them to overcome their weaknesses, but let us not forget to glory in their strength.

THE END



Two to get ready? It's a Snap!

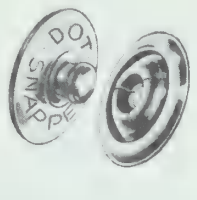
When you've a double order of toddlers to dress, you're twice as grateful for the speed and convenience of *snap* creepers. Dot Snappers are a big help in any mother's life. They work in a flash, stay fastened under strain, are completely laundryproof and durable. Make it a point to ask for *snap* creepers. They're just one example of many ways in which Dot Snappers and other United-Carr products make life easier for you.



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The Make-Believe Twins



Gallop - a - galloping down the street, here comes Penny and here comes Pete. You can easily tell from their tossing heads that these two Horses are Thoroughbreds.



Now they canter into the yard. They're Saddled and Bridled! They whinny hard and paw at the ground. It's time for the race.

Hurrah!

They're off!

It's a Steeplechase, with the willow stump for a noble jump, then twice round the Garden and back to place.





Which of them wins?

It doesn't matter, for out comes Mother with a heaping platter of cinnamon Cookies that she's just made and a big glass Pitcher of Lemonade.



By PHYLLIS McGINLEY
DRAWN By ROBERTA MacDONALD

Beautiful beginning
Tender ending



This is a short story. It's about the life of a pea. It's short because they're Green Giant Brand peas.

These peas are farmed with such care in soil so rich that they grow to a good size while still babies in tenderness. They're *picked at their fleeting moment of perfect flavor* and packed within three hours from the vine, dewy-fresh.

That's the whole story. Oh, one more part. It's when you eat them. Most folks think it's the best part. How about you?



Improving the breed. Here a Green Giant scientist fertilizes a pea blossom by hand. Result: finer seed, more tender peas.

Green Giant BRAND *Peas*

SEE THE GREEN GIANT TV SHOW, "LIFE WITH (ART) LINKLETTER," ON ABC-TV

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Praises easy-to-use Dry Yeast

Busy Mother Is Prize-Winning Cook

Ever since school days, Mrs. Wallace W. Eidson has been winning prizes for her cooking . . . and she's still at it! Last fall, at the DeKalb County Fair, she won ribbons in 5 different cooking contests. And over the past 20 years she has made an impressive record at the Georgia State Fair as well. Here she shows her latest awards to her children at their home in Dunwoody, Ga.

Of course, Sandra, Wally, Bobby and Gene agree that their mother's cooking is tops. And, like top cooks all over the country, Mrs. Eidson uses Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. "This speedy yeast is a grand help," she says. "I count on Fleischmann's for prize-winning results."

Who can resist delicious goodies made with yeast! Their rich, nourishing goodness will delight the whole family. When you bake at home, use yeast. And be sure you use the best—Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It's so *fast*—fast-rising and fast-dissolving! Get a supply of Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast today.

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS

Serve Mushrooms with stuffed peppers, creamed peas, escalloped potatoes, spinach! Treat the family to

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS

"—it's the Quality Pack"

Enjoy these finest of Cultivated Mushrooms packed at their peak: packed *vitamin-fresh* by a process that retains all tenderness and fresh mushroom flavor. If your Grocer doesn't have KEYSTONE Mushrooms send his name. For FREE Recipe Book write Keystone Mushroom Co., Coatesville, Pa.

RITZ

There's a Ritz Cloth for every household cleaning purpose

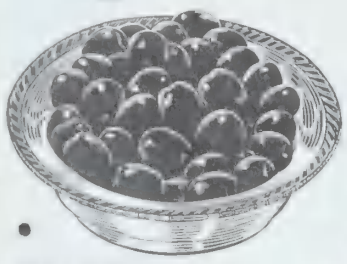
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Ripe Olives... *in Sandwiches*





Elegant!

Make **CHIQUITA SANDWICHES**

Here's how: Cut ½ cup ripe olives from pits into large pieces. Blend with ¼ cup sliced green onion, ¾ cup grated American cheese, ¼ cup chili sauce. Salt to taste. Toast 4 slices bread under broiler on one side. Spread untoasted side with olive-cheese mixture. Broil until cheese melts. Serves 4.

ELEGANT . . . and so easy to serve, so versatile in your cooking. Keep ripe olives on hand always. For free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes, write: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-10, 16 Beale Street, San Francisco 5, California.

RIPE OLIVES from CALIFORNIA

CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 38)

because gathering was just beyond my intelligence. And as a matter of fact, still is!

For October, we like robust meals. Poor Man's Stew for supper is delicious, and so kind to the budget too. I make it in the big iron kettle and hang it over the fire in the fireplace. I dice 4 good slices country salt pork and try them out in the kettle, then add 4 medium onions, diced small. When the onions are golden and tender, I add 3 cups milk and 3 cups hot water and, finally, 4 large potatoes, diced. I season well with freshly ground pepper and chopped parsley, and simmer until the bouquet that rises makes everyone watch the clock to see how soon we can eat.

This is the kind of dish the early families who lived here must have had often. And like squash and cabbage and potatoes, it has a good homely charm. With it I serve small hot squares of corn bread, currant jelly and coffee. If the neighbors drop in, a jar of freshly made applesauce is easy to open.

The cellar is filled with the last garden vegetables: the deep emerald acorn squash, the pale butternut squash, the cabbages, the potatoes, the winter carrots. Those big winter carrots take on a new life, I discovered, if they are thinly sliced lengthwise with a potato slicer, and the curls dropped in hot butter or margarine, covered and cooked quickly.

Peppers are a misunderstood vegetable often. They can be stuffed or made into relish or diced in a salad bowl, but they are also good sliced thin, the seeds removed, and the slices dropped in boiling salted water and parboiled five minutes or so. Then, drained, they go in a hot spider with butter or margarine, and I shake the spider back and forth until the slices are slightly browned. Seasoned with salt and pepper and MSG and maybe a dash of Worcestershire, they are fit for Mr. Churchill himself.

The highest towers begin from the ground.
—CHINESE PROVERB.

Austrian potatoes are another sound supper dish. To make them, you wash and peel and slice thinly 6 potatoes and fry them gently in 3 tablespoons shortening (bacon fat especially good) until tender and golden. Turn into a baking dish. Mix together 2 cups cottage cheese, 3 tablespoons thick sour cream, 2 beaten eggs and 1 teaspoon salt. Pour this over the potatoes. Bake in a slow oven (275° F.) for about 10 or 15 minutes or until mixture has set. Serves six, if it has to.

WHAT'S good with Austrian potatoes is a dish of broiled country bacon, a green-salad bowl, and for dessert a bowl of rosy polished apples and a wedge of creamy Muenster cheese. Not a dieter's meal, but very fine after a day outdoors in October.

This is the time, next to Christmas, when we like best to have a big buffet dinner. The weather is mild enough so guests can arrive without frozen fingers, we are almost certain no blizzard will cut off the current we live by, and it isn't too hot in the kitchen to cook a mort of food. I always feel young and hopeful, too, in the crisp dramatic season.

Stillmeadow is a small house—it was built in 1690, when families were large, but houses snug and tight. So we set up the aluminum table in the "parlor" where once the little organ stood when the parson had his services there. We put the Wedgwood platter that was my mother's in the center, with all the little canapés that I call the nip and tucks, for you nip them up and tuck them in. Tomato juice spiced with herbs can be hot in little cups or cold in small glasses, and we serve the liquid from the top of the radio-phonograph, and who cares? Then the table holds egg canapés, shrimp dipped in sauce, crispy crackers with cheese and red pepper, and plenty of it, and broiled until bubbly. That round wheat breakfast cereal braised in butter and garlic is very nice to dip into. And those ineluctable smoked oysters that I got in my stocking last Christmas—well, it's not so long until another Christmas, so there they go, on scarlet and blue toothpicks.

Jill takes frozen flounder fillets, poaches them gently and mashes them in the mortar, with the pestle, and adds tartar sauce and seasoning, and heaps the delicate bits on crackers. Nobody can tell what it is, but thinks it is lobster or crab. Then there are clams, minced and mixed with cream cheese and broiled briefly. And for a final touch, the celery and carrot curls bedded in olives.

IN the taproom, which is the family room, and the room we live in all winter long with the fire leaping in the great old fireplace, we set out plates and silver and paper napkins, but big comfortable ones, and the hot casseroles. And a nice home-cured ham for Steve to slice thin, for Steve is a carver to end all carving. I notice the casserole of home-baked beans always goes so fast, it has to be replaced immediately. I still stoke up the wood stove in the back kitchen and do it the way mamma did. Sometimes I add cloves and cinnamon for spiced flavor, but the buried onion and the thick dark molasses and the mustard and brown sugar are all there, as they were, no doubt, in 1690.

For the great salad bowl for a party, I take the bowl and hunt around in the refrigerator. Sour cream is a good beginning, French dressing nice, a soupçon of *remoulade* sauce left over from yesterday, a few chopped slivers of dill pickles, and all the diced and sliced things that look salad-minded. Then the lettuce—it keeps growing long after that killing frost—and a whisk of Roquefort, and a slice or two of ham cut up fine or a bit of chicken breast—and there you are, a salad that is one of a kind, for you can never repeat it.

I learned from Johannes, who learned it in the great old kitchen of his Viennese home, to begin with the bowl, make the dressing in it, and then add the salad material proper. The whole thing marinates better, and blends in so smoothly.

My *pièce de résistance* for dessert for a buffet dinner is generally angel-food cake, because we have eggs from George and because I can make it a day ahead and not worry. And it is easy to serve. And after all the neighbors have finished, and the kitchen is a whirligig of everyone bringing things out, we like to bring in fresh coffee and arrest the stampede.

The evening is no trouble. The music lovers go in the front room and play records, the taproom fireplace has a group discussing a new variety of tomatoes to plant next year or the best kind of fertilizer for the upland fields or what to do when your child *won't eat!* Olive shares a fabulous new curry recipe, Moe expounds a fine dog-training theory, Erma and George are talking about brown Swiss cows. Everybody is conscious of the world, it isn't a self-centered world, but it is country, and in the country we realize that every day has its own piece of living to be done and we share it.

After everyone has gone, Little Sister emerges from the seclusion of under-the-bed, for she is just not social, and Esmé utters her Greek-tragedy moan for more food, and Jill turns on the kennel lights and pushes out in the chill air to give Jerry and Daphne a last bowl of milk—they are always hungry.

I look out at the stars and the moon, and the little house makes those settling sounds an old house always makes. And I wish I could share the cool sweet dark with all lonely, tired people in the world, ask them in to sit a few moments by the ebbing fire, and maybe have a curried egg and a slice of country ham. Surely, I think, seeing the lights of the cars go down the road, we are all neighbors, all of us in the world.

Little Sister nudges me; she wants to put her black-and-white head on my pillow and get some rest.

But I say a last good night to the world before I turn out the lantern light at the picket gate, and look once more at the silver sail of the moon that is always new, and always beautiful. **THE END**

6 Ideas for every *mother with children in school*



Milk-rich lunches to go on... to grow on



lunches to carry

Take-to-school lunches can be varied . . . tasty . . . something *warm* . . . and full of MILK-rich goodness, too. Here are three that *satisfy!*

4 Hot out of a thermos bottle—*Cream of Tomato Soup! Crackers.* Ah-h-h, then . . . a delicious, "stick-to-the-ribs," BUTTERED *Egg-and-Lettuce Sandwich. So good,* with a refreshing glass of MILK. And for a fortifying finish, *Custard* and BUTTER *Cookies!*





5 Greet that pent-up, noontime hunger with BUTTERED, CHEESE-*and-Ham* Sandwiches. With them a thermos of *Hot Cocoa* . . . or refreshing Chocolate MILK. And to top off these good things from home . . . *Sponge Cake* and a *Banana!* What a food *foundation* for *education!*

6 "Oh, see what we've got *today!*" BUTTERED *Meat-Loaf Sandwich* . . . followed by a Pimento CHEESE-Spread Sandwich . . . with a *pint* of fresh MILK . . . loaded with health and plenty of energy. Top it off to *complete satisfaction* with *Fruit Salad* and BUTTER *Cookies! M-M-m-m,* what eatin'!



lunches to come home to

Racing footsteps . . . eager appetites . . . and here are lunches packed with MILK-rich *taste* and *energy* . . . to "go" on . . . to *grow* on!

1 *Creamed Chipped Beef* on BUTTERED Toast . . . *M-M-m-m* . . . how good! *Glass o'* MILK . . . for *health, growth* . . . the spark of *life!* Flavory *apple sauce* . . . with *chocolate Brownies!* "M-M-m-m, *yummy* . . . *thanks* Mother!"





2 Piping hot *Cream-of-Corn Soup* . . . "Oh, Boy!" with *Crackers!* That's a tune-up for a *Grilled* CHEESE, BUTTERED-*Toast Sandwich* . . . taste-tempting, satisfying! Glass o' MILK, of course . . . for the "lift that lasts" . . . topped off with BUTTER *Cookies* and ICE CREAM. Each a relished *treat* . . . all *quick* and *easy* for you!

3 Loaded with goodness! *Devilled Eggs* in CHEESE *Sauce* on BUTTERED Toast . . . Smack!—Smack! Cold glass of *rich, fresh* MILK . . . to "go" on . . . to *grow* on! And to satisfy the "sweet tooth"—*Butterscotch Cake* . . . and *Gelatine Dessert* with CREAM. Back to school . . . *well-fed* and *happy!*



School lunches—at home or to carry—can be taste-temptingly *varied,* yet *simple* and *easy, inexpensive,* too, with life-giving MILK and other nutritious DAIRY FOODS.

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"

20 N. Wacker Drive Bldg., Chicago 6, Illinois



LIVE BETTER *(longer, stronger)* WITH DAIRY FOODS

The difference between this...



and this...

is often this...



JOHNSON'S BABY OIL

Mild, pure, made specially to agree with delicate skin—Johnson's Baby Oil helps prevent irritations, soothe and smooth baby's skin after bath and at diaper changes.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Silky-soft, with a fresh, delicate scent—Johnson's Baby Powder is such a pleasant way to chase away prickles and chafes, keep baby comfy and contented.

Johnson & Johnson

HERB KRATOVIL



The handicap of poor vision can usually be corrected. The problem is discovering it—even when signs are obvious.

Guard Your Youngster's Eyesight!

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

IF there were just one idea that I could put across to mothers, it would be this: When things aren't going well in your child's world, look into his physical condition first of all!

This doesn't mean that factors in the environment may not be at fault, or that a youngster's difficulties may not spring from emotional causes. But I find many children still being classed as "stupid" or problems, when in reality they are ill, or have a physical condition that needs remedying.

For instance, when a child is "dumb" in school, or irritable at home, how many parents think to have his eyesight examined?

Take Dickie. His parents were professional people of much more than average intelligence. Dickie himself was a bright lad—outside of school. In school he made mistakes so stupid they seemed to be deliberate. Instead of trying to do better, he spent his time in mischief-making. Every report-card period meant a painful session for Dickie with his mortified parents.

Fortunately for Dickie, he acquired an ailment which called for a complete physical examination. Then it was discovered that he needed glasses very badly. The first night that Dickie wore them, he sat down to dinner and looked about him with astonishment.

"Why," he said, "the table's round. I always thought it was oval!"

When Dickie could not even see the outlines of the dining-room table, what a garbled impression he must have had of the things the teacher wrote on the blackboard! Seeing things as they really were was all Dickie needed to turn him into a good student, and thereby improve his behavior.

It is not hard to understand how a visual defect can go undetected unless parents and teachers are vigilant. Until a child goes to school and has to learn to read and write, his visual tasks are not exacting, and in most cases only a careful examination can reveal variations from normal vision. Even when he begins to read, the child who doesn't see clearly is not himself aware of this fact, because he has had no experience to show him what normal sight should be.

Then, too, I am sorry to say, bad lighting in many schools and homes produces poor

(Continued on Page 138)

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

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Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY
Mrs Dan Gerber
(MOTHER OF 5)



Mrs. Gerber

One of the things an infant never seems to learn is to lie still while being changed. One way to cut down the wiggles is to have a special favorite toy that you give him only at changing time. Distract him just before you lay him down, and he'll probably stay interested long enough to forget somewhat about squirming.

* * *

For future reference. Wondering where to put your summer snapshots? A file box such as the kind recipes are kept in, makes a good storage container until you get around to mounting your snapshots in a family album.

* * *

Happy endings at mealtime begin with Gerber's Desserts! Have you discovered how fond babies are of Gerber's Strained Desserts? Three to choose from, too! Custard (Vanilla), Chocolate Custard and Orange Pudding! So smooth! So delicious! And very nourishing because they're made of egg yolks and whole milk.



* * *

Very reassuring to know that Gerber's Desserts, like all Gerber's Baby Foods, are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

* * *

Check weather reports to help you decide whether baby needs an extra sweater for his airing, or extra cover at naptime or at night.

* * *

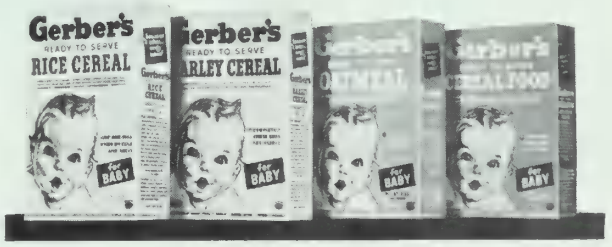
Vanishing act. To loosen milk ring in baby bottles, put in a half teaspoon of baking soda and fill with water. Otherwise, brush with a modern detergent. To *prevent* milk ring, rinse bottles in cold water as soon as possible.

* * *

Absolutely free! Samples of Gerber's famous Cereal Quads: New Rice Cereal, Barley Cereal, Oatmeal, and Cereal Food. Just write me, Mrs. Dan Gerber, Dept. 810-1, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.







4 good "starters" for your tiny beginner

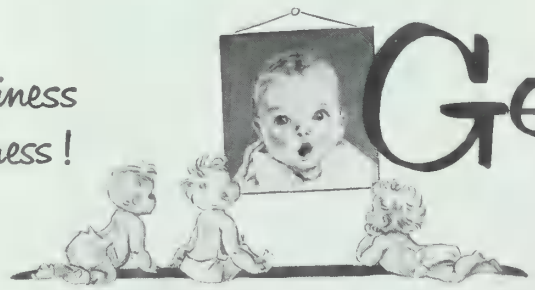
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...our only business!



Gerber's
BABY FOODS

CEREALS — STRAINED AND JUNIOR FOODS — MEATS



(Continued from Page 136)

vision in a host of children who started to school with perfectly normal eyes. Teachers and parents must be alert to the signs of poor vision.

In modern school systems, teachers are taught what these signs are: improper or strained posture, such as "hunching" over the book or page; irritability, fatigue or restlessness during reading and writing periods; redness of the eyes, or watering, signs of strain; consistent failure to recognize letters and words that are easily distinguishable to other children.

Yet it is astonishing to find how often the most obvious signs are overlooked. I have gone into a classroom many times and noticed that a youngster was reading or writing with his head cradled in his arm, or even with his head flat on the desk. Yet when I have suggested that the child be sent to the doctor for an eye examination, everyone was surprised.

Sometimes, of course, Johnny or Dickie may simply be overtired when he reads with his head cocked to one side or cradled on his arm. But if this happens consistently, it is almost sure to mean visual trouble. If a note from Johnny's teacher suggests an eye examination, lose no time in having one made!

A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.
—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

The most common forms of visual defect in children are nearsightedness (myopia) and astigmatism. In most cases of nearsightedness, the eyeball is elongated so that instead of coming to a focus exactly at the retina, the image is focused in front of the retina, and the picture that is transmitted to the brain is blurred. In order to bring the focus back into its proper position, the youngster must move the object viewed closer to the eye.

Astigmatism is an irregularity in the curvature of the cornea, or lens, which causes light rays to be bent unequally so that the focus of the retina is blurred. Here again, the child may resort to tricks of posture in an effort to achieve a clear picture. If the astigmatism occurs in only one eye, the child may find that cocking his head to one side enables him to see better.

Whatever the difficulty, a doctor's thorough examination will quickly disclose it. Properly fitted glasses can refract light rays in such a way as to overcome or compensate for the defect. *When glasses are prescribed, they should be obtained and worn exactly as ordered by the doctor.* I am sorry to say that mothers of little girls, in particular, sometimes think that glasses detract from appearance, and fail to get them, or do not insist that they be worn as the doctor has prescribed. Today, children feel no strangeness or embarrassment about wearing glasses unless the parents show undue concern.

Quite a number of mothers ask me about popular movements of late years which offer "better sight without glasses," through a regimen of exercises aimed at strengthening the eye muscles. While it is true that there are some visual disorders, particularly in older persons, which are due to muscular weakness and can sometimes be helped by exercise routines, by far the greater number of poor-vision cases in children are caused by variations in the structure of the eye itself. No amount of exercise can possibly cure conditions of this kind.

I remember one twelve-year-old girl whose irritability and discontent were attributed by her doctor to constant eyestrain. He advised glasses. The parents, however, had read a book about eye exercises. They decided the doctor was old-fashioned, and had the girl do eye exercises instead. Her disposition and eyesight both grew steadily worse. Finally they did get the glasses. When I saw this girl a year later I didn't recognize her; she had grown so much plumper and prettier, as a happy expression had replaced her former sullen, rebellious one.

Of course there are many other causes of poor vision besides the two principal ones I have discussed. Like myopia and astigmatism, however, most of these can be corrected if they are discovered promptly and diagnosed accurately by a competent doctor. In many cases, the condition itself will grow worse if corrective measures are not taken.

In the home, parents should take care to provide good lighting for the children's reading and other activities which call for concentrated eye application. PTA's should make it a project to see that schoolrooms are properly lighted. The first signs of visual trouble in individual children should have prompt medical attention. Thus you may guard your child against poor vision—one of a parent's most important responsibilities.

THE GREAT COMPANIONS

(Continued from Page 42)

strained at it, sliding it open, a gust of wind whistled past him, and he felt a twitch of fear that it would waken the boys. Quickly he crawled out on the stone ledge and pulled the window shut behind him. It was scary here, clinging by his fingers, with tree branches whipping at him out of the darkness; but he thought of Spook and knew that if he didn't get home Spook would die.

His eyes could make out the big limb of the maple now, swaying just above his head. He swallowed hard—and jumped for it. His arm hooked the limb; he dangled perilously for a few seconds, then began scrambling down. Tad was strong for his eight years, and when he touched the lowermost branch of the maple, he hung by his hands, and dropped the last eight feet to the ground. His ankles stung as he picked himself up; then he set off at a limping run toward the wall. He could see better now, for the sky was bright, spotted like a leopard with scudding clouds. A howl of wind reminded him of Mr. Swaile's dog—and he hobbled faster until he had made the wall and was clambering over it.

In the road he glanced back. The institution humped its black shape against the sky like some hideous crouching monster; and as Tad blinked, the moon pounced out at him from a jungle of clouds. He started to run, frantic dread snatching at his coattails.

The moon had gone, but Tad could see the Four Corners ahead. That meant he had covered more than a mile. He stopped, winded, pain knifing his side. Then he saw the man, not twelve paces away, standing with his arms stretched out. A chill rippled up Tad's neck. Crazy Carl! It was along in here that the Rinkes boys had seen Crazy Carl and he had chased them and scared the tar out of them. But now, as Tad crouched, trembling, the moon sailed out again—and the man in the road was only a signpost! Still shaking, he hurried past the signpost and turned left on the Mill Road.

From here to his mother's place was more than nine miles. It might take all night to get there, walking. And the dark was alive with so many fearsome things; he never knew when *it* would come tearing after him. Worst of all, he would have to pass the graveyard: the graveyard where Will Teeple and some boys had been playing, the day they took the marble dove off a tombstone and a dead man's hand fluttered up out of the grave, clutching at them! Tad shivered.

But more earthbound miseries intervened, for the moment dulling his terror. The tight button shoes had blistered both heels. Sitting down, he pulled them off, and the stockings with them. When he trudged on again he began to whistle—tunelessly but loudly, to take his mind off the wind shrieking out of darkness, twisting the trees until they groaned in torment. The cold road felt good to his feet and he swung a shoe in each hand.

He had run all the way from the graveyard and his chest hurt so that he could hardly

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catch his breath. It was still dark, but over the hill to eastward the sky had grayed. Back of the woodshed he halted. This was where he had watched them carry out the long pine box and one of the neighbor women had told him he wouldn't see ma any more. Thinking of ma made his eyes smart, but no tears came; he had cried himself out. Then he remembered Spook—and quickly fumbled for the hasp and pushed open the door. The woodshed was black as a cave, but its cool smells were familiar: oak chunks for the kitchen range; hams that had hung here after the smokehouse; machine oil; and the vague gamy odor of a little forest animal.

"Spook!" He took another step. "*Spook!*" But there was no answering sound. For a dreadful moment Tad thought he had come too late: Spook was dead—starved to death; or somebody had let him loose! Then he heard the faint jingle of the chain and his heart beat fast. "*Spook!*" In the darkness he found the tin matchbox and struck a light. There, above a pile of stovewood, gleamed the weird black-ringed eyes of a raccoon. Tad started toward it. "Everything's all right, Spook," he said, and unhooked the chain from a ring in the wall.

But for Spook everything was not all right. Two days of imprisonment and neglect had restored his primal suspicion of men, and as Tad approached he sprang away, jerking the chain free. Tad struck another match—in time to see the raccoon scurry through a half-open door into the kitchen.

On the kitchen floor a large Negro, wrapped in a blanket, awoke with the impression that a ghost had just traipsed over his body, clanking its chain. He sat up, and by the eerie dawn in the window saw two terrible black-ringed eyes staring at him. With a leap he was out of his blanket—and out of the house, shouting a fervent appeal to the Lord.

In front of the barn stood a van-shaped wagon, from which the horses had been unhitched for the night. As the Negro sprinted toward it, the rear door flew open and a tall, rangy man stepped out into the dawn.

"Little early for prayers," he yawned.

The Negro halted, panting. "I saw something!" He pointed a shaky hand at the house. "I saw it as plain as anything, doctor!"

"Another ghost?"

"It was supernatur'l, I know *that*."

THE tall man stretched elaborately; then ran his fingers through his thick, dark hair. "Enoch," he said, "remember me telling you how I offered fifty dollars cash to any spirit medium in the city of Chicago that could trot out a ghost?"

"But, doctor, you told me yourself about Hamlet."

"Hamlet wasn't all there." The doctor tapped his high forehead. "Had so many domestic problems, one thing another, he was kind of off his rocker."

Then both of them noticed a frightened little boy in the doorway, with a raccoon in his arms.

"Well," said Doc Tilbee briskly, "there's your ghost. Bloodthirsty-looking too. Don't blame you for running." And while Enoch gaped, he called out, "Hello, sport!"

Tad hung back in the doorway, staring at them and at their wagon. It was like the wagons he had seen in the gypsy camp that day, near Springville. But the tall man did not look like a gypsy. With his long hair and his trousers tucked in boots, he looked like those pictures of cowboys and plainsmen in the book.

Doc Tilbee walked toward him. "Couldn't raise anybody last night," he remarked pleasantly. "Took the liberty of camping here. Your folks around?"

The boy shifted his bare feet uncomfortably, but did not answer.

"Nobody home?"

Tad shook his head.

"You mean you're here all alone?"

Tad glanced away quickly, and Doc, watching the small sensitive face, saw the chin quiver.

"Tell you what, sport"—he reached in his pocket and jingled some coins—"give you a dime if you'll bring me cream for my coffee."

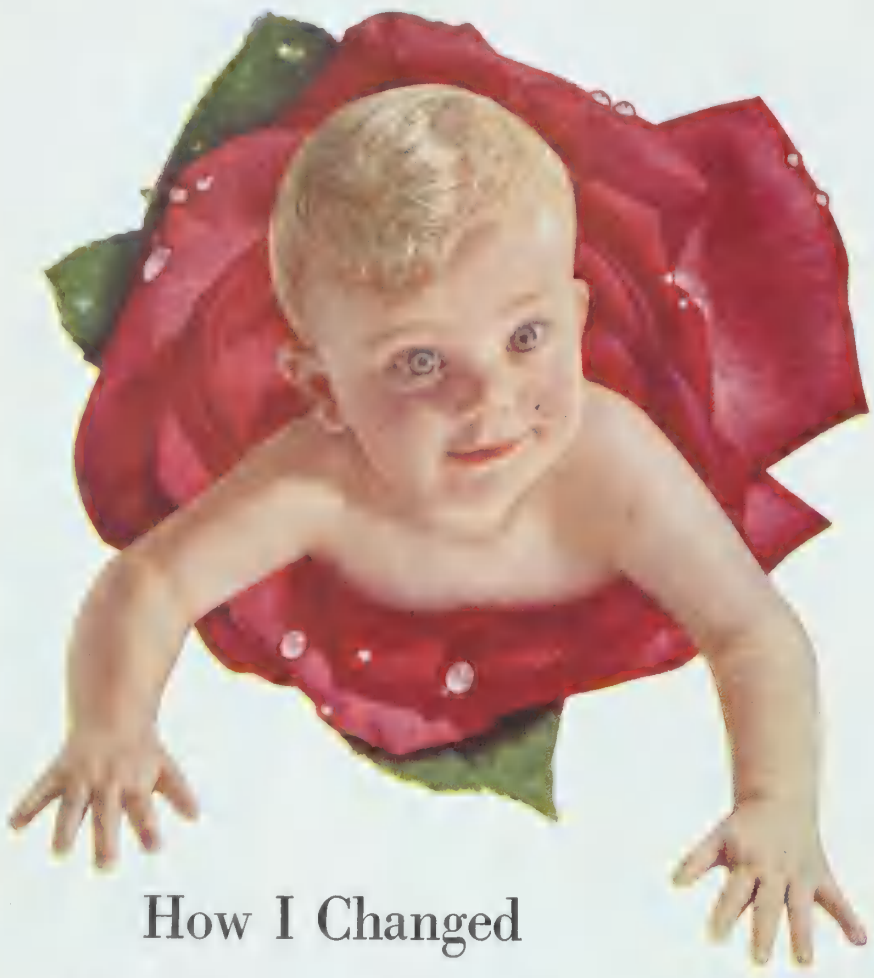


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Tad looked up at him. The smile was friendly and reassuring. He nodded and set the raccoon down, hooking its chain on the doorknob; then he made off at a lope. In the springhouse he crouched and sniffed at a crock of milk resting in the cold water. It was still sweet, so he began skimming the thick cream off the top, as he had watched ma do it, into the china jug. When the jug was full he started back, carrying it gingerly.

The sun was up now, and Enoch had built a fire near the wagon and there was a delicious smell of fresh coffee in the air.

Doc Tilbee stood lathering his face in front of a mirror hung on a nail by the back door. He eyed the jug of cream Tad set down, and nodded approval.

"Here you go, bub." A coin flashed in the sunlight. Tad caught it with both hands, pleased. "Nine more of those and you'll have a dollar," said doc. "A round silver dollar—the chariot wheel of success."

Tad leaned against a tree, turning the dime in his fingers and thinking about a chariot that had silver dollars for wheels. Doc whipped off his belt, deftly stropped a straight razor on it, then, with the air of a surgeon performing a delicate operation, he began to shave. Tad watched, fascinated—until a waft of tantalizing aromas drew his attention to the fire. Enoch knelt at a skillet, one hand turning strips of golden bacon, the other toasting bread on a long fork. In a sacerdotal flourish he lifted the coffeepot from the blaze and poured two tin cups full.

"Breakfast, doctor."

Doc wiped his angular sun-brown jaw and put away the razor. Then he buckled his belt tight and pulled on a corduroy jacket. There was something impressive about the man. He looked forty—and handsome in the manner of those Western adventurers that Frederic Remington had lately made popular. His tall, lithe figure was erect and broad of shoulder, and he walked with a rather pronounced swagger.

"Never smell bacon and coffee on a fall morning I don't think of the last time old Rain-in-the-Face led a band of Sioux on the warpath," he said. "I was with the Seventh Calv'ry. We drove 'em back to their reservation." He seated himself cross-legged on the ground and heaped a tin plate with fried eggs and bacon. "Rain-in-the-Face was the cuss that killed Gen'l Custer's brother Tom and ate his heart." He speared a slice of toast. "Bacon's delicious, Enoch—just crisp enough." Then he noticed the boy with the tame raccoon hovering nearby. "Had breakfast, bub?" he asked. Tad shook his head. "Well, now ——" Doc gestured hospitably with his knife. "Enoch!"

"Yes, doctor." Enoch laid aside his own food and filled a plate and gave it to the boy, who took it without a word and fell to eating ravenously.

"Had a good many dealings with Indians." Doc was addressing no one in particular. "Never heard one of 'em say 'Thank you.' That's the big difference between a savage and a civilized human being."

TAD stopped chewing and flicked a glance at him. The doctor was blandly sipping coffee, but Tad knew what he meant, and it chalked a mark on his spiritual slate: he would always remember to say "Thank you."

When he had finished eating, Doc brought out a cigar, bit off the end with his strong teeth and lighted it carefully. Smoking, he watched the boy feed scraps to the raccoon; then he turned and appraised this down-at-the-heels farm: the pinched little house with a sagging roof, and the old unpainted barn that looked as if a good wind would blow it over. There were no farm animals to be seen, not even a chicken. He looked back at the boy, puzzled.

"Where are your folks, sonny?"

Tad's hand, patting the raccoon, paused. His eyes clouded. "Haven't got any," he answered quietly.

Doc puffed at his cigar, frowning, sensing the tragedy. A cynical intuition warned him that no good would come from prying into it, yet he could never resist his compelling cu osity about people.

"Know how you feel," he said. "I was ju about your size when my mother and fath were killed and scalped by a war party Cheyennes."

Tad's mouth opened. The impact of this a tonishing statement had jolted his own sc row right out of him. He swallowed har "*Scalped?*"

Doc nodded. "I crawled off in the dar caught one of the hosses and got away. We later I was picked up by Gen'l Miles' scouts

Then adroitly he switched the talk to Ta and before Tad realized it he was telling abo ma, and how, the day after she died, peop she owed money to had taken everything the place: horse, cow, chickens, even the fu niture. The doctor's story of escaping fr the massacre of his family made him want appear brave as he described the institut where he had been shut up. "Committe was the word Mr. Swaile used, explaining th it was because Tad had no kith or kin—no living relation except an uncle who had go to the Klondike and was never seen again. finished this recital breathlessly, embarrass at having talked so much.

DOC, smoking silently, scowled at a clu of alder bushes. Enoch had washed the dish under the pump, and stood by listening. was a gentle, somber man, born in slave and sometimes the woes of the world seem reflected in his round dark eyes. He look down at Tad.

"What you goin' to do now, boy?" I rumbling voice had scarcely a trace of South, for he had been reared in Illino

"Soon as they find you r away, they bound to co after you."

Abruptly Doc flung as his cigar and rose, wha ing the dust from trouser seat. "Hook u he ordered gruffly. "L get going."

Love is like hash. You have to have confidence in it before you can enjoy it.
—LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS.

The colored man's troubled eyes turned him. "What'll happen to this here orp boy, doctor?"

Doc ignored the question and flipped ou thick silver watch. "Nearly seven. Time w on our way." He wheeled and strode off.

The colored man glanced again at the b then sighed deeply and shambled toward barn.

Doc hoisted the rattling box of camp ut sils into the back of the van, and reached for his gray slouch hat and clapped it on head. This orphan boy was no concern of He felt annoyed that he had let himself involved. But fortunately, he *wasn't* involv The kid was nothing to him. There were ple of people in trouble anywhere you went man couldn't sashay around the country c forting the afflicted. Let the Salvation A do that. Enoch was just a softhearted mo Angrily he slammed the back door of the v Then, as his conscience rationalized the m ter, it occurred to him that he could ill aff to loiter here. The city of Jackson lay c twenty miles east—and that potbellied ho keeper might have complained to the pol Well, the fellow should know better tha play poker with a stranger!

Tad sat with the raccoon in his arms, wa ing Enoch lead out a handsome pair of dap gray horses. Their sleek rumps shone in sunlight and their brass-studded harness tened as he backed them up to the wa tongue. The van itself had red wheels somehow resembled a circus wagon, ex that its sides were covered with plain g canvas, buttoned neatly. Tad noted a ra skylight on the roof and a small smokest with a ventilator top that spun in the w It was like a trim little house on wheels; t men could live in it while traveling. E was buckling the traces now, speaking s to the restive horses.

Doc crossed to the fire, kicked some over it to put it out, then turned to "This is for stable room last night." He up a silver dollar and tossed it to Ta landed in the dust by Tad's feet.

"Thanks," the boy mumbled. But he n no move to pick it up. Money didn't see

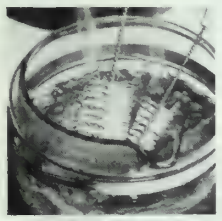


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mean much now. In a few minutes they would be gone and he would be left alone. *Then* what would become of him? Mr. Swaile might be on the way already, to take him back to the institution. His heart was beating very fast, and he hugged Spook in a kind of desperation.

Doc Tilbee had walked back to the van. One foot on the wheel hub, he paused and canted his slouch hat jauntily over one eye; then he swung up onto the seat and took the reins. The Negro climbed up beside him.

Doc clucked to the horses. "Bess! Charlie!" He kicked off the brake, and the equipage moved forward. Enoch, staring at the forlorn little figure hunched in the dust, coughed uncomfortably. As they tooled past, Doc jerked the whip from its socket and waved at Tad with unnecessary bravura. "So long, scout!"

Tad sat very still, squinting after them, the sun in his eyes. His throat was choked, the way it had felt when he watched that long pine box being taken away in the spring wagon. Suddenly he heard the doctor shout "Ho!" at the horses, and the van stopped. The doctor's head stuck out.

"Look here, bub," he called, "you sure you've got no relations—anywhere?"

Tad shook his head miserably.

"No place for you to go except back to that—that *institution?*"

Again Tad shook his head, and a hot tear slid down his cheek.

Enoch said something then, and the doctor growled. "Never mind that guff about flying in the face of Providence!" He spat vehemently over the wheel. "All right, sonny—I guess we're elected."

Tad blinked at him.

"Come on," bellowed Doc. "Haven't got all day!"

GASPING, Tad snatched up the silver dollar, tucked Spook under his arm and raced toward the van. At the wheel he halted, his tear-streaked face incredulously happy.

"Get your things," ordered Doc briskly. "Whatever you want to bring along."

"I haven't got anything," Tad said, swallowing, "excep' Spook."

"Wait a minute, now." Doc eyed the raccoon sternly. "We're not Hagenbeck and Wallace!"

"He won't be any trouble," begged the boy. "He's clean an' ——"

"Don't know how Beezark'll feel about sharing the billing with a trained animal. What's that song, Enoch: If the Man in the Moon Had a 'Coon?"

Tad heard Enoch's rumbling laugh; then Doc had reached down and lifted him up over the wheel—and there they were, the three of them, and Spook, too, side by side on the broad, cushioned seat. Doc cracked his whip; the dapple grays pranced and the van jolted on down the lane. In that moment Tad's calamities were forgotten—and it seemed to him that he must be the happiest boy in Calhoun County or in the whole state of Michigan. But he wondered who Beezark was.

They had come out of the lane, past the wild-cherry trees, onto the main road. Ahead three cows were ambling along, followed by a scrawny woman with a stick. When one of the cows stopped to nibble at roadside weeds the woman thumped its lean flank with her stick, and as the van rolled by she glared at the occupants of the driver's seat. Then her bead eyes discovered the boy.

"Tad!"

Doc saw Tad shrink back against the seat. Saluting with his whip, he nodded politely. "Morning, ma'am"; and flicked the horses into a trot.

The woman stood still in the road, and they heard her scream after them: "*Where you going with that young one?*"

"Trouble!" Doc rubbed his chin with the whip butt.

Tad squirmed. "That's old Mis' Burgey. She's *mean.*"

"By Caliban out of the Witch of Endor," said Doc.

Enoch looked worried. "She'll tell she saw us."

It was characteristic of Doc never to dwell on portents of misfortune. "Hup, there, Bess," he admonished the off horse. "Way you shy

(Continued on Page 143)



1- PROTECTION AGAINST DIAPER RASH!

Now Chix Diaper Liners are treated with an antiseptic agent* highly effective against germs causing many cases of diaper rash (Ammonia Dermatitis). Safe for baby's delicate skin! Don't wait until baby suffers from diaper rash! Use a Chix Diaper Liner with every diaper change.

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Just put a Chix Diaper Liner inside regular diaper. The liner gets soiled—but not the diaper! No mess! No stain! Diaper washing is easier than ever. Soiled liners are just flushed away like toilet tissue. And Chix Diaper Liners are sturdy . . . won't wad or fall apart when wet.

*Methylbenzethonium chloride.



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Chix Diaper Liners have a downy-soft cottoned surface (not paper) that goes next to baby's tender skin. They're delicately scented, too. And now—every Chix Liner is treated with an antiseptic agent to provide protection against Ammonia Dermatitis (diaper rash). Use Chix Liners . . . *a new and convenient safeguard for baby's health . . . and work-saving wonder for mother!*

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Send FREE samples of NEW Chix Protective Diaper Liners treated with an antiseptic agent.

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They stay in top form when labeled Durene



There's no woe-be-gone look about anything with the Durene label—whether it's underwear, outerwear or socks. Because everything made of Durene mercerized cotton just naturally keeps its shape. Doesn't stretch or sag. Doesn't pinch, pull or shrink-up to the "choking" point. Feels more comfortable *all the way* . . . thanks to the amazingly fast absorbency of Durene yarn! And that nice soft lustre is in for keeps. That's why, for quality *and* value, the Durene label is tops!



To protect you. Everything labeled "Made of Durene yarn" is backed by the Durene Quality Control Plan. This means that not only the yarn has to meet high quality standards . . . but the finished garment is subject to tests of performance and workmanship. Look for the Durene label and be *doubly* sure you're buying the best!

(Continued from Page 141)

a cow, you wouldn't be much account on a uffalo hunt. Puts me in mind"—this to ad—"of the last time I hunted with my iend Buffalo Bill. Course, we didn't call him at *then*. Just plain Colonel W. F. Cody. e'd been an Army scout, one of the best." nd as they rolled along through the pleasnt Michigan countryside, he told the story the iron horse, the railroad, pushing west ross the plains, where Buffalo Bill and other nters were under contract to furnish meat. ad listened, enthralled at the description of e shaggy herd thundering down the Monna hills. "Cody and I were riding together, azing away at 'em. '*There's one for you, . F.*'—I always called him 'W. F.'—'*and e for me!*' I got three more'n he did that ay, if my memory serves me right."

Enoch often wondered whether the doctor's emory *did* serve him right. This buffalo hunt as alleged to have taken place in '69; and, cording to a previous statement, the doctor ad been born in '64. That would make him ly five years old at the time—probably the oungest buffalo unter on record! ut, out of loyalty, noch never ques oned the legends at his employer re ted with such ro antic gusto.

"Matter of fact," oc was saying, "it as Buffalo Bill put e on the road. I aveled with his cir s four seasons, one Europe. We showed efore all the crowned eads, the whole ka oodle of 'em, and I ot to shake hands ith the Kaiser and e Prince of Wales. hat's Edward VII, e present King of ngland," he added. Nice fellow too."

"Kings, now ——" noch liked to ask uestions that would ring out the doctor's nowledge of history nd world affairs. You think kings is good idea?"

"Depends." Doc leared his throat. *We* don't need one—we've got Teddy to wing that big stick. But you take England. he king is a symbol of stability. Long as the eople can see him riding down the street in gold carriage, they feel the gov'ment's right ide up and their money's safe in the bank. ll that pomp and ceremony is smart busiess—because one of the profound truths of he universe is, people love a parade."

It was Tad who spied the horse and buggy earing rapidly toward them on the road that ed from the institution. He sat bolt upright nd gathered Spook into his arms. Doc noiced his alarm, then saw the approaching ehicle.

"Bub, you'd better ride inside till we're out f this neck of the woods." He reached behind the seat and slid open a panel.

As Tad peered back into the van, he had a quick impression of a little room like the cabin of a ship. There were a bunk, a table, a stove and several wooden boxes. He started to climb over the seat, when a brown-and-black dog rose out of a basket, growling. Tad hesitated.

"Quiet, Beezark! He won't bother you," said the doctor. "He's a hospital patient." And Tad saw the neat splint on the dog's foreleg. "Just keep your fur-bearing friend out of his way till they get acquainted."

Clutching Spook, Tad crawled over into the bunk. Beezark's growls had subsided, but he sat up in his basket, sniffing at the raccoon indignantly. The panel banged shut.

With a professional eye Doc observed the high-stepping action of the bay horse; then he saw that the driver was a woman. As they drew near, the woman raised a yellow-gloved hand. Doc pulled up his team. The buggy came to a stop alongside—and Doc, saluting with his whip, noticed that she was young and very pretty.

"Morning, ma'am."

"Have you seen a little boy?" She wasted no time on the amenities, and her voice was crisp, a trifle too crisp.

"A little boy?"

"About eight years old." Impatience darkened her blue eyes. "He ran away from the detention home last night, and I've got to find him."

Doc was coolly inspecting the details of her costume: the low-crowned hat with a cluster of roses; the pink shirtwaist, tight over a rounded bosom; the gray skirt. Creations of a small-town modiste, he surmised, but worn with something of an air. He admired the tawny hair framing her face: it had the sheen of a horse chestnut in the sun. Her nose was pert, but he disapproved of her severe mouth and purposeful chin.

"You haven't seen him?" she demanded.

Doc's scrutiny returned to the chill blue eyes. "A little boy, you say."

"I'm in a great hurry." Her voice had an edge of annoyance. "I'll describe the boy again. His name is Theodore Bayliss ——"

"I've got the description," nodded Doc. "If I see him, who'll I get in touch with?"

"Notify the Springville Detention Home, please."

He looked at her. "That's an awful word to apply to 'home,'" he said, "*detention*." Then, before she could reply: "But if I should run across him, I ought to have your name."

"Mrs. Wing." At once she was irked with herself for telling.

Doc's face lit up. "Mrs. *Lucius* Wing?"

"No—just Mrs. Wing," she told him.

"Well"—he smiled and lifted his hat—"I wish you luck on your . . . errand of mercy," he said.

Mrs. Wing did not like the mockery in his voice or in his eyes. "If I don't find him"—there was almost a threat in the way she said it—"a sheriff's posse will be searching this whole township by nightfall!" And, slapping her horse with the reins, she drove away.

Doc cracked his whip and the team moved off at a lively trot. He frowned uneasily. The thought of a sheriff's posse was disturbing.

"Doctor," Enoch said, "how come you ask that lady was she Mrs. *Lucius* Wing?"

"Because," replied Doc, "the spineless modock that'd *be* the husband of a shrew like that *ought* to be named Lucius!" He spat disgustedly into the road. "It cracks my faith in human nature! The face of an angel and the disposition of a wasp—hounding eight-year-old boys! Sheriff's posse. You heard her say it."

To him a sheriff's posse meant an ultimate interview with the Jackson hotelkeeper who had played such poor poker. But to Enoch it evoked an atavistic sympathy with runaway slaves, and he could hear the terrible yelping of the bloodhounds. His blue-white eyeballs shifted to Doc.

"She'll meet that woman with the cows, an' come after us an' ——"

"And inhale our dust," growled Doc. The crossroads was just ahead. He glanced at the signpost, then jerked one rein sharply—and the van careened around the turn on two wheels. His whip cracked and the team broke into a gallop. "We'll be out of this township

After Rock and Danger

By May Williams Ward

I live on a plain, so I had to climb a
mountain
To see if it were as fair.
I edged past a waterfall and a crag,
uncertain
If there were an inch to spare,
And sat on a ledge half hid by a
foggy curtain;
My seat had a back rest of air.

I found it good, the knowing of rock
and danger
As well as the placid ring
Of prairie horizons. Water the
daring plunger
And water calm in a spring
Are kin to me, both. Suddenly out of
my wonder,
Out of my joy, apprehending both
over and under,
I find I must sing.

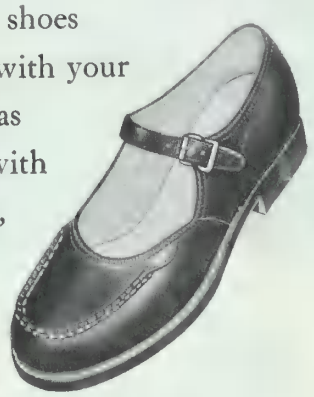


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Take the stockings you're wearing now —do they fit perfectly at ankle, calf and thigh? Are they proportioned to *you*, whether you're tiny or tall, slim or sturdy, or nicely in between?

If they're *Van Raalte* nylons, they fit without sag, strain or swerving seams. Teens, Average or Lengthies, sizes 8 to 11, all with the exclusive Flextoe* for extra wiggle room. At better stores, from $1.50 the pair.



Only Van Raalte nylons have the exclusive Flextoe*, for extra comfort, better fit, longer wear.

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS" *®

before you can say John Robinson!" Doc grinned. "*He's* a good circus man too."

The sun was low in a pallid September sky. They had crossed the township line three hours ago, but Doc had kept going; and now the sweat-dark horses were tired, plodding along at a slow, jerky walk. Enoch sat sprawled, half asleep, humming to himself.

Doc leaned forward abruptly. "This'll do."

Enoch opened his eyes and watched him turn the team off the road into a hickory grove bordering a stream. He drove expertly among the trees, deep into the grove, and drew rein. After Enoch had unhitched and fed the horses, he went out to pick up firewood, and when he looked back neither van nor horses could be seen from the road.

Kicking the stiffness out of his legs, Doc examined a clump of water cress. As he had suspected, there was a spring under it. He scooped a dipper of cold sweet water and drank. Then he opened the rear door of the van. Tad lay stretched out on the bunk, sound asleep. Beezark had crawled out of his basket and sat thumping the floor boards with his tail, peering intently up at the raccoon on top of the bookshelf.

"Beezark," reproved Doc, "that's no way to treat a guest." He lifted the dog out, careful of his splinted leg, and set him down by a tree. "The Russians and Japs are chewing one another up, over there in Port Arthur, but I expect more from you—you're civilized."

After sundown, when supper was ready, Enoch woke Tad up. He came out and sat down hungrily by the fire, where three pieces of beef were broiling over the coals.

"Funny thing about the human appetite," said Doc. "Food always tastes better after a man washes his face in cold water."

Without embarrassment Tad rose, walked over to the stream and knelt and washed his face. It didn't seem to be discipline: the doctor's way of saying things made him feel that he was being treated like a man. Besides, he couldn't always tell when the doctor was joking. As he returned to the fire, he heard him say to Enoch:

"That blue-eyed virago isn't likely to prowl this far looking for the boy. But I don't feel easy."

Enoch, setting out the tin plates and cups, looked up. "Glad for *one* thing, doctor: you didn't tell a *lie* to that lady. You let her think you hadn't saw Theodore Bayliss an' you *hadn't*—because you didn't know that was the boy's name."

"You religious people," said Doc, "get mighty technical sometimes, figuring ways to grease your conscience." Then he noticed Tad, and looked him up and down, as if seeing him for the first time: the tousled hair and the freckled face with questioning gray eyes; the wrinkled jacket that was too small; pants patched at both knees; grimy bare feet. "Enoch"—he frowned—"that song of yours isn't accurate: all God's children have *not* got shoes. That is, if we can discount the theory of original sin and assume that our passenger *is* one of God's children."

Enoch felt uncomfortable. He suspected that the doctor had begun to regret the responsibility of this runaway.

"So you're Theodore Bayliss," Doc said to the boy. "What do your friends call you?"

"Tad."

"Tad. Tad the raccoon trainer."

The boy smiled shyly.

"What's your middle name?"

"Haven't got any."

"Well, you've got one now," said Doc. "Theodore *Roosevelt* Bayliss. In wild country like this you never know when you might encounter a Republican!"

The supper by the campfire was the finest meal Tad had ever eaten in his life. Afterward, when it grew dark and fireflies flickered through the trees, Enoch brought out a banjo, and played and sang some of the new popular songs, Bedelia and By the Watermelon Vine. That was the last thing Tad remembered—Enoch's rich deep voice singing, "*Meet me, pretty Lindy, by the watermelon vine.*" Then he fell asleep.

Enoch carried him into the van and rigged a canvas hammock above the bunk and put



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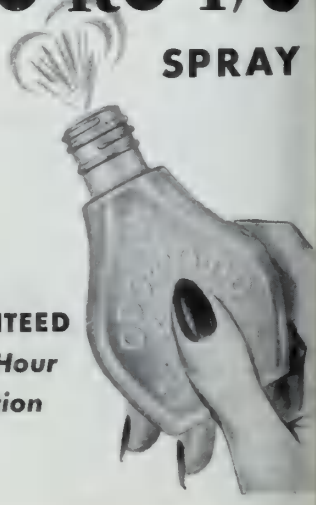
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GUARANTEED
Full 24 Hour
Protection

o it, with a blanket tucked around
oc was standing by the bank of the
gazing up at the stars, when Enoch
it.
it's a nice boy, doctor," he said.
e doin' a powerful good deed."
d deeds are not in my line!" Doc
and the firelight showed annoyance
yes. "It was a mistake to bring the
ng. Why should *I* tangle with the
er a ragged brat I never saw before!"
outburst was so sudden that Enoch
open-mouthed. "But doctor," he
, "the Good Book says ——"
read it," snapped Doc. "I've dealt
ckers too long to be one myself. To-
I'm taking him back!" He flung
is cigar, turned and stalked off.

breakfast, as Enoch hitched the
he observed Doc standing with Tad,
ng the dog and the raccoon go through
inary skirmish of getting acquainted.
as a hopeful sign, Enoch thought. He
nly pray that the doctor, being in a
ood this morning, would change his
bout taking Tad back to the deten-
me.
appeared pleased when Tad asked
ns about the wagon. "Had it made
own specifications, by the Studebaker
er in South Bend," he explained. "I
the 'Contraption.' It's part bus and
era house."
wasn't sure what that meant; he had
een an opera house. But he was fas-
by the ingenious features pointed
him: an icebox and a drinking-water
nder a trap door; buckets, lanterns
long toolbox be-
also a roll of can-
d some poles that
a shelter for the
in foul weather.
at little stove was a
al range, on which,
ssured him, Enoch
ook a meal as fine
d get at the Brown Palace Hotel, in
goes!" Tad glanced up eagerly. "Are
' as far as *Denver*, doctor?"
an instant Doc seemed taken aback,
e turned and walked up to the team
sied himself with one of the tugs. Tad
d him and fastened the other tug.
ll," Enoch said, "you quite a handy
an
, I can do plenty to help," Tad an-
er gravely. He patted the back of one
sleek horses. "I guess these here are
the fastest dapple grays in the whole
orl'
eam was a subject Doc could not re-
st. They cost six hundred dollars at the
lwaukee stock show," he said proudly;
ended, "I won 'em in a poker game. Fel-
wned 'em was a good judge of horse-
esh—ut a poor judge of cards." He smiled
miscently. "I spotted him for a modock
efo we'd played two hands."
hat's a 'modock'?" Tad asked.
odock's an old carnival name for those
ttle dummies on a rack—that you knock
er with baseballs, three for a nickel, at
irg unds."
T nodded. He understood: a modock
as inferior being—a kind of nobody.
F the first time Doc appeared to take an
terest in the boy. "What're you going to be
he you grow up, sport? You've got the
orl before you—forty-five states and four
rritories."
T looked at him with glowing hero wor-
hip. "I want to be like you," he declared.
Ju travel everywheres an' see the coun-
ry an' not do anything but play poker with
ocks!"
D cleared his throat. "Young man"—
e frowned severely—"I'll have you know I
wor as hard as any doctor in North, South
r Central America—with the possible ex-
epti n of old Doc Gorgas, down there in
ma fighting disease so's they can build
anal!" He climbed over the wheel, onto
at, and picked up the reins. "Got to
oving."

Enoch boosted Tad up, and clambered up beside him. Doc cracked the whip and the team started forward. When they had come out of the grove he reined in. To the left, the road led back to the detention home; to the right, sixteen miles or so, lay the city of Marland. Enoch held his breath.

Doc turned to him. "Might be smarter *not* to sashay over there," he said. "I don't hanker for a brush with that blue-eyed termagant. And she may have law officers on the lookout for us. Tomorrow"—one eyelid flickered faintly—"a certain party can be sent back on the train. Get my drift?"

"Yes, doctor." Enoch's extraordinarily white teeth gleamed. This meant a reprieve of twenty-four hours for Tad.

THE whip cracked, and the dapple-gray team swung toward Marland. It was odd, he mused: no matter what kind of abusive names the doctor called Mrs. Wing when he spoke of her, he always mentioned the color of her eyes. . . . As they drove west Enoch glanced behind every few minutes, to see if they were being followed.

James Rollins, constable of Springville, had just opened the shutters and lighted his after-breakfast pipe when Mrs. Wing walked in. Despite a sleepless night, she looked fresh and lovely, and the constable, who had known her since she was a little girl, greeted her with rusty gallantry.

"Zerelda—if anybody should drive up an' ask me, you're prettier'n a peach!" James Rollins told her.

"Did they find the boy from the detention home?" Zerelda Wing asked eagerly.

"Not yet." The old man pulled out a chair for her. "Wouldn't mind havin' more crimes in this township if *you'd* take an interest."

"Jim, I'm very serious about this."

"I can see you are."

He caressed his tobacco-stained white mustaches, thinking what a pity it was that she had never married again and had children of her own. She had not been in love with pompous George Wing, he felt sure. One of those hurry-up wartime marriages in '98, when George, a lieutenant in the militia, had gone off to kill Spaniards and had got killed himself—not by the Spaniards, but by tainted meat in a Florida camp. After that she had gone to keep house for her father, the doctor—and since he died she seemed always looking for something to occupy her time. Pretty girl like her ought to marry and settle down, the constable was thinking. . . . *But she needs a strong man. Man of character. Nobody around Springville big enough for her.*

"Zerelda," he said gently, "I don't see why a little boy runnin' away from the detention home is such a matter of life an' death."

"I took this job to get something done, Jim." Her mouth tightened and her blue eyes were very grave. "It's my duty to bring him back."

"You're always doin' some kind of a duty."

"This is serious. There's a legal complication—the poor board is involved. If we don't get him back, there'll be a perfectly horrible row!"

"All right." The constable sat down and plucked a pen from the crusted inkwell. "I'll telegraph a warning to nearby towns. The boy won't get far."

"We must locate that man," said Zerelda Wing firmly. "The man in the wagon."

"What type of wagon was it?"

"Sort of a gypsy van. And yet"—she frowned—"the man didn't appear to be a gypsy."

"No rings in his ears, eh?"

"Certainly not."

"Can you give me a description of him?"

"Well, he wasn't bad-looking. I mean"—she corrected herself—"he was good-looking in a way, but he had a bad *look*, if you know what I mean."

"Sort of a handsome scoundrel?" The constable's pen scratched loudly.

If we could deceive others as easily as we deceive ourselves, what reputations we'd all have! —JOHN POMERENE.

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New, Improved VEL* now brings you the safest way of all to wash fine fabrics

New Vel bursts into suds in **cooler,** safer water than even the finest soap flakes . . . and every woman knows the **cooler** the water, the **safer** it is! Yes, even delicate washable colors stay **lovely** up to **10 times as long.** **New Vel** is mild enough for heirloom laces . . . the softest skin. Even after washing **dishes,** your **hands** will prove how **mild new Vel** is.

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*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

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Are you in the know?



When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

☐ *The better looker* ☐ *The lad who asked first* ☐ *Via the coin-flipping method*

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first; even if the other bid seems more alluring. You can't lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question, next dance. And next time your calendar says "Don't go," on date night—speak up; ask for Kotex. You'll find *this* napkin is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you new, downy softness that holds its shape—helps you stay really *comfortable*. And because those special *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines, confidence is sure to follow.

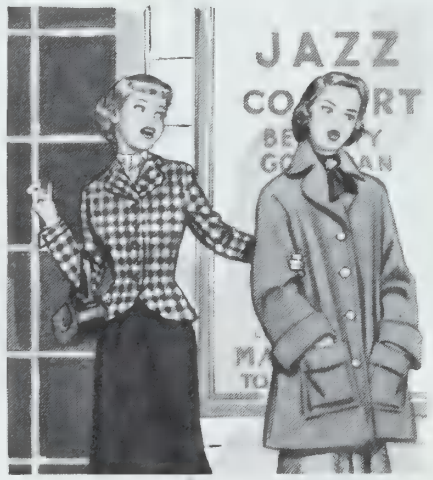


When dining out, would a smart doll—

☐ *Disregard prices*

☐ *Wipe the silver* ☐ *Swipe the silver*

All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet; doesn't filch tableware "souvenirs." And unless she's dining at The Greasy Spoon she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have just the right answer . . . so try the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how very right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!

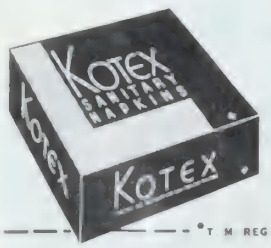


If you're a high-brow, should you—

☐ *Conceal the fact*

☐ *Spurn jazz* ☐ *Languish in the library*

We're talking about foreheads—not brains; and a different hair-do can change your looks. A lofty brow worries you? Bring it down with a bang—or with a concealing half-bang or wave. And why not down those *problem day* worries? With Kotex you get extra protection, thanks to a special *safety center*—not to mention the soft, special edges that resist moisture, outlaw chafing. (Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!)



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

What assures daintiness on problem days?

☐ *Bath salts* ☐ *Powder* ☐ *Occasional showers*



Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a *powder* deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base: doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest* deodorant powder today! Ask for it by name.

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) Won't you try Delsey, next time?

"I suppose that would describe him," said Zerelda Wing.

They were spanking along the Marland road, and the afternoon sun was warm on their hands. On one side the creek curved lazily across a meadow that swelled into wooded hills. Beyond a snake fence, to their right, untidy rows of apple trees bristled with fruit.

"Two things pleasing to the nose: perfume on a beautiful woman—and an apple orchard." Doc sniffed knowingly. "Russets and Seek-No-Furthers. Had more time, we might stop and pick a pailful." He leaned back and took a deep breath of the fragrant September air. "Tad," he said, "all through here was Indian country not so long ago. The first great wilderness—that had to be conquered, so America could grow."

"I found a flint arrowhead last year!" The boy's eyes were big.

"You see"—Doc nodded—"that makes you part of it. The early settlers here—your great-grandpa, like as not—were every bit as important in U. S. history as the pioneers that drove beyond the Rockies in Conestoga wagons. Yes, sir, bub, you can be proud of your Middle West heritage," Doc told him.

"What's heritage?" Tad asked.

"Well"—Doc cleared his throat—"it's something your folks give you—like a strong back or a sound pair of legs, only ten times more important. Your heritage is what makes you just as good as any man in the world. And you don't have to pay taxes on it!"

The Contraption rumbled over a hill; and below them spread a serene valley, mellow with the colors of early autumn. Doc pointed his whip at a white church spire beyond the trees.

"Marland," he said. "Sweet a little town as you'll find. Historic too. Famous for the Cross-White Case, in 1847, that made Henry Clay put through his fugitive-slave law—one of the di-rect causes of the Civil War."

Enoch's expression was somber. Two of his own brothers had been fugitive slaves.

"What're we going to *do* here?" Tad asked.

"Benefit mankind," Doc replied briskly. "And at the same time pick up a little loose change."

All his life Tad would look back on this as the magic evening. Standing in the crowd on the lighted street corner, eating buttered popcorn and listening to the music, he could scarcely believe it was happening to *him*. To begin with, there was the new brown suit the doctor had bought when they got in town this afternoon—and the hat and the shoes. The shoes were yellow elkskin—he had picked them out himself; and the hat, a little fedora like the one the doctor wore. Conscious of this finery, Tad strutted among the crowd. Marland was a big city: 4500 population, the sign said; and he had an expansive feeling that he belonged in this metropolitan atmosphere. But most amazing of all was the spectacle taking place across the street.

THE Contraption stood there—strangely metamorphosed since the horses had been unhitched and led away. Its decorous canvas side curtains were rolled up, revealing a veritable circus wagon, scarlet and gold, embellished with fancy lettering that spelled TILBEE'S WONDER TONIC.

And now Tad understood what the doctor had meant by saying it was "part opera house," for the rear end had been opened up to make a little stage, draped in red velvet. On either side burned a bright gasoline are. As Tad watched, fascinated, the red vel curtains parted and a resplendent ure emerged carrying a banjo and a guitar. ad stared hard. It was Enoch—Enoch dr sed in a purple-and-yellow minstrel costume ith a huge wing collar! He sat down on a mo chair and began twanging The Camp was Races on his banjo. The small crowd dly curious, moved closer. This was free e er-tainment—and, anyway, they had no ace to go. Enoch finished with a loud flou sh dropped the banjo, stood up with the gtar and sang Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider. fter that he snatched up the banjo and wha ed out Sousa's Stars and Stripes Forever in ir cus tempo.

A spatter of applause was wrung fro he thin crowd—and, taking instant adva ge of it, Doc Tilbee made an entrance thr gh the red velvet curtains, striding forwar n-der the glare of the torches. Enoch had is-appeared.

Doc paused, a handsome and impo ng figure, one hand thrust between the lape of his Prince Albert coat. His eyes flashed iz-ing up the audience; then he raised a fi er high, with the dignity of a statesman a ut to utter a mani to that would stir the u-preme Court. Sudd ly his finger swung do n, pointing at the cr d.

"*Does your wife e you?*" he deman d. "*I ask you*, my fri d! *Does your wife e you?*"

Someone laug d and three startled en peered around sh p-ishly, uncertain w h had been designate

"My good peo e, this is no laughing m t-ter," Doc adju d them. "The grea t tragedy of modern c lization is chronic i-cord between husb d and wife! A trag y that annually bre s thousands of heart-leads to the divo e court — brings de h and destruction in s wake! And what s causing this calamitous collapse of fam y life? Nine cases out of ten it is nothing m e nor less than *that tired, run-down feeling!*"

The crowd, attracted by the gaso e flares and the echoes of oratory, was incre ing. Doc lowered his voice confidentially

"Friends, the male sex is responsible many of the world's tribulations. We ca deny it. *But* let us be fair—and I know, a look into these intelligent faces, that y want to be fair! The *ladies* are not entir blameless! How many can truthfully s they are never cross, peevish or cantanker when evening shadows fall? Whether th have been bending over a hot washtub day—or whether they have done noth more backbreaking than to crochet A Lizzie's initial on a doily—the ladies do n *always* display angelic dispositions. And w not? I'll *tell* you why not, friends. The ladi too—and I say 'God bless 'em!', where wo we be today without 'em!—the ladies, t are often victims of that home-wrecki malady, that destroyer of conjugal felici the *tired, run-down feeling!*"

He had the crowd now. His eloquence and some curious magnetism in his perso ality—gave him power to sway them at w He made them laugh with the story of "fine, strapping Juno of a woman, married a chinless modock that looked as if couldn't lift a cup of tea without help"; th he told a pathetic tale of a young girl who chances for marriage were ruined and w was "at last hounded to the grave by t specter of ill-health. . . .

"Friends," declared Doc solemnly, "th girl could have been saved. The Science Nature has effected miraculous cures. A

(Continued on Page 149)

The world is, of course, "incurably religious." Why? Because everyone who reflects at all must have conceptions about the world which go beyond the field of science; that is, beyond the present range of intellectual knowledge. There are two sorts of dogmatists in the field of religion. One calls himself a fundamentalist; the other calls himself an atheist. They seem to me to represent about the same kind of thinking. Each asserts a definite knowledge of the ultimate which he does not possess. Each has closed his mind to any future truth. Each has a religion that is fixed. Each is, I think, irrational and unscientific. Religion will be with us so long as man hopes and aspires and reflects upon the meaning of existence and the responsibilities it entails.

—ROBERT A. MILLIKAN:
from Today is Mine, compiled by
Thomas Curtis Clark
(Harper and Brothers, 1950, used by permission).

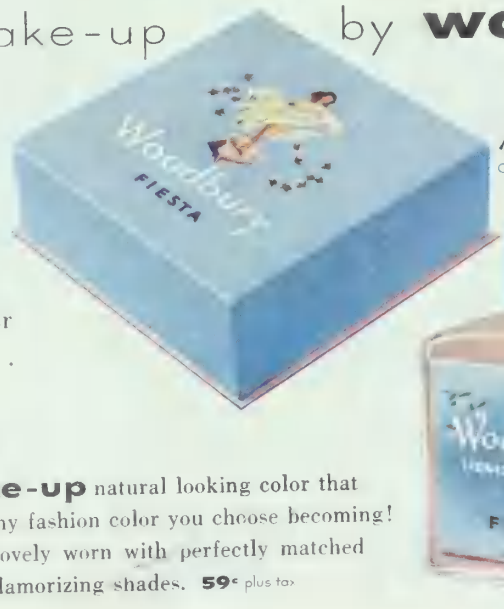


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The newest, most appealing look yet . . . fresh, sweet . . . and deliberately pretty! All yours with *Fiesta*, a luscious cream-of-pink delight . . . the Woodbury Powder shade that gives your skin the delicate, pearl-tinted prettiness of a Romantic Beauty! And how men love it!

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From the top of his head to his ten little toes, your baby's skin needs your loving care. Everything that touches that tender skin must be whisper soft, gentle as your own caress. His skin actually is thinner than yours, you know. Skin studies show it might chafe more easily, become irritated sooner.

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More mothers every day are finding this ideal combination of "tender skin" qualities in gentle ScotTissue. You will discover too, that ScotTissue's greater value makes it the perfect choice for the whole family. You get 1000 generous-size sheets to a roll. ScotTissue goes further, lasts longer. "ScotTissue," "Soft as old Linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



You change him often—to keep that thinner skin dry and comfy. It's importan too, when choosing his bathroom tissue to check for 3 "tender skin" qualities. O linen softness that doesn't chafe. Instant-quick absorbency for *clean* cleansing. Th right strength to resist tearing or shredding.

1000 Generous-Size Sheets—Soft as old Linen

(Continued from Page 146)

t is why I am here tonight." He leaned ward. "I want to ask each and every one you—*are you getting the most out of life?*" As he paused for the effect of this rhetorical question, a man on the fringe of the wd shouted, "How about *you*, professor?" Doc silenced the laughter by pointing a matic finger at the heckler. "I'm glad asked me!" He gave a sudden tremenus leap into the air, kicked his heels toher like a Russian dancer, turned a cart eel—and landed gracefully. "Can *you* do it, my friend?"

Cackles and squeals of laughter erupted m the crowd. The heckler was silent. Doc d them warmed up now.

"Friends"—his voice was vibrant—"to ch your fair city I have traveled hunds of miles—over frozen mountains and rning desert wastes—to bring you one of ture's most precious secrets!" The *thump* a drum grew loud back of the velvet curns. "I learned this secret from the medie men of the Arapaho Indians—after I d lived for years among them, a blood ther of the tribe." He turned, with a gese, and intoned, "*Wah-nee-way, ha!*"

The drum thumping stopped, and out m the curtains stalked a tall Indian in a thered war bonnet and a long red blanket. s dark face was streaked with vermilion int and he was wearing Enoch's patentther shoes.

"Right here, chief, *if* you please," said c.

From behind the curtain the Indian lifted folding table on which were balanced a zen quart bottles of wn liquid, and carried to the edge of the stage.

"My friends"—Doc ked up one of the bots—"the dictionary says word 'tonic' means an xir that prolongs life. t you don't need a tionary to tell you that onder Tonic prolongs life: *you can feel ur life being prolonged!*" He held up the ttle. "Right here the label says, 'It puts into you.' And that is *exactly* what it does. iends, this is a scientific preparation made m a secret formula for which I have been ered one hundred thousand dollars cash by large company in New York City—but ich I refuse to sell. Why? Because, like ur family doctors—and they are all good en—I have dedicated my life to the service suffering humanity! It is my privilege to ing Wonder Tonic to my fellow countryen who are victims of that *tired, run-down ling!*"

He was talking very fast now and there s a hypnotic rhythm to his voice. A hand ached up, waving a dollar bill.

"*Thank* you, sir!" Briskly Doc passed wn a bottle, thrusting the money into an en black satchel. "This gentleman knows is not *spending* a dollar—*he is buying life surance!* Because Wonder Tonic puts life to you! It tells you right on the label. . . . hank you, madam. One out of five!" He ade two more sales—and now people were ging forward. "Don't crowd," Doc rned them, holding up another bottle.

n flamboyant phrases he proclaimed the nic's power to dispel fatigue, whet the appe-e and bring roses to the cheeks. He noted—somewhat inaccurately—from the assics and reminded his audience that they ere paying only one dollar for this full art bottle, which in New York would cost e. He warned them to beware of substites and offered positive assurance that in nter the tonic helped coughs and colds, hile in summer it was a specific for summer mplaint and heat exhaustion. The sales ere coming faster now, and the Indian was sisting him in making change.

At one point Doc's eloquence flowered in he statement, "Lips that touch Wonder onic are the lips a sweetheart loves to ss! . . . Thank you! *Two* bottles. Here you e, sir—two out of five."

From the opposite curb Deputy Sheriff attick observed these proceedings cynically. His black slouch hat was tilted over his small eyes, giving him an air of furtive watchfulness; and he stood, thumbs in galluses, exposing a German-silver star on his bulky chest. Abruptly he spoke aloud: "That's the feller!" Spitting out a toothpick, he buttoned his coat resolutely and strolled up Hamilton Street toward the telegraph office.

The noontide was overcast, and warm with a hint of equinoctial rain. Enoch sat on an upturned pail outside the Contraption, cleaning harness and singing a spiritual—with Tad squatting beside him, watching his raccoon coyly repel the advances of Beezark, the three-legged dog. They were camped in a willow grove below the fairground; and after lunch Doc had saddled one of the horses and ridden into town.

THE spiritual Enoch was singing had been composed, words and music, by Doc himself, and suggested a rigorous celestial etiquette:

"You'll never see the Promised Land,
The Promised Land, the Promised Land,
You'll never see the Promised Land—
Excep' the Lord invite you."

Enoch's deep bass rumbled mournfully:

"You'll never shake your Maker's hand,
Your Maker's hand, your Maker's hand,
You'll never shake your Maker's hand—
Excep' the Lord invite you."

Tad's freckled face reflected satisfaction with the moment, untouched by any qualms for the hereafter. "Enoch," he said, "you fooled me for fair. That Indian chief—I didn't know it was you."

Enoch accepted his friend's tribute modestly. "How you like our show?"

"Oh, I liked it fine." Tad wanted to talk. "Enoch—the doctor's tonic, now, that must be about the best medicine in the whole world."

"You heard what the doctor say, boy."

"It'll cure ever'thing that ails people, won't it, Enoch?"

"Well," Enoch replied cautiously, "lot of remedies do you good if you *think* they do."

"What's in it, Enoch?"

"Don't nobody know that excep' the doctor. 'S a secret formulum."

"Worth a hundred thousand dollars cash!" Tad's eyes were big.

"M-m-m."

"That's what the doctor *said, didn't* he?"

As Enoch rubbed the harness buckle his religious scruples were rubbing his loyalty to his employer. "It's this way," he declared, frowning: "The doctor, he's the finest man ever I knowed. Them things he says—well, sometimes he *approximates*, kind of. We shouldn't ought to take him too literal. Like when he tells about how he missed the Custer massacree by twenty minutes—well, like as not it really happen, you understand, but maybe it happen to some other fellow. The doctor he kind of *approximates*."

Tad chewed a straw. "I guess the doctor's about the greatest man there is anywheres."

"That's right," Enoch nodded, relieved.

"Jingoes!" Tad leaned forward. "Look—he's back a'ready!"

Across the field came a gray horse on a dead gallop, with Doc bending low in the saddle. Enoch got to his feet quickly. Something was wrong! He had felt it in his bones all morning.

Doc pulled up the sweating horse and threw himself from the saddle. "That *woman's* on her way here! Modock in the buggy with her looks like the *law!*"

Tad had gone white, trembling like a bewildered puppy. Enoch flung a protective arm around him.

"I'll have to hand him over." Doc tied the horse to a wagon wheel. "Can't get mixed up with the police."

Tad stared up at him, frightened. "Don't let them take me back," he pleaded.

Doc looked away uncomfortably, wiping his face with a clean blue bandanna. "They can have me run out of town!"

(Continued on Page 151)

It is useless for the sheep to pass resolutions in favor of vegetarianism, while the wolf remains of a different opinion. —DEAN INGE.



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AQUAMARINE LOTION

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Jo Stafford,

glamorous singing star of Club 15 and the Contented Hour over CBS, is also widely noted for her excellent clothes sense. She says: "I travel constantly; am in the spotlight *off* stage, too. My travel costumes must be perfect...with never an off-note. That's why I chose Samsonite—the luggage that is as fashion-right as my clothes."



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lovely Houston socialite, known to concert audiences as Juliana Larson, one of the "best-dressed women in America," says: "Combining public and private life keeps me constantly on the go. That means my luggage must have *stamina* as well as *beauty*...and my Samsonite luggage looks as well after many trips, as it did on the first."



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(Continued from Page 149)

Enoch spoke, quietly and respectfully: "I never thought no *woman* could run you anywheres, doctor."

Doc stood scowling down at his boots, then he turned and growled an order: "Put the kid in the toolbox."

They hurried around to the rear end of the contraption and Enoch got down and opened the toolbox under the springs. It was five feet long, made for shovels and road implements, and there was room in it for a small boy. They hoisted Tad in, feet first.

"No need to be scared," Doc reassured him. "Same thing happened to me one time in a Conestoga wagon on the old Chisholm Trail. Only it was redskins after me!" He closed the cover. "Plenty of air through the cracks. Just take it easy, bub."

While Enoch led the horse away to unsaddle him, Doc put the dog and the raccoon inside the Contraption and sat down under a willow tree to plan his course of action. He was calmly whittling a picket peg when Zerelda Wing drove up with Deputy Sheriff Gattick. The officer descended first and ostentatiously assisted Mrs. Wing. Neither spoke.

As they approached Doc rose and faced them. "Good afternoon." There was a polite question in his greeting.

"Let's see your license," said Deputy Sheriff Gattick.

Doc showed him his pitchman's license, signed by the chief of police. "Let's see yours."

GATTICK scowled, opening his coat to reveal the German-silver star. Mrs. Wing had said nothing. Doc's quick eyes observed her costume: the gray suit, the peekaboo waist and the hat with a pert red feather. She had more style today than the last time. Probably because she had to make the train trip to Marland.

"We're after a runaway boy." Gattick's manner was belligerent. "Boy named Bayliss ——"

"I explained all that before," said Zerelda Wing.

"We got reason t' believe he's here."

"*Here?*" repeated Doc guilelessly. He gestured toward Enoch, standing a few feet off. "You can see there's nobody here but my assistant."

Gattick wanted to impress Mrs. Wing. "I intend t' search these premises!"

"Go right ahead." Doc turned to Mrs. Wing. "Can I offer you a chair, ma'am—or will you join in the search?"

"Thank you." She turned her back on him and followed Gattick around to the rear door of the Contraption.

GATTICK jerked the door open and peered in at the crippled dog in his basket. Then he discovered the raccoon. "What you got here?" Seizing the chain, he hauled the terrified little animal out. "This yours?"

"No," Doc answered.

"Who does it belong to?"

"Who do the stars belong to?" said Doc blandly. "I never liked zoos. Always figured a wild animal belongs to the Creator."

Mrs. Wing looked at him, perplexed.

"Listen here"—Gattick started to pick up the raccoon—"I won't stand for no funny business. *A-agh!*" He leaped back, wringing his hand. Spook had bitten him.

"Better let me cauterize that," said Doc. "Raccoon bites are poison. Hate to see you lose your arm."

"I'll show you!" Pain and rage made the deputy sheriff hop, as he dragged Spook by his chain to the nearest tree. "Your license don't allow you to keep wild animals." He knotted the chain around the tree and stepped back.

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Wing came forward, distressed.

"I'll fix him!" Gattick whipped out a shiny revolver and aimed at the raccoon.

"Just a minute, sheriff!" Gattick turned. Doc stood there, balancing a long, ivory-handled .38 in one hand. With the other he took a deck of cards from his pocket. He

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

A BRIDE becomes a wife, full-blown, when she can resign herself to the accumulation of things that need fixing carried over from year to year.

"Don't let daddy make the decision, mother! He'll decide in favor against it."

One father discovered a perfect disciplinary procedure: he invented a "secret pal," who writes notes, hides rewards. Since secret pals can walk where fathers fear to tread, much headway in character building results, proof of which:

"*Dear Secret Pal:* I'll try harder to be good, but please forgive me when I don't seem to be trying hard enough. Someday I'll please you.

"I love you always,

"Your S. P."

When a woman is defeated by her house she stares her burden in the face in every nook and corner of the place . . . while a man turns a key in an office door.

"My wife wants every gadget under the sun, several hundred feet of worktable space and all the automatic appliances which have been invented," says our plush neighbor. "Then we go to the mountains for a couple of weeks and the meals that woman cooks on a two-cylinder stove in three cubic feet of working space would win her a citation from a cooking school."

What we ate when I was growing up came under two large headings: "Actual Food"—meat, potatoes, vegetables, cakes, cookies and pie—and "Treats"—oranges, bananas, candy, ice cream.

Her exit reminded one of a seal returning to the pool.

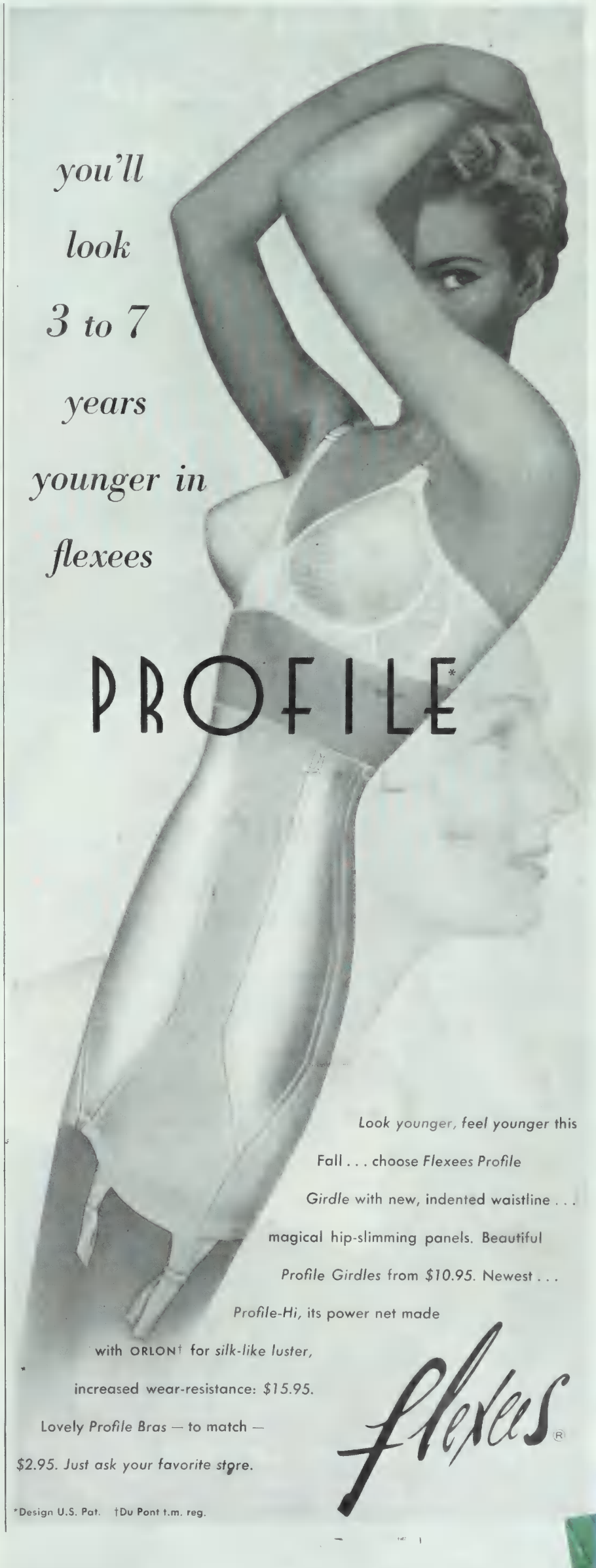
When our collie, distinguished Sir Cyrano, tips over his water pail, the neighbor with psychiatric leanings says it's because he wants attention.

At our house it began when the kids assisted in a paper drive. From the huge bundles collected they salvaged fifty or more comics which became the original investment and with which they have haggled, bled and managed to swap another ten thousand at least.

"My wife can never make up her mind until she asks me," observed an old friend from Indiana on a recent visit. "Then she knows exactly what she wants. It's whichever one I didn't choose."

Jack Sprat, he liked his fat;
His wife, she liked her lean;
But with the current prices
They found their platter clean.

Every woman's club is divided into Doers, Delegates and Diehards.



Look younger, feel younger this Fall . . . choose Flexees Profile Girdle with new, indented waistline . . . magical hip-slimming panels. Beautiful Profile Girdles from $10.95. Newest . . . Profile-Hi, its power net made with ORLON† for silk-like luster, increased wear-resistance: $15.95.

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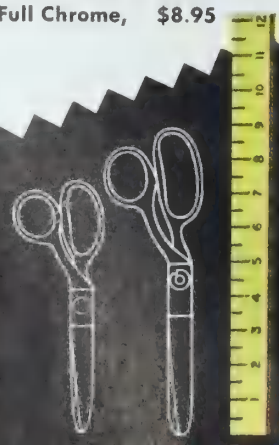


New Improved
WISS Model C

Both the new small size Model C 7 and the Standard Model C 9 bring unparalleled ease and efficiency to pinking. Developed after years of research, either size will cut perfectly the widest possible range of fabrics and even several thicknesses of heavier material. For the best possible buy in pinking shears . . . *test them!* . . . look for the name WISS on the blade and ask for Model C.

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Mod. CB 7-7½" Black Handles, $6.95
Mod. CC 7-7½" Full Chrome, $7.95
Mod. CB 9-9" Black Handles, $7.95
Mod. CC 9-9" Full Chrome, $8.95



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called, "Enoch!" Enoch hurried to him. "Pick a card," said Doc coolly. "Any card."

Enoch picked a card. It was the ace of hearts. Without a word, he backed away ten paces, then halted, holding the card over his head. As Mrs. Wing and the deputy sheriff stared in amazement, Doc raised his pistol and fired. Enoch held out the card—with a hole in the middle.

"Pick another card," ordered Doc.

Enoch came over and picked another. It was the four of spades. Again he backed off and held the card over his head. Effortlessly Doc fired four times. There were four holes in the card: each spade pip had disappeared.

Doc turned to Gattick. "Think it over," he said quietly.

Gattick's face glistened with sweat. "I'll see the chief of police about this!" He shoved his revolver into his pocket and started toward the horse and buggy.

Zerelda Wing looked at Doc. "What a show-off you are," she said contemptuously. Then she turned and followed the deputy sheriff.

Doc stood watching them drive away. After their rig had disappeared through the trees he handed Enoch his pistol to clean. "Can't remember ever meeting a woman as ornery as that one. And now she's got me in trouble for fair. That modock'll come back here with a warrant." He spat into a clump of weeds six feet from his boots. "We'd better vamoose—and fast!"

WHILE Enoch hurriedly trotted out the horses and began hitching up, Doc released Tad from the toolbox. The boy raced across to Spook, still chained to the tree, and crouched, gathering him in his arms.

"Put that man-eating animal aboard," Doc ordered gruffly. "We've got to look for more country." As he turned to help Enoch with the team he stopped short. A woman had emerged from the trees, walking rapidly toward Tad. *Mrs. Wing!* Here was a complication he had not expected. She must have left the deputy sheriff and circled back to take him by surprise. "The sly minx!" he muttered.

Tad stood, with the raccoon in his arms, uneasily watching her approach.

"I felt sure there had been some mistake. Theodore *is* here." She came up to them and Doc saw with surprise that she was smiling. "I can understand your . . . suspicion of deputy sheriffs," she said crisply. "I suppose that's natural in a man of your—shall we say?—irregular profession."

Doc bristled. "Nothing irregular about my profession."

"I'm not here to discuss *you*, Mr. Tilbee."

"Doctor Tilbee, if you please."

"Oh, really? Well"—her eyes were m[o]ing—"at any rate, I thought you migh[t] less embarrassed without the officer, s[o] I came alone." She nodded at Tad. "I'll t[a]ke Theodore back with me."

"Back where?"

"Perhaps I should explain. I'm from [t]he Springville Township Poor Board."

"It must be a poor board," said Doc, "if they can't do better for their orphans."

"That's not very humorous."

"Nothing humorous about that B[la]ck Hole of Calcutta they locked the kid up i[n]"

HER smile disappeared. "We have no [or]phanage building yet—and the infirm[ary] which keeps some orphans, is full. Theod[ore] was temporarily put in the detention h[o]me because ——"

"The detention *home*—and you ough[t] to smile when you say that—is no fit place [f]or him! He told me what it's like. Jam[med] with boys that'll be sent to reform scho[ol]—one of 'em's crazy ——"

"I told you it was only temporary."

"It's not even temporary." He loc[ked] straight into her hostile blue eyes. "Bec[ause] you're not taking him back there."

"Indeed? And what will prevent me?"

"I will."

Their glances held, the antagonism [be]tween them burning bright.

"Exactly how does this concern you?" [she] demanded. "The boy is no relation of you[rs]"

"Oh, yes he is."

"How?"

"Maybe you never heard of the brot[her]hood of man."

"I won't listen to such claptrap!"

"I didn't ask you to listen," said I[.] "This interview was your idea—and [it]'s over now, far as I'm concerned."

"Look here, Mr. Tilbee—or doctor [or] whatever you call yourself—you'll be in [se]rious trouble if you persist in interfering." [Her] voice was sharp-edged. "This boy has no [re]latives, so he's a ward of the poor board. H[e] is to be returned to the detention home [u]ntil ——"

"I wouldn't put a dog in that firetra[p]"

"—— until," she finished coldly, "we h[ave] made proper arrangements."

"I've already made proper arrangeme[nts]. I'm taking him with me." He turned to T[ad]. "Get in, sport."

Tad scurried to the van and Enoch li[fted] him onto the front seat.

"*Sport!*" She looked at Doc disdainfu[lly]. "That's fine language to teach a little bo[y]"

"When you improve conditions for the [or]phans," Doc retorted, "I'll improve my l[an]guage." He touched his hat and strode [off]

(Continued on Page 155)



". . . and jumble things up in your purse so you can't find anything. It makes them feel superior."

(Continued from Page 152)

the van. A few drops of rain were sifting through the willow trees.

Deputy Sheriff Gattick will be back in a minutes." She came hurrying after him. u won't be so glib when the *law* ——"

've done nothing against the law!" His nation was almost too righteous. Rain begun to fall in earnest now. He climbed nto the driver's seat. "Any legal matll have to be discussed with my attorney lbion—when I get there." He kicked off rake and the horses started.

You can't *do* this," Zerelda Wing pro- d angrily. "I have authority from the board ——"

have authority from the Great Jeho- " said Doc. "*And* the Continental Con-. *Hup* there, Bess!" He cracked his whip the team swung into a trot.

relda Wing stood, frustrated and furi- in the rain. As she realized that the red from the feather on her hat was running n her sleeve, the last rib of dignity ked.

Wait till the *police* get their hands on y," she shrilled. "*You—you impudent p!*"

oc drove at a smart clip out through the w grove. Noticing that Tad was still tened, he winked reassuringly at him. ere, bub"—pointing his whip at the drip- trees—"you see why they're called ping willows. These got to feeling so y for Mrs. Wing, they shed real tears."

noch kept glancing back nervously. Just the doctor to make jokes at such a mot, he was thinking: doctor had more nerve Jesse James. This n't the first time they had to clear out of a e in a hurry—"look- for more country," doctor always said. this time Enoch felt ed. He glanced back in to see if the deputy sheriff was in it.

The triangle never fits into a family circle.

—DUVALL AND HILL: When You Marry (Heath Cranton, Ltd.).

he Contraption jolted and swayed through lack rain-swept night. Tad, snug in his mock, should have been asleep; instead, was pretending they were in a United tes cruiser steaming toward Manila Bay, ch the doctor had told him about, and the le of rain against the roof was gunfire n Spanish shore batteries. Then he heard doctor talking to Enoch on the driver's outside. As he listened his heart began to mp, and fear spread through his small y.

I could kick myself all the way to St. Joe, ssouri!" Doc's voice was harsh. "Just n the pitch is good for four days in Mard, I've got to haul my freight out! I not y lose that take, but now the *rurales* are ting haystacks looking for me! And all be- se of a wet-nosed kid that's no business of e—no business whatsoever!"

noch, deeply uncomfortable, reached over l tightened the rubber storm curtain. ere rain was trickling in. When the doctor steamed up like this, it was no good argu- with him.

The day I first took the kid along, I didn't *nk*. It was just what you might call an im- se. I wanted to help the little weasel. I'd ght to known better." Doc snorted dis- stedly. "I wish to the gold-plated heaven never set eyes on him! Then that woman ck her nose in. *She* riled me so I couldn't her take him back. Just pure cussedness. d that's when I caught my pants in the r trap. Should've let her have him!"

"THE Kingdom of Heaven," said Enoch etly, "is peopled with the softhearted."

"Other places are peopled with the soft- *nded*—and that's *my* category! When I nk what this kid's cost me, I'd ought to owned him back there where we crossed river!"

They drove on for a time in silence.

"That scheming shrew—that *Mrs. Wing!*" c bit off the words savagely. "There's a son in this. Yes, sir, there's a lesson in this anybody like you that gargles gospels all day. Vanity is the downfall of man. Never knew it to fail. Why did I outshoot Annie Oakley to scare that human rutabaga, that deputy sheriff? Vanity! I had to show off in front of Mrs. Wing. Pair of blue eyes blink — and I high-dive into the manure pile!"

He bellowed at the horses, invisible in wet blackness except when a gleam from the swinging lantern showed their hoofs sloshing through the mud.

"Wouldn't mind so much if I'd got in trouble over my card hand being a little quick," he growled. "That's a matter of professional ethics. But to be played for a chump—and driven out of town—by a *woman!*—that's what chokes me!"

As the Contraption jolted and creaked along, Enoch found himself sympathizing with his employer. To Thomas Jefferson Tilbee, who had adventured up and down the world, a Samaritan was a sucker. Two days ago, by accident and against his better judgment, he had been jockeyed into protecting a helpless orphan—and this good deed had promptly brought trouble crashing down upon his head. Enoch sighed deeply.

For the past hour the going had become heavier and heavier in the storm, until now the horses seemed scarcely to be moving. Doc thrust his face through the flap in the rubber curtain. A gust of rain blew in, and Enoch wondered how the doctor could see anything in this darkness, even though—as he often boasted—his eyes were sharp as an eagle's.

"Like I thought," Doc muttered. "We got off the main road somewhere." He pulled the team to a stop. "Never make Yaigee's place tonight. Have to camp here. Get my slicker, Enoch."

Enoch slid open the panel behind them and lighted the lantern inside. Then his breath whistled out sharply. "Doctor!"

"Well?"

"He's not here," Enoch gasped. "Tad! He's gone!"

Doc swung around and peered back into the Contraption. Beezark whimpered forlornly. The hammock was empty, and the raccoon, too, had disappeared. On the bunk, in a neat pile, lay the new brown suit and the yellow shoes and the small fedora. The rear door stood open, swinging.

"Poor little fellow," Enoch murmured. "He musta heard what—what was said." There was no reproach in his voice, only sadness. "He knowed you didn't want him. . . . Poor little fellow."

"*Well*," Doc roared, "don't sit there moaning—we've got to *find* him! He hasn't been gone long or we'd heard that door banging. Crawl back and shut it."

As Enoch, with unsuspected agility, climbed over the seat, Doc shouted at the horses and began turning them in the heavy mud.

By the time Enoch reappeared, the storm curtains were open, flapping wildly—and Doc, with rain slashing in on him, was whipping the team back over the road. "Light that reflector lamp," he ordered. And while Enoch fumbled with matches that the wind blew out, Doc raged at his clumsiness. Enoch had never seen him upset like this before. Finally the reflector lamp was lighted, and as he sat flashing it into the black ditches along the roadside, Enoch's lips moved silently, praying.

They found Tad a mile up the road. The beam from the reflector lamp picked out two tiny points of light that changed into a raccoon's eyes—and there was Tad, holding Spook in his arms, cowering under a snake fence in the rain. Doc pulled the horses to a stop and sprang out.

"Come aboard, sailor." His voice sounded so relieved it was almost jovial. "That 'coon looks like he's had enough swimming for one night."

Enoch, holding the horses, noticed how gently the doctor picked the boy up, and it gave him a warm feeling that fate had decided the issue. Now the doctor would never let them take Tad back to the institution. And yet—with law officers looking for him everywhere—what chance did he have?

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Zerelda Wing sat at the marble-topped soda fountain in Helmholtz's drugstore, sipping a cherry phosphate. Since her arrival this morning she had visited every lawyer's office in the city of Albion, only to discover that Doctor Tilbee had treacherously deceived her. He had referred her to "his attorney" in Albion—but no attorney in Albion had ever heard of him; and the realization that she had again been outwitted by this man was more than her volatile temper could bear. In her anger she failed to notice that she had finished the cherry phosphate until her straw made a loud burbling in the bottom of the glass.

"Have another, Zerelda?"

She turned quickly. Alonzo Moultripp stood there, smiling. He had been one of her beaus when they were undergraduates, and now he was an assistant professor of English at Albion College.

"'Lonzo!" Even in her irate mood she was glad to see him, for, like most women, she found something agreeable in meeting a former suitor who had remained a bachelor. "I was thinking of you just the other day when I found a lovely poem you wrote to me," she smiled, "on the back of my dance card for the Valentine Cotillion in Ann Arbor."

"My poetry was bad—but my intentions were good. Unfortunately." The professor laid aside his green flannel book bag and kissed her hand with a flourish.

"So Continental, 'Lonzo!"

"Uncontrollably—since I had that six weeks in France." He pushed a Byronic lock of hair out of his eyes and sat down and looked at her musingly.

"Zerelda,
Zerelda. . . .
How long since I've held her
Close in my arms ——"

"A cad's confession," she protested.

"As we waltzed," the professor finished. "Just something I dashed off in the heat of the moment. But tell me what you're doing in perfidious Albion."

"M'm." Her eyes clouded swiftly. "'Lonzo, I was never so blazing mad in my life." And she related, in crisp phrases, her experience with the infuriating Doctor Tilbee and the orphan.

The professor listened attentively. "How did you get mixed up in this, in the first place?"

"Well, I took a job with the poor board."

"These jobs you're always taking! Why? You don't need the money."

"Oh, they don't pay me. I'm doing it because we have such a problem with the orphans."

"Beautiful young widow finding life stale, flat and ——"

"Well"—she shrugged—"a girl can't sit home all day burning Indian heads on leather pillow covers!"

"The restless modern woman," he commented. "Do you know what I think? All your frantic chasing around—*I* think you're on the defensive, just to avoid marrying Chilly Corr!"

ZERELDA blushed to her ears. "What nonsense!"

"*Touché.*" The professor laughed wickedly. "You never liked Chilton, did you?"

"He is my favorite Horatio Alger story. From the day he won his first high-school debate the Boy Orator of Paw Paw Lake has been marked for nauseating success. Two years ago he was elected city attorney of Lost River; next we'll hear he is running for Congress. Nothing but an untimely den can keep him out of the White House. An must concede, Zerelda, you would make ornamental first lady of the land."

"'Lonzo, you *are* unkind."

"Merely jealous." He gave her an owl smile. "But I find myself grateful to itinerant Doctor Tilbee."

She gasped. "You *what?*"

"Pursuing him around the country has least temporarily taken your mind off Boy Orator of Paw Paw Lake. Yes, sympathies are with Doctor Tilbee."

FRESH indignation surged up in Zerel "How can you say such a thing? He ——"

"He sounds like a romantic figure, if y ask me. D'Artagnan peddling patent me cine."

"Fudge!" she exclaimed angrily. "T man is a crook and I'm going to have h arrested."

"If you catch him."

"Oh, we'll catch him all right. He'll h out in the country nearby—he won't d go into any town."

"Why didn't your gendarmes arrest h in Marland?" the professor asked her.

"Well ——" F an instant she w flustered. "There's legal technicality th could get us in a of trouble." She ro abruptly and gat ered up her glov and reticule. "Whi reminds me—I'm d at the sheriff's office

In her eyes was bright, hard look had never seen befo "By Jove, Zerelda" he stared at her "you're really *gri* about this!"

"Yes, I am. If don't get the boy ba the consequences c be very serious."

"So it's the hue a cry for poor D'Art gnan?"

"D'Artagnan"- she frowned distast fully—"will land the Bastille!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Rendezvous

BY JOHN A. CAPPON

Quietly waiting me, you hold
  Something like pride above your passion,
And outwardly I have controlled
  My own in some halfhearted fashion.

We are adult. I offer you
  Proof of our cordial-casual meeting;
Deceit for passer-by to view:
  My hand, in simple, proper greeting.

The passer-by goes on his way
  Blind as the old Amalekite;
He saw no pillar of cloud by day,
  Or fire by night.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The sun was hig when Doc drew rein a the top of a hill to rest the horses. Belo the brown-green Kalamazoo River serpe tined through lush countryside, disappearin in a forest over which hung a streamer smoke.

Enoch watched the doctor uneasily. The had thrown off their pursuers in the storm last night, but Enoch could tell that th doctor was worried.

Abruptly Doc made a decision. "That what we'll do." He nodded toward the smok on the horizon. "We'll go there!"

"But"—Enoch looked startled—"tha there's a *city*."

"Just why we'll go there." Doc's eye brightened. "Study the great military cam paigns." He turned to Tad. "Why did I tel you Gen'l Washington crossed the Dela ware?"

"To surprise the British," Tad answere promptly.

"Right," said Doc. "Element of surpris is what does it. They'll figure—Madam Win and her rustic constables—that I'm hidin out in the country. They won't expect me t sashay into a city—so that's exactly wha I'll do." Doc turned to Enoch. "We'll hav chow."

Tad grinned happily. He had watche with interest this morning an operatio which the doctor called "foraging": haltin at farmhouses where he was greeted like a old friend and where bottles of Wonde Tonic were bartered for food. Their larde was richer now by a smoked ham, two appl pies, three loaves of fresh-baked bread and a shoe box full of fried chicken. And as he sa

(Continued on Page 158)



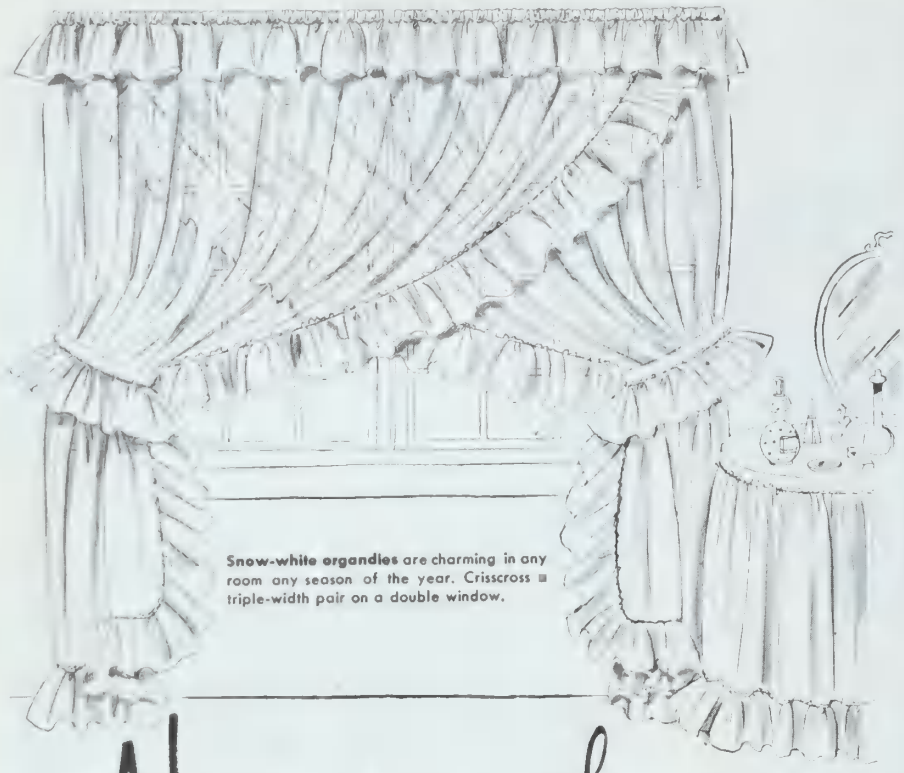
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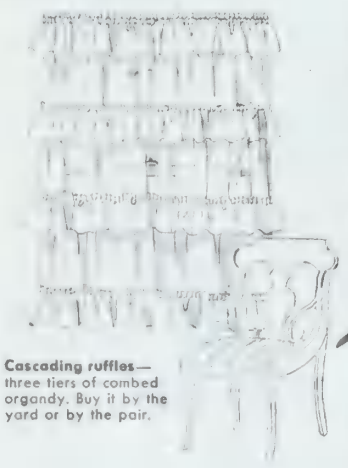


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(Continued from Page 156)

with the doctor and Enoch, eating delectable fried chicken, while the horses contentedly munched the oats in their nose bags and Beezark and Spook played under a big oak, Tad understood why the doctor had chosen this life of the open road. There was nothing like it—nothing so free and fine in the world; he was sure of that. His unhappiness of last night—the near tragedy of running away—all were forgotten in this perfect moment, with this perfect fried chicken.

Close at hand a cricket sang in a rasping monotone. "Spell of warm weather ahead," said Doc.

"How can a cricket tell that?" Tad asked.

"Crickets're about the wisest insects there are." Doc lighted a cigar carefully. "What's more, they're good companions. If one of 'em ever comes in your house to pay you a visit, treat him right. He'll bring you good luck."

The expression "good luck" puckered a frown over Enoch's eyes. He wondered how much longer the doctor's luck could hold out, with the law breathing down the back of his neck. Venturing into a city just now was taking a fearsome chance. He felt that the doctor wouldn't take such a chance except that he needed money—needed it badly.

But the doctor appeared unconcerned; and when they had set out again, down the long hill leading through Verona to Lost River, his mood became expansive. He picked up the theme of the American Revolution where he had left off yesterday, and explained to Tad how the thirteen colonies had struggled through desperate years following the war and how they were forged into a strong nation. Tad listened attentively. History had never sounded like this at the district school; somehow the doctor made places and people come alive.

Women are notoriously bad judges of a man till they get to an age where it doesn't help them.

From: WHIPPED CREAM, by Geoffrey Moss, copyright 1926 by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

"The peace was worse'n the war," Doc said, "but we had big men in those days—old Ben Franklin, my namesake Mr. Jefferson and some others—and they knocked the colonists' heads together and forced 'em to listen. It was a fight to make people see what a great country they had—but the fight was worth it. That's why *you're* lucky, bub"—he turned to Tad. "You're one of the luckiest fellows on earth—to have the chance to grow up with this country. I've seen 'em all—I've been to Paris, France, and Berlin, Germany. But you take this country, a fellow like you can grow up to be just about anything he sets his cap for." He squinted off over the trees. "English poet name of Percy Bush Shelley wrote a high-toned tribute to America once." And in his resonant baritone he recited:

"That land is like an eagle whose young gaze
Feeds on the noonday beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of sunrise gleams when earth is wrapped in gloom;
An epitaph of glory for the tomb
Of murdered Europe."

Doc shook his head. "Now that's what I call sublime."

"Certainly is," Enoch agreed. "Yes, *sir*, certainly is."

"Why was Europe murdered?" Tad asked.

Doc's mouth opened. "Well, that's a moot point. Some juries might bring in a verdict of suicide." Then he coughed and bellowed at the horses, "*Hup*, there!" And with a crack of his whip, abruptly he changed the subject. "When I was driving the Deadwood stage I had a lead hoss name of Bajo. Spanish word for 'mean,'" he explained to Tad. "And he *was* mean, Bajo was—but one day he saved my life."

"How?" Tad's eyes were wide.

"Well, sir, I had a passenger that y... prob'ly the most famous woman in the w... West—Rita Paloma, the actress. Grea... star since Lola Montez: an angel in hu... form. Matter of fact," he stated solem... "it was seeing her perform that influence... to take up a Thespian career. Following ... I joined the Belnap and McCoy Enterpris... Shakespearean repertory, touring the So... ern States. Worked my way up to whe... was playing some important roles."

"I saw Othello, by Shakespeare," ... Enoch. "In Kansas City, it was. You ... play the role of Othello, doctor?"

"NEVER actually *played* it." Doc tossed ... cigar away. "Got *up* in the part, tho... Twice. Understudy for J. J. Belnap, the s... He was having a little trouble with delir... tremens that season—but by some alcoh... miracle he always made the stage in time... his cue. Otherwise I might have got ... chance and been a star myself. Never tru... a man that drinks since. You remem... Othello's entrance, Enoch? Where Iago s... 'Though in the trade of war I have s... men ——'"

"How did the lead horse save your lif..." Tad asked.

Doc turned to him, not in the least ... noyed by the interruption. "Tell you ... bub. Hundreds of miners and cow hand... that camp had been waiting months to ... the famous star, Rita Paloma. They ... tough *hombres*—the toughest in the We... and if I hadn't got Rita Paloma there, the... have strung me up to ... nearest tree! As it ... we pretty nigh didn't m... it. Only two hours be... showtime—ten miles ... rough mountains to ... and my hosses all lat... pelting rattlety-b... downgrade at a gallo... when suddenly I see ... rear wheel go past, s... ning down the road lil... silver dollar on a mahogany bar! Then ... turned over."

While Tad and Enoch listened, spellbou... Doc described the runaway of the six hor... modestly recounting his own part in the ... venture: how he captured Bajo, the l... horse, in an arroyo, mounted the plung... animal, swung Rita Paloma up behind ... and galloped the last ten miles to the mir... camp, arriving in the nick of time. Tad's e... were big as Doc dramatized the miners ... cowboys swarming out of the theater, fi... their six-guns into the air in wild salute, ... only to the beautiful actress but to him...

The Contraption turned into a wider roa... and ahead stood a battered yellow stree... at the "end of the line," with the motorm... and conductor swinging the trolley aro... by hand.

"Here we are," Doc exclaimed, "ente... the purlieus of civilization. First move i... beard the chief of police in his lair and sh... a license out of him. *If*"—he frowne... "Mrs. Wing and that broomtail sheriff dic... get there first."

"We goin' keep our fingers crossed," En... said fervently.

Doc turned to the raccoon: "And *you* k... your *paws* crossed!"

The morning was bright with Septem... sunshine and Tad and Enoch were in h... spirits, grooming the horses in their camp... the river. Enoch's cheerfulness could be tra... to the doctor's success with the chief of po... last evening. Apparently Mrs. Wing's c... paign was a teapot tempest in her own to... ship, for no word of it had reached I... River, and Chief Faring not only issue... pitchman's license to the doctor, but ... taken him to dinner at the Green Moon C... The truth was that Chief Faring looked ... ward to the doctor's annual visits. He fo... Wonder Tonic a pleasant *apéritif* and Doc... Tilbee a raconteur of rare talent—parti... larly when describing his exploits as a Pi... erton detective in the Southwest. This mo... ing the doctor had taken the streetcar i... town to "look up" other acquaintances: B...

(Continued on Page 160)



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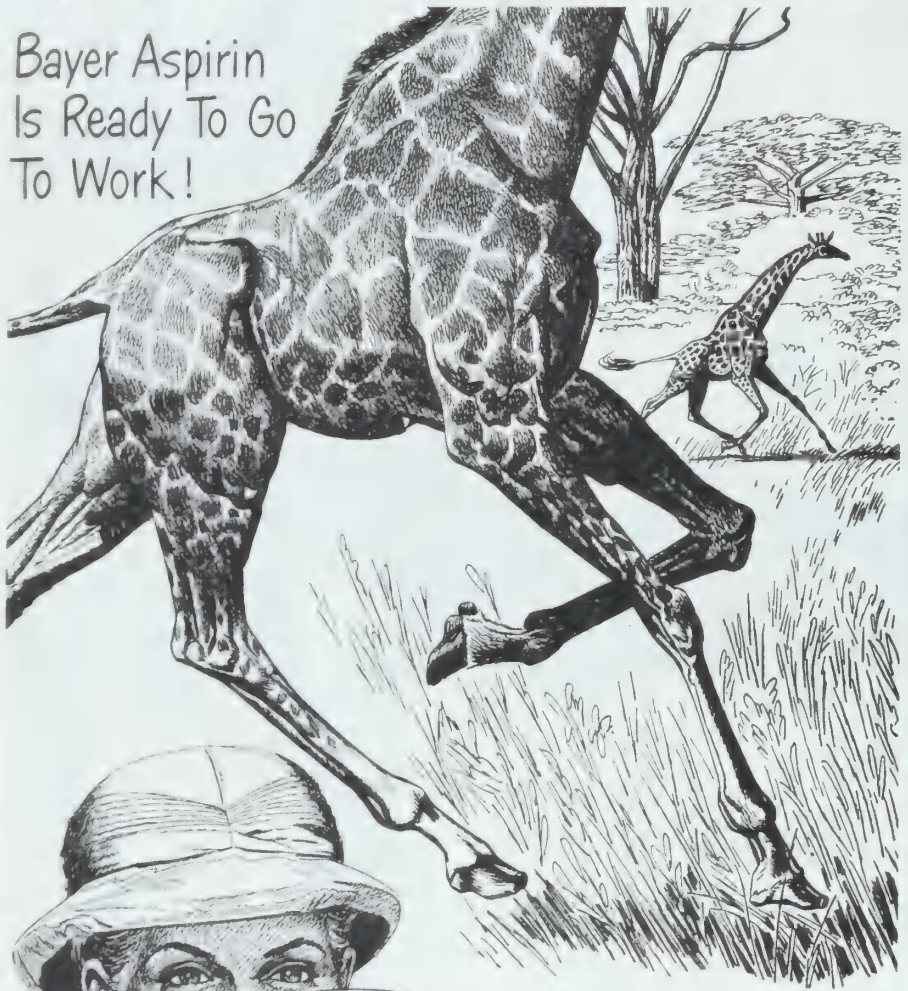
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Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

(Continued from Page 158)

Gray, editor of the Banner, and Bert Beelom, the druggist, at whose prescription counter in the rear of his store some of the city's leading citizens convened daily over a glass of medicinal whisky. Enoch knew that Lost River was a "live" town, good for ten days' pitch—or even three weeks, if the weather kept fine. Things were looking up; he sang as he worked.

Tad was happy because camping on the outskirts of town was as adventurous as if he were in the Black Hills with General Custer. Today the bandage had been removed from Beezark's leg and the little dog frisked in circles around his more sedate friend, the raccoon, whose chain was attached to a wagon wheel. For a time Tad watched their antics, then rejoined Enoch; and it was at this moment that the raccoon slipped out of his leather collar and, unnoticed, glided away through the elderberry bushes.

"There's a big house over the hill," Tad told Enoch. "They got horses an' ever'thing. A little girl lives there, an' her pa. He's cross-lookin' an' kind of ornery, her pa is. An' they got a sick horse."

Enoch's hands, oiling a hoof of one of the dapple grays, paused. "How you know all this, boy?"

"I seen 'em—*saw* 'em," Tad said. "Sundown last night I crep' up there—an' I reconnottered. They got a black man looks after their horses——" He broke off, sudden shame reddening his cheeks, fearful lest he had offended his friend. "I—I didn't mean ——"

"Tha's all right." Enoch smiled gently. "The black is only skin-deep, Tad."

Miss June Dunbar crawled through the fence and set off across the pasture, followed by a large coach dog. Beneath her starched blue-and-white gingham frock, Miss Dunbar seethed with revolt. It was not only that Hilda had refused to let her go barefooted this morning, but she had inflicted on her one of those enormous butterfly hair ribbons that always caught on branches. Miss Dunbar had had about enough of Hilda, who was her nurse and also "did" the upstairs; and once out of sight of the house, she took decisive action. Off came her shoes and stockings—and were stuffed under a bush. Next she jerked off the odious hair ribbon, summoned Spots, the coach dog, and tied it around his neck in a gala bow. Spots, who was accustomed to such indignities, promptly disappeared and Miss Dunbar was left alone.

As she crossed the pasture, sometimes digging her bare toes into the sun-warm turf and sometimes hopping over clumps of fur dandelions, it occurred to her that she had been left to play alone much of the time since mummie and her brother went away. How long ago that had been, she was not sure—for, being only seven herself, her concept of time was somewhat vague; but she had heard Maggie Riley, the housekeeper, say that from the day it happened her father became "a dark man and no happiness in him." This confused Miss Dunbar—because Luke, who took care of the horses, was a dark man. Sometimes she wondered why she saw her father so seldom, but she assumed that he wasn't interested in little girls. And as there were no children to play with, she had to make up her own games, one of which was Tea-with-the-Grasshopper-Family.

She had arrived at their home, a fledgling bush against the fence at the lower end of the pasture, where an assortment of lively grasshoppers could always be found; and crawling in, she made herself comfortable. Usually she pretended to serve tea, talking aloud to the grasshoppers, who were singularly retiring in conversation; but today the game lacked zest, and she sat wriggling her toes and wishing there were other children to play with.

For an instant her eyes closed—and when she opened them she recoiled in fright. Within a wild animal crouched three inches from her. Miss Dunbar screamed. Spook, the raccoon was more frightened than she: too frightened to move when the coach dog came rushing at



By Munro Leaf

One of the most annoying and unpleasant things we know to have around is a Gloater. It smirks and grins and rubs it in when somebody else has to work and it doesn't. Gloaters make other people feel unhappy and they are as selfish as anyone can be. If Gloaters aren't decent enough to help when they can, the least they can do is go away where we can't see them.

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'Q-Tips' are also a wonderful aid in making up. Wet one end of swab and use to clean make-up and powder from eyebrows. Use the dry end to brush brows shiny. Use 'Q-Tips' also to clean up smeared mascara . . . remove excess lipstick . . . for manicures and pedicures. *For beauty's sake, reach for 'Q-Tips.'*

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him. He was cornered against the fence and the big coach dog bore in on him, barking and snapping viciously, while Miss Dunbar continued to shriek.

Events moved with speed and fury. A shape of brown-and-black fur shot out of the bushes—and Beezark's teeth closed on the coach dog's throat. The horrible sounds they made drowned Miss Dunbar's screams. She saw a small boy dart through the bushes to snatch up the raccoon in his arms; and in the same instant Luke, the stable hand, appeared from nowhere, flailing the little dog with a rake to make him let go. Then a much larger colored man vaulted over the fence, charged at Luke and knocked him spinning like a pin wheel.

Miss Dunbar stopped screaming when she saw her father. He was in riding clothes—and as he came running she could see that he was very angry. She watched him rush at the twisting, snarling mass of black-and-white and brown-and-black fur and heard him shout for someone to bring red pepper or hot water.

It was at this unfortunate moment that Doc Tilbee, returning from town, chanced upon the scene. He gave a quick glance at the strange Negro on the ground, rubbing his jaw, and at the young man in English riding togs, berating Enoch. Then he observed that Beezark was about to kill a valuable coach dog. With a great leap he was in the midst of the fight, trying to avoid the coach dog's teeth while prying Beezark loose. Suddenly it was all over: the coach dog had streaked out of sight and Doc had handed Beezark to Enoch and was wiping blood from his wrist, where the coach dog had nipped him.

"What's the meaning of this?" The young man in riding clothes strode toward him angrily.

"Well," said Doc, "the only meaning I can see is that dogs haven't much more judgment than people about picking fights."

Edan Dunbar halted, scowling. "Are you the squatters camping out on my property below here?"

"I didn't know it was your property," Doc answered mildly. "But we're not squatters—we've only made camp while ——"

"You'll have to move," Dunbar cut in. "This is private property."

Doc looked at him, seeing beyond the sullen expression and sensing some inner tension, some deep discontent.

"Do I make myself clear?" Dunbar took a step forward. "I want you to get off my property. If you don't I'll call the police and have you thrown off!"

"That's kind of violent language," said Doc, "in front of a lady."

Dunbar swung around. His daughter and a freckled boy clutching a raccoon were staring at each other with guileless curiosity. "Go to the house, June."

Miss Dunbar did not appear to hear him, so fascinated was she by this handsome stranger holding the raccoon. "Aren't you afraid he'll bite you?" she asked.

"Naw," answered Tad, with the disdain a lion trainer might display to a circus goer outside the cage. "Spook wouldn't bite nobody. *Any*body," he corrected.

Edan Dunbar frowned. "Who's that boy?" he asked.

"One of our party," Doc said cautiously. "Is that his raccoon?"

"It's hard to say," Doc replied, "whether the 'coon belongs to him or he belongs to the 'coon."

Some of the harshness had gone out of Edan Dunbar's expression. He spoke again to the little girl: "Go up to the house, June."

She turned and, without a word, walked slowly away. Tad stared after her.

"Beautiful child." Doc's voice was elaborately casual. "Don't know as I ever saw such a beautiful child."

Dunbar looked embarrassed. "You understood about camping down there," he said. Then abruptly he crossed to the Negro on the ground. "Where's Rani?"

The Negro scrambled to his feet, pointing across the pasture at a chestnut horse lying under a tree. Dunbar started toward it, the Negro at his heels.

(Continued on Page 163)



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Who-o-o-oo-ee — here comes the E-Z brigade to help mothers select the right size underwear and sleepwear—by WEIGHT! "To the rescue", they shout, "weigh us for size—get perfect E-Z fit every time". How right they are! Weight is the surest guide when buying for children, so E-Z labels show weight as well as size. Famous EZ-ON* Necks fit snugly, whisk on and off quickly. The E-Z Pin-Up Shirt has sturdy diaper pin tapes to save shirt—keep diaper in place. Save yourself time and money—buy E-Z Underwear, Sleepwear and Hosiery.

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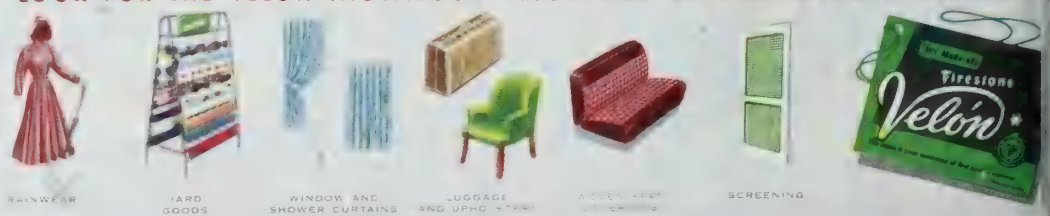
Canadia

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LOOK FOR THE VELON TAG...YOUR ASSURANCE OF FIRST QUALITY MATERIAL



(Continued from Page 161)

c stood with Enoch and Tad, watching
h go. "Well," he remarked, "social dis-
in ons are drawn kind of taut around here.
V have to look for more country."

hey got a sick horse," Tad said.

c glanced at him thoughtfully. "So?"

ke, the stable hand, was walking the lame
h nut mare back and forth on a lead rein,
vt Edan Dunbar observed the action of
e bandaged hind leg. Doc came toward
h slowly, holding a bloody handkerchief
g st the wrist that had been torn by the
o dog's teeth. Without a glance at Dun-
a r the horse, he strolled over to a trash
ir urning on a bare patch of ground, and
x ined an iron rod that stuck out from the
la s. He stirred it with his boot toe, reveal-
n red-hot end in the fire bed.

an Dunbar turned with a frown of curi-
s . To his astonishment he saw Doc reach
c and wrap his handkerchief around the
o andle and pick it up.

What seems to be wrong with the mare?"
asked casually. And as he spoke he
o ied the glowing red-hot iron to the wound
r is wrist. There was a hiss of burning
le —but his only reaction was a twitch of
a nuscles, then beads of sweat glistened on
ii ace. Dunbar winced and the Negro was
t ng in goggle-eyed horror. "Looks like
h had that lameness for some time."
ly Doc tossed the iron rod away.

Yes." Dunbar tried to pull his eyes from
h cauterized raw wound. This flamboyant
o ition of courage had jarred him.
s if nothing had happened, Doc walked
r nd the mare.

Who put that bandage on?" he asked.

The vet," said Dun-

M'm. What's he treat-
n ner for?"

Curb."

Mind if I have a look
it ?"

Why—no," Dunbar
u vered.

Easy, girl." Doc ran a hand over the
r e's flank, lifted her near hind leg gently
u unwound the bandage. He felt of the
p c. "No curb *here*." Then he scraped some
h d mud from her hoof. The mare jerked
p vously. "Like I thought," Doc muttered.
' rush. Look at that frog."

Dunbar came close, peering at the diseased
h f.

Left her standing a long time in mud,
n en't you?" Doc glanced from the owner to
n Negro groom. "Or maybe the floor of her
st l's not well drained and dry. As for these
sh es, they must've been put on by a plumber.
S was *cold*-shod!"

You're right," said Dunbar.

Doc released the lame leg. "Some of these
b omtail vets don't know a splint from a
s vin." He turned to Dunbar. "But between
u you and I can fix this lady up. Week or
t , she'll be nimble as a toe dancer."

Dunbar nodded. "I—I'm very much
o ged." He hesitated, embarrassed. "Isn't
t re something we can do for that dog bite
o your arm?"

Think nothing of it," Doc told him. "In
t last Sioux campaign an old trooper name
c Shonk in my squadron got a bullet through
t foot. When it swoll all up with blood poi-
s . Shonk hacked off the foot with his hunt-
i knife." He smiled nonchalantly. "Let's
t e this mare up to the barn and go to work."

Who seeks more than he needs hinders himself from enjoying what he has.
—IBN GABIROL.

The week that followed, Doc's luck held.
Ich night his pitch attracted sizable crowds
the street corners of Lost River, where
nder Tonic was sold as fast as he could
nufacture it. Domestic difficulties, too,
d abated. The chestnut mare was well on
e way to recovery, and Edan Dunbar had
t only invited them to camp there as long
i they wished, but had taken to sending
wn choice delicacies from the kitchen of
e big house. Tonight Doc sat by his fire in
e twilight, dining on roast duck and claret
at had arrived with Mr. Dunbar's compli-
ents.

"Seem like the Lord's mighty good to us."
noch's voice exuded gratitude. "Our cup is
ll."

"Mine isn't," Doc objected. "Pour me a little of that *vino*." And as Enoch poured the wine: "Did you cultivate Dunbar's stable hand, like I told you?"

"Luke? Yes, doctor."

"Has he pardoned you for knocking him end over teakettle at the dogfight?"

Enoch looked abashed. "Luke's pride was hurt."

"I poulticed his pride," said Doc, "telling him you used to box with Jack Johnson."

"But, doctor—I never did ——"

"Well, you *saw* Jack Johnson box once. Amounts to the same thing, practically." He took a sip of claret. "Find out anything more about Dunbar?"

ENOCH reported the latest intelligence on the dour young landowner: that he had inherited a food factory and was so rich he never went near it; and that he had been devoted to his wife and small son, both of whom were drowned several years ago, when a sailboat capsized on Bird Lake.

"Since then Mr. Dunbar hasn't never been the same," Enoch finished. "Luke claim it's why he acts so grouty. He loved his wife—and he was all wrap' up in the little boy."

"M'm." Doc squinted at the garnet gleam in his wineglass. "That explains a good many things." Then a sudden thought turned his eyes to Tad, who sat munching a duck wing. "Cousin Tad, what social progress did you make when they invited you for lunch yesterday?"

Tad swallowed his food before he replied. His manners were improving. "We had fun." He smiled. "She's got a pony—but she was scared of it an' I learned her ——"

"Taught her."

"Yes, sir—*taught* her how to ride bareback. Her father saw us an' I guess he liked it—'cause he told me I could come up there every day an' play." The boy's eyes shone in the firelight. "Tomorrow's June's birthday an' she's goin' to have a birthday party an' I'm invited!"

"That calls for a present." Doc drew a silver dollar from his pocket. "Here you go!"

The coin flashed and Tad caught it eagerly. "*Thank* you, doctor. Jingoes! A whole *dollar?*"

"A gentleman," said Doc, "always spends more'n he can afford on a present for a lady—or he's not a gentleman." Then, leaning back and taking out his wallet: "Enoch, I'm ready for a gill of Java."

While Enoch poured the coffee Doc took a newspaper clipping from his wallet and read it for the tenth time since it had appeared in yesterday's Banner. His friend Billy Gray, the editor, had had him "written up" and the article was so flattering that his ego purred like a kitten each time he reread it. Half a column of provincial journalese announced Dr. Thomas Jefferson Tilbee's arrival in town, "representing a well-known medicine," and described his "colorful" career as a cowboy, Shakespearean actor, Indian fighter, driver of the famous Deadwood stage, gold prospector, Pinkerton detective, deputy under Pat Garrett when Billy the Kid was killed, trick shot with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and so on. The final paragraph eulogized his heroism as one of Teddy Roosevelt's Roughriders at San Juan Hill.

Doc shifted uneasily. "They kind of laid it on a little *too* thick, at the last."

Enoch looked at him searchingly. The article disturbed Enoch, because he had a passion for truth and suspected that the doctor had been "approximating" again.

"You was *there*, wasn't you, doctor?" he asked. "With the Roughriders?"

Doc coughed. "What? Oh, yes—certainly. But ——" He broke off, frowning.

Enoch watched him fold the clipping and return it to his wallet. "I wisht they hadn't never printed it at all," Enoch said quietly.

"Why, this is high-class propaganda. You'll see it'll help business."

Enoch looked worried. "Some folks might read it—some folks you druther they didn't know where you are."

Doc eyed him sharply. "For instance?"



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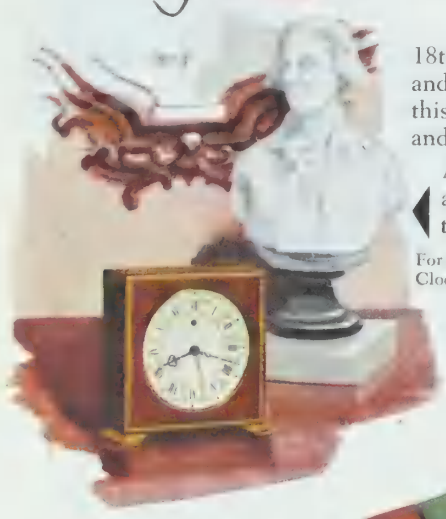
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Fashioned from a solid block of satiny wood, the new Seth Thomas† "Belwyn" looks beautifully at home on a modern telephone table or antique desk.

Fine hardwood, finished in mahogany, maple, or blond. Pleasant alarm. Electric, 4¾" tall, $8.95*. With luminous dial, $9.95*.



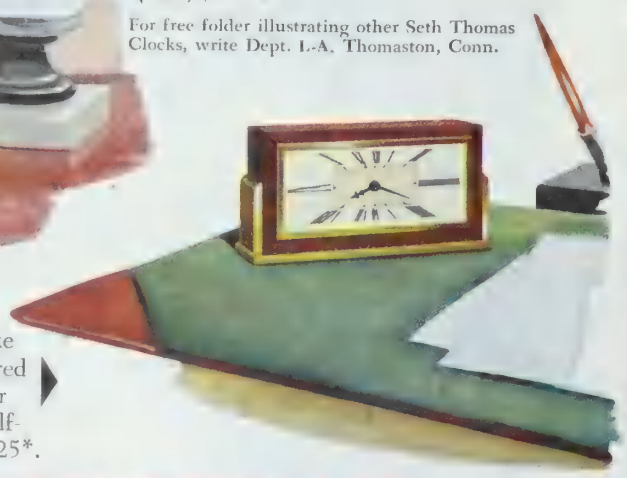
New faces for small spaces



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"Northbury." Westminster Chime. 11" tall. $75*.

†Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. *Tax extra; prices subject to change.

"Well—Mrs. Wing."

"*She* don't see the Lost River papers." He could not admit how often he had thought of her during the past week.

Enoch shook his head. "Things been goin' too good. They's trouble somewheres around—I c'n feel it. Las' night I had a dream about a black cat ——"

"Man of science like myself can't be bothered by superstition. As old Walt Whitman said: 'Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune!'" He gazed up at the evening sky and stretched exuberantly. "Trot out the team, Enoch. We'll start for town and tangle with the madding crowd."

It seemed to Enoch, sweating under his Indian blanket and feathers, that the doctor must be wound up like a musical top tonight. Never had his pitch sounded more eloquent, and this crowd, jostling beneath the gasoline flares, was buying Wonder Tonic faster than Enoch could make change. There appeared to be more women than men out front, and whenever such a phenomenon occurred Doc gave them the "magnetism" pitch. He was giving it to them now, his resonant baritone holding them spellbound.

"What *is* that magic power which draws a man to a woman?" he declaimed. "What is that cosmic force which hurls a male and a female together like two meteors flaming in the heavens? I'll tell you what it is, friends. *Magnetism!* But is this some occult charm granted only to the high priests and votaries of love? *No!* You *yourself* may obtain the secret of magnetism! Each and every one of you may possess the power to attract the object of your romantic choice!"

On the edge of the crowd stood a tall, derby-hatted young man in a dark suit and a pretty girl in brown, wearing a smart brown velvet toque.

"Watch these women," whispered the young man. "You'd think this fellow was a matinee idol!"

But Zerelda Wing was watching the "fellow" himself. To her astonishment she saw him whip off his coat, displaying muscular shoulders and biceps rippling under a skin-tight blue silk jersey.

"Friends," he intoned, "the secret of magnetism lies in *good health! Physical fitness!* How can a man contemplate love if his liver is out of condition? How can a woman enjoy Cupid's sweet enchantment if she suffers from headache, indigestion or spots before the eyes?"

He stooped and picked up an iron bar bell marked "300 lbs." and as he lifted it, apparently without effort, he reminded the crowd how the great lovers of history—Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Isolde—had scrupulously avoided stomach trouble and ailments of the intestinal tract.

Dropping the bar bell with a resounding thump, he strode forward, seized two bottles of tonic and enjoined his audience to take advantage of this golden opportunity. Wonder Tonic offered the way to health and magnetism, the lodestar of love—all for the special price of one dollar.

Zerelda Wing was frowning, her full lips tightened in a thin line of disapproval.

The crowd surged forward in a flurry of buying, and many of the women ogled Doc blatantly. "You look plenty magnetic *yourself*, doctor!" a feminine voice called shrilly. The crowd cackled with laughter.

"I was weaned on Wonder Tonic," Doc replied, flexing his muscles, and the crowd laughed again.

He was bending over, changing a ten-dollar bill, when he saw Mrs. Wing—and for an instant his legs felt unsteady. A man's hand was still held out, and Doc, not realizing what he was doing, gave him back his ten-dollar bill with a bottle of tonic. The fact that she had located him meant trouble. Immediate and serious trouble. And through this confusion came a hot stab of embarrassment—at being caught by her while doing the magnetism pitch. Slowly he straightened. His mouth felt stuffed with cotton.

"That's all for tonight," he said stiffly backed up, signaling Enoch. The red ve curtains closed, shutting out the crowd.

"Ain't you feelin' well, doctor?" Eno face, beneath streaks of sweat and war p was anxious.

Doc glanced at the canvas hamm where Tad lay asleep. "Get the team hook up," he ordered, "in a hurry!"

"Something wrong, doctor?"

"Very wrong," Doc snapped. "*She's* there!"

After Enoch had removed his feathers war paint and gone to fetch the team, sat in darkness inside the Contraption, ing for a knock on the door. But it did come. Outside he could hear the crowd persing down McCloud Street, then the clop of the horses approaching. He locked rear door on the inside, opened the f panel and slid out onto the driver's Enoch was backing the team up, and sprang down to help him fasten the tug

"Good evening!"

He turned. She stood there alone, an the light of the sputtering arc lamp looked so lovely that he stared, o mouthed, without speaking.

"Well, we were just as stupid as you ured we'd be." Her voice had the same i crispness. "We lost your track—until luck, the sheriff saw that grotesque artic the Banner. So I got here tonight in tim your inspiring entertainment. My, I woul have missed that for the world!"

The mockery in her voice stung him, he could think of no adequate answer.

> **There is only one rule for being a good talker: learn how to listen.**
>
> —CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"It must be wond to radiate such an irre ible appeal. The women!" Her eyes bright with derisive la ter.

Doc straightened resentment boiling in him.

"Really," she taunted, "you should h had a good look at yourself tonight—cape around like a fiddler crab in the mating son!"

"Only a frustrated female would ge riled up over it," Doc retorted.

Her cheekbones colored. "I deserved t I suppose." She hesitated. "If you were a cent, fair-minded man you'd see how w it is to keep a little boy in this—this so environment."

His gray eyes narrowed. "And what so gilt-edged environment do *you* offe he asked.

"I've told you," she argued, "he mus back to Springville ——"

"That *institution?*"

"I didn't make the law. But it's my d to take the boy ——"

He cut her short. "Have you got a w rant?"

"I wanted to explain about that. I hav a warrant because ——"

"Then don't waste my time!" He tur his back to her and swung up onto the d er's seat. Enoch, beside him, handed him reins. "I'm tired of this game of ring-arou a-rosy!". Doc kicked off the brake. "N time you have anything to 'explain,' w my congressman!" He cracked his whip, horses started and the Contraption rumb away.

Zerelda Wing spun on her heel and wal across the street to the tall young man w ing on the curb. "Chilton," she fumed, " *body* could be as odious and unreasonabl that man!"

Chilton Corr set his derby squarely on well-shaped head. "I told you you should me handle it, Zee."

"No—I must do it myself." Her chin firm. "I'm going to make one more try. I I think I know a way."

"All right, darling." He buttoned his glo briskly. "But if you fail, *I'm* going to ste And when I do I'll put the picturesque D tor Tilbee where he won't bother anybod Possessively he tucked her arm under "That's one advantage of having the city torney in love with you."

(Continued on Page 166)

Designed for your living!

the personality group

by KROEHLER





SELECT the furniture that expresses your individual taste . . . does the most for your living room, whatever its size or shape!

Make your choice from this assortment of very *livable* furniture . . . choose from the newest, most luxurious of fabrics! The Kroehler Personality Group features a new style designed for today's living . . . soft, relaxing comfort with strong, sturdy construction. See these outstanding values at your Kroehler Dealer's now!

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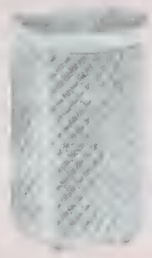
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America's best known hamper, now more beautiful—and more practical—than ever! Place one in each bedroom, and one in the bathroom . . . like fine furniture, they're fashion-right *everywhere*. Made of sturdy, long-lasting fibre, covered with luxurious, satin-like, quilted Koroseal flexible material—stain and scuff resistant—easily cleaned with a damp cloth. Each has an all-clear interior—no bulky wooden framework—nothing to snag or catch.

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Look for the world-famous Pearl-Wick label—at your favorite store. Other Pearl-Wick Duroweve hampers, from $4.95 up.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

PEARL-WICK CORP., Long Island City 2, N. Y.

*T.M. Reg. B. F. Goodrich Co.

(Continued from Page 164)

Zerelda did not hear him. As they walked down the street the insult still buzzed in her ears. "*Frustrated female!*" The impertinence of that man! *Frustrated!* She was startled to find herself recalling how his chest stood out like Greek sculpture under his blue silk jersey. And what fools those women had made of themselves! The whole thing irritated her beyond words—but she could not put it out of her mind.

Mixing day was always an event. Because of Wonder Tonic's "secret formula," Doc locked himself in the back room of Beelom's drugstore while he poured the ingredients into a large wooden washtub. The ingredients were nothing more than prune juice, alcohol and water; however, properly mixed, with a dash of bitters added, this concoction became surprisingly potable. And since it cost only twelve cents a quart to manufacture—and sold for a dollar—there was a sound profit in it.

But today, as Doc stood knee-deep in empty bottles, stirring the tub of brown liquid with a stick, his mind was not on his work. Zerelda Wing's remarks still rankled; he could not scratch them out of his thoughts. It had never occurred to him before that there was anything to be ashamed of in this medicine-show environment. True, at odd times during his "colorful career," as the newspaper called it, he had engaged in enterprises that might, from a strict ethical point of view, be considered questionable. But this setup, this Wonder Tonic pitch, what was wrong with it? A fine wagon and team, and free to travel anywhere he liked—who could ask for a better life than that? His frown deepened. Why had she said what she said? Was it true he had no right to keep Tad, living this way? Or did she merely reflect narrow, provincial prejudice? He could not figure her out. At moments he was amazed to find himself conjuring her up as a goddess—a beautiful and human one—unselfishly dedicated to the cause of neglected children; and at other times he railed against her for being a smug busybody, broad-minded as an angleworm. This morning, thinking of her, he was confused and troubled.

Enoch knocked at the door. "You finish the tasting yet, doctor?"

Doc put down his stick and unlocked the door. Enoch came in, glancing at him suspiciously. There had been occasions when the doctor had found it necessary to taste each batch with a thoroughness that transcended pure scientific experiment—resulting in incidents like the one in Ponca City, Oklahoma, when he had tossed a temperance lecturer through a plate-glass window. But Enoch could tell from his thoughtful expression that he had indulged in no overt tasting. Moreover, when they began funneling the stuff into bottles, and Beelom, the druggist, appeared with the offer of an "eye opener," Doc refused.

BERT BEELOM had a red nose, which he talked through, and a curly mustache which he fingered incessantly; and the ruffled elastic bands holding his shirt sleeves were as fancy as the garters of a burlesque queen.

"You don't look happy," he accused Doc. "Come in and join the boys in a nip of squirrel whisky. Two drinks makes you climb a tree!"

But Doc was in no mood for the convivial prescription counter. Telling Enoch to finish the bottling and labeling, he put on his coat and went out the back door. Enoch peered after him, wondering what was wrong.

His horses, picketed under the trees, sto watching something intently, their ears u and Doc knew that an intruder must be the camp. He walked lightly, making sound—then he stopped short. Zerelda Wi was sitting in his canvas chair. When she sa him she rose with a start and came towa him; and Doc, for all the hostile things had been thinking, felt a quickening of h heart.

"I'm sure you never wanted to see n again"—she gave him a wry little smile "but I had to talk to you. Our"—s paused to find the right word—"our dipl matic entanglements have been so *un*dipl matic, from the start."

Doc took off his hat and tossed it on t seat of the Contraption. He made no answe but he was thinking that a woman must ha *some* good points if she could laugh at herse this way.

"Last night," she continued, "I'm afra I was rude to you."

"We evened it up."

"Yes—I must say you haven't behave like an archangel, yourself." Zerelda's bl eyes became suddenly grave. "I came he to appeal to you," she told him, "becaus the case is more serious than you realize.

He gestured t ward a chair, b she shook her hea and went on:

"I took this jo because our town ship poor board is i trouble. We haven' enough money t build the orphanag we need—things'v been handle slackly—and there' going to be a stat investigation whic will get everyone i a dreadful mess Now"—her voic tightened—"I com to the point. Thi little boy, Tad Bay liss, was put in th detention home th day his mother died and the next nigh he ran away. Mr Swaile, the superin tendent, who's a good man but incompetent neglected to fill out the records. Which means that we have an orphan—a dependent ward of the township—missing and unaccounted for. The legal complications can get us all in *very* serious trouble the minute the state investigation begins."

He rubbed his chin. "So that's why you didn't tap me with a warrant. You couldn't bring it out in the open."

"I'm being completely honest with you." She came a step closer. "I'm telling you this in confidence—because you've got to realize the consequences. If Theodore—Tad—isn't returned, the state will bring charges of negligence against us. Do you know what a disgrace that would be—in a little community like Springville? Oh, I'm not just thinking of myself—but Mr. Swaile has a family. And it will *ruin* poor Mr. Elkland!"

Doc leaned against the wagon wheel. "Who's Mr. Elkland?"

"He's president of the township board—a dear old man. He was my father's best friend."

"Why isn't *he* running the show?"

"He doesn't even know this has happened. And we can't get in touch with him—we don't know where he is. He went to Illinois two weeks ago—to buy cattle—and left no address."

"Cattle fancier, eh? What strain does he breed?"

"Herefords. But the ——"

Doc was gazing at her with such intentness that for an instant she forgot the trend of the talk.

"What's the matter?" she asked uneasily.

"Just occurred to me," he said, "that you're the most exciting-looking woman I've ever seen."

(Continued on Page 169)

NEXT MONTH

"You can stay here with me, and you'll have all the love and devotion I can give you. But if you go to that church I'll know you don't care whether I live or die."

THESE are the words of the mother of the bride, words spoken to her daughter ten minutes before the wedding. What can a girl do when her mother, a charming woman who has never grown up, will not let her live a life of her own?

Too Young to Marry

By SHERRILL LEE

Novel complete in the November JOURNAL

New quick luxury drying at popular prices

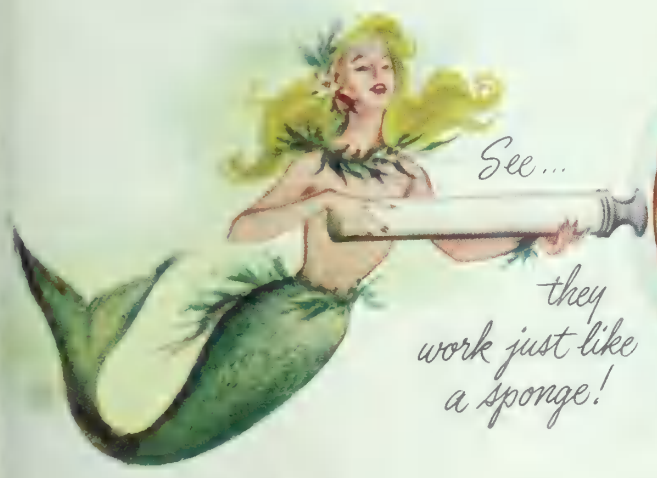
CONE TOWELS

with the Super-Spongy Texture and Bath-Beauty Colors

The Superiority is Basic: CONE TOWELS soak up moisture just like a sponge . . . then dry right back to their original springy softness.

The Reason: new improved balanced construction with lofty loops produces sponge action . . . gives you Super-Spongy texture . . . quick, luxury drying.

Ask Your Favorite Store for CONE TOWELS in fashion-fresh Bath-Beauty colors that will bring out the decorator in you . . . at prices you'll emphatically approve.



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BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING P



GOOD FRIENDS MEAN WELL . . . but when my baby was ready for cereal feeding, I consulted my pediatrician. And, like many child specialists I know, he recommended CREAM OF RICE . . . for this creamy-smooth rice cereal has 3 distinct advantages over *any* other kind of cereal. What are they?

1. CREAM OF RICE gives *more energy* . . . "boasting" a higher digestible carbohydrate content with Vitamins B_1, B_2 and Niacin added, *plus* Iron for rich, red blood and better growth. 2. Gives *quicker nutrition* . . . new life begins to pour into the system in a few minutes. 3. And CREAM OF RICE is *easier* to *digest* . . . and is least likely of all kinds of cereals to cause allergic reactions.

And how my young member of the "bib and crib set" loves CREAM OF RICE . . . eats every luscious spoonful every morning. So, when your baby is ready for a cereal, consult your doctor . . . I'm sure he'll recommend CREAM OF RICE, too.

BREAKFASTS BLOOM with sunny goodness when you serve tall, sparkling glasses of DEL MONTE Unsweetened Pineapple Juice . . . for it's truly a drink of tropic magic. And know why? Because DEL MONTE'S exclusive strains of pineapple have true tropic flavor . . . then are picked only when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance. This makes the juice not too tart and not too sweet . . . but the most delicious and refreshing pineapple juice ever packed into a can. Let your own taste prove it . . . just compare DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice with any other brand and see for yourself what a treat it is. It's good for you, too . . . abounds in natural fruit sugars and also contains Vitamin C. Still, it's very economical . . . and I think the perfect juice for all 'round use. So don't serve it only at breakfast . . . enjoy its bright, sunny goodness and sparkling flavor with meals and snacks from morn to night.





HAVE you ever wondered how, and when, Halloween began? I have . . . and just the other day I learned that "trick or treat" comes from the harvest festivities of ancient Rome, while the ghosts 'n' goblins entered the picture with the Druids of Briton. They believed that the souls of the wicked were punished by being confined in the bodies of animals for one year . . . then, on October 31st, these sinful spirits were "released" and the Lord of Death wandered over the earth collecting them. So, today, the customs of sharing the harvest have been combined with symbols of the supernatural . . . resulting in our wonderfully eerie frolic known as Halloween.

JUST IMAGINE . . . now you can make smooth, s-m-o-o-t-h candies in *only 12 minutes* . . . *without beating!* How? With BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk . . . for smooth is the word for anything made with Eagle Brand . . . and magic-quick, too. These **Magic Truffles** prove it . . . why not try them today:



Melt 1 6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, stirring a few times, in top of double boiler. Remove from heat. Add ⅓ cup *plus* 1 tbsp. BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, pinch of salt, ¼ tsp. vanilla or imitation rum extract, 3 tbsp. ground nut meats; stir only until blended. Turn into container lined with waxed paper and press into block about 1" high. Chill in refrigerator until firm (about 2 hrs.). Turn out of container, remove waxed paper and cut into serving pieces. Makes more than ½ lb. of delicious candy.

FREE RECIPE BOOK with 70 thrilling, speed-easy *magic recipes* . . . peak treats you'll want to repeat often. For *your* GIFT copy, write Nancy Sasser, Dept. J1, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

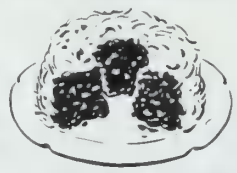
KNOW MY NOMINATION for delicious, nutritious protein main dishes . . . at a budget-pleasing price? DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon with its delightful, taste-enticing flavor . . . so versatile and satisfying . . . yet so inexpensive to serve. And, while DEMING'S Recipe Pink has many "talents," I think this **Hot Salmon-Celery Roll** is one of the *best* . . . see what you think!



Drain and flake 1 1-lb. can DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon. Add ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Prepare 2½ cups biscuit mix according to directions on package. Roll out thin (¼-inch), spread with salmon mixture and roll up like jelly roll. Cut off 1-inch slices and place on greased baking sheet. Bake 20 minutes in hot (400° F.) oven. Serves 5–6. For special occasions, top with hot mushroom sauce (milk-thinned canned mushroom soup).

And remember DEMING'S Sam-o-lets, that delicious light-meat salmon with exclusive *skin-removed* feature. I nominate it for the world's best croquettes, salads and sandwiches . . . see for yourself!

IT'S NO TRICK . . . this new, inspired recipe—**Chocolate Coconut Chiffon Ring**—proves once and for all that *home-made is always best!* Rich and fluffy and refreshingly delicious. Do get KNOX Unflavored Gelatine today and delight your family with this out-of-this-world dessert:



Soften 1 envelope KNOX in 1½ cups cold milk. Add ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 2 squares Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate. Cook over hot water until chocolate melts and gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Beat with rotary beater until blended. Cook and stir 3 mins. longer. Cool 10 mins. Add ⅓ cup sugar to 3 beaten egg whites; beat to stiff peaks. Blend in chocolate mixture; add 1 tsp. vanilla and ½ pkg. Baker's Coconut, cut. Turn into 1-qt. ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Spread with ½ cup chilled heavy cream and 3 tbsp. Walter Baker's 4 in 1 Cocoa Mix beaten together until fluffy and thick. Top with ½ pkg. coconut. Makes 8 servings.

And try the other wonderful recipes you'll find in the KNOX package.

A BORN COOK is an outmoded phras... for, with today's ... wondrous kit... helps, even a begi... can be Queen of ... sine. Like ma... gravy, for examp... thanks to KITC... BOUQUET, ... don't have to rely on risky pan brow... alone or trust to ordinary gravy ai... gives you *perfect* gravy the first time, ... time . . . always *extra-rich*, *extra-brown* ... *extra-delicious*. But that's not the only ... son good cooks give thanks for KITC... BOUQUET . . . it's a delicate blend ... choice vegetables, herbs and spices ... unlike many gravy "assistants" I've ... it never adds any artificial flavor ... simply brings out the true natural g... ness of any meat or fowl. Easy to see ... KITCHEN BOUQUET has been t... favorite of "born" cooks for over 75 yea... and why I urge you to make all ... gravies the KITCHEN BOUQUET ... Costs amazingly little, too . . . but its ... luscious gravies are priceless.



OF COURSE, YOU'RE A WONDERFUL HOSTE... but mind if I tell you how you can ... even your nicest parties a little nicer? ... serve TRISCUIT Shredded Whole W... Wafers . . . for nothing I've ever tast... so crisp and crunchy, so a-tang ... hearty whole-wheat goodness! Th... salted to a "T," too . . . then toasted to a golden fare-thee-well. And, of course, TRISCUIT Wafers are made *purely* for your pleasure . . . by National Biscuit Company! How should you serve them? I can't begin to count the ways . . . they keep perfect "company" with soups, sa... meats, drinks, appetizers . . . practi... everything. However, for an extra-sp... treat, I often do this:



Blend one 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, 1 ... anchovy paste, 1 tsp. minced onion and ... tle cream. Spread lavishly on 12 TRISC... Wafers.

Your family will love them . . . so. ... were you, I'd get several packages ... time. Just be sure you get TRISC... Wafers, though . . . the distinctive bi... made *only* by NABISCO.

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND at last . . . the *best* pressure cooker you can buy is a PRESTO COOKER. And know what convinced me? Only PRESTO COOKERS have the Pressure-Tru Indicator Weight . . . which *tells all*, *shows all*, *saves all*. Let me explain:

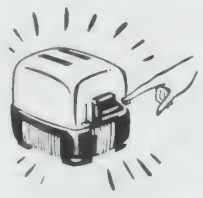


It *shows* exactly how much pressure there is in the cooker from start to finish . . . no guessing, no tedious watching and no listening. It *tells* exactly when to start timing . . . indicating exactly when pressure has reached 5, 10 or 15 lbs. *and* when there's no pressure in the cooker so that the indicator weight may be removed. It *saves* health-giving natural vitamins, minerals, precious nutrients and food flavors . . . as well as *saves* food by reducing evaporation and shrinking. No annoying whistles, either.

So remember all this when you shop . . . don't accept anything less than a PRESTO COOKER with its exclusive Pressure-Tru Indicator Weight.

But do hurry . . . for, once you try Presto Cooking, you'll never be satisfied with any other kind.

THE BEST INSPIRATION you could have for breakfast is a new GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster . . . for it takes care of the toast *for you* while you concentrate on the rest of your menu. You don't have to give it a thought . . . just put the bread in, set the control to dark, medium or light and forget it. Your G-E Automatic Toaster will serve the toast exactly the way you "ordered" it . . . pop it up or keep it down until you *and* the breakfast are ready. Another thing I like about this sleek, shining G-E beauty is that it's ABC-easy to clean . . . with its *exclusive* Snap-in Tray taking the "bows." You just snap out the tray, brush the crumbs off and snap back in again . . . it's as simple as that!



Truly, a GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster is a luxury beyond compare . . . in everything but price. Drop in at your G-E Appliance Dealer's . . . and get him to show you this modern marvel soon.

YOUR SEASON IN THE SUN is over now . . . time to re... your natural loveliness for the glamo... days and nights ahead. And to r... your beauty "treatments" easier ... better, I recommend CO-ETS . . . h... quilted cotton squares that are ... derfully soft, smooth and absorb... They answer your every need to pe... tion . . . but, since beauty begins w... lovely skin, let's concentrate on replenishing the na... oils you lost this summer:



Apply cleansing cream to face and rub in thoroughly ... gently . . . paying particular attention to the areas ar... nose, eyes and mouth. Remove cream with a CO-ET... then saturate a clean CO-ET with skin freshener and sm... on briskly. Choose a foundation rich in oils . . . and a... with a CO-ET.

A CO-ET is your best bet *wherever* beauty is served . ... use them for applying rouge and powder, removing ... polish and so on. Cost only 35¢ for the large econ... package with 80 quilted squares . . . 19¢ for 40. All ... and Cosmetic Counters.

Nancy Sasser

For You and Yours!

ARING A SECRET IS FUN . . . so let me tell you my favorite beauty secret for beautiful looking hair. It's KREML Shampoo . . . the shampoo John Robert Powers, famous beauty authority, recommends to all his models. The reason? Because, unlike drying shampoos that leave hair dry, brittle and unruly, KREML Shampoo has a *natural oil base* . . . leaves hair silky soft, an angel to manage and even encourages any natural curl. But that's not all I like about KREML Shampoo . . . its special cleansing qualities bring out all your hair's natural highlights and make it sparkle with natural radiance and glossy sheen. Try KREML Shampoo yourself . . . your mirror will prove that it does bring out the beauty of your hair. And don't neglect Friend Husband . . . get KREML Hair Tonic to keep his hair neatly groomed and handsomely in place. Comes in a new package, now at the *lowest price* in KREML



tory . . . the 16-oz. size saves you up to 40%.

NGING UP A BABY? I am, too, and there's one thing I learned early in my "career" . . . baby's special needs require very special care. Take cotton tips, instance . . . since they're put to such delicate, exacting use, you nt the very finest. That's why I always get JOHNSON'S OTTON TIPS . . . because no one else in the world has such perience and skill in making baby products. And they give you so ny peace-of-mind advantages . . .



ey're *baby-soft* . . . made of the world's finest cotton. And they're *y-safe* . . . sterilized right in the box and guaranteed by the famous nson & Johnson quality-control method. The cotton is spun directly the sticks, too . . . stays firm and doesn't twist in use . . . with double tips for extra convence and economy.

handle your baby with care . . . by insisting on JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS. me in 29¢ and 49¢ sizes.

AT DO YOU THINK . . . that all home permanents are pretty much alike? Well, I've got news for you . . . for I've been "sleuthing" and find that only a TONI HOME PERMANENT guarantees you a wave that's so wonderfully soft and silky



u can't tell it from naturally curly hair. at's because the TONI Creme Waving tion waves your hair ever so gently . . . fact, it's gentler than any other permant you can buy. And *only* TONI has the w and more thorough neutralizer that nditions your wave to silky softness and akes it last much longer.

TONI requires no more care than turally curly hair, too . . . so give yourf a TONI HOME PERMANENT. he cost? Only $1 for the Refill Kit with ntle TONI Creme Waving Lotion and rmafix neutralizer. Get one today . . . the softest, loveliest, most natural oking wave you ever had.

LET'S FACE FACTS . . . when you're suffering from a painful, burning corn, you want fast, effective relief. And that's exactly what you get with new BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters . . . thanks to their new Wonder Drug, PHENYLIUM (pronounced "Fen-ill-ee-um"). It's the first really new medication for corns and calluses in over 70 years . . . and in actual tests went to work 33% faster than other leading remedies. Here's how it works . . . PHENYLIUM gets down *under* the corn and helps *push* it out . . . from *underneath*. That's why New-Formula BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters with PHENYLIUM bring quicker, surer removal of corns than any other treatment known . . . and why 3 out of every 4 corn sufferers who tested it say: "It's *better* than any corn treatment I ever used before!" So why use old-style corn remedies . . . depend on the amazing new Wonder Drug, PHENYLIUM, to bring you the *quickest, surest* corn removal you've ever known. Available only in BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters and Callus Plasters.



GH ON MY LIST of things couldn't do without is a eVILBISS Atomizer . . . s my first thought for first d when anybody in my mily suffers from colds, y-fever and similar comaints. Why a DeVILBISS tomizer? Because it's especially engiered to apply *any* nasal or throat solution ur doctor may prescribe . . . even penilin and other new antibiotics which reire a super-fine mist. Furthermore, it ovides the *easiest* and *best* method of covring all the infected area of nose and throat, which is important . . . for, naturally, relief is more prolonged when treatment is thorough. I could go on and on telling you about the DeVILBISS Atomizer . . . how it's noncorrosive, so compact it fits into any medicine chest and designed to last a lifetime. But I'm sure you already agree with me that you owe it to yourself and your family to have one . . . so stop by your Drug Counter today. Comes in two styles and sizes . . . only $1.25 and $1.75.



(Continued from Page 166)

"Please!" Her eyes darkened with annoyance.

"Well, I lay my cards on the table."

"I hoped you wouldn't be like this."

He smiled. "You knew what I'd be like."

She raised her head angrily. "If you think I came out here like one of those cheap ——"

"Let's not get back to feuding."

"I don't want to quarrel. I'm only trying to make you understand." Her eyes were pleading now. "You must see what this means!"

Doc straightened up. "I see what it means to *you* people." He hooked his thumbs in his braided Navaho belt. "But what about the boy? Where does *he* come off?"

"We've already begun improvements at the home. Conditions will be much better, believe me. He'll be well looked after."

"How well looked after can he be—in an orphan asylum?"

"Don't call it that."

"But that's what it is. It's a public institution—and they're all the same. You may improve this one—I hope you do—still, it won't offer any kind of life to a kid."

"But," she argued, "it's a question of law!"

"The way I see it, it's a question of heart."

"And do you think," she demanded, "that *I* have no heart?"

"If you haven't," he said, "I'll be the most disappointed man in forty-five states and four territories."

She glanced away, flustered. "I—I've told you why Tad must go back."

"Can't let you have him," Doc said quietly.

For an instant he thought she was going to cry, and he felt a strong impulse to take her in his arms; then abruptly she turned, her manner so brisk that it stopped him in his tracks.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world. —CARLYLE.

"Will you let me see him?"

"He's not here." Doc pointed toward the Contraption. "You're welcome to search."

"Where is he?"

Tad had gone up to the big house for June's birthday party, but they might be playing anywhere on the Dunbar acres.

"I don't know where he is."

Zerelda's glance was skeptical. "I prefer to assume you're telling the truth."

"That's white of you."

"Don't you see"—her voice was brittle—"you can't just walk off with this child."

"Poor little devil's entitled to a home."

"But can *you* provide that? Are you in position to give him a proper upbringing? How can a man like you ——"

"Easy with the whip. You don't know anything about me."

"I know more about you than you think. I'm a pretty good judge of character." She looked at him with shrewd appraisal. "For one thing, you're the sort of man who has dodged responsibility all your life."

"What you need," Doc retorted, "is a crystal ball and a tent."

SHE shrugged. "I'm trying to be logical," she told him.

"Old Brigham Young used to say, 'Watch out for a logical woman!'"

"I'm sure Brigham Young"—her nose wrinkled distastefully—"knew very little about women."

"That's possible," Doc acknowledged. "Maybe he couldn't see the trees for the forest. But he was a mighty handy woodchopper."

Zerelda seemed determined not to be amused. "I'm afraid you don't realize what you've blundered into."

"I blundered into it, all right." He smiled ruefully. "No doubt about that. On the road, this way, I need a family about like I need a toothache." The smile faded and his expression was somber. "But these things aren't always in our control. What happened was natural, I suppose. The kid's come to mean a good deal to us. A good deal," he repeated. "Don't know how we'd get along without him, now."

"But he's a legal ward of the township."

"'Legal ward'—'township'; those words sound like they came out of a dusty desk! We're not talking about a deed to an alfalfa field—we're talking about a human life!" He pointed a long bony finger at her. "If you knew this kid—as I know him—you'd understand. He's got intelligence. He's something special, as kids go. You can't *commit* him to one of those *institutions!* It'd kill his spirit! It'd kill *him!*"

HIS fire and sincerity had affected her. She hesitated—then stiffened. "That's—that's all very fine. But you don't think for a minute they'd let you *adopt* Tad?" One small hand fluttered toward the Contraption. "This nomad carnival existence ——"

"I'm no carnival wallah." He lifted his head. "But if I was, I'd be proud of it. People that follow the poorest little carnivals are *free*. I don't think you know what that means. One time you called me an impertinent tramp. I apologize for the impertinence—but if I'd *been* a tramp, I'd never apologize. Because even a bum, riding the rails, has a soul he can call his own. He's better off than many a respectable citizen that settles down and rots like a turnip in some jayhawk town!" His eyes were scornful. "Old Walt Whitman knew what it was all about. Remember ——

"From this hour, freedom! . . .
Going where I list, my own master,
total and absolute."

"Why do you try to impress me by quoting other people's thoughts?"

"I'm particular whose stuff I quote!" he retorted. "Every time those wise men state a truth it makes a little more light in the darkness. Even for the blind."

She stared at him, confused. Then she looked down at the toes of her trim shoes. "So—you insist on fighting us."

"Call it what you like."

"Well, there's nothing more to say." When she looked up her eyes were bright and cold as sapphires. "I'll have to take it to law. I'm sorry."

"At least I'll be seeing you again," he said. "Good-by, ma'am."

"Good-by." She turned and walked rapidly toward the road, and Doc noticed a hired surrey, with a driver and a fly-netted sorrel horse, that had apparently come back for her. He stood watching her climb into the surrey; then they drove off toward town.

"So she'll take it to law." Doc swung round. Edan Dunbar was leaning against a tree, smoking a pipe. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop—but perhaps it's a good thing I did." He came forward, hands in the pockets of his Norfolk jacket, and Doc saw that his lean, dark face was tense.

"Draw up a chair."

"Thanks," said Dunbar. "I want to talk to you about Tad."

The crowd under the gasoline torches had just begun to warm up, and Enoch, in blanket and feathers, was placing the bottles of Wonder Tonic on the platform.

"Friends," Doc orated, "research on the digestive habits of the savage pygmy tribes in darkest Africa have proved ——"

He never finished the sentence. A tall figure in a slouch hat was coming through the crowd, followed by two policemen in buff-colored helmets. Chief of Police Faring, a sad-faced man with turkey-wing mustaches and a bobbing Adam's apple, halted.

"Sorry, Doc," he apologized, "this is a pinch."

Without a word Doc signaled to Enoch, then stepped back—and the red velvet curtains closed.

The lights were on in the city attorney's office, and Chief Faring opened the door and moved aside to let his prisoner precede him. "Sorry as heck about this," he muttered. "But I got my orders."

"Sure." Doc's eyes were on the handsome young man seated at the desk, under a green-shaded lamp, writing. Doc walked toward

(Continued on Page 171)

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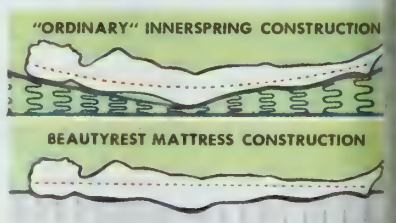
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(Continued from Page 169)

Faring at his elbow, and the two police- bringing up the rear. In front of the desk paused, but the young man went on g and did not look up. A slow minute d, disturbed only by the scratching of en; then Chief Faring coughed respect-

h—Mr. Corr ——"

ast a moment!" There was a rebuke in Corr's voice. But more than that, the suggested a studied oratorical effect, as if h. Corr enjoyed listening to it himself.

e felt his temperature rising. He resented han, with his neatly brushed blond hair, st as much as he resented Zerelda Wing, was responsible for the arrest.

th irritatingly deliberate movements the ttorney laid aside the paper, racked his n a fancy brass inkwell, then glanced up, ing. "Well, chief?"

brought Doc Tilbee," said the chief, you ordered."

h." Corr focused his alert brown eyes on In prosecuting criminals he always used accusing stare, as he said, "to put the of the Lord in 'em"; but Doc stared back n coldly. This appeared to annoy Corr, e got up from the desk. Being a tall man him an advantage; but Doc was an inch . "Tilbee, you know about this."

No, I don't," said Doc, "and I stand on ights as a citizen. My business has been fered with ——"

rr cut him off harshly: "You're a pitch- operating on a license that can be re- d at any time. So consider it revoked, as *now*."

By what right ——"

rr picked up a filing card. "I don't think d remind you that you giving aid and shelter to escaped inmate of a ic institution."

Escaped inmate," Doc ted. "Sounds like a y desperate charac- for an eight year-old

I'm not interested in your comments. are to hand over that boy to the proper orities at once."

Where *is* he?" Doc asked blandly.

Don't try to be funny with *me*," Corr atened. "If you have him hidden, I'll you exactly one hour!"

oc looked at him. "The kid is not with

You refuse to produce him?"

How can I produce him if I haven't *got* ?"

Look here," Corr snapped, "I don't like r attitude."

While we're on the subject," said Doc, "*I* 't like *yours*."

ngrily Corr struck the desk top with his n hand. "I order you to get that boy and g him here."

Can't be done."

Why not?"

c looked at him calmly. "Can't be done, t's all."

Then you leave me no alternative." Corr ng round to Chief Faring. "Lock this n up."

he chief's Adam's apple bobbed twice. r?"

Lock him up." Corr sat down at his desk.

On what charge?" Doc asked.

The charge"—there was no emotion in r's voice, merely an ominous legal chill— he charge is abduction."

Doc and the police chief stared at him. Doc his lips. "Abduction?"

Kidnaping—if that makes it plainer." rr turned and picked up some papers on desk. "Take him away, chief."

In the thriving town of Lost River two rsons spent a restless night. Hour after ur, as Doc Tilbee tossed on the hard cot in cell, he cursed the avenging goddess, the ue-eyed nemesis whose complaint had ded him here.

And through these same hours Zerelda ng, in her comfortable brass bed at The vern, lay wakeful and worried. It was not the strangeness of the hotel room, as she had tried to convince herself, nor the pattern of light on the ceiling, cast by a street lamp below, which kept her awake. It was Chilton Corr's late telephone call, telling her of Doctor Tilbee's arrest. That had shocked her. Turning it over and over in her mind, she could not sleep because she knew that Doctor Tilbee would think *she* had done it.

At seven-thirty she was dressed and waiting for the dining room to open, standing at the door beside an immense bear, carved from some black foreign wood and holding in one paw a glass of toothpicks. Over her third cup of breakfast coffee Zerelda made the decision. She would go to the jail and tell Doctor Tilbee the truth: that she had had nothing to do with his arrest. In a befuddled way she resented the man, but it disturbed her to think of him in that cell, hating *her* for putting him there.

TWENTY minutes later, when she walked, embarrassed, into the station house and asked to see Doctor Tilbee, the policeman behind the desk refused.

"Doc's bein' held"—the policeman consulted an open ledger—"he's bein' held *in-commun-i*-something. Anyways, it means nobody can see him. City attorney's orders."

As she went out she passed a large Negro slumped disconsolately on a bench, and recognized him as the doctor's assistant. He rose and tipped his hat politely—and for an instant Zerelda hesitated, feeling that she should say something to him. But there seemed nothing to say, and, with a confused little frown, she hurried on. It was a relief to get out of the building, which reeked of five-cent-cigar smoke; but, once in the street, she found herself at a loss to know what to do next.

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. —PROVERBS 22:6.

On the morning of the second day Doc awoke to find himself the central figure in a *cause célèbre*. On the front page of the Banner, smuggled in by Chief Faring, stood two headlines: one stating that President Theodore Roosevelt might negotiate peace terms to end the Russo-Japanese War; the other announcing the arrest of Doctor Tilbee. A half-column news story reported this incident with tongue-in-cheek gravity, followed by a later bulletin:

Doctor Tilbee, formerly one of Teddy Roosevelt's Roughriders, and known to a host of friends in our city, is being held incommunicado. Several witnesses are alleged to have stated that Tilbee merely befriended a homeless orphan.

"That'll blow it higher'n a kite!" Chief Faring's Adam's apple bobbed excitedly. "But take a look at the *editorial*."

Doc's unsteady hand turned the page. Under a heading, ARE WE LIVING IN TERRORIST RUSSIA? his friend Billy Gray had written a scathing editorial that named no names but pointed the finger of scorn at highhanded tactics employed by a "certain city official" who would be up for re-election next spring. With all the fire of a Horace Greeley diatribe against slavery it likened the city official to a modern Fouché, condemned his legal practices as smacking of the Spanish Inquisition—and concluded on a warning note: "If this carpetbagger thinks the voters of our city will stand for such arrogant highbinding, he's got another think coming!"

Doc whistled. "This is hot."

"Carpetbagger—get that?" Gleefully the chief pointed to the editorial. "Corr wasn't a local boy—he moved here from Paw Paw Lake. Knows how to get the votes, though. He's a silver-throated gink."

"We may have to operate on his throat," said Doc.

Chief Faring chuckled. "You'll get action on this—in a hurry."

The chief was right. Action followed in less than twenty minutes. Doc first learned that the "incommunicado" ban had been lifted when Enoch appeared bearing an elaborate breakfast tray from the Green Moon.

"The forces of evil will not prevail," Enoch quoted piously.

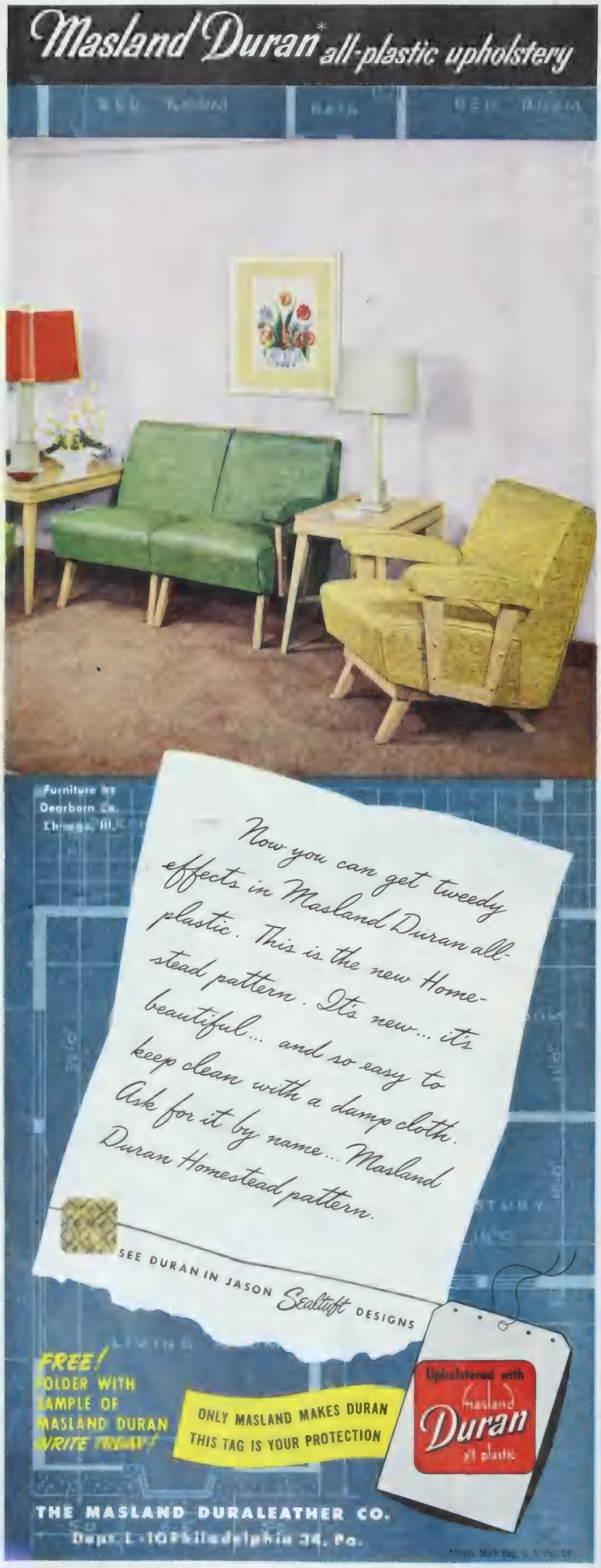


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"Right now," said Doc, "I'm not so much interested in the forces of evil as I am in those ham and eggs."

While he ate, Billy Gray was admitted and they shook hands warmly through the bars of the cell. Gray was a tall, spare young New Englander who had migrated West after graduating from Columbia University a decade ago; and under his editorship the Banner had flourished. Their friendship, though casual, was sound.

"Billy"—Doc held a forkful of ham and eggs in mid-air—"there's nothing I can say to ——"

Billy Gray brushed his thanks aside. "I got Corr"—he called it *Caw*—"on the phone myself, and demanded your release on bail." When he was serious he had a habit of squinting fiercely. "After some tall rhetoric, Caw finally agreed—then got back at us by settin' your bail at twenty-five hundred dollahs!"

Doc stared at him. "Why, that's more than ——"

"Unfortunately"—Gray squinted again—"there isn't a bail bondsman in town. But you've got friends."

Doc smiled sadly. "Only none of my friends has twenty-five hundred simoleons in his poke."

"You've got a weird assortment of friends, Doc," the New Englander told him, and tossed his cigarette stub into a fire bucket. "They're all out—right this minute—takin' up a collection to get you out."

"No!" said Doc.

"Fact. Bert Beelom; Sun Hong-kee, the laundryman; Mittig, the cigarmaker; Clara Brink, the blonde that runs the boardin'-house ——"

"Clara!" Doc exclaimed. "Well, I'll be a ——"

Clattering footsteps interrupted him—and a plump Chinese came hurrying in. Doc called a greeting in bad Canton dialect, and they shook hands through the bars. Sun Hong-kee—Doc knew him as "Jim"—produced a rack of wooden beads on which he made some mysterious calculations, then announced that his group had thus far raised the sum of seven hundred and forty dollars.

"Mistah Glay"—Jim grinned at the editor—"velly good—fi' ahna dolla."

Doc looked at his friend gratefully. He knew that Billy could ill afford five hundred.

"*Some*"—Jim shook his fat face—"not so good. Some on'y *fi*' dolla. I go back—make squeeze."

Doc rubbed the stubble on his chin. That these friends—many of them little people—should have rallied to him this way was touching. He found himself, for once in his life, unable to think of anything to say.

"Need twelve hundred and sixty"—Billy Gray squinted fiercely—"before we can get you out of here."

THEN Chief Faring walked in, escorting Edan Dunbar. From the chief's manner it was obvious that Dunbar was one of the town's substantial citizens. Doc introduced him to the Chinese laundryman.

"I wish I'd known about this," Dunbar said unsmilingly. "I'd have been here sooner." Then, as if embarrassed by any mention of money, he turned to Chief Faring. "Whatever the bail is—I'll write my check for it."

"Yes, *sir!*" The chief rattled a key in the lock and the cell door swung open. As Doc came out, a legal paper was thrust in his hand. His trial by jury, on a charge of kidnaping, would take place October sixth. Less than two weeks off.

It would have been hard to find a house more faithfully reflecting the *dernier cri* of 1904 interior decoration than Chilton Corr's (his mother always mentioned it as their "residence") on Chestnut Street. The living-room motif was established by such items as a mission table, a multicolored glass "a" lamp, a puce velveteen chair that "rock" on a track, and a couch upholstered in bl leather, with a souvenir pillow from the Louis Exposition, which Chilton and mother had "taken in" that summer.

The wallpaper was a bold pattern of and white stripes, festooned with pink ro and over the mantel hung an engraving of Colosseum by Moonlight. The other side the room were brightened by Chilton's plomas from the Paw Paw High School, U. of M. and the Cincinnati Law Sch photographs of his various graduating cla and one of himself in cap and gown. On fumed-oak upright piano stood an enlar snapshot of a barefoot lad dangling a sun on a string. "I love that one of Chilton," mother frequently remarked to friends. " just *all boy*."

BETWEEN the three small "Oriental" r stretched open spaces of hardwood flo waxed to such high polish that crossing to dining room became a major hazard. M Corr had never slipped on this floor, and ten, when helping to pick up some less for nate guest, laughingly referred to herself "Old Surefoot"—though she knew perfec well that she did not "look" her age. She a buxom woman ("Not a gray hair in head," Chilton said) who exuded an alm muscular cheerfulness. She laughed a gr deal, but the laughter did not show in brown eyes behind pince-nez; and on casion her glance came so sharp that appeared to have eyelashes. Howeve she played the pia well, and "doted" entertaining you people.

"You chillun go rig in the living room, a make yourselv comfy," she said, wh they had finished di ner. "I've got to go o and give Frieda wh for. She forgot the fi ger bowls again—a that piecrust was like *cardboard!*" M Corr laughed gaily, as if relishing the oppo tunity to berate an immigrant girl who, six dollars a week, did all the cooking, hous work, washing and ironing. "I *did* wa everything to be nice tonight," she add sweetly, "so we could show Mrs. Zee Wi how we do things." And she disappear through the pantry door.

"I'm glad you and mother hit it off well." Chilton Corr took Zerelda's arm a guided her across the perilous stretch waxed floor. "She likes you, Zee. I can tell

Zerelda's expression was thoughtful. S had detected a faint emphasis on the "Mrs. when his mother spoke her name; as if the were something not quite proper in Chilton being in love with a girl who had been ma ried before.

"You don't know," he was saying, "ho happy it makes me to have my two swee hearts friends like this."

Two sweethearts? Zerelda asked herself.

He stooped and touched a match to the ga log—which gave off violet flames and smell. *Now, why would anyone put a gas log a real fireplace?* Zerelda was thinking. (Late she learned that Mrs. Corr had installed th gas log because wood splinters and ashes wer so untidy; and besides, a gas log was th "latest thing.")

"How d' you think you're going to like liv ing in our town?" He stood at the mante filling his pipe. "Of course, *we* think thi house is jim-dandy—but if you want any thing changed ——"

Zerelda hesitated. "Where . . . would you mother live?"

"Why, here with us, darling." His aler brown eyes smiled. "You'll find she's joll company. It's that youthful *spirit!* I'll neve forget—my first year at college mother close our home and moved to Ann Arbor, to kee house for me. Loves young people."

(Continued on Page 174)

IS YOUR BOY AT COLLEGE?

The father of a student at the University of Illinois was talking to a friend about his son's activities at college. "College must be something these days," said the father. "All my son does is to write homie for money, go to parties, and run around with the pretty young girls. I made a great mistake."

"What mistake did you make?" asked the friend.

"I should have gone to college myself!"

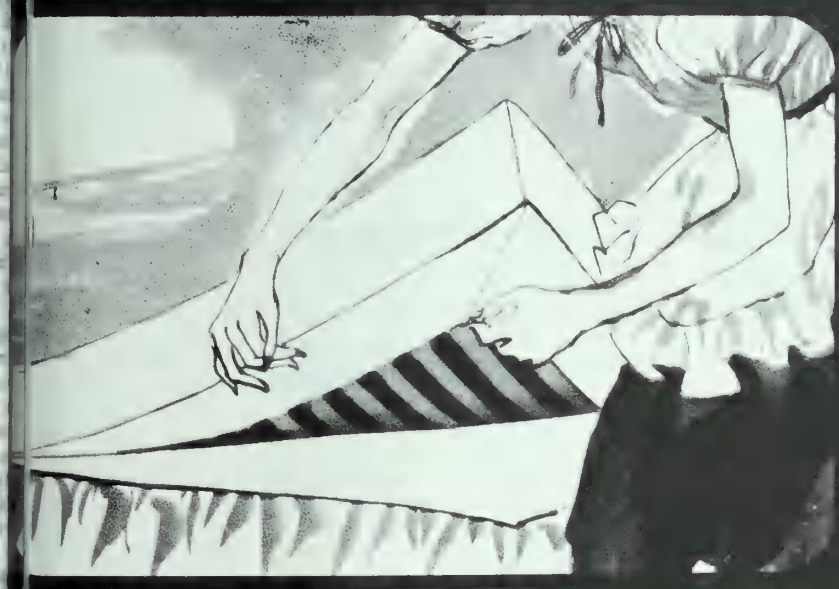
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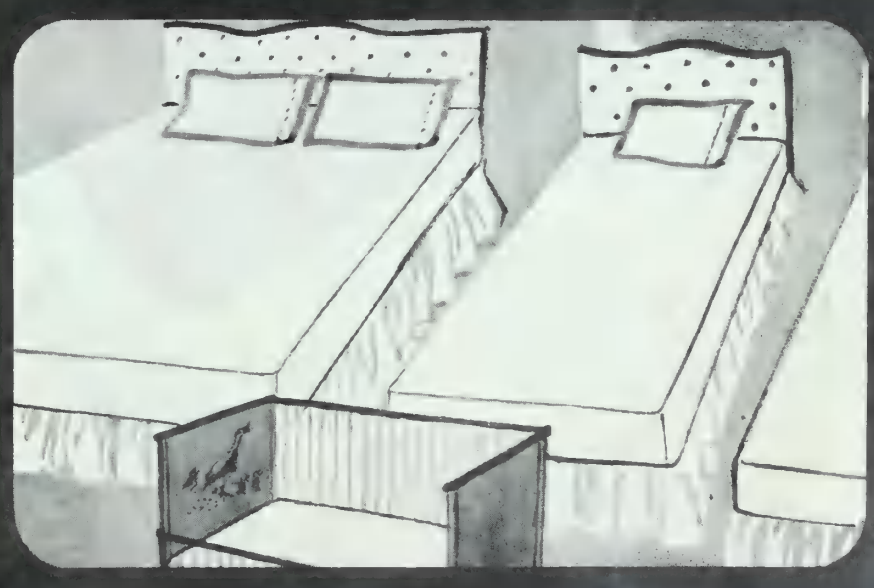
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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF CHOCOLATE COVERED CHERRIES

(Continued from Page 172)

Zerelda frowned. Something had flickered across her memory: Alonzo Moultripp's story of how Chilton got his start as an orator, while a freshman at the Paw Paw High School. He had won the prize with a recitation, written by himself, entitled A Tribute to My Mother, and Alonzo took delight in quoting from it: "The one, absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his mother." Some months afterward, they had taken the prize away from Chilton when it was discovered that the precocious youth had cribbed the whole thing from Senator Vest's Eulogy on the Dog—merely substituting the word "mother." But by that time Chilton was firmly entrenched on the high-school debating team.

Zerelda shook these disloyal thoughts from her mind. Anyway, Alonzo had always been jealous of him. She looked up at Chilton, standing there, tall and strong, smoking his pipe, with the lamplight on his clean-cut, handsome features. ("Good-looking as any Harrison Fisher magazine cover," she had once heard a girl say.) But it was his strength of character that, from the beginning, had appealed to Zerelda. He was making something of his life. (Of course, Alonzo Moultripp would deride it as "crass ambition." But Alonzo was a cynic, to whom all politicians were either bandits or buffoons.)

She realized that she had meant to speak to him about the case. "Chilton"—she stirred uncomfortably—"are you sure you're doing the right thing in the Tilbee ——"

"You're not bringing that up again!"

"But it's been bothering me, Chilton," Zerelda told him. "Having the man arrested—and on such a serious charge as kidnaping ——"

"Now, now"—he blew a smoke ring—"don't you bother your pretty head. I told you before, I'll handle it," he said.

"But the way the Banner wrote it up this morning ——"

"Did you see this evening's Record? How City Attorney Corr keeps crime down by being tough with criminals? Wonderful editorial. It ought to be"—he grinned—"I wrote it myself and took it to the Record office!"

"But he isn't, though."

"Who isn't what?"

"I mean . . . he couldn't be a criminal," she persisted. "He certainly doesn't seem like one. And he has so many friends everywhere. He ——"

"Wait a minute, Zee." All the warmth had gone out of his voice. "Am I to understand you're *defending* this man?"

"It—it's not that I'm defending him ——"

"Then what are you trying to get at?"

"I'm not trying to get *at* anything. It's just"—she rose, conscious that her heart was beating very fast—"it's just that I think he may be a more decent sort of person than we gave him credit for."

"When I sent for him," Corr said sharply, "and asked for the boy, he got smart with me. Well, I don't take that from any cheap fly-by-night grifter!"

"Chilton, I believe he's sincere."

"Sincere!" His laugh was short and sarcastic. "And there's talk of letting women *vote!* This certainly proves they ought to stay where they belong—at home. You're really naïve!"

It had all happened in less than a minute, but as they stood facing each other she knew that nothing would ever be the same for them again.

Corr was not so perceptive. Always the dominant male, he rapped the ashes from his pipe. "Remember, Zee, you're the one who first complained about Tilbee. And no matter how 'sincere' you find him *now*—he's headed for state's prison. So let's drop the subject."

At the same hour Doc and Edan Dunbar sat at dinner in front of a log fire in Dunbar's oak-paneled dining room. Miss Dunbar, in a blue velvet frock and huge pink hair ribbon, stood beside her father—having been brought in to say good night. Her nurse, Hilda, a dumpy woman in black, hovered in the background.

"But when will Tad be back?" Miss Dunbar's voice was plaintive. "We had lots of fun and everything."

"Tad has gone away for only a little while." Her father put an arm around her. "But you mustn't forget, darling, we're not to say anything about Tad. No matter who asks us. Do you understand?"

"Yes, daddy."

"It's kind of a game we'll play while he's gone." Dunbar kissed her lightly. "Now say good night to the doctor."

"Good night, doctor," she said shyly.

"Good night, June."

Something in his gray eyes reassured her. "When Tad comes back," she asked, "will he bring Spook too?"

"He will," Doc answered. "Those two don't get separated far. Meanwhile you've got Beezark to look after."

She smiled. "Beezark's a very nice dog," she said.

"He's a deep thinker," Doc said.

The child looked puzzled. "Is that why sometimes he just sits and sits?"

Doc nodded. "He's got a lot on his mind."

"Come along now, June."

Miss Dunbar gave her nurse a glance of veiled hostility, then said good night all around again and suffered herself to be led out.

When the door had closed, Doc said, "You're sure Tad's all right there?"

"Absolutely. Maggie Riley's been with me for years and she'll take good care of him. Her sister has a place in the country—miles from anywhere. Nobody will know the boy's there. But the devil of it is—we *miss* him. All of us." Dunbar glanced at Doc's plate and untouched glass of wine. "You aren't eating anything."

"Not very hungry. They served such rich food in that jailhouse." Doc smiled wryly.

Abruptly Dunbar asked, "How will we do about this?"

"The man's name is Elkland. J. W. Elkland," Doc said. "He's in his sixties, I should judge."

Dunbar wrote it down in a small notebook.

"Locating him won't be easy. Know anybody in Chicago?"

"There's a law firm that looks after his business."

"They can get the information for you, but you'll have to go yourself," Doc told him. "And it must be done on the quiet—so Elkland won't get scared off. If you're lucky you'll find him at a Hereford-cattle sale somewhere in Illinois—can't say where. Breeders' association'll tell you where the auctions are and the dates."

"How did you figure this out?" Dunbar asked.

"My old Pinkerton training. I found he breeds Herefords."

There was excitement in Dunbar's eyes. "I can catch a train for Chicago tonight at nine-fifty-five."

They drove to town in Dunbar's carriage with Enoch on the box. Since the Contraction and the dapple-gray team had been impounded by the city attorney, Enoch was quartered in the hayloft over Dunbar's stable, and assisted his friend Luke in odd jobs.

On the platform of the Michigan Central station Doc waited with Edan Dunbar while the Chicago train puffed in. They shook hands gravely.

"It's a long shot," Doc said, "but worth trying—for the kid."

He stood watching the train pull out, until the red light on the last car shone reflected in the dark river curving alongside the tracks. Then he walked slowly out his spirits were lower than the cold cigar butts on the floor of the empty station.

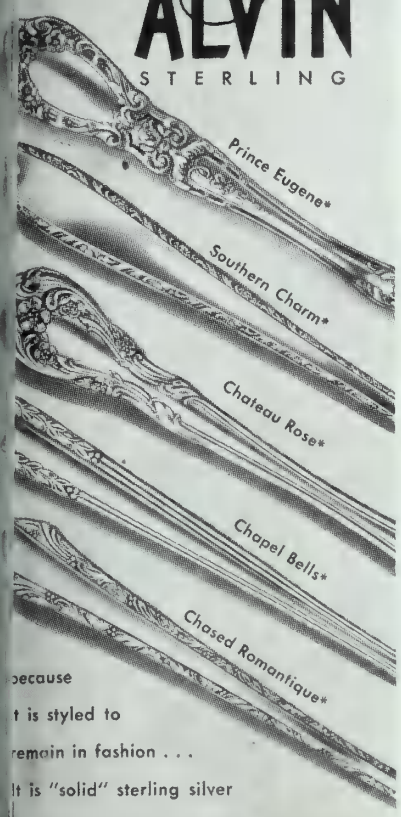
Dunbar's carriage was at the curb, but instead of climbing inside, Doc swung onto

Happiness is not a station you arrive at, but a manner of traveling.
—MARGARET LEE RUNBECK.

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box beside Enoch. They drove in silence up the hill, past the steam-pump company.

Finally Doc spoke. "Nice pair of cobs."

Enoch touched the off horse with his whip. "Yes, doctor," he said glumly, "but nothing like *our* team."

Both were thinking of days and nights on the road—under summer stars or the warm autumn sun.

"Dunno what'll happen to us," Enoch murmured. "Seem like the bottom kind of drop out of ever'thing."

Doc roused himself. It would never do to let Enoch see how deeply depressed he was. "Not on your tintype!" he declared with a flurry of bravado. "They haven't got *me* licked yet!"

"Mis' Wing kind of done us in."

"I don't want to talk about her," Doc said curtly.

"Mr. Corr, the city attorney ——"

"That splayfooted shitepoke! He'll be running for cover before *I* get through with him."

"But, doctor, he's got the cards stacked against you."

"The last *hombre* that stacked any cards in a game with me got carried out feet first! He was a *big* man too. Weighed so much they had to get two extra pallbearers."

In the dark street the carriage stopped before Clara Brink's boardinghouse—where Doc had been given a front room, with the compliments of the proprietress. Doc stepped nimbly onto the horse block.

Enoch sighed. "I been fretted consid'able, doctor. What's agoin' to happen to Tad?"

"Tell more about that in a couple of days. Keep your chin up." Doc started away, then turned. "Enoch, you talk about this city attorney stacking the cards—don't forget old Doctor Tilbee can still manipulate an ace or two up his cuff!"

ZERELDA had written the letter three times before it satisfied her. It was not an apology—somehow she could not apologize to him—so much as an explanation; she wanted him to understand that *she* was not the cause of his arrest. She had crossed out "cordially yours" as too arch, substituted "sincerely yours"—and crossed that out. Traditional letter-writing etiquette was so absurd: she was not "his" at all. In the end she had merely signed her name.

No one seemed to know his address—and she certainly could not inquire from Chilton Corr. (This morning Chilton had sent a box of red roses and a note saying that he hoped she would forget their little tiff, and so on. *Tiff*, she thought. *He reveals his real nature*—an unattractive exposé—*and then shrugs it off as a tiff!)*

But she had discovered where Tilbee's wagon and team were impounded and had decided to leave the letter there. It was a livery stable near the fire station, and as she walked through the open door an incredibly dirty man appeared, carrying two buckets of mash.

"Ain't seen Doc, m'self," he told her, "but the p'lice brung in his team an' ve-hicle. Ve-hicle's over yonder." He nodded toward a dim corner.

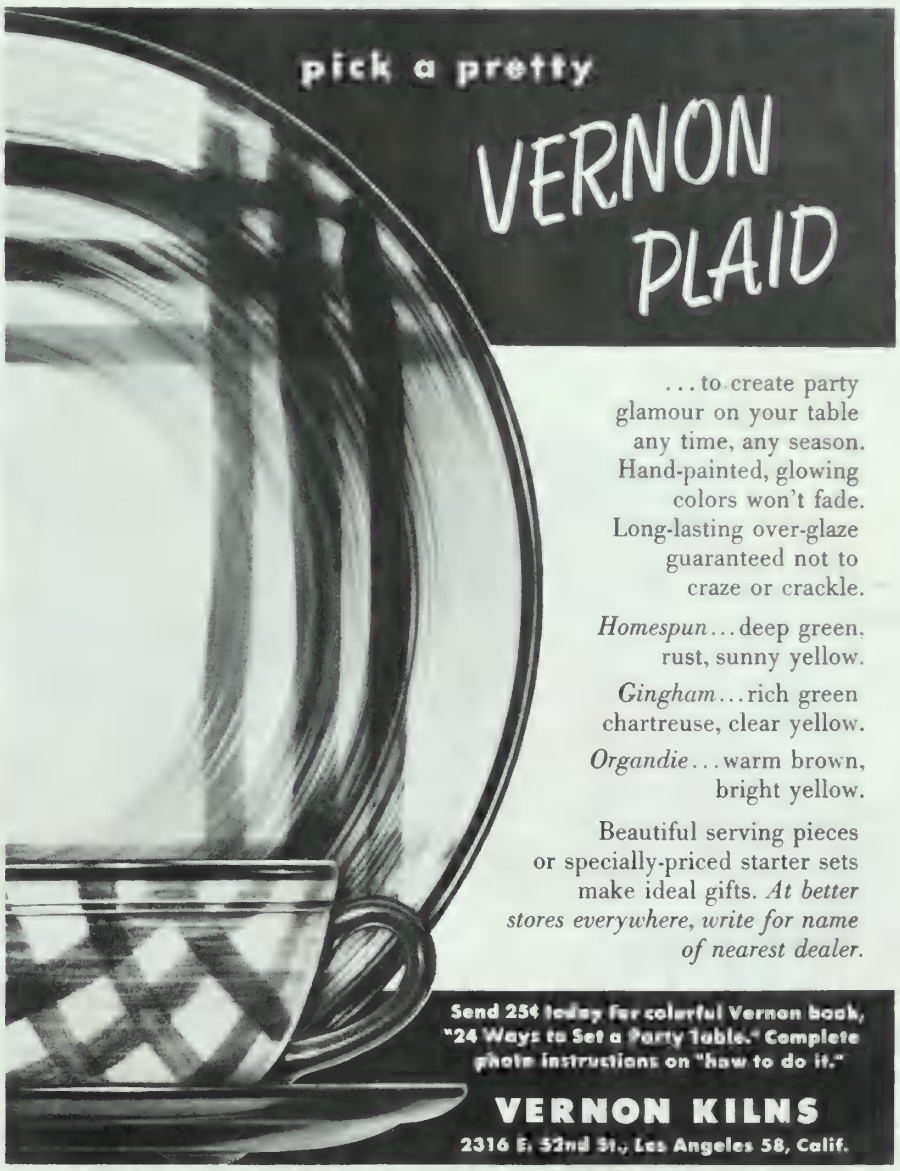
Zerelda saw the Contraption among a row of buggies and surreys. Slowly she walked over to it. The dirty man had disappeared, and the only sounds were an occasional hoof stamp, somewhere out back, and the flutter of doves on the roof. The Contraption's canvas curtains were rolled up, so that the scarlet-and-gold TILBEE'S WONDER TONIC stood out bravely in this half-gloom.

She stood for an instant, undecided, then opened the rear door and climbed up the little steps, inside. She glanced around, seeing how it was furnished: the polished stove, the table, the neat bunk. As she laid her letter on the table she noticed a book: Primer of American History. It looked new, and, curious, she opened it. On the flyleaf was written in a bold scrawl:

To Theodore Roosevelt Bayliss
from his friend
Thomas Jefferson Tilbee
Sept. 20, 1904

Thoughtfully she put it down. Overhead was a rack holding a dozen battered volumes.

(Continued on Page 177)



pick a pretty

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. . . to create party glamour on your table any time, any season. Hand-painted, glowing colors won't fade. Long-lasting over-glaze guaranteed not to craze or crackle.

Homespun . . . deep green, rust, sunny yellow.

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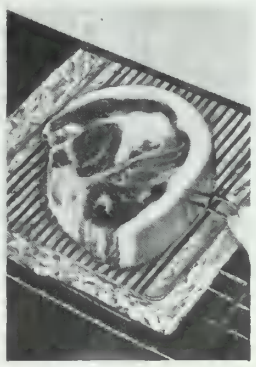
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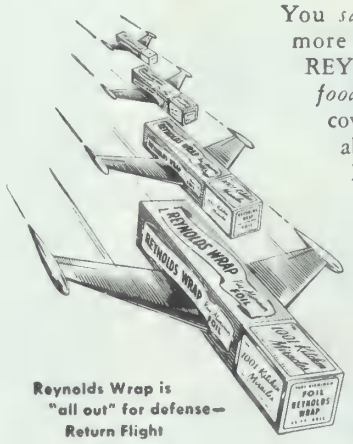
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Remember these ways to save food, save time, save work...









Reynolds Wrap is "all out" for defense—Return Flight Guaranteed!

You *save meat* (less shrinkage, more flavor) when you roast in REYNOLDS WRAP.* You *save food* when you wrap leftovers and cover bowls with this bright, reusable foil. You *save work* when you line pans with foil (no scouring)! Government order now limits the manufacture of REYNOLDS WRAP household foil. Military needs come first. *But production of aluminum is expanding.* Look and ask for REYNOLDS WRAP,... *for "1,001 Kitchen Miracles!"...*

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Did you ever?

Did you ever see a cake with so much let's-eat-it-right-now appeal? Ever know that your own cake can be just as fine and luscious and even-textured as the one you see here? All you do is get one of those neat blue-and-white packages of Pillsbury Cake Mix (White or Chocolate Fudge) and add milk. Ever stir up such an easy triumph? Did you ever hear so much wonderful-really-mean-it praise from your family? Did you ever



Just add milk—



Milk is all you add—no eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes

Remember—
You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great tea

Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

(Continued from Page 175)

Zerelda glanced at the titles: Shakespeare's Tragedies; Bird Life of North America; Famous After-Dinner Speeches; U. S. Cavalry Manual; Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. III; The Trial and Hanging of Tom Horn; The American Commonwealth; Diseases of the Horse; Great Battles of the Civil War; Gray's Anatomy; Leaves of Grass and Other Poems, by Walt Whitman.

She remembered something her father had once said: "You can get a pretty fair impression of a man from the books he keeps by his bedside." But who could get an impression of *this* man?

Idly she reached for the volume of Whitman. It had always annoyed her that Leaves of Grass was considered too "indecent" for a college girl's reading—like Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis. Those alleged educators who built fences to shut off the horizon ——

One page was marked with a Little Roseland cigar band. The Open Road. She began to read—and found the lines he had quoted to her that day. It was easy to understand now why this poem meant so much to him. She read on farther:

Allons! Whoever you are,
Come travel with me!

"A woman, you say?" Doc looked down at the stable hand, squatting on his haunches in the sun.

"Yup." The man spat tobacco juice at a dragonfly poised on the door. The dragonfly shimmered away unscathed. "Missed," the man said with surprise.

"How long ago was she here?"

"'Bout ten minutes. Right pretty piece she was too."

Puzzled, Doc entered the very stable and crossed to the Contraption. He had come to get some personal belongings out of his locker—things he would need in the nine days before the trial. Then he saw her—standing inside, reading a book!

Zerelda turned, startled. "Oh! I hope you don't mind my walking in this way." The blush that her friends teased her about colored her cheeks. "You see ——"

"What're you looking for?" he cut in harshly. "Why don't you let the cops search my stuff?"

She stared at him, shocked. "You don't think *that?* I—I ——" She was hopelessly confused now. "It's nothing like that." She put down the book and picked up her letter. "The fact is, I . . . came here looking for *you*."

Doc waited—watching her, his gray eyes cold.

"You *must* believe me." Her embarrassment was pathetic. "I wrote this to you." She held out the letter, but he made no move to take it. His rudeness hurt her. She turned away, dropping the letter in her coat pocket. "I only wanted to tell you," she said in a small voice, "that I . . . had nothing to do with your arrest."

He blinked. "You what?"

"I didn't know you'd been arrested—till afterward." And then, for some inexplicable reason, she added, "I'm dreadfully sorry about what happened."

"Well"—Doc coughed—"why didn't you say so!"

"I tried to. I went to the jail, but they wouldn't let me see you."

"*No?* Well, I'll be ——"

For a few seconds neither of them spoke. Then both started to speak at once: "I ——" They laughed then—and the tension cracked.

"You were reading," he reminded her. "What was it?"

"The Open Road." She picked up the Whitman volume. "There's a wonderful bit here." And she read aloud:

"'Be not discouraged, keep on,
there are divine things well envelop'd . . .
More beautiful than words can tell ——'"

"The next line," Doc interrupted, "is, *'Allons! We must not stop here!'* And I second that. It's too beautiful a day to waste here, breathing hay dust and horse perfume—let's take a walk."

She had a flash of doubt: the propriety of being seen in public with him. What would people say?

Doc was aware of her hesitation, and in the same instant remembered that he was a prisoner out on bail. "Maybe you'd better not."

"No." Swiftly she raised her head. "I think I'd *like* to."

They found their way, by quiet tree-shaded streets, to the other side of town, beyond McCloud Park. It was a perfect day, cool in the autumn sun, with yellow maple leaves scattered over the walks and bonfire smoke on the air. And, walking, they had discovered many things about each other.

Doc talked as if he had no worry over the outcome of his trial, and would be setting forth on the road again the moment this annoying business was settled. And when he described the freedom and pleasures of the road, Zerelda felt a stirring of restlessness that had plagued her before. Often she had wakened in the night with a dread that life was passing her by—and that she would go to seed in a little town on the edge of nowhere. She could not confide this to *him*, but, defensively, she told him about Springville, and about her house there, and the garden that she tended herself. To Doc it had a sound of warmth and contentment and security.

"Snug harbor," he said, almost to himself. "I suppose every rolling stone, sometime or other ——"

"What?"

"Nothing." He changed the subject as a flight of birds passed overhead, flying high. "On their way south. We'll be heading south, too, before the cold sets in." And he told her how he followed the seasons in the Contraption.

"But," she asked, "don't you ever stay and take the weather?"

Take the weather. He turned it over in his mind, recalling another day—and her accusation that he had dodged responsibility all his life. This woman was no fool. Suddenly it occurred to him that in his whole life she was the only one he had known who wasn't a fool. . . . *"Don't you ever stay and take the weather?"* Hard to answer.

"I'll tell you," he evaded, with a quick smile, "there are some things I've *got* to stay and take—I haven't thought much about the weather. For instance, that shyster city attorney!"

She glanced at him warily. Then she saw from his bland expression that he knew nothing about her and Chilton Corr, and she felt relieved. Probably she should tell him, out of loyalty to Chilton. Yet she was uncertain whether her loyalty belonged to Chilton—or to this adventurer whom she had involved in such serious trouble. After all, it was she who first turned in the alarm.

Abruptly she said, "What I did about Tad was wrong. Selfish—and pretty awful. I realize it now. . . . When I came after you to get him back, I'm afraid I was thinking more of the poor board than of the boy. What's happened is my fault."

"Every time a woman turns honest," said Doc, "she gets to ranting and raring like a revival meeting!"

Zerelda laughed.

"But before you got so honest, you wrote me a letter. If you don't mind, I'd like to have it."

"Oh," she protested, "I've told you what's in it."

"No matter"—he held out his hand, smiling—"I'd like to have it."

She gave him the letter, avoiding his eyes. An uneasy, almost sick feeling had come over her. All this last hour they had talked so blithely, discovering each other, while every minute was bringing him closer to the courtroom where Chilton Corr would put him on trial. And Chilton Corr would see to it that he got a conviction. That would mean prison for Doc.

A cheerful old man or old woman is like the sunny side ov a woodshed, in the last ov winter. —JOSH BILLINGS.





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She watched him placing her letter carefully in his wallet—and of a sudden she knew that she must do something to help him.

"First letter a man gets from . . . a particular woman is a valuable document," he said. "More important than a lot they keep under glass in the Smithsonian Institute."

She smiled, but she was pale now. And she thought, *I must go to Chilton.*

The city attorney was in a bad mood. For the past two days the Tilbee case had continued to attract attention in the press, much of it unfavorable. Even Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids papers had picked it up, while the Banner editorials went on lambasting him. An hour ago the county chairman had telephoned to remind him that this hornet's nest wasn't helping him politically.

"Why'd you ever start it in the first place, Chil?" the county chairman had asked; and Chilton Corr had answered in such high-minded rhetoric that the county chairman cut him off with a sour laugh. "Save that speech for t'night's rally!"

The county chairman's reminder of the rally brought him up with a start. He had not had time to compose his speech—and it must be a good one. If he "got" them at the rally it would wipe out the slurs that the Banner had printed on the Tilbee case. From the bookshelves he selected a black volume: Addresses by William Jennings Bryan.

He turned to the famous Cross of Gold speech. You could always "rearrange" that a bit and come up with something powerful. Having paraphrased the speech often, he knew it by heart; and taking an attitude in front of the mirror, he began to extemporize: "My fellow townsmen. As your city attorney, I would be presumptuous indeed ——"

Doc Tilbee pushed open the outer door. The reception room was empty, but a burning cigarette stub indicated that the male clerk had only temporarily evacuated his desk. Doc sat down on a hard bench and waited. The shelves of calfbound lawbooks and the cold musty air of the place made him vaguely uncomfortable. He got up and walked around, wondering for the hundredth time why the city attorney had summoned him. A rasping, self-important clock ticked off ten minutes—and still the clerk did not appear. Through the closed door of the next office Doc could hear someone talking. After another ten minutes he rose impatiently and opened the door. Chilton Corr stood making a speech to himself in the mirror.

". . . With a zeal approaching the zeal which inspired the Crusaders of old, our party must go forth in this election ——" He broke off, startled, seeing Doc Tilbee in the doorway. "*Well?*" he demanded. "What are you doing here?"

Doc looked at him levelly. "You ought to know—you're the one that sent for me."

"Oh, yes—so I did. But I made the appointment eleven o'clock ——"

"It's twenty past," said Doc.

Corr scowled at his watch. "M-m. All right, as long as you're here." He had recovered his aplomb. "Close the door." He seated himself behind his desk and waved Doc toward the chair in front. "Now, then, Tilbee—I'm going to show you that justice can be tempered with mercy."

"I could use a little of both," said Doc.

Corr leaned back, one hand toying with the gold Debating Society emblem on his watch chain. "I'm prepared to offer you immunity," he said.

Doc stared at him. He had not expected this.

"I'll call off the trial—quash the indictment—and let you go scot free."

Doc's pulse had jumped. But he was thinking, *There must be a joker in this.*

"If ——"

Here it comes!

"If," Corr repeated, "you will do the right thing and hand over the boy." Then, as Doc frowned: "Before you answer, think what it means to you. You'll have your wagon and team returned. You'll be able to leave this town in one hour's time! A free man! Think what that means, Tilbee. All you have to do is hand over the boy—to be returned to Springville, where he belongs. Well? What do you say?"

Doc said nothing. In all his life he had never been so tempted.

"This is a very generous offer." Corr leaned forward. "All I'm asking in return is that you do the right thing."

Doc cleared his throat. "Maybe you and I don't have the same idea what the 'right thing' is."

"That boy ——"

Doc did not hear him. In the back of his mind a thought quivered: *If I had Tad over—then suppose the deal with Dunbar should go through? It's a long shot—but suppose he finds the old man ——*

Corr's voice cut in. "You've heard my offer."

It seemed several minutes, but actually only a few seconds had passed. Doc stood up. "Nothing doing."

"You mean—you *refuse?*"

"I do."

"You must be crazy."

"Maybe so."

"Look here," Corr snapped, "I'll give you one more chance ——"

"Save your wind," Doc told him, and picked up his hat.

Corr sat without moving. Only his alert brown eyes moved—and in them glittered a rage such as Doc had once seen in the eyes of a trapped jaguar. But when he spoke his voice was perfectly calm. "Very well," he said, and pressed a buzzer on his desk.

The door opened and the clerk came in. He was a seedy little man in a rumpled suit, with paper cuff protectors.

The city attorney pulled a large sheet of paper toward him. On it were printed lines, with writing, and Doc read the heading: COURT CALENDAR. Corr picked up a pencil and scratched out a line. Then without looking up he said, "Our kidnaping case is moved forward—from October sixth to September thirtieth."

"But"—the clerk blinked—"that's day after tomorrow!"

Corr nodded. "Day after tomorrow." He turned to Doc. "You heard that."

Doc made no answer.

"And I advise you not to try to jump your bail," Corr said. "Our policemen are all good pistol shots."

Doc put on his hat and walked out.

Late that evening the three of them sat at a corner table in the Green Moon, talking quietly.

Orrin Godsmark was an eager, florid-faced young man, considered one of the town's able lawyers. He leaned forward. "This case should be tried by the county. But Corr spiked that—and it's too late for me to appeal. Moving it up to day after tomorrow is

(Continued on Page 181)

Rise of Fog

By Daniel Smythe

The flood is seeping over walls,
And past bull thistles in a line.
As the rock pasture dampens, falls,
We watch the fading of the pine.

The thin creek is a muffled rope
As the familiar boulders drown.
Mist deepens on the hardest slope;
The tall, established woods go down.

And now the rough fence, bark and joint,
Is buried to the last wet log;
And firm but blurring road signs point
To what may stand beyond the fog.

This new Lemon Gold Cake has a special secret!



HERE'S THE RECIPE:

2¼ cups sifted cake flour	6 eggs, separated
1½ cups sugar	¼ cup cold water
1 tablespoon baking powder	2 teaspoons fresh Sunkist lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon grated Sunkist lemon rind
½ cup Kraft Salad Oil	½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt together in a bowl. Make a well and add in order the Kraft Salad Oil, egg yolks, water, lemon juice and rind. Beat with spoon until smooth. Add the cream of tartar to egg whites and beat until *very, very stiff*. Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over the whipped egg whites, carefully folding with a rubber scraper just until blended. Do not stir. Pour immediately into an ungreased 10 x 4-inch tube pan. Bake in moderate oven, 325° F, for 70 minutes or until the top springs back when lightly touched.

After removing cake from oven, turn pan upside down, placing tube part over the neck of small funnel. When cold, loosen sides with spatula and remove cake from the pan. Frost with

LEMON FLUFF FROSTING

½ cup Parkay Margarine	4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
Dash of salt	3 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice
2 teaspoons grated Sunkist lemon rind	

Cream margarine. Add salt. Add part of sugar, and cream well. Add remaining sugar alternately with lemon juice, creaming until light and fluffy. Add lemon rind and mix until thoroughly blended.

The secret is Kraft Salad Oil—the lighter-bodied oil that blends better with other ingredients!

Try this recipe soon! It will make *you* famous as a cake baker even if you've never baked a cake before!

You can't fail if you follow directions carefully—and if you use Kraft Salad Oil as the shortening— because Kraft Salad Oil is a very special kind of oil. It was perfected by Kraft at Salad Dressing Headquarters —specially for salad dressings and baking.

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Delicious salad dressings, too!

The lighter body that makes Kraft Salad Oil blend so perfectly in baking also helps you make grand homemade salad dressings. Write Kraft Kitchens, c/o Kraft Foods Company, Chicago 90, Illinois, for free collection of new salad dressing recipes.

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Amazing New Powder Bleach Safely Bleaches Nylon, Rayon!



"ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!" . . . that's how 'snowy' bleach impressed this lovely young bride. She just couldn't imagine using a bleach on her net-trimmed nylon slip. But 'snowy' bleach is completely different. It's so gentle. After just three washings with 'snowy,' all the yellow disappeared and her slip was white and sparkling as new. You too will like 'snowy' bleach.

'snowy' Bleach Gently Whitens Dingy Gray Slips, Blouses, Bras, Lingerie

The miracle women have waited for all these years is here! A revolutionary new kind of bleach in powder form that is completely safe for nylon, rayon, silks, woolens—fabrics women could never bleach before.

New! Gentle! 'snowy' bleach is brought to you by the Gold Seal Co., (makers of famous 'GLASS WAX'). Remarkable 'snowy' bleach safely whitens and brightens even sheerest lingerie. Grateful women for the first time in history now trust their finest washable fabrics to this wonderful powder bleach discovery . . . marvel at how safely it acts to banish that dingy gray or yellowed look.


Mrs. Olga Kaar

As Mrs. Olga Kaar says, "I'm never embarrassed any more about dingy gray showing on my slips." No more soiled look at the hem. No more half moon under-arm stains on bras. 'snowy' bleach ends fear of dingy undies—assures complete feminine daintiness!

You Can Trust Even Baby's Things to 'snowy'

A gentle bleach that's safe as safe can be for precious baby things has completely won the confidence of today's careful mothers. So gently, so tenderly does 'snowy' bleach treat baby diapers, knits, fine lawn dresses and embroideries.



Mothers, Attention! The Gold Seal Company, makers of 'snowy', assures you 'snowy' bleach leaves sweaters and blankets softer and fluffier. Harmless and non-irritating to baby's delicate skin.

'snowy' is the first powder bleach to be accepted by the American Medical Association for advertising in AMA publications.

Safely Bleaches Sweaters, Woolens, Even Silks, Satins!

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Now—as Mrs. H. Carlson reports, "I've never had a qualm about trusting my best wool sweaters to 'snowy'. They come out soft and fluffy every time. And even my silk things have stayed as soft and lustrous as new. I call 'snowy' my washday insurance."

Brightens Tub-fast Colors, Too

Another first for 'snowy' bleach! So gentle, so safe is this amazing new powder bleach, you can actually use 'snowy' bleach to clear and brighten your pink, blue, peach—all your dainty tub-fast colored washables. 'snowy' won't harm even the most delicate tub-fast pastels or prints. And how you'll love the way it helps to make dulled, cloudy colors clear and fresh once more.

'snowy' Costs Only Pennies per Wash

Just think! This safe beauty care for your finest lingerie costs you only a penny or two with each laundering. Softens water and saves on soap and detergent besides. Get a big 20-ounce package of 'snowy' bleach for 49¢.

At Last a Bleach That Smells GOOD— 'snowy' Is Pleasant News to Your Nose!

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(Continued from Page 178)

of his highhanded methods. Of course, ...se is a crowded court schedule—but ...'t give us time to prepare properly." "C...r wants to get it over with quick—... of the papers." Billy Gray signaled ...er for more coffee.

"N...v, here is the kidnaping law." Gods... drew a memorandum from his pocket ...d: "Section 25—so on and so forth—...ed Laws of Michigan, 1897. 'Every ...who willfully, maliciously and with... ful authority shall forcibly or secretly ... or imprison any other person within ...te against his will . . .' *Against his ill.* ...at's our whole case, right there. All ...e to prove is that the boy traveled ...u willingly. You see, Tilbee, why we ...oduce him in court?"

"I...." Doc looked at the ash on his cigar. "But ——"

"*You must* produce the boy," said Gods... "You want an acquittal, don't you?"

"N...ur'ly. Only ——"

"C...y what?"

Doc ...esitated, frowning. "*Again, the devil ...ket...im up into an exceeding high mountain, ...d ...eweth him all the kingdoms of the ...orld...*" Years ago he had come across it in ...bo...wed Bible, while looking for quota... ...ons ...use in a pitch. Once before today he ...d ...n tempted: Corr had offered him im... ...uni...—and he had re... ...used ...because he could ...ot t...n Tad over to them. ...erh...s this was his last ...han... Without Tad in ...court Godsmark could not ...t h...n acquitted. But if ...e c... bring Tad into ...court if he had to, to gain ...s ...n freedom—they ...could ...*ake* Tad. There was ...a ...inction, already is... ...ued, which would send ...ad ...ck to the home. . . . ...ut was a way out. . . . *Th...devil taketh him ...*. . ." Doc discovered ...at was sweating.

"I ...don't understand ...our ...esitation," Gods... ...ark ...aid. "Do you realize ...he ...riousness of this ...ar... against you?"

Doc did not hear him. He was listening to ...er ...ice: "*You're the sort of man who has ...dg...responsibility all your life.*"

"J...lge Yarbaugh is tough. Particularly on ...hat ...e calls 'foreigners'—that is, anybody ...ot a ...cal resident," Godsmark said. "If we ...ope ...o beat the case, we'll need the boy."

Doc ...hought of Dunbar, over in Illinois ...arc...ng for old Mr. Elkland. Last night's ...leg...m reported "No luck yet." But Dun... ...ar ...s still trying—and if he found him ...hen ...ad would be ——

"I...ten, Doc!" Gray was squinting at ...im ...rcely. "You bring the boy into court— ...and ...rin here does the rest. It's as simple ...as th..."

"I...t it *isn't*, Billy. It isn't simple at all." Doc ...iped his face with a blue bandanna. "You ...see—I can't bring him into court."

"W...hy not?"

"He's got to stay where he is."

"A...d where *is* he?"

"I...an't tell you that."

Godsmark looked insulted. "I'm either our ...awyer or I'm not!"

"...ou are," Doc told him. "But I can't tell ...ou ...here the boy is."

Gray snorted. "I never heard such non...ense!"

"I'm sorry," Doc said. "That's the way it is."

For several seconds they sat looking at ...im ...n puzzled disapproval. *It couldn't be ...nsc...nce*, Billy Gray was thinking. *After the ...le ...c has led, his conscience must be atrophied ...ard ...than a rhinoceros' horn.* But some ...eir change had come over him. You ...oun...t associate Doc Tilbee with anything ...cial—and yet ——

Clara Brink tooled up in front of the Green ...Mill with a flourish. As the town's most spectacular blonde, known for elaborate hats and clothes, she cut a fine figure driving her open maroon "skeleton," with vermilion wire wheels, behind a fast-stepping black horse. A man shuffled out from the dark alley. Clara recognized him.

"Joe," she called briskly, "go in and tell Doc Tilbee I'm waitin' for him. He's that good-lookin' Westerner ——"

"I know Doc," said Joe.

"Here." She tossed him a quarter.

"Thanks, Mis' Brink." He disappeared through the family entrance.

ACROSS the street, lights blazed from the Fraternal Order of Falcons Hall. Clara's attention was drawn by loud hand clapping inside, then the doors opened and a crowd began streaming out. She noticed the canvas banner:

VOTERS' RALLY TONIGHT
CITY ATTORNEY CORR
WILL SPEAK

"Whoa, you old fool," Clara said to her horse.

Joe came out of the Green Moon. "Mis' Brink—Doc says five minutes."

"Thanks, Joe." Five minutes wasn't long to wait, she was thinking. She had waited five years for him already. The first time she had set eyes on him—making his Wonder Tonic pitch on a Jefferson Avenue corner, five years ago August—...had decided that he was the man for her. But somehow he had always eluded her. Once she had even got up nerve to say it, in so many words. "Honey," she had said, "I'll give you a half interest in the boarding-house. You can sit on the porch, with your feet up, and not do a tap of work the rest of your days. Anything I've got is yours for the asking." She could not remember what he had answered, but it was something evasive and funny. He had made her laugh, then he had kissed her. . . . Really, it went back to the *first* kiss—the night they met. From then on, no other man had meant a thing. But always the road had called to him, and he had driven away, heading east or west, north or south. *That road*, she thought bitterly. *What is it a man can see in a life like that?*

Doc came out of the Green Moon, followed by Billy Gray and Godsmark. They exchanged good nights, and he crossed the sidewalk toward her.

"Clara." He lifted his wide-brimmed hat with grave politeness.

His manners always reminded her of the character in that new novel, The Virginian. "Jump in, you good-lookin' son of a gun," she said, making room beside her.

As Doc moved to step into the buggy he halted suddenly, peering at something across the street. Clara glanced over. In front of Falcons Hall, Corr, the city attorney, was leaving a crowd of admirers to walk beside a smartly dressed girl.

"Why," Doc said, as if to himself, incredulously, "that's Corr with her!"

Clara looked at him. "D'you know her? Her name's Wing—from out of town. I hear they're engaged to be married."

He swung around, staring at her. "*Married?*"

"Why not?" Clara laughed. "Some people still get married. It's a nice old custom that hasn't died out altogether!"

He turned then, and watched them. Corr took Zerelda's arm, talking to her eagerly—and they disappeared down the street.

Clara noticed his hand, under the lamp, gripping the seat rail so hard that the knuckles stood out white. "Get in," she said nervously. "I've got a supper party rigged up at the house. The folks are waiting." He did not answer, and she prattled on, ill-at-ease: "It's in your honor, the party is. I invited a few old friends—and a real jolly couple that're playing at the Bijou this week.

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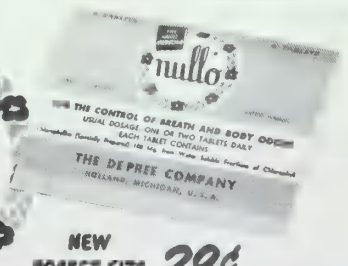
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Slowly he climbed into the buggy, beside her. "Just what I need tonight," he said, "acrobats."

Zerelda Wing was a confused and unhappy young woman. Yesterday—the opening day of the trial—not being needed in court, and thus spared the dreary rigmarole of impaneling a jury, she had taken a long walk, alone, out past Mayne's Woods to the lakes. A day in the brisk air of early autumn should have cleared her mind of plaguing phantoms, but she had returned more troubled than ever. Doctor Tilbee again! Always Doctor Tilbee. He had behaved with such abominable rudeness that she could never forgive him. Never!

This morning, sitting where Chilton Corr had personally placed her, near the judge's desk, she recalled with painful clarity every detail of their accidental meeting two days ago. They had come face to face as she emerged from Chilton's office—and, feeling an incredible pleasure in seeing him again, she had stopped and held out her hand. If she lived to be a thousand she would never forget the humiliation of what happened next. Doctor Tilbee had deliberately ignored her hand.

"Why, Mrs. Iscariot!" he had exclaimed with brutal joviality. "Go right in—the city attorney's waiting. I didn't know, till I saw you canoodling down the street last night, that he's the honey boy. My congratulations" —lifting his hat in a mocking bow.

She had tried to say something, embarrassed, wanting to tell him the truth—that she was here to beg Chilton not to make her appear as a witness against him—but at this moment Chilton himself had walked out of his office.

"Hello, darling," he greeted her, "come in." Then he had glanced from her to Tilbee, sensing that something was wrong. "What's this?" he said truculently. "Tilbee, are you making yourself obnoxious again?"

"On the contrary," Doc had replied. "I was just wishing you both happiness." His gray eyes were cold as stones. "Two fine, honest young people like you certainly deserve each other." And he had turned and walked away.

Sitting here in the courtroom, thinking of it, her cheeks were hot with resentment, and she wished—as she had wished a hundred times in the past two days—that she had never met Tilbee *or* Chilton. Then she saw him come in, with the bailiff and Chief Faring. They stopped, just inside the door, as if waiting for someone, and Zerelda promptly looked the other way.

Doc stood watching the crowd fill up the back seats. Some of his friends were in the front rows: Jim Hong-Kee; Mittig, the cigarmaker; Miss Malino and her old father, the Italians who ran the fruit shop; Pat Patting, the Negro policeman, off duty for the day; Reverend Meed, to whom he had once given the proceeds of an evening's pitch, to help build a new church; Richard Ricks, secretary of the steam-pump company; Mr. Mickles, the threshing-machine magnate; Miss "Fluty" Caylock, a penniless spinster, whose father, half a century ago, had been the town's richest banker; Pete Zimos, the candy-store man. . . . Others. Some nodded encouragingly, and Clara Brink waved her lace handkerchief. Doc smiled.

Then he saw Zerelda—pointedly avoiding him—and his smile faded. He straightened up with a kind of arrogance, and glanced out at spectators' faces that were not friendly: hostile, many of them. No trial had aroused such a furor of town opinion since the Hulb kidnaping in '01.

"Where's your lawyer at?" The bailiff touched his elbow. "He's late—an' you can't keep the judge waitin'."

Doc looked at his watch. Godsmark was to have met him here ten minutes ago.

"Mr. Godsmark's little girl's got the mumps," Chief Faring said. "Mebbe he was detained."

"Don't make a dang bit of diff'ren— can't keep Judge Yarbaugh waitin'. The bailiff was a bald, fidgety little ma blew his nose frequently in a soiled ha chief. "You better git him here."

"He'll be here," said Chief Faring. to sit down, Doc?" His manner was th solicitous friend, though Doc was technical custody.

"No, thanks, Bill."

Another door opened. Doc turned, ing Godsmark—but instead, twelve s men came filing in and took their pla hind a railing. The jury!

These were the men who would jug fate. Twelve faces. Doc looked then shrewdly, as if sizing up a pitch auc eight modocks, two chumps, a cornhu and that doubtful dingo on the end, t with a face like a fox terrier.

Corr came in and crossed to Zerelda's to whisper to her with smiling intimac did not appear glad to see him, but D not observe that: he had turned away, to put her out of his thoughts. What be delaying Godsmark? He had othe ries too. Dunbar's last telegram, from kakee, reported that he had not locate land. Bad news. . . . And late last night had turned up at the boardinghouse state of panic after receiving a subpo appear as a witness for the prosecutio Enoch's dismay was no greater than h for he knew Enoch's fanaticism about the truth: under oath he might divulg awkward items. It would be up to Gods as a clever lawyer, to divert Enoch's cious honesty. But where was Godsm

> **Another good way to tell a man's age is to ask him at what age women are in their prime.** —ROBERT QUILLEN.

Then he saw Godsm clerk, a scrawny, necked woman in a bustling toward him heard her telling breathlessly that Godsmark and his daughter *both* had m Doc stared at her.

Chief Faring swung round. "Doc means you got no lawyer!"

The woman thrust a sheaf of paper Doc's hands. "Here's Mr. Godsmark's on the case, list of witnesses, so on a forth. It's just terrible," she added "but what can we *do!*"

"You better do somethin'—an' *quick!*" The bailiff blew his nose loud

Chief Faring's face was grave. "Do got to get you another lawyer."

"An' git him in a *hurry*, mister," the nagged. "You can't keep this court wa

Corr walked up. "What's the trouble

Chief Faring explained, and Corr li with no change of expression.

"Well"—he turned to Doc—"I'll b to get a lawyer for you."

"Thanks," Doc told him. "Just kee broomtail bailiff off and give me ten mi *I'll* find a lawyer. Where's the telepho

But he had overplayed his hand. end of twenty minutes, assisted by mark's female clerk—who was apparen the edge of a nervous breakdown—h called a dozen lawyers. Some were town, others too busy; three flatly refu touch the case. Billy Gray could off assistance, being still asleep, with the re off the hook; he had worked till the B went to press at three. His other ad Bert Beelom, was attending a Knig Pythias funeral.

"Judge wants you in his chambers." bailiff again.

As Doc went out he smiled at Godsm clerk and thanked her for her assistanc never," she told friends later, "met a courtly gentleman!" For several nigh dreamed about him.)

Doc followed the bailiff into the j "chambers": a small room replete w desk, a chair and a heroic-size brass dor. Corr was standing beside a gaunt, haired man at the desk. In his adve some life Doc had encountered magis of various sorts—but none, he decided, disagreeable than this one who sat glar him. Judge Yarbaugh had eyes like an snapping turtle and a sprinkling of da



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on the shoulders of his black suit. He suffered from indigestion and, for reasons best known to himself, always sat on an inflated rubber ring.

"No lawyer, eh?" he barked at Doc. "You realize you're holding up the procedure of this court?"

"I beg the court's pardon," Doc replied solemnly, "but mumps are—or is—an act of God."

The judge opened his mouth, then closed it again. "H'mph!"

"If your honor will permit"—Corr's voice was oily—"and as it is our responsibility to provide legal representation for the accused, I have taken the liberty to call in a promising young attorney, Frank P. Dibble."

Anyone could see that the judge did not think much of the promising young attorney. "Wasted enough time already." He scowled at Doc. "Dibble satisfactory to you?"

Doc bowed. "I'm at the mercy of the court."

Judge Yarbaugh gave him a second look, then snapped, "Where is Dibble?"

"He's waiting, your honor." Corr opened the door. "Mr. Dibble!"

A PLUMP, sleepy-looking young man in a baggy brown suit ambled in. Doc had him sized up as a modock before Corr finished introducing them—but there was nothing anybody could do.

"I'll give you till ten o'clock to familiarize yourself with the case." The judge stood up, one hand pressing his flat stomach. This was carnival time for his indigestion—an hour after breakfast. "That's all."

Dibble bowed, fussing with his cuff links. "Thank you, judge."

Outside, Doc handed him Godsmark's notes and the list of witnesses.

"Excuse me, I'll be right back," said Dibble. "I have to get a drink of water."

Doc watched him saunter away with a rolling knock-kneed gait. "Who *is* this human sofa pillow?" he asked Chief Faring.

The chief's Adam's apple bobbed apologetically. "It's kind of a bad break for you, Doc. Dibble's a lawyer, all right—but I dunno's he ever won a case. Most usually he does odd jobs for Corr."

"So *that's* it." Doc's jaw tightened.

"Around the city hall they call him 'Nemo' Dibble."

Doc was familiar with Winsor McKay's Little Nemo—the comic-supplement fable of a boy who lived his adventures in dreams.

"You can see why they call Dibble 'Nemo,'" the chief explained. "If he ain't dreamin', then what *is* he doin'? It don't seem like he's *awake*."

Doc shook his head. "Things were tough enough when I didn't have a lawyer. Now I've got one, I'm worse off than before!"

The trial was under way at last. For ten minutes, in his opening statement, Corr had been elaborating on the charges—"City of Lost River versus Thomas J. Tilbee; at least he *says* that's his name"—in a contemptuous, cocksure manner. (Just before the judge entered, Corr had boasted to the clerk of the court that he would "wrap this case up" in a hurry, as he had a committee meeting at four o'clock.)

Doc sat at the table only half listening to the eloquent voice accusing him of an index of crimes: kidnaping, interfering with the processes of law, threatening an officer, illegal use of firearms, malpractice, and so on. At the moment he was more concerned with the behavior of his lawyer. Nemo Dibble could not sit in a chair without appearing to lie down in it. His eyes were half closed and he was breathing somnolently through his mouth. Doc's elbow jabbed him; he sat up, startled.

"Have you studied those notes of Godsmark's?" Doc whispered. Nemo nodded. "All ready with your questions?" Nemo nodded again. Doc watched him rearrange himself comfortably. But at least he was awake.

"I will prove to you, gentlemen of the jury"—Corr's voice—"that the accused is no mere harmless peddler. This self-styled 'doctor' is known to be a dangerous charac-

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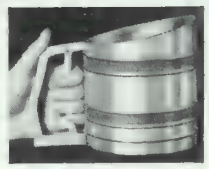
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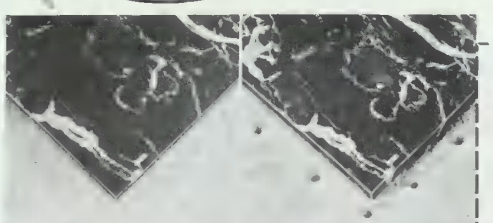
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ter—a Western bad man—who has sneaked into a decent community where he is unwelcome."

Doc, watching the faces of the jurymen, saw that they believed what Corr was saying; and suddenly he felt a cold anger spread into his arms and legs. Then he heard Zerelda's name called, and saw her make her way to the witness chair. As she took the oath she seemed nervous and very pale. Doc's heart was drumming.

With quiet deference Corr asked her to tell the court what she knew about the Theodore Bayliss kidnaping. Doc leaned forward. Zerelda appeared to balk at the word "kidnaping," and Corr suavely encouraged her to describe the incident in her own words. So low was her voice that they could scarcely hear her—and twice the judge interrupted, asking her to speak up. Her story was just what Doc had expected: the bare facts. She avoided his gaze—and when she had finished, Corr thanked her and turned to Dibble.

"Any questions?" It was obvious that he expected none.

Dibble sat up and cleared his throat self-consciously. Then he shook his head.

"Yes, you *have* a question!" Doc whispered. Dibble turned to him, confused.

"Very well," Corr was saying, "since the defense has no desire to interrogate this witness ——"

Under the table, unseen by the judge, Doc gripped Dibble's fat wrist. "You've *got* to ask this question!"

DIBBLE'S eyes were wide open now. Doc leaned close and whispered in his ear. Dibble pulled away. "I—I couldn't."

"You go through with this," Doc hissed, "or, so help me, I'll have you disbarred!"

Dibble hesitated, his pink tongue licking his lips. Then he scrambled up. "I would like to ask the witness"—he got control of his voice—"I would like to ask the witness if—if the city attorney has ever—uh—mentioned marriage to her!"

In the courtroom the quiet cracked like an egg; spectators and jurymen stirred in their seats. Doc saw a terrible embarrassment come over Zerelda's face—and in the same instant Corr shouted angrily, "Your honor, I object! That question is ——"

"Just a minute!" The judge shook his gavel at Nemo Dibble. "Are you hinting at collusion?"

Nemo flicked a glance at Corr, w glaring at him, shocked at his dis Then he looked down at Doc. Do were menacing. Nemo turned to the "I"— he swallowed—"I stand on m tion."

"Your honor," Corr cut in scathin object to that question as not only irr and immaterial, but beyond the pale o

"Objection sustained."

DOC scrutinized the faces of the jur though the judge had upheld Corr, t of collusion might quiver in their Then he saw Zerelda leaving the cou and a cold, empty feeling settled in hi ach. He was sorry he had done it to h Corr's tactics had made him so mad.

Tilting back in his chair, he exhaled to let his anger cool. It was the same fighter in the ring: you could win o keeping your head. He glanced at h yer's double-chinned profile and tried ure him out. Dibble owed allegiance t yet he was committed to make some effort to defend his client. Studyi round head, Doc decided that Dibble dishonest: he was merely intimidated a dominant politico, had the bee o Doc realized that he could never win quittal by threatening this reluctant There must be a smarter approach.

The next witness was Deputy Sher tick. While he was being sworn i nudged Dibble. "Sorry I got over about that question." He smiled disarm

Nemo gave him a sidelong glance skittish colt.

"I want you to know," Doc said, " every confidence in your ability."

Nemo nodded uncertainly.

Gattick had begun an involved acc the Marland incident wherein the a had "threatened" him with an ivory-h .38 and proceeded to shoot the sp playing cards.

Doc leaned closer, confidentially. any kin to the Hon. Artemus A. Di Nemo shook his head. "That's odd, Doc, "you're a dead ringer for him Hon. Artemus—now deceased—was the greatest trial lawyers in the countr went on, inventing an incident as he h vented the name. "I'll never forget h got his start. He was kind of tied in wi district attorney—owed him a good de

ten commandments for kitchen safety



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3. Be careful where you store knives—a special holder is good. Stick a cork in that ice pick.
4. Hang an approved fire extinguisher where you can grab it.
5. Store matches in a noninflammable container.
6. Use a step-stool for high reaching not the edge of a chair.
7. Cut away from your own han when you slice or peel foods.
8. Turn handles of cooking pans awa from the edge of the range.
9. Lift the far side of the lid on t bubbling kettle so the steam go away from you.
10. Clean up broken glass with a dam paper and wrap up the splinters b fore dropping in the rubbish baske



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one day Artemus Dibble got a chance to fight a case *on his own*. Well, sir, he rared back, defied the district attorney, won the case—and walked out of the courtroom a *success!* That's the way careers are made in the legal profession."

"Very interesting," murmured Nemo, straightening up in his chair.

When Gattick had finished his testimony Corr asked sarcastically if the defense had any questions. Nemo gave Doc that sidelong nervous look. Doc shook his head. Nemo rose. "No questions." Then he sat down, amazed at his own daring.

Before Corr dismissed Gattick he turned to the jury. "Gentlemen, you have heard from the witness—a law officer of our own county—how Tilbee threatened his life, brandishing a six-shooter as if he were swaggering about some frontier mining camp! Gentlemen, is *this* the lawless West? Can we permit our peace officers to be intimidated by a desperado? I say to you, *no!*"

"Get on with the evidence," Judge Yarbaugh warned him.

Doc leaned toward Dibble encouragingly. "Corr plays dirty pool—but you can cut rings around him when you get your steam up." He thought he observed a responsive gleam in Dibble's eye.

THE door opened and the bailiff entered escorting a red-faced, heavy-set man. Doc started. The hotelkeeper with whom he had played poker in Jackson! This was bad. On the stand the man described the poker game, which had been enlivened by some peculiar goings on. Though a poor loser, he was a good witness, and with Corr's prompting attested to Tilbee's remarkable talent for dealing himself nothing but kings and aces.

Doc seized a pencil and scribbled a line on the memorandum pad. Shoving it toward Dibble, he whispered, "Ask him this."

Corr, pleased with the damaging effect of the hotelman's story, turned to them arrogantly. "Any questions *this* time?"

Nemo Dibble got to his feet. "I would like to ask the witness if it is true that his wife left him because he suffers from hallucinations."

"I object!" protested Corr.

"Objection sustained."

Doc had scribbled another note and slipped it to Dibble.

"Your honor"—Dibble was gaining self-confidence—"my next question is important to every law-abiding citizen in Michigan. How does it happen that the witness serves liquor at all hours in his hotel—*when he has no bar license?*"

"Object!" Corr shouted. "Irrelevant and immaterial!"

Judge Yarbaugh rubbed his nose. "The witness is not on trial," he said. "Objection sustained."

Corr gave Dibble a look of triumph. There was something else in the look, too, as if he would have plenty to say to his protégé when he got him alone. Dibble sat down, crestfallen.

"Never mind," Doc reassured him, "it gave the jury something to think about. In their own minds they'll discount a bootlegger with hallucinations!"

But to himself he admitted that it was not going well: the faces of the jurymen reflected all too plainly that Corr was building a strong case against him. And even though Dibble had taken the bait and asserted himself, still he was unequipped to oppose such a skilled prosecutor.

With ebbing spirit Doc heard Corr dismiss the witness and thank him for "exposing this gambler." He thought of Zerelda—and an odd fancy crossed his mind. Always he had derided deathbed penitence, yet he was thinking now that if he had it to do over again he would have liked to make Zerelda a promise never to play another hand of poker so long as he lived. But it was too late. In all probability he would not see her again.

"Gentlemen of the jury"—Corr's voice—"we have shown that behind the slick exterior of this ——"

"Your honor"—Dibble was on his feet—"the city attorney is attempting to prejudice the jury unfairly."



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"Confine your remarks to the evidence," Judge Yarbaugh admonished Corr.

Doc saw Enoch's bulk fill the doorway behind the little bailiff, and he shuddered inwardly.

Dibble leaned over. "I don't suppose we need worry about this colored man? He's your friend."

"He's my friend," said Doc wryly, "but he's more closely affiliated with the Lord."

After taking the oath, Enoch sat down gingerly in the witness chair and rolled a worried glance at Doc.

Corr walked up, his manner patronizing. "All I want from you is the truth. If you don't tell the truth you'll be in trouble. Do you understand?"

Enoch nodded twice. "Yes, sir."

"Very well." Corr came a step closer. "How long have you known the accused?"

"The who?"

"The accused!" snapped Corr. "This man Tilbee!"

ZERELDA paused in front of the courthouse. For three quarters of an hour—since she left the trial—she had been walking around, trying to think things out, and now she found herself in front of the courthouse again. She had read, in a new detective story by Anna Katharine Green, that a murderer always returns to the scene of his crime. Perhaps that was why she had come back. Absurd. Yet this sense of guilt persisted. More than ever, she blamed herself: if she had minded her own affairs in the first place, this would never have happened to him.

When she rushed out of the courtroom she had been shocked and embarrassed by his lawyer's question, linking her and Chilton. But, going over it in her mind, she realized that a man on trial, faced with prison, must defend himself any way he could. She was no longer angry at *him*: her resentment, for some reason, kept centering on Chilton. To think, only a week ago she had considered marrying him!

Without quite knowing why she did it, Zerelda turned and re-entered the building and hurried along the corridor to Judge Yarbaugh's court. A policeman at the door let her in and found a seat for her in the last row.

Chilton Corr was pacing up and down in front of Enoch. "You know that Tilbee is a liar, don't you?"

"I object!" Dibble leaped to his feet. "Leading question!"

"Objection sustained."

"Your honor"—Corr swung round indignantly—"I intend to prove that Tilbee's entire *existence* is based on a fabric of lies!"

"Phrase your question properly," growled the judge.

Corr faced Enoch. "Have you ever known this charlatan to tell the truth?"

"You mean the doctor?" said Enoch.

"Doctor!" Corr jeered. "How do you know he's a doctor?"

"Well ——"

"Can you state categorically that he *is* a doctor? Does he possess a diploma from a medical school?"

Enoch was taken aback. "All's I know is, everybody calls him 'doctor.'"

"Just another attribute of his swindler's profession!" Corr pointed a finger at Enoch. "Tell the jury what *other* lies you've heard Tilbee ——"

"Object!"

"I will restate the question," said Corr. "How many times a day do you hear Tilbee lie—on one subject or another?"

Enoch shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "I couldn't exac'ly say ——"

"Ah, you couldn't exactly say!" Corr pounced on it. "Then you mean he lies so often you can't keep count?"

"Object!" protested Dibble.

"I'll put it this way," said Corr. "In your opinion, is Tilbee a *liar?*"

Enoch looked pained. "I wouldn't say the doctor is a liar, no sir. But ——"

"But what? Go on."

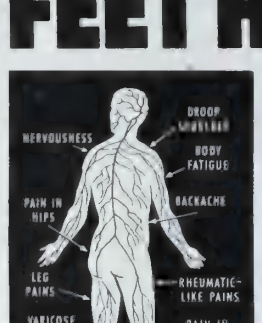
"Well—sometimes he kind of *approximates.*"

"You mean he falsifies—distorts ——"

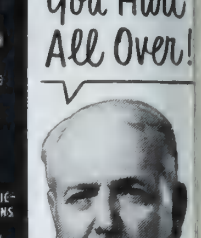
"No, sir, the doctor he just kind of approximates."

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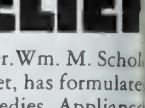


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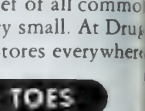
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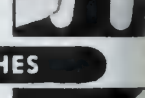
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'Explain what you mean by 'approxi-
es.'"
Enoch squirmed. "Well—it's like some-
in' ain't quite *is* and it ain't quite *ain't*."
Laughter rattled across the courtroom.
r turned quickly, annoyed. "Gentlemen
he jury, the witness has proved my point.
w, one final question." He turned to
och threateningly. "Tilbee has been heard
ay that Tad Bayliss, the boy he kidnaped,
is cousin. He has been heard to call him
usin Tad.' Tell the court—*is that boy
bee's cousin?*"
Enoch hesitated, swaying back and forth
he chair. He looked appealingly toward
c, but Doc was staring out the window.
"The truth," Corr bullied.
sweat glistened on the black brow.
'ell ——"
"Remember you're under oath! *Is* that
his *cousin?*"
Enoch shook himself. "No, sir."
"The boy is *not* his cousin?"
"No, sir."
"That's all!" Corr smiled elatedly. "Your
ness, *Mr.* Dibble."
Doc shook his head at Nemo. "No ques-
ns," said Nemo.
"Witness excused."
Enoch left the chair, bewildered. He
rted out—then paused and came toward
c.
"This way out," called the bailiff.
Enoch did not hear him. In front of Doc's
le he halted, his face heavy with remorse.
Doctor," he mumbled, "I'm sorry."
Doc smiled. "It's all right, Enoch," he said.
ou couldn't help it."
Enoch's eyes filled with tears. He wheeled
d shuffled dejectedly toward the door.
"Gentlemen of the
y," Corr began, "you
ve heard four witnesses
ablish the accused's
aracter. Or shall I say,
k of character."
The judge grumpily
led recess for lunch.
red by the bell, Doc was
nking. But he knew that he was not saved.
ough damage had been done—and more
uld be done this afternoon. . . .
"We'll go over to the boardinghouse,
c," Chief Faring was at his elbow. "Clara's
ed a little lunch."
Doc stood up. He was in the chief's cus-
dy, and lunch at Clara's seemed a pleasant
angement—if anything could be pleasant
such a time. Going out, he observed Corr
iting for Nemo Dibble—as a hawk might
it for a robin.
"Mr. Dibble," Doc said, "I'd like you to
me with us."

GRATEFULLY Dibble turned and scurried
er them. In the street outside they climbed
o the open patrol wagon, drawn by two
ite horses, and when they drove away a few
ople in the crowd called to Doc, wishing
n good luck. But their voices were sub-
ed, as if he had already been found guilty.
Zerelda stood watching from the court-
use steps. In the past twenty minutes she
d seen enough to realize that the trial was
ing disastrously for him, and that some-
ng must be done. She did not know the
itor of the Banner, but she had a feeling
at he could help. Down the street was
e hack office, in the forepart of a livery
able. She stepped into a battered, strong-
elling hack and asked the driver to take
r to Mr. Gray's house.
A handsome dark-eyed woman opened the
or, and Zerelda had a glimpse of a sunny
om with New England furniture. Three
oston bull terriers capered around, snuffling.
"Could I see Mr. Gray?" Zerelda said.
t's—it's urgent."
"He's just having his breakfast—the paper
nt to press so late." Mrs. Gray had a
endly Eastern voice. "Could you tell me
at it's about?"
"It's about Doctor Tilbee."
"Oh—yes." The dark, intelligent eyes
iled. "Won't you come in?"

Lunch at Clara Brink's boardinghouse was
t a gay affair. Clara—who prided herself on
"setting a fine table"—had served Doc's favorite delicacy, fricasseed chicken with dumplings, but neither he nor his nervous lawyer nor the chief of police appeared to have much appetite.

"Doc"—the hospitable blonde fluttered around him, as always concerned for his welfare—"you're just pickin' at your food."

"The condemned ate a hearty meal." Doc smiled grimly.

"Now don't you say that," Clara protested. "It's not like you to be so down in the mouth. You haven't lost this verdict yet."

"No, sir," agreed Chief Faring, "not by a jugful!"

"JUGFUL," Clara exclaimed. "That reminds me!" She hurried out of the dining room and returned with a bottle and three glasses. "I put this on the ice—I know the chief likes to wet his whistle." Doc saw that it was a bottle of his own Wonder Tonic.

"My favorite painkiller," the chief declared. "Clara, you're all wool an' a yard wide."

"You needn't mention my beam!"

The chief cackled, lifting his glass. "By jinks, when this stuff's ice-cold it's better'n champagne wine!"

"Mr. Dibble?"

"No, thank you," Nemo demurred, "I never touch intoxicants."

"Why, son, this here won't hurt you," the chief said. "It's medicine. Show him the label, Clara. Nothing but a tonic—good for young and old."

"Well"—Nemo held out his glass timidly—"just a drop."

"Doc?"

"Cup of tea, please, Clara," Doc said.

"*Tea*," sniffed Clara, "at a time like *this*. Well, I never!"

The chief downed his tonic at a gulp and refilled the glass.

Nemo took a cautious sip. "This isn't bad at all."

Doc pushed back his plate. "Let's see our list of witnesses." Nemo gave him the list, and he read it gravely. "Got my doubts if these'll cut any ice."

As the case stood, Corr had not definitely proved kidnaping. He had touched on it; that was all he could do, lacking conclusive evidence. But he had contrived to establish Doc as a lawbreaker, gambler and menace to the community—so that when it came to his final spiel to the jury, they would believe what he told them. Up to now Doc had more or less taken the trial in stride—because he knew something that *they* didn't know. He was betting all his chips on Edan Dunbar. At any minute a telegram from Illinois would settle the Tad Bayliss case, once and for all.

Clara came in with the tea. "Enoch's back."

Enoch appeared in the pantry doorway, and Doc sat up eagerly. "This time you've got it, Enoch!"

"The telegram?" Enoch shook his head. "No, doctor."

"*What?* Are they *sure?*"

"Nothin' came in."

Slowly Doc leaned back in his chair. Dunbar must have failed. Well—that was the end of that. . . . A bitter smile came into his eyes. He remembered an old chromo, The Gambler's Finish, that hung in his grandmother's house in Virginia City: a wild-eyed destitute man in a garret, appealing to two policemen about to arrest him.

My luck's run out, Doc was thinking. *Bound to happen sometime, but you never expect it to happen to you. The Gambler's Finish!*

"Honey, you're not eatin' a thing," Clara's perfumed hand rested on his shoulder. "Let me get you a nice piece of apple pie. I made it for you myself."

"I'm doing fine, Clara." He patted her hand. "Thanks."

This was the unluckiest part of the jinx—being in love with the wrong woman. He knew that he would never see Zerelda Wing again.

"Another drop of that delicious tonic, if you please," said Nemo Dibble.

Depend on the rabbit's foot if you will, but remember it didn't work for the rabbit!
—R. E. SHAY.

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Back in court, Doc sat alone at the table, dejectedly watching the jury file in. For the first time in his life he felt no incentive to go on fighting. . . . Chief Faring had brought him back in the patrol wagon; Clara was bringing Dibble in her rig. He wondered what could be keeping them. Then Faring came over.

"Doc"—the chief's turkey-wing mustaches twitched—"you ought to see your lawyer!"

"What's wrong *now?*" Doc sat up.

"That tonic of yours done what Nature couldn't. Made a man of him!" The chief chuckled silently. "I never believed what it says on the label—'puts life into you'—but I believe it now. It sure put life into Nemo, all right! He's illuminated like Paine's Fireworks! Minute ago, outside in front of the reporters, he walked up to Corr and bawled him out for bullyragging witnesses!"

Nemo swaggered in. Gone was his timid, apologetic manner; he waved the bailiff aside and sat down at the table.

"Doctor, that Hon. Artemus Dibble you told about this morning will always be an example to me in my legal career." His eyes glowed like carriage lamps. "I'll get you a verdict of acquittal or burn down the courthouse!" He leaned closer, redolent of Wonder Tonic. "I just found out—Corr's so overconfident he's not bothering to call his last two witnesses. It's my turn now."

"There's only one small beetle in the butter," Doc told him. "We've got no plan of defense."

"Just watch my smoke!"

The judge seated himself and the bailiff whined his "oyez" mumbo-jumbo. Nemo bounded out in front and called the first witness for the defense: Major Gringfobb.

Major Gringfobb entered with a spry step, took the oath and sat down. He was a spruce little man, a G.A.R. veteran with a pink complexion, silver hair and a chin whisker that waggled incessantly as if he were chewing something. His voice had the harp tonelessness of the very deaf, but he knew the questions that Dibble was going to ask him.

"How long have you been acquainted with ——" That was as far as Nemo got. Major Gringfobb was off.

He talked very fast, stating that he had known Doctor Tilbee for more than a decade; knew him to be a man of unimpeachable integrity; a comrade in arms, though they had fought in different wars; a benefactor of humanity. His meeting with Doctor Tilbee was an event he considered second in importance only to Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

TWICE Nemo sought to inject a question, but nothing could stop Major Gringfobb. Since he had been taking Wonder Tonic he had never known a sick day. To Wonder Tonic he attributed his vim and virility. He was seventy-three, he said—happily married to his second wife, and the proud father of a four-year-old son.

Doc felt relieved when the major paused for breath. He was too good a witness: the jurymen showed signs of amusement and there were snickers among the crowd. Doc signaled to Nemo and Nemo hastily turned to the city attorney.

"Any questions?"

"Nothing," said Corr contemptuously.

The major, who could not hear what they were saying, started off again: "Doc Tilbee was a man who ——"

"That's all," Nemo shouted. "*Witness excused!*" He waved his arms.

Nemo swooped back to the table. "Now, I'll call Bert Beelom ——"

"Hold your hosses." Doc looked worried. "We're in trouble. Our whole string of witnesses'll have as much effect on that jury as a belch in a balloon. If we could pull a surprise ——"

There was a stir among the spectators, and a sound of hurrying footsteps. Doc turned. Down the aisle came Billy Gray and Zerelda. But Doc saw only Zerelda. They came straight toward him, and he stood up, his heart beating fast. Billy Gray spoke in an undertone to Nemo.

Nemo leaped to his feet. "May I beg the court's indulgence for one minute? Extreme urgency."

"DOC," Gray whispered, "Mrs. Wing has volunteered to do a very gracious thing. She knows the whole story about Tad Bayliss—and she's willing to go on the stand and testify in your behalf!"

Doc stood looking at her. In all his life there had never been a moment like this.

"Nobody thinks you've got a chance—unless something *extraordinary* happens." Gray had a newspaperman's sense of drama. "Well—Mrs. Wing's that extraordinary something."

Doc was looking straight into her eyes. "She certainly is," he said.

"Here comes Corr." Gray nudged Dibble. "Tell the judge that you're puttin' Mrs. Wing on—at her own request—as a witness for the defense!" he told the attorney.

Among the jurymen and spectators there was a craning of necks as Corr went up to the little group. "Did you wish to speak to me, Zerelda?"

"No," Zerelda answered.

Dibble was addressing the judge: "Your honor, I request ——"

"*Hold it,*" Doc cut in. Billy Gray seized his arm. "I can't let her do it," Doc said.

"What's happening here?" Corr demanded suspiciously. "Can't let her do *what?*"

Nemo shook a finger at him. "Mr. City Attorney—you run *your* department; we'll run *ours.*"

The judge's gavel rapped several times. Corr's angry glance fastened on Zerelda. "Do you know what you're doing?"

Her blue eyes were defiant. "Yes, Chilton, I do."

This was the end for them—and both knew it. Corr turned and walked away.

Doc stood looking at Zerelda as if there were no one else in the room. "Someday I'll tell you how much this means to me," he said. "But I can't let you do it."

"I *want* to," she pleaded.

"You're a thoroughbred"—Doc smiled gently—"but I couldn't let you run in this mud."

Billy Gray started to speak.

"Billy," Doc said to him, "you and I understand each other. This is no kind of a mess for her to be dragged into." He took Zerelda's hand in both of his. "Just coming here—it's like you'd brought me a birthday cake in jail, with a file and a six-shooter in it." He straightened up. "I'm going to blast my way out!"

"Look!" exclaimed Nemo Dibble.

Doc turned. Enoch came sprinting down the aisle, waving a telegram.

"Your honor"—Corr's angry voice—"I protest against this irregularity!"

"The defense will proceed with their next witness," ordered the judge.

Doc was tearing open the telegram. He seized Zerelda's hand again. "Edan *found* him! Found Old Man Elkland!" Then, to Enoch: "This was sent yesterday morning. He's on the train now!" His excitement had infected the group around him. Judge Yarbaugh's gavel pounded. "You two," Doc whispered to Zerelda and Gray, "get down

(Continued on Page 190)

PAPER PATH TO THE MOON

Which would be easier to do—fold a piece of paper in half fifty times or reach the moon? It's not a riddle; accomplishing either is equally possible. Because, if you were to manage the fifty-fold business, your paper would be so thick that it would reach beyond the moon! Sounds impossible? Here's the way it would work out: just three folds will make the paper eight times its original thickness and seven folds will make it 128 times as thick as it was in the first place. Beyond that the figures are as fantastic as those of our national budget. Just thirty folds would result in a diameter just about that of the earth, and the forty-fourth would reach the moon. Theoretically the stunt is possible—if a sheet of paper the size of the United States were obtainable.

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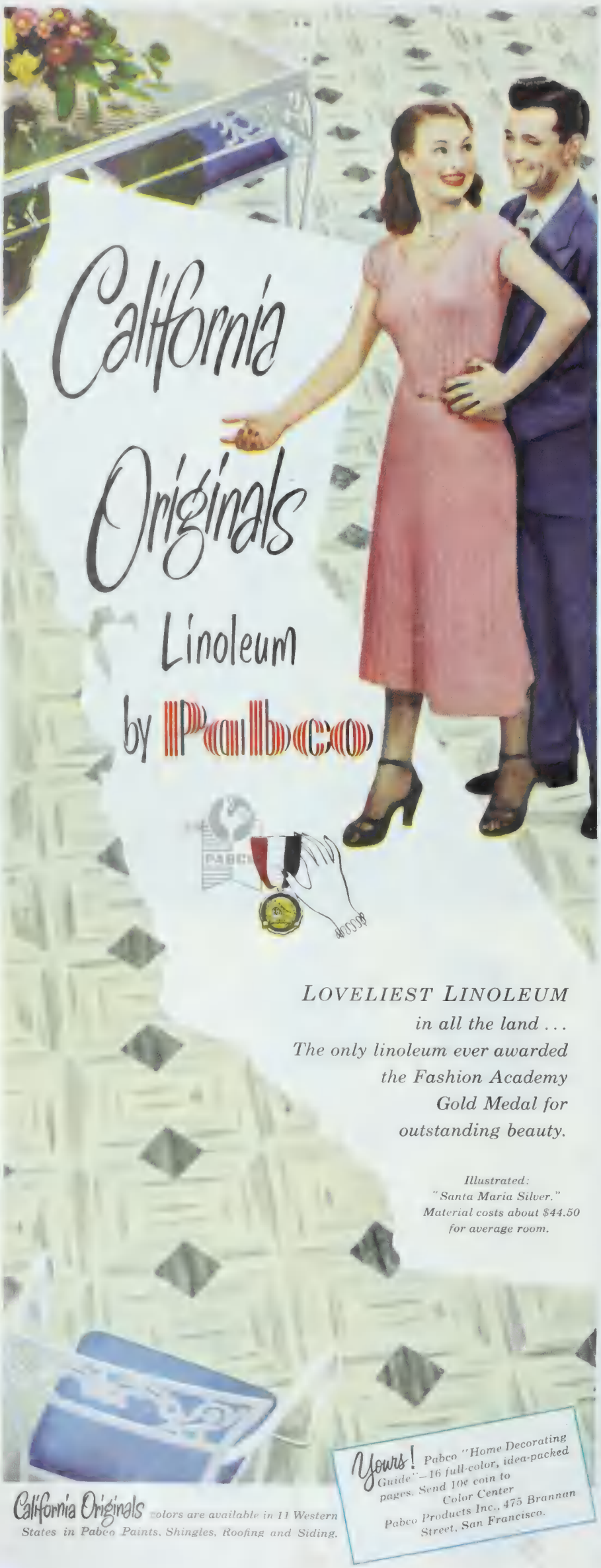
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(Continued from Page 188)

to the station, meet Edan Dunbar on the three-forty from Chicago—that's an hour from now. I can't explain—just do it, will you? Bring him here."

"But"—Zerelda's eyes were troubled—"what will happen to *you* in the next hour?"

"Plenty," said Doc. "I'm taking the stand myself!"

"You can't do that," Nemo chattered. "If Corr gets you on the stand he'll cut you to pieces!"

"Mr. Dibble," Doc told him, "your surprise witness is *me*. Get going."

Zerelda had seen that belligerent thrust of his jaw before. She smiled swiftly. "Good luck!"

"You've given it to me," he answered. She turned and followed Billy Gray up the aisle.

The judge's gavel was pounding again. "I warn the defense ——"

As they walked out of the courthouse Billy Gray squinted at Zerelda. "You know, there's something magnificent about that scoundrel."

"But," said Zerelda, "he *isn't* a scoundrel."

Billy grinned. "Purely a figure of speech."

Doc had told his story. In a simple, forthright manner he had related the details of meeting Tad Bayliss at the abandoned farmhouse and taking him along in the Contraption. That was all there was to it.

When he had finished, Nemo Dibble took a deep breath. He could do no more with it. Reluctantly he turned to the city attorney. "Any questions?"

Corr rose with ominous coolness. "There are *several* questions I am interested to know if the accused can answer."

Nemo sat down and peeked at his watch. The Chicago train was not due for twenty-five minutes—and in twenty-five minutes Corr could tear Doctor Tilbee apart, limb by limb.

CORR turned his back on the witness chair and faced the jury. "Gentlemen, you have listened to the ingenious story the accused has just told." His voice was heavy with sarcasm. "That story might carry some weight if there were a word of truth in it!" He stalked across to the witness chair.

Doc saw the fury in his eyes. *The only chance I've got*, he thought, *is to get him madder. Keep jabbing him.*

"Here is a list of statements you have made"—Corr flourished a sheet of paper. "Not one of them true! Not one! Just now you yourself referred to the boy Tad Bayliss as 'Cousin Tad.'"

"That's right."

"Are you telling this court that he *is* your cousin?"

"In the Shakespearean sense."

"'In the Shakespearean sense,'" j Corr. "What do you mean by *that?*"

"If some people," Doc said, "spent time reading Shakespeare, instead of ticing political speeches in front of a ror ——"

"Your honor, I protest."

"Answer the question," Judge Yarb warned Doc.

"Begging the court's pardon," said "I was only pointing out that reading Sh speare is kind of a humanizing educat

"Confine your comments to the quest snapped Judge Yarbaugh.

"I will, your honor." Doc bowed t bench. "My colleague, here ——"

"I am *not* your colleague!" Corr i rupted hotly.

"WELL, whatever you are," said Doc, trying to tell you that in Shakespear you'd ever read him; and a little cu doesn't hurt any of us—in Shakespeare, friends call each other 'cousin.' Ergo—T dore Roosevelt Bayliss and I are cousir

"*Your honor* ——"

"Proceed with your questioning." honor looked perplexed.

Doc glanced at the jury. In a Repub community like this it was a fair guess most of the jurymen were Republicans—the name "*Theodore Roosevelt* Bayliss" sh have had some effect on them.

Corr came at him with waspish ar "Among *other* falsehoods, you have st that you were 'born in the shadow of Alamo.' Where *were* you born?"

"On the Red River in North Texas," Doc.

"Ah!" Corr pounced. "Is *that* 'in shadow of the Alamo'?"

"The Alamo casts a long shadow," said.

There was some laughter from the cr and two of the jurors smiled. He contin before Corr could intervene:

"The Alamo's more than a geograph location—it's a state of mind. A symb liberty and courage, you might say, for whole of America."

Four jurors appeared to like that.

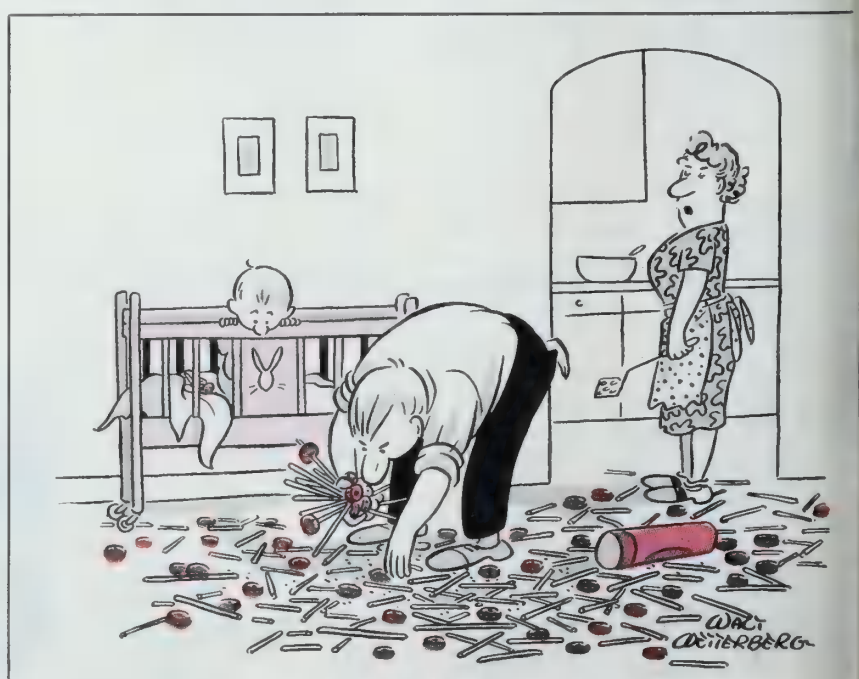
Corr shifted his attack. "Exactly *how* you make a living, traveling around the co try as a quack?"

"Can't answer that," said Doc.

"You can't answer that, eh?"

"Because I'm not a quack," said D "The dictionary defines a quack as 'a tender to medical skill.' *I* don't pretend medical skill—I sell medicine. And I co produce thousands of witnesses—satisfied tomers that've been benefited by my —

"*Benefited?*" Corr cut in. "I suppose are familiar with what the great Fre dramatist Molière wrote on *that* subjec



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He turned to the jury, as if letting them in on something good. "Molière wrote, 'Nearly all men die of their medicines—not of their diseases'!"

"The Bible's a better drama than Molière ever wrote," Doc retorted. "And the Bible says, 'The most High hath created medicines out of the earth, and a wise man will not abhor them.'" He turned to the jury. "That's from Eccleastics."

It had a solid impact on the jury; Doc could feel it. Well, the Bible never failed.

Corr stopped skirmishing. "I have here"—he jerked a newspaper clipping from his pocket—"a list of . . . picturesque professions in which you are alleged to have engaged. You claim that you were once a cowboy. Can you prove that?"

"Well"—Doc smiled—"I'm a little bowlegged."

"Your honor," Corr protested, "this levity ——"

"Answer the questions properly," growled the judge.

"Can you prove," Corr demanded, "that you were ever a gold prospector?"

"It was a long time ago."

"You *claim* to have been a deputy marshal under Pat Garrett, at the time Billy the Kid was killed. Can you prove *that?*"

Doc rubbed his chin. "I don't know where old Pat is today ——"

"Can you prove that you were a deputy marshal under him?"

"Well, there were quite a few of us deputies."

"Can you prove that *you* were one?"

Doc stirred uncomfortably. "I'd have to make a trip down to the Southwest ——"

"But you can't prove it to this court *now*—can you?"

"I don't suppose I can," Doc admitted.

"You *claim*"—Corr's voice had a bitter incisiveness—"that you drove the Deadwood stage."

"Correct."

"Can you *prove* it?"

"Well"—Doc frowned—"that's hard to ——"

"So you *can't* prove it!"

"I didn't say that." Doc was trying to keep his temper. "The company that ran the stage has been out of business for ——"

"I'm not asking you about the company," Corr cut in. "I'm asking you to prove that you drove the Deadwood stage!"

Doc wiped his face with a blue bandanna and peered at the clock. Three-forty-five. Past traintime! He had been straining his ears for the locomotive whistle.

"Obviously you can *not* prove that you ever drove the Deadwood stage."

Doc looked around helplessly. Nemo got to his feet. "Your honor, I object to this line of questioning!"

Corr's dignity was impressive. "It is my intention, your honor, to prove that the accused has falsified and misrepresented the activities of his past life—and that such falsification and misrepresentation have a direct bearing on this case."

"Proceed."

The judge's postmeridian indigestion had begun in earnest. As a thirsting man in the desert conjures up the vision of a frosted glass of beer, the judge's abstraction spun about a goblet of baking soda mixed with water. He had no relish for the city attorney, whose cold-blooded ambition repelled him, nor had he so much as a twinge of sympathy for the accused, who was probably a mountebank. Interesting fellow—but too healthy, the judge speculated sourly. Tilbee looked like a man with a copper-riveted stomach, a man who could blithely devour steak and onions and top it off with lemon-meringue pie. The judge closed his eyes and swallowed. There was only one hopeful aspect of this case: it would soon be over. Corr was dismembering Tilbee as if carving a roast duck. Roast duck! He must stop thinking of things like that. . . . He glowered at the spectators. Stupid lot of mutton. Imagine coming to sit in a courtroom when you didn't have to! Suddenly he noticed Prof. Alonzo Moultripp, of Albion College, in the first row. Now, what would bring Alonzo here?

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Corr held up the newspaper clipping and struck it contemptuously with his hand. "I shall not take the court's time with the full list of these Münchhausen meanderings. *But*"—he walked close to Doc—"there is *one* allegation which, in the interests of justice, I cannot overlook! You have stated that you served with the Roughriders at San Juan Hill! You have been heard to refer to Theodore Roosevelt—our great President—as your 'comrade in arms'! And there, *Mister* Tilbee, you go too far!" His voice rose in the forensic style of William Jennings Bryan: "I say to you, gentlemen of the jury, that this wanton disregard for the truth cannot be tolerated by a righteous citizenry!" He pointed a finger at Doc and shouted, "How can you answer that?"

"Well," said Doc, "going on the theory that the larynx is more important than the logic ——"

"*Answer the question!*"

"What was the question?" Doc asked blandly.

"Do you still assert that you were with Roosevelt's Roughriders?"

Doc hesitated, listening for the sound of the train whistle.

"*Answer the question!*"

"Yes," said Doc, "I was there."

"Can you prove it?"

"Well ——"

"*Can you prove it?*"

"The records are in the Adjutant Gen'ral's office in the War Department."

"VERY convenient," jeered Corr. "You expect us to hold up this trial—wasting taxpayers' money—while we search a lot of records in Washington?"

"You wasted taxpayers' money on this trial in the first place!"

"*Your honor* ——" Corr protested.

"I will hold you in contempt," the judge threatened Doc.

Corr came at him again. "*Can you prove that you were with the Roughriders?*"

"You mean," said Doc, "do I carry proof around in my pocket? No."

"*So* far," Corr exclaimed triumphantly, "you have not been able to offer one iota of evidence that you were ever—*at any time*—any of the things you claimed to be!" He looked at the jury, as if taking them into his confidence, then nodded curtly at Doc. "That's all."

Doc started for the table like a boxer returning to his corner, knowing that he had just lost the round and wondering how it happened.

NEMO DIBBLE was standing at the railing talking in whispers to a serious-looking young man with a lock of hair over one eye. He motioned excitedly. "This is Professor Moultripp ——"

"How are you?" said Doc. Then he turned worried, to Nemo. "That train ——"

"The train's an hour late," Nemo told him jauntily. "But wait ——"

"An *hour!*" Doc felt sick. "That'll finish us. We can't hold out—Corr'll snatch a verdict ——"

"But Professor Moultripp has brought good news!"

The professor shook hands briskly. "I'm a friend of Zerelda Wing's." His eyes twinkled. "This is quite a lark!"

A lark, Doc thought. *Here I am, practically hanging from a sour-apple tree—and this broomtail calls it a lark!* Then he jumped. "Did you say you're a friend of Mrs. Wing's?"

Professor Moultripp smiled. "A discarded suitor. That's why I hurried over as soon as it arrived this morning."

"*What* arrived?"

"I suppose I should explain how *I* became implicated." Moultripp brushed the lock of hair from his eye. "When I read that first piece about you in the Banner, my insidious curiosity impelled me to write to him direct ——"

"Write to who? *Whom?*"

"Then this morning," Moultripp said jubilantly, "the answer came!"

"The answer to *what*, for the love of ——"

"Your bouncing barrister will soon tell you." The professor pointed at Nemo, who had rushed up to Judge Yarbaugh, waving a sheet of paper. The judge took it from him and read it, scowling. Then he put on his



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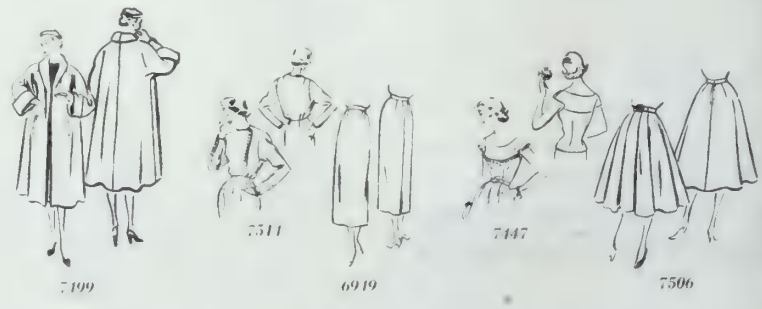
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glasses and read it again. Rapping with the gavel, he announced that he would allow the defense to introduce a letter as evidence.

This was the high point of Nemo's career. As he read the letter his voice quavered:

"'The White House, Washington, September 24th, 1904. Professor Alonzo Moultripp, Albion College, Albion, Michigan. My dear Professor Moultripp: In answer to your query I am delighted to say that I remember "Doc" Tilbee very well indeed. He served with the Roughriders throughout the campaign and was most certainly present at the San Juan Hill engagement. Tilbee was the best vet we had, and not only took excellent care of our horses, but was himself an intrepid fighting man. If you should see him, please give him my warm regards. Sincerely yours, Theodore Roosevelt.'"

An instant of silence—then spectators were buzzing and twittering. Someone applauded—but the judge's gavel stopped that.

"Professor," Doc whispered gratefully, "you're quite a man!" His heart was hammering against his pocketful of cigars.

Corr strode across to the high desk. "May I see that letter? It could be a forgery!" He fairly snatched it from the judge's hand.

"Here's the envelope, with the Washington postmark," Judge Yarbaugh told him acidly. "And that signature is authentic."

Corr read the letter and flung it down. "This has no bearing whatever on the guilt of the accused!" He turned and walked away.

The judge's indigestion was killing him. He called a five-minute recess and made the distress signal to the bailiff.

Doc watched Corr standing motionless at the drinking fountain in the corner, tin cup

Men should be careful lest they cause a woman to weep, for God counts their tears. —THE TALMUD.

poised in air. He could see that trapped-jaguar expression on his face again. Corr was scheming to overset the White House letter. He was out to win this case, and he'd allow nothing to stand in his way. People said he would convict a penniless widow, with starving children, any day in the week if it would advance his reputation as a prosecutor. And this case involved more than his reputation: it had now become a personal feud, because of Zerelda. Doc knew that they must move fast—the recess would soon end.

Nemo came skittering over. "Wasn't that letter a humding——"

Doc cut off his effervescence. "It won't give us an acquittal. You heard what Corr just said. Remember, he gets the last shot at me. We've got to think of something." He glanced at the clock. "Train's not due for forty-three minutes. It'll take 'em two minutes to get here from the station. That's forty-five minutes." His fingers drummed the table. "If we could only ——" He saw Corr drop the drinking cup with sudden decision. "That thimblerigger's thought of something! Here it comes." His frantic eyes sought the judge, who was being handed a glass of milky fluid by the bailiff. "What's *that?*" He jabbed Nemo's ribs. "What's he giving the judge?"

"Soda," said Nemo. "The poor old gentleman suffers from dyspepsia."

"He *does?*" Doc's mind worked fast. "Look here ——"

The bailiff was calling the court to order. Corr sat at his table, grimly scribbling some notes.

"Look here," whispered Doc, "can you put me back on the stand? I mean, is it legal?"

"Yes, but"—Nemo looked pained—"Corr will only go at you again hammer and tongs."

"We won't give him the chance!" Doc said. "If I can keep talking till that train gets in ——"

"But how ——"

"Just put me on," said Doc. "Every time I begin to fold you say, 'Doctor, tell the court in your own words ——' That's all—I'll do the rest!"

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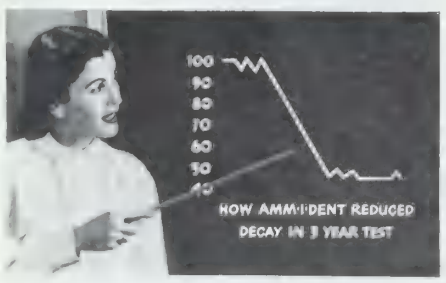


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Amm-i-dent Reduces Tooth Decay Because It's Ammoniated!

"But ——"

"*Quick!*"

As Corr opened his mouth to address the judge Nemo spoke—returning Doctor Tilbee to the stand for further questioning. Corr sat down disgustedly.

Doc went toward the witness chair, a covey of thoughts flying at all angles through his mind. He had never been in such a tough spot. If he failed—prison. Maybe they could appeal the case later—but later would be too late. A man once convicted of felony could never go to a lovely creature like Merelda Wing and ——

His knees shook as he seated himself. Dibble was shuffling papers at the table. Forty minutes. . . . Doc rubbed his chin nervously and peered at the jury. Even if he could hook their interest it would do no good: the judge was the man that ran the show. So the judge had a bad boiler. He soaked his boiler all day with baking soda.

Nemo, frowning dubiously, said, "Doctor Tilbee, tell the court in your own words ——"

Doc cleared his throat, gripped the arms of the chair and started to talk. For the first three minutes he had no idea what he was talking about. He could hear his voice, apparently going on without him. That was the old pitchman's training. (And he had a fleeting notion that politicians probably did the same thing.) When he caught up with himself he found that he had led off with an incident involving Teddy Roosevelt's heroism at San Juan Hill. Not a bad beginning: it tied in the White House letter.

Teddy's letter had lauded him as a vet. This led naturally to a tribute to the horse: the Cavalry horse, which had played such a heroic part in America's wars, and horses in general. He went on to tell about a favorite horse of Buffalo Bill's.

"Your honor"—Corr jumped up—"I object to the introduction of such extraneous twaddle."

"Your honor," said Doc, "no page in the history of our glorious country can be called 'twaddle.'"

The judge scratched his head and then nodded. "Proceed."

Doc proceeded. From the anecdote of Buffalo Bill's horse he launched into an account of his travels with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He had unconsciously swung into the oratorical rhythm of the pitch, and his voice took on resonance as he narrated the progress of the Bill Show—"that little band of true Americans: cowboys and Indians"—through European capitals. He described a command performance given in England for the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley were summoned to the royal box—and at this unfortunate moment the Prince was seized with an attack of indigestion.

"I object!" Corr shouted. "What has *indigestion* to do with this case?"

Doc said, "I'm coming to that, your honor."

The judge looked interested. "Proceed."

Doc put all his pitchman's art into describing the scene at the royal box at the moment Buffalo Bill sent for him to minister to the Prince of Wales' indigestion. On previous occasions, when Colonel Cody himself had indulged in indiscretions of eating and so on, Doc had cured him with a secret prescription obtained, he said, from medicine men of the Arapaho tribe. And the prescription did the trick again—bringing instant relief to the heir to the British throne. It was this incident which impelled the decision to devote his life henceforth to the service of his fellow man.

Flipping the blue bandanna from a hip pocket, he wiped his forehead and covertly glanced at the clock. He had been talking for twenty minutes. Another twenty to go.

"Doctor," Nemo prompted, "tell the court in your own words ——"

"Had I failed that day in England," Doc declared fervently, "the British Empire might have been bereft of its beloved king-emperor—a tragic consequence which would have shaken the entire civilized world!" He went on to pay a graceful compliment to the English people—and spoke for five minutes on the need for Anglo-American accord as a means of preserving peace among the nations.

"Your honor"—Corr was up again—"I object to the inclusion of such meaningless trivialities!"

"'Your honor,' Doc challenged, "how can this city attorney—or any other man—say that peace among the nations is a meaningless triviality?"

Applause spattered from the crowd. Judge Yarbaugh banged his gavel sharply, then scowled at Nemo Dibble. "I must ask the defense what bearing this testimony has on the case."

"I'm just getting to that, your honor," Doc replied. "There is an old French proverb: 'The destiny of nations depends on what they eat.' That gives us something to think about. Gastronomic politics, you might call it."

He was making a spectacular pitch. The clock showed ten minutes still to go, and as he increased his tempo, using every dodge known to medicine-show spellbinders, he listened for the sound of the train whistle. He was talking against time now—throwing in everything he had heard or read in his whole random career: fragments of history, philosophy and poetry; quotations from Shakespeare and the Scriptures; oddments of information on every subject from the breeding of Thoroughbred horses to marriage customs among the Congo tribes.

Corr made three indignant attempts to stop him. Each time the judge threatened to put an end to his testimony. Doc injected some astonishing statement that halted the judicial gavel in mid-air. He spoke with an eloquence such as these people had never heard, and there was a compelling magnetism in his eyes and in his gestures. But he realized that he was tiring; his voice had become hoarse. And the clock seemed to be standing still. He tried resting his voice by telling, quietly, how Gentleman Jim Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan for the championship of the world, through training on his own—Tilbee's—tonic. This did not go too well, and he veered quickly back to the main thread of testimony, from which he had wandered. As he started to elaborate on his journeys across America, through an open window drifted the sound of a distant train whistle. Sudden excitement died up his spiel. He opened his mouth—but no words came.

> **The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.**
> —CAVOUR.

And now Corr was on his feet. "Your honor," he protested pathingly, "must the jury be subjected to this hurricane of hot air?"

The judge sighed. He had been such stimulating oratory that he had forgotten his own ailment. But enough was enough. He scowled at Nemo Dibble. "I trust you have finished with your 'further questioning'?"

"Judge," said Doc, "I haven't finished."

"Your honor," Corr shouted, "I object to this distortion of ——"

"If the court will give me a chance," Doc put in, "there is something I must say."

"You said just about everything," rasped the judge.

"But this is a conspiracy!" Doc's voice rang out. "A man is innocent till he's proved guilty!"

Cheering broke from the spectators. The judge's gavel pounded.

"*Your honor,*" Doc pleaded, "all I ask is a chance ——"

"You had it!"

The train whistle sounded nearer now.

"Your honor, I ask you to give me what every American citizen is entitled to—the right to a fair hearing!"

The crowd applauded wildly. Beating the desk with his gavel, Judge Yarbaugh threatened to clear the court.

Doc could hear the train, puffing around the bend below the bridge. He was desperate now. If they took him off the stand ——

(Continued on Page 196)



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Coat by Lawrence Gaines

(Continued from Page 194)

"May it please the court"—Corr spoke coldly—"I move this testimony be stricken from the record as irrelevant and immaterial."

The judge rubbed his nose, then nodded. As he turned to instruct the clerk, Doc stood up.

"Your honor," he said gravely, "the only thing that matters is for the jury to hear the truth." He paused. "I want to make a confession."

A heavy silence flattened the courtroom. No one moved but Corr. Doc saw him draw back like a copperhead about to strike. Then he heard the judge say:

"What is your confession?"

Doc took a deep breath and drew himself up. "The whole thing started with a 'good deed.' I guess I hadn't had much experience with good deeds. If I had, I'd have known they can get you into a lot of trouble. . . . Anyway, I took the little orphan boy, Tad Bayliss, along with me on the road. I got into this good deed without meaning to. I tried to drop it two or three times. But it stuck like a mustard plaster to my soul! And I'm going to tell you why."

He began to tell them—with no attempt at eloquence, no fancy phrases, but quietly and simply—the story of his own boyhood in an orphanage in the West. He was making the pitch of his life now—because he was telling the truth. It had no sentimentality, no appeal for sympathy in it; only the bitterness of mean surroundings and desolate loneliness.

"You—all of you—have *homes*," he said. "At least I hope you have. I hope you've never known what it means to be shut up inside walls—never seeing the world outside. . . . I hope *your* childhood meant something more than a lost feeling that not a human being anywhere cared what became of you."

She behaves as if she were beautiful. Most American women do. It is the secret of their charm. —OSCAR WILDE.

No one—not even Doc himself—heard the Chicago train grind to a stop in the station across the river; every man and woman in the courtroom—from the judge on the bench to the janitor in the doorway—listened, in a kind of enchantment, to what he was saying.

("I never seen anything *like* it," Chief Farring told Clara Brink later. And Clara, a far-away look in her eyes, answered, "Somehow he looked like a preacher, standin' up there. And *sounded* like one—darned if he didn't!")

"I'm trying to make you understand," Doc said, "why I couldn't let that little boy Tad Bayliss go back to the orphan asylum ——"

A commotion in the rear of the courtroom interrupted him. The doors were flung open—and down the aisle rushed what seemed to be an endless procession of people. He saw Edan Dunbar and Billy Gray and Zerelda among them. The judge appeared too surprised to use his gavel. Lost River's most distinguished lawyer, John Daly, a ponderous, bald-headed man, had reached the bench and was speaking in legal language.

Doc stood wiping his face with the wet blue bandanna. His hands shook and his knees felt unsteady. Then he heard Daly's sonorous voice:

"Section 8777 of the Compiled Laws of Michigan of 1897, Section 2, paragraph (d)—provides that adoption of an orphan shall be 'by consent of the director of the poor of any city or township of which such child is a resident.' Your honor, here is the consent for the adoption of Theodore Roosevelt Bayliss by Edan Dunbar, of Lost River, signed by J. W. Elkland, chairman of the Township Poor Board, Springville Township, County of Calhoun, Michigan. Properly witnessed and notarized. Mr. Dunbar has assumed all legal responsibilities for the boy."

The courtroom was still. Judge Yarbaugh glanced at the document, rubbed his nose vigorously, then scowled at Corr. "It's clear to me," he said, "that the boy wasn't kidnaped—he was *adopted*. Case dismissed."

There was such an uproar all about him that Doc could not hear the things people were saying to him as they wrung his hand and slapped him on the back. He saw Zerelda coming toward him. It seemed a long time ago that he had first looked into those incredibly blue eyes.

Then the bailiff touched his elbow. "Judge wants you."

Judge Yarbaugh, his expression more disagreeable than ever, was beckoning to him. Doc walked over to the high desk and the judge leaned down to speak to him. "What was the name," he asked, "of that tonic you were talking about?"

It was a blue-and-gold October day, with just enough tang in the air to make the dapple grays feel their oats. Enoch had trouble keeping them quiet while he groomed them in the camp beside the river. They had been stabled too long in town; and now, like cavalry horses, they stomped and tossed their manes, sensing action ahead. Harness, hanging under the trees, had been polished until its brass studs glistened, and the Contraption stood there, canvas curtains neatly buttoned, ready for the road.

Enoch suspected that they would soon be on their way, and as he worked he sang, in his rich bass, the other spiritual Doc had composed:

"We'll travel on the o-pen ro-oad—
Leadin' to the Great Beyond. . . ."

There was a cheerful lift to his voice, because he was happy for the first time in weeks. But he was concerned over the doctor. A man would think that after his victory in court—and the new respect people had for him—the doctor would have slept the sleep of the just last night. But Enoch had heard him stirring restlessly in his bunk. He himself slept on the broad front seat of the Contraption, which made into a comfortable bed, and long after midnight he had heard the doctor get up and go outside. He couldn't see him—dark of the moon—but twigs crackled, and he knew that the doctor was pacing up and down out there. Something on his mind. Could be Mrs. Wing. Could be lots of things.

Below, around the river bend, Doc sat against a tree in the warm sun, smoking his after-breakfast cigar. Opposite him Tad squatted, cross-legged, sifting a handful of sand through his fingers and watching Spook and Beezark. The raccoon crouched, poking a deft paw into the stream for fresh-water shellfish, of which he was very fond, while the little dog watched with interest.

Tad had on the brown suit and yellow elk-skin shoes, and his hair was slicked down. As Doc looked at him he saw a tousle-headed boy, barefooted, in patched pants, with grimy tear-stained cheeks and fear in his eyes. This aware, well-scrubbed boy in the new brown suit had come quite a distance. Pleasant spectacle to watch, Doc was thinking. A young American on his way.

"Set of books'll come for you one of these days, Tad," he said. "Called Animate Creation. Tells about every kind of animal from rhinoceroses to raccoons—with colored pictures."

"Jingoes!" Tad said, pleased. "*Thanks*, doctor!"

"And I'm going to leave my bird book for you. Fellow with an inquisitive turn of mind ought to know every bird in these regions. You can tell June about 'em."

The boy's face clouded. "Why do you have to go away?" he asked quickly.

"Well, you see ——" Doc had been dreading this interview. "Coming on fall, we've got to head south. I'm late as it is. Got hung up in town, one thing another." He began talking fast, avoiding Tad's wistful eyes. "We'll head down through Indiana and Kentucky to Tennessee. Then across Georgia. Like as not I'll winter in Savannah—or ricochet over to St. Petersburg, Florida. Plenty of old codgers huddling in the sun down there need Wonder Tonic to warm their bones."

"Why can't I go with you?" Tad asked.

(Continued on Page 199)

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(Continued from Page 196)

About a thousand and nine reasons why
." Doc replied with forced joviality.
ou're going to live in the big house and
o school and *learn* something."
I learned things traveling with you and
ch."
A man's got to have a real education
se days," Doc said briskly. "Cowboys and
ing stones and such don't get anywhere.
sed to think I didn't *need* to get any-
ere—just so it was pleasant along the way.
I know different now. . . . That's why I
nt you to grow up to be an educated
tleman everybody'll be proud of."
But"—the boy's eyes were troubled—
you go away I won't see you any more—
Enoch—or Beezark ——"
'I've been thinking about Beezark," Doc
in hastily. "Now that he and Spook are
tners in the fish business, I guess I'll
ve him with you."
'You will?" Tad's face brightened for an
tant. "Then will you come see us real
en?"
'Oh, sure," Doc nodded. "And I'll send
a post card from here and there."
Through the trees a childish voice was
ling, "Tad! *Ta-ad!*"
Doc rose, whacking the dust from his
users. "There's June and your dad." He
nted to get it over with. "Come along,
ut."
Tad got up slowly and tucked the raccoon
der his arm. "Couldn't we talk for maybe
ittle while longer, doctor?"
"Your dad's going to take you in to the
ool." Doc said. They walked along a path
ewn with October leaves, and the little dog
cled around them. "Mighty important day
a fellow's life—starting
a fine school."
Ahead, through the
ve of elms, Edan Dun-
r and June were waiting
a smart trap, behind a
ek bay horse.
"W-will you say g'by
Enoch for me?" The boy's chin quivered.
"Oh, you'll see Enoch again." Doc frowned
they walked along. "I want to tell you
mething about your new dad," he said.
Any father can have a son. That's just a
rtunate accident. But *your* dad, Edan Dun-
r, *picked you out.* Of all the boys in this
hole country, *you're the son he wanted.*"
Tad looked up at him gravely. "I *am?*"
"Yes, siree, you are. And that means
mething. Tad," he said, "you're a lucky
ot. Remember what a good time you had,
e few days you stayed up at the house?
ell, it'll be like that from here in—only
tter. You're part of the family now. You'll
ve a sweet little sister and the greatest dad
forty-five states and four territories!
ou'll have a horse to ride—and Spook and
eezark to keep you busy. And when you get
der you'll go to college." He realized sud-
nly that he was making a pitch.

HEY had reached the lane and June was
aving to them from the trap. "Hello!"
unbar called smilingly. The grim tension
at had always held him seemed gone; and
oc was thinking how much he had changed
nce the day of their first meeting.
He hoisted Tad into the trap and Dunbar
nd his little girl made room for him and the
accoon and the dog.
"You'll surely drop up and say good-by?"
unbar asked. "We'll be looking for you."
"Good-by is something I never say," Doc
nswered. He patted the little dog's head.
Beezark ——" Out of the corner of his
ye he saw a small tear sliding down Tad's
heek. He turned away abruptly. "Toppy
oss you've got here, Edan," he said.

Zerelda waved her parasol at Billy and Mrs.
Gray, driving away in the surrey. They had
aken her for a spin out past the sanitarium,
nd tonight they were coming here to dinner,
ith Doctor Tilbee. Charming, friendly
eople—the first New Englanders she had
ver known. It would be pleasant to visit
New England someday. She wondered fleet-
ngly if Doctor Tilbee went that far east.

Walking into The Tavern, Zerelda recalled what Billy Gray had said about him, in summing up the case: "Do you realize what that scoundrel *did?*" (He always referred to Doc as a scoundrel.) "He hid the boy away—refused to produce him—then went on trial and took the chance of *prison*—to give Dunbar time to find the old man and get the adoption! That's what Doc did. And don't tell *me* it didn't take tremendous guts!"

"Billy," Gertrude Gray had said, "you weren't going to use that dreadful word ——"

"Guts? What else can you call it?" He had looked around, squinting. "Mrs. Wing, your friend the Roughrider is quite a man. Quite a man." And Zerelda had blushed.

Doc, waiting in the hotel's small "Oriental" lounge, saw her before she saw him—and his depression lifted. She looked so inexpressibly lovely, coming through a pattern of sunlight in that blue dress and wide hat with the roses.

SHE was surprised to see him, and her questioning eyes searched his face. "You've been saying good-by to Tad," she said. "I know how he must have felt."

"Tad's all squared away." He stood there, close to her, hat in hand.

She went on, confused by his nearness: "Now that it's over—when I think of the chance you took—the danger you were in ——"

"Flapdoodle!" Doc frowned at her. "Why, if it hadn't been for this little fracas I'd never have met the most terrific woman in the Western Hemisphere! I'll even include Asia, Africa and the Hanseatic League!"

She laughed then, but tears were clinging to her eyelashes.

He glanced around. They were alone in the little room. "Haven't we wasted enough time talking? Seems like I've been talking all my life."

He drew her to him. She was trembling, and her arms went about his shoulders. After he had kissed her—when he could think again—he thought, *I've kissed women in every language—but there's never been anything like this.* Then a swift doubt cut through his mind like the blade of a Gurkha knife: *You can't get away with it.*

He took her hands and held them for an instant, releasing them gently. "I won't be able to come over tonight," he said. "I—I'm leaving sooner than I expected."

She watched him, but made no answer.

He took a long breath. "Going back to the road is the only way I can work things out for myself. And I've got a good many things to work out. Making a living's only one. I don't know how much longer I'll be able to keep on with what you once called my 'irregular profession.'"

"I'm sorry I said that." Impulsively she reached out and touched his hand.

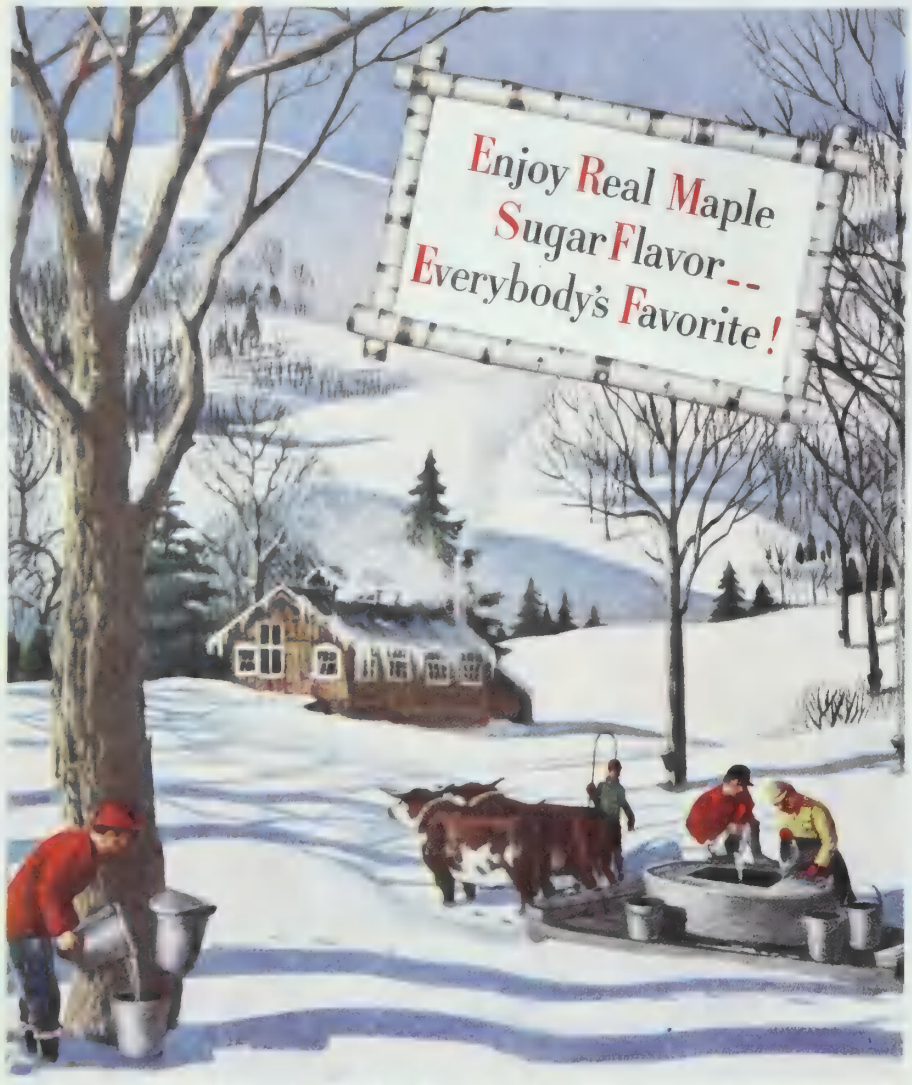
"No—you were right," he said. "And if Congress passes that pure-food-and-drug act they're talking about, it'll be *more* irregular. But making a living isn't as important as to get squared away with *myself.* In view of the new addition to my family—namely, a conscience." He smiled wryly. "The kind of life I've led—and whatever kind of man I've been—can't be made over all in a minute. . . . I remember what a job we had getting the Sioux off the warpath and settling 'em down on the reservation."

Zerelda smiled, looking at the way his hair was brushed back from his forehead, and at the lean angle of his sun-browned jaw. "I understand," she said quietly. "To tell the truth, I was expecting this." Then her smile deepened. "But I'm glad you came to tell me. I thought you'd write it in a letter. One of those letters beginning 'By the time you read this I will be ——'"

"I did write you a letter!" Doc pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. "Not a letter"—he smoothed it out—"just some lines by our old friend W. Whitman. But it's what I wanted to say to you. Only, I know now that I've got to figure certain things out *first.* And if I'm lucky ——" He handed her the crumpled note. "This is the

Everyone wishes to have truth on his side, but it is not everyone that sincerely wishes to be on the side of truth. —ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.





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Your morning grapefruit will taste delicious if you pour on Vermont Maid Syrup. To make it especially delectable, pour the syrup on the night before; let it stand overnight in the icebox.





Here's a maple sundae any soda clerk would be proud of. Yet you can make it at home in a jiffy! Just pour plenty of Vermont Maid Syrup over vanilla ice cream. Add chopped nuts—and you'll have a wonderful, maple-sweet treat!



Made by the makers of My-T-Fine Desserts and Brer Rabbit Molasses.

way I hoped it would be." He straightened up. "We won't say good-by. I'll just start out that door and keep walking. I'd like to kiss you again," he said gravely. "But if I do I'll never go. So ——"

All her life she would remember the way he smiled. Then he was gone. Zerelda looked down at the crumpled paper in her hand:

I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
. . . . Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

Constable Rollins opened the shutters and took a breath of the October-morning air. It was good air—crisp, and fragrant with burning leaves. Made a man feel chipper. He peered up and down the street. Somebody else feeling chipper! Since Zerelda Wing's return to Springville two days ago everyone said she seemed a different person: cheerf and with a smile in her eyes as if she expec something wonderful to happen.

Constable Rollins couldn't understand Nor could he understand what Orthwaite the bank, had told him yesterday ab Zerelda's buying the Springville Stock Fa Why in the world would a pretty girl like want to go in for raising blooded horses?

Up the street Zerelda turned into Aust Crockery and Notions Store. Mr. Austi who looked Armenian, but was from Yankee stock—emerged from behind a du pile of soup plates.

"*Good* morning, Mrs. Wing," he palave "And what might we be interested in *toda*

"Good morning," said Zerelda. "I'd to buy a lamp, please."

"And what *kind* of a lamp, Mrs. Win

"Oh, any kind"—Zerelda smiled—"t will look well in a window!"

MRS. FREMONT'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 75)

talking or whispering on the front porch. She went down the stairs of the old Victorian house where her husband, as his father and grandfather before him had done, practiced medicine. She wished fervently that Dan were not out on late call tonight. She wasn't a clinging woman, she thought; it was more that she shared all things with the tall, spare man who was her husband.

She'd fallen asleep reading about the various selves that went to make up a person, the different *I*'s of which one was composed. She had lingered in her reading, thinking of the *I*'s of herself, the bright, bewitching girl she had been, the *I* Jerry and Bob and Trevis had wanted to marry, and finally Doctor Fremont, Dan. She'd been visiting in town and had caught the flu. She'd opened fevered eyes as he bent over her with a stethoscope, listening. She met his cool gray glance, and that was her answer. The best possible answer, she thought now, as she turned off the bright hall light and switched on the small table lamp instead. What would the tragedy of her long childless years have been like without the deep, sustaining love of a man like Dan?

Betsey roused herself from an interval of memory to which she seldom gave thought room. She opened the front door, but there was no sound.

"Joanie," she called softly, "it's late."

Most arts require long study and application, but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire. —LORD CHESTERFIELD.

There was no answer, so she stepped outside. The porch was empty, so were the walk and the street leading up to the house. She could see down Church Street as far as Main, and all of it was in darkness. A short wind rapped a branch of the syringa bush against the porch railing. The sound emphasized the lateness, roused the worry in her. This wasn't like Joanie. She was never late; even at noon today, when she'd gone to the library, she'd called to say she was having a sandwich with Margie.

Jimmy, Betsey murmured to herself, *that Jimmy!* No, she wasn't sure of him at all, she hadn't quite liked him, the very little she'd seen of him. He wasn't one to hang around; he'd just ring the bell and whisk Joanie away somewhere as fast as possible. But he was the big wheel of Colton High, the star athlete. A dreamboat, Joanie called him. All Betsey could see was a tall, broad-shouldered redhead with an engaging grin, not very good manners, and a habit of telephoning often and lengthily. She'd give anything to know what sort of things he said. Joanie's end of the conversation was always murmurous, provocative, punctured every so often by soft rippling laughter, and a small secret glow that she kept for a while after she'd hung up.

If Betsey said, "My goodness, what was on Jimmy's mind all that time?" Joanie came out of the dream abruptly, said, "Oh, nothing much."

The hall clock sounded twice, two clear, reminding chimes. Two, Betsey supposed, wasn't so awfully late, if she could be s about Jimmy. She found the telephone bo looked up Jimmy's number. She sat star at the name, wondering if she dared, o her doubts of Jimmy would creep into voice and offend his parents. Yet what she know of him? His picture in the pa after the big games, his name on everyo lips, his voice on the telephone.

Just last Sunday he'd appeared at front door. "Hi! Is Fremont home?"

It took her a second to realize that meant her daughter. "Oh, good afterno Jimmy," she said. "No, Joanie isn't ho but she won't be long. Won't you come in

"Well, no. Give her this, will you?" A he handed her a book.

"Oh, yes," she beamed, "her math boo Then quickly, brightly, "What are y studying for, Jimmy, something special She'd just draw him out, she thought, get know him better. "Have you selected yo college? Your father's, probably, or are y going to choose your own?"

"I don't know." It was just a flat statemen

"Are you the oldest, do you have brothers sisters with college loy ties?"

He just mumbled son thing, she couldn't dr him out at all.

Not much to go on, s thought, consulting t clock again. She tried t front porch once more, but no one was in sig Without further qualms, she went back to t telephone and dialed the Sardons' number. rang three times, rather bleakly she decid then a man's voice answered, "Hello."

"Mr. Sardon?" She sounded breathle "This is Mrs. Fremont calling, Joa mother." Her voice rallied a bit. "She we to the high-school dance with your son t evening and they haven't come back y I'm sorry to disturb you, but ——"

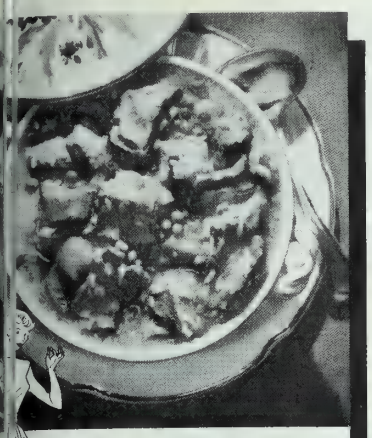
He interrupted, "Jimmy came in an ho ago, he's sound asleep."

"But ——"

"That's all I know," he said. "Sorry."

Betsey sat staring at the telephone, feeli the terror rise in her, the anger. Jimmy ho an hour ago! As though it was no concern his, as though he said, "What kind of daug ter do you have?"

"Joanie!" Betsey called aloud sudden listening. Then she sat back, defeated. S didn't want to phone anywhere else; s didn't want anyone else to know, to cri cize—anyone like Margie's mother, M Hawley. And yet she was afraid. This was like Joanie, not like her at all. Had she co home earlier, while she, Betsey, slept; h she called out something about spending t night with Margie? Betsey went to the d ing-room window and peered down t street, but you couldn't see much from the She started to reach for her glasses, but s saw herself an old woman peering throug curtain and she turned away. Joanie m have gone to Margie's.



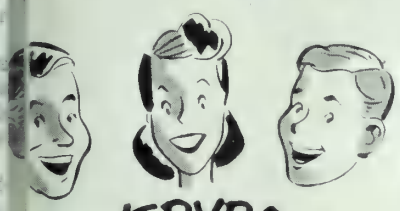
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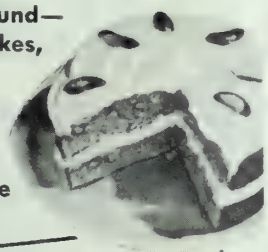
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Betsey moved slowly back to the telephone. She must call and find out. She didn't want to call. She didn't want to for the same reason that she usually avoided Margie's mother whenever she possibly could. She could see the woman, Cora Hawley, slight, fortyish, thin-lipped and ferret-eyed, mother of Margie and two young brothers. She could hear the sweet slur of her speech. Surely Joanie wouldn't go there. But she might. There was something of Mrs. Hawley in Margie, the jealous overtones that fell so lightly on Joanie's youth and that struck with such sharp discord on her mother.

"Another new dress! Joanie Fremont!" The tone did it. You couldn't answer a tone. Anyhow, Joanie never heard it. Mrs. Hawley wasn't so subtle. "What a lovely dress Joanie had on," she would say, "that bright blue. Margie's quite wistful about wearing her beige again."

"It's lovely on her," Betsey would comfort. "Margie always looks lovely."

"Oh, thank you. That's just what I told her. 'Margie, be your own sweet self. Don't depend on clothes. You don't *need* so many of them.'"

Yes, Betsey heard. She never answered. There was no answer to the Margies and the Mrs. Hawleys. Nor would she tarnish Joanie's generous young mind by showing them to her. So, just possibly, Joanie had gone there for the night, called out that she was going, never dreaming her mother hadn't heard.

It was not probable, but it was possible, just as this lonely waiting night was. She had better call. Betsey moved slowly back to the telephone, drew a deep breath and dialed. Even the phone seemed to ring with a soft purr that ended in the gentle asking, "Yes?"

"Mrs. Hawley, this is Betsey Fremont."

"Why, Betsey, what's *wrong?*" The last word was flung at her.

"Nothing's wrong," Betsey corrected firmly. She thought, *Except that my daughter's beautiful and yours isn't.* Aloud she said, "It's just that I've been a bit forgetful and I can't remember who was having the snack party tonight. Is it at your house?"

"Snack party! I haven't heard of any snack party."

BETSEY thought, *Of course you haven't, because there isn't one. I just have to use the indirect method with you so you won't twist something back on Joanie. Honesty is such a luxury.* She said, "I thought Joanie said something about going on somewhere after the dance and I just wanted to remind her that it's time to come home."

"Well ——" Betsey's words were weaving through the tortuous path of Cora Hawley's mind, they were forming a thought which emerged presently. "Betsey, I know what a worry *that child* is to you. I've been worried for you all evening. Margie and I have just been talking over the dance. The way we always do. You know we're very close, she tells me everything. We'd been talking about our family, you know, the kids and all, and she said, 'Mamma, I feel so sorry for Joanie. I can talk to you, but someone actually asked Joanie the other day if Mrs. Fremont was her grandmother. And like tonight, she didn't even come to the dance.'"

"Oh, of course." Betsey's laugh was a little shrill. "You know I fell asleep reading and I forgot all about the square dance at Marling Center. Imagine!"

There was a slight disbelieving pause. Cora's soft voice came out of it. "I know just how upset you must be, Betsey. Why don't you call the state police? They'll know if anything's happened."

"Why, here she comes this minute," Betsey called out. "Hi, darling. . . . Good night, Cora." She got the receiver back. She swept tortured eyes about the quiet, empty hallway. Her body shook uncontrollably. It shook in queer places: in her cheeks, her upper arms, and within the tight circle of pain about her waist.

Joanie, where are you, what has happened to you? Surely you know you could tell me if something is wrong. No matter what it is. Because there's nothing I wouldn't do for you.

She checked herself. *I must take this slowly, I must think carefully, I mustn't let a jealous*



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woman create something for me. But where are you, why didn't you go to the dance? You got all dressed for it. I got everything ready for you. You liked the new dress.

It's Jimmy! Her thoughts deepened. *You went somewhere with him on Friday after school and you were very late getting in for dinner. I put the box with the new dress on your bed when I came in from town, and I went in to give daddy his phone calls. I told him you hadn't come in yet and he said, "She'll be along. Remember me, Joanie's father?" I stood on tiptoe to kiss him and I heard you come in. "There she is now," I said and I called, "Is that you, Joanie?" I thought you didn't hear, because you ran right upstairs without speaking.*

Betsey closed her eyes and brought back the scene. She said to Dan, "She didn't hear me, I guess. I'll go up."

She went up slowly, realizing she was a bit tired after the day in town, but impatient for Joanie to see the new dress. Halfway up the stairs, she could see her, already seated at her desk, a book open before her. For just a second it seemed as though Joanie weren't real, as though she didn't breathe or move, as though she were waiting. It was only a second, because Betsey called out as she went the rest of the way up, "Surprise! The box is on your bed."

"Have a nice day shopping?" Joanie asked, without turning.

"Yes, wonderful. I found the most adorable dress, red jersey, just the right shade of nice bright red."

Joanie rose then, slender in the plaid jumper with the big pocket, her dark gold hair not cut jaggedly short, but parted in the middle and held back with two little combs. Her brown eyes were quiet and reflective as she said, "Oh, I didn't see the box."

She made no move to open it, but Betsey swept forward and undid it eagerly. "For the dance tomorrow night," she said. She swung it out, held it up.

"It's—it's out of this world," Joanie said. Her voice didn't sound quite right, perhaps she didn't like it.

Betsey rushed on enthusiastically. "With the old, gold bracelets." She opened the rose leather box on the dresser top, rummaged through it for the bracelets and the gold locket that had belonged to her grandmother. "See, they go perfectly. And you know what," she confided beamingly, "I think I'd tie my hair back with a small black velvet ribbon. You know, just a touch."

Joanie smiled, and with her smile Betsey felt an overwhelming relief. Joanie said in a low, amused voice, "Mother, that dress would look wonderful on you. I really think you should wear it and come to the dance."

Betsey laughed. "I've had my pretty dresses," she said lightly. "I used to have a new dress for every dance."

"Oh, never," Joanie said.

"That was before, of course."

"Before what?"

"Oh, before the war—the first war. It was gay. That's how I know what girls like and want, I suppose. Well, I'd better get back to the kitchen or there won't be any dinner, gay or otherwise."

"I'll help you," Joanie said quietly.

"Oh, no, no. It won't take me long." And it wouldn't, she thought.

Yes, Joanie had liked the dress. In the dim, waiting hallway, Betsey rubbed her hands over her elbows. It was a gesture of age, of indecision. She had seen it in countless other women and pitied them a little.

Finally she rose and walked through the prim old parlor, switched on all the lights. She stood staring at the mahogany, the sofa and chairs she'd upholstered herself in rose damask, the big framed picture of Joanie, aged five, her laughing elfin face uptilted, her blond hair shining. "I wouldn't take a million dollars for that," Dan often said, "it's everything she is, and everything she means to us."

Everything! *She is everything to us,* Betsey thought. She opened the door of her husband's office, sought his desk calendar,

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d at his calls. The last one was Watand a rural phone number. She sat at sk and called it. At least the Watkinses awake and unoffended. The doctor, said, had just left.

r first upsurge of relief was followed by old thought that, on late calls like this, en stopped along the line for a bite and of coffee. Where, she didn't know. She her hand tightened about the telephone, mind bursting with worry. *Something's ened, I know it, I feel it. I* —— She tried wn the panic. *Nothing is wrong*, she told lf sternly. Her hand released the tele-, beat a restless tattoo on the desk. *Margie and I are very close, she tells me hing.*" Joanie didn't. Joanie didn't er anything.

Was that Jimmy who called?"

Yes, mother, it was."

What did he want?"

Oh, nothing special."

Did the girls like your dress?"

Yes, they did."

What did they say about it?"

Say? Oh, nothing, I guess."

What did Margie ?"

She didn't have a dress."

Does Margie have y invitations?"

About as many as I I guess."

, she and Joanie n't close. She 't know why. She d her so much. S knew about h and fun, her youth had been that. She could h back so easily the years, as gh they didn't , to that thought feeling of being about sixteen. B she couldn't reach nie. There was stillness in her, forbidding, motiless quiet, as gh she were in e invisible room w a gently closed r. No, she and nie were not close; matter how hard sl tried, they were er close.

ust this morning, when Joanie came dstairs, she asked her, "Shall I wash r hair for you?"

I've just done it myself," Joanie said. "I g up early."

Oh, darling." Betsey was aghast. "Did rinse it carefully?" She loved the soft gl of her daughter's hair, the wave she h cherished since babyhood. She brought J nie's breakfast to her, pressed her fingers a inst the fair curls. "It looks wonderf" she said, "but I'd have been glad to do i or you."

I have to go out," Joanie said, "to the l ary. I have to look up something for English class."

ROBABLY meeting Jimmy, Betsey thought. t what fun could there be in a public libury, more than in your own home? Of rse their parlor was stiff; they'd left it, rilly, as it had always been. Perhaps they uld do it over, put in easy chairs, install tevision.

Joanie had phoned at noon to say she was ving a sandwich with Margie. That was e way Joanie was, she always phoned. Bet- got out the red dress and pressed it, hung on a hanger in the closet doorway. She spread e old necklace and the bracelets out on the esser top, found the little black velvet rib- for her hair, the lace-trimmed slip and e sheer stockings. She brushed the black de pumps carefully. That was this afternon.

The hall clock sounded the half hour. Bet- 's mind clung to the sound so that she rose and followed it. She came alive with the movement and sought the porch, stood on the steps, her eyes knowing she would still find the street empty and dark.

"*Joanie didn't come to the dance.*" Why hadn't she gone? What was she doing? Margie was home, Jimmy was home. All Colton lay in darkness. Perhaps she'd left a note.

Betsey went back into the house, sped up the stairs, paused in the doorway of her daughter's room again. There it was, mute and waiting in the dim light, a dream of a room. No one in Colton had anything like it. Not even herself. There was the peignoir, the matching gown and the rosebud slippers. There was no note!

BETSEY peered into the trash basket, bent to retrieve a small slip of paper, a bill. She reached in her pocket for her glasses, carried the bill to the light. Kane's! That was a cheap store downtown. They never bought there. She squinted at the item, "Dress $5.95. Pd." What was Joanie doing with a cheap dress? Betsey went to the closet, pushed aside the array of expensive, well-chosen clothes. Too many, perhaps. Yes, too many. Oh, but only if you were jealous and critical. There was no dress from Kane's.

Betsey's nerves beat in a swift crescendo of fright. "*That child.*" But she wasn't *that* child, she was *her* child. She didn't know her very well, she wasn't close to her, but she was *sure* of her.

If you're sure, why are you afraid? You were afraid about Jimmy, but he's home. She isn't with him. Where did he leave her? You must speak to him, you must find out.

She went slowly down the stairs, her eyes on the phone as though it were a live thing, live and menacing. *That child!* "*Jimmy came in an hour ago. Sorry.*" "*Why don't you call the state police? They'd know if anything had happened.*" Betsey found the number of the state police and dialed carefully.

"This is Mrs. Fremont, on Church Street," she said. "The doctor is out and I'm worried about my daughter. She hasn't come home yet."

"How long has she been missing?"

Betsey didn't like the word *missing*. "She's never later than about one-thirty," she told him, "and it's twenty-five minutes of three now."

"Look, Mrs. Fremont, she'll come home." He actually chuckled. "She's probably parked ——"

"Oh, no, no," Betsey interrupted indignantly. "Not my daughter, she isn't like that. She's a very ——"

"I know, I know," he placated. "That's what they all think."

"I don't think, I know," Betsey snapped. "Something has happened."

"Sure," he agreed mildly. "She's met a guy she likes. Look, if I started out hunting for every girl who's an hour late getting home, I'd have something to do. Now if she's missing any length of time, we'll get a description of her and send out a seven-state alarm ——"

"Oh, no," Betsey repeated, shocked. "It's nothing like that." That sounded like things you read in the papers.

The voice sighed, "She'll be home."

Betsey hung up. She could only wait. Even a word to anyone else, and it sounded sensational, awful.

(Continued on Page 205)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In Memoriam

By Helen S. White

Perhaps another fall
I need not, hands clenched, twist
my thought
To stop imagining you, window-
bound
Lying so sickly, and your eyes that
sought
Whatever bird may fly
In a city sky.

It may be that the years will take
away
Your startled eyes, the moment of
no breath.
Death is an utter silence.
I shut my eyes in pain—the
memory of *your* eyes
Humorous, patient, and your pale
mouth smiling
Tells me not to cry.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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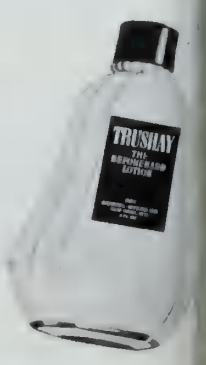
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A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-M

(Continued from Page 203)

er a while she opened the front door, ned the darkened street again. It seemed strangely still now, as though night settled upon it with finality and she expect nothing more of it until morn- The syringa bush snapped against the railing again. The sound was dismal, achful. Betsey turned toward the , and then she saw the box, tucked be- he umbrella stand. She didn't want to it, she didn't want to see the black s that spelled "Kane's" across the cardboard or the bit of red dress that d from beneath the cover. She left it . She came in and closed the door.

e went into the parlor and sat uncom- ly on the edge of the stiff sofa, her s clasped in her lap, her legs and feet d in a gesture of almost peasant humil- er eyes on the picture. She kept think- f the red dress: that she had bought it Joanie had liked it, that she had looked etty in it.

e had come down and turned about for ather. "How do you like my new dress, y?" she asked.

I'm-m," Dan said. "Where did you get '"

Mother picked it out."

Your mother's a good picker," he said, ning, and Betsey had hurried on with dinner dishes to the kitchen so Joanie dn't insist on helping, spot her dress or her manicure. She actually hadn't seen eave the house.

t you liked the dress. Why did you buy a one and leave the nice one hidden here? t sort of dress is it? It's d, that's all I know. A dress you bought your- You've gone someplace e you didn't want to a red dress. You must run upstairs and ged while I was in the en, then you hid the o I wouldn't know. Someone asked her if Mrs. Fremont was grandmother!" Betsey let the words slowly. She was fifty-five, her hair had thick silver streak through it. She was trim and slender, her dimples still flick- in her cheeks. She had been young and and popular, she had danced till dawn. hadn't forgotten. But now she was fifty- And there had been those long years of al, the ones when the world seemed filled other people's children, when Christmas a mockery, when vacations or trips nt strangers inevitably bringing the con- ation around to whisking out pictures, ing before her tortured eyes the bright hing faces, recounting the sayings, the arkable happenings. And, almost when couldn't bear it, Dan's eyes would meet . kind and quiet and, somehow, healing. n, unbelievably, she had borne a living l.

nbelievably! Betsey's eyes were fastened he picture. That was Joanie, her child. really did have her, going on sixteen, d and beautiful. For that child she could nything.

that moment she heard the steps on porch, the front door opening.

Joanie!" she called. Suddenly alive, she across the parlor to the hallway. Joanie d there, starting up the stairs, the dress under her arm. From beneath her tan there showed a cheap beige dress. She not turn. "Joanie," Betsey pleaded, "hat's wrong, dear?"

Wrong!" The voice was low and un- ndly. "Why should anything be wrong?"

But it's late, dear, it's very late. Jimmy home an hour ago."

So you called Jimmy," Joanie stated bit- y. She turned then and faced her mother, d her chin as though she were flinging off il. Her face was white and unhappy, her deep and dark. "I didn't go with Jimmy ght. I went with another boy, out to the ern, just to get away from the whole darn g. I didn't wear *your* dress. I wore one of own. I did that for you, so no one would who the girl in the red dress was. 'Oh, Mrs. Fremont's little girl. I wonder how she likes *that*.'"

"But the dance?" Betsey trembled. "Why didn't you go to the dance?"

"Because . . . Jimmy and I are through. He's dropped me. Now . . . he likes Margie instead. He took her tonight." It was tragedy, aged fifteen, but her child was hurt with it, and, because she was, Betsey was hurt too.

"He took Margie?" she asked. "Oh, Joanie!" The memory of Mrs. Hawley rose in her throat and choked her. "If you'd only told me, dear. I wouldn't have called there either. I'm so sorry, darling, so terribly sorry. What can I do?"

"Do!" The word came with thin patience through Joanie's hurt young lips. "Don't do anything. That's why I had to get away tonight, that's why I stayed out all day today, and Friday after school, so you wouldn't know. So you wouldn't *do* anything. You think for me, you breathe for me, you dress for me, you even dream for me. Would it be too much to ask to let me have my own broken heart?"

"Oh!" Betsey stepped back as though she had been struck.

Joanie's face softened, so did her voice. But the softness was worse. "I'm sorry, mother. I know. You have only me." It was a gentle hopelessness, but only for a moment. Then Joanie shifted the box under her arm. "One thing," she told the dim hallway, "I'll never bring up an *only* child. I'm going to have five children." She took the steps quickly, and closed her bedroom door.

We are none of us as other men or other women when we are young. At about thirty-five we begin to be like other people. —MOTT.

Betsey Fremont stood frozen, her eyes frozen, too, in that swift upward glance. *No matter what this night may bring*, she had promised herself. She tried to wrench her eyes from Joanie's closed door. She forbade herself the privacy of her daughter's tears. "*You even dream for me!*" She tried to shut out the picture of the red dress and the bit of black velvet ribbon.

The telephone jangled sharply. She shuddered at the sound. Emergency call . . . state police . . . Mrs. Hawley It shrilled on. When it stopped ringing, at last, and Betsey gathered up the broken bits of herself and started up the stairs, the voice of Cora Hawley danced after her in horrid haunting whispers.

"*Mrs. Fremont . . . her grandmother.*" Betsey's cheeks sagged, her legs and hips felt heavy and old, her hand on the railing was work-worn and brittle. The skin on it puckered a bit. "*Margie and I are so close, she tells me everything.*" She and Joanie weren't close, Joanie didn't tell her ——

Betsey paused, her hand gripping the rail. Yes, Joanie did tell her. Joanie had looked her in the eyes and given it to her straight, the truth. She had said, "Stop living for me, I can live for myself." And then she had been sorry she had hurt her and tried to understand. She had understood, too, as much as she knew.

A sweet, slow pain stirred Betsey's heart to life again, brought a fine mist to her eyes. Her cheeks lifted in a proud, secret smile. She would not be possessed, her daughter, not by anyone, even her mother. And she, Betsey, would never possess her again. The dresses, the dances, the phone calls, even the heartaches, were Joanie's, not hers. She paused outside her daughter's room, her hand touched the knob. She would tell her, she would make it right.

Please, darling, her heart wept, *now I know.* Her lips parted to speak, but closed again. Those weren't the right words, there were no right words, there were no words at all. "Oh, the red loafers, Joanie. If you really like them better, I just put them in your closet. I ——"

Don't do anything! Her hand dropped from the knob and she turned down the hall, her lips still curved in their smile. Joanie had told her, and now she knew. She would never do anything, ever again. After a while Joanie would know, too, and they would be very close.

THE END



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The Pick of the Crop

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FRESH-PACKED

FRESH-TASTING

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Stokely's Finest
SINCE 1898

2 GREAT NAMES IN FOOD
that mean QUICK MEALS for you

Van Camp's
SINCE 1861



During rush periods at accountant Jim McCoy's office, whole family pitches in. Joyce runs adding machine, Jimmy and Stevie fold bills, "stuff" envelopes.



No candy allowed for between-meal "piecing" but carrots, raisins okayed.



Chef-in-the-making Jimmy, master of the 'burger, stirring cherries for pie.



Joyce, like mother, loves decorating, gets particularly high grades in art.

FIGHTING THE BUDGET with the James McCoys

A part-time working mother with a "pattern for living"—
Juanita McCoy, of Topeka, Kansas.

by HILDEGARDE DOLSON

Nita's biggest mealtime aid (next to Jim, who brews a mean pot of coffee) is home freezer unit, acquired from customer as payment of a bill.



JUANITA McCOY, of Topeka, Kansas, is a five-foot-two mother of three children, who has no use for "career wives who want to wear the pants," and is working half days in her accountant husband's business—a bookkeeping service—to help win the Battle of the Budget.

Along with her small, round figure, curly black bangs and wide-set hazel eyes, she has a voice so soft and melodious that when you first hear her discussing business and budget costs, you're as respectfully astonished as if you heard a mourning dove quoting the stock-market report. She and lanky, genial-mannered James McCoy took a depth-of-depression leap into marriage in 1933, when they were both twenty-one, and they've had plenty of practice in making a dime act like a dollar; but now, with their income higher on paper than ever before, they say they've never felt so pushed for money. In 1950, the five-year-old business netted $6350. Of this amount, the McCoys lived on $5220, and the rest went toward paying off the $8000 bank loan that financed the expensive calculating machines and other equipment for the small downtown office. "Those machines cost more than our whole house!" Nita McCoy tells you.

Sitting in the tranquilly attractive living room of the $4750 ex-farmhouse, on the leafy edge of Topeka, she talked about the good and bad sides of their budget problems: "Jim's and my most serious arguments have been over money, and the office equipment is an example. Maybe I'm almost too thrifty and cautious, but I still think we could have started the business with, say, one calculating machine,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESTHER BUBLEY

Biggest problem for the Jim McCo



Cowboy clothes, TV rate high with Stevie. Crisis-averting decision: his 24"-wheel bike was faster, handier than larger one.

and expanded gradually. But Jim likes to do things up royally, or all of a sudden he'll get an extravagant streak."

She said her husband decided recently that they should trade in their secondhand 1948 Chevrolet sedan for a new station wagon. "He pulled a mean trick," Nita explained, "because first he talked it up to the children until they were all excited, and then he tackled me. I just said flatly it was out of the question, so then everybody was sore at mommy."



Inside McCoy home is pleasant fam- liv ing; exterior remodeling is a "to be ne

Her aura of wifely exasperation was replaced by an indulgent smile as she described Jim's splurging on presents. "Whether we're broke or not, he'll bring me a corsage on our anniversary, and for Christmas he'll turn up with a satin-and-lace nightgown when what I really need is a slip. But it gives me such a feeling of being loved and glamorous that it's worth it. And when I get really angry at him—like once when he bought a motor scooter—then I soon cool down and start stacking



Nita discusses plans for money raising with women's group at church which all McCoys attend. Jim sings bass in the choir, believes firmly in power of prayer.



Jimmy, 11, and an enthusiastic Scout, is momentary victim of first-aid practice. His patrol is called the Flaming Arrow, and meets in the church building.



Stevie makes mer a birthday party, forge first-gradeshock. (Clas



Jim lunches in town: Nita and the youngsters at home. Stevie, 6, is at the stage of saying an automatic "No" to everything before doing it.



Nita once planned to be a costume designer. She makes most of Joyce's clothes, frequently copies basic patterns from fashion illustrations.

happiness can't buy money.

up his good qualities against that one fault. He's just about the most deeply kind and good-tempered man imaginable, and he adores his family and would do anything for us."

Her glance went to the $400 television set enthroned in a corner, and she smiled again. "I couldn't say no to that, because an appliance dealer suggested a swap to Jim—bookkeeping services in exchange for the set." She said the young McCoys—pretty fourteen-year-old Joyce, eleven-year-old Jimmy and new-to-school Stevie—had felt swaggeringly rich ever since the set arrived. "And they've done without so many of the things their friends have that Jim and I get a big kick out of seeing them with TV." She made a rueful face. "Although when I think how we scramble to meet our insurance payments, it seems like an awful luxury to have a set that cost as much as a year's premiums."

She and her husband often talk over a major financial problem, such as the bank and insurance payments, with Joyce and Jimmy. "Because we'd rather explain it to them reasonably than have them overhear us stewing and fretting later." Mentioning that tall, wiry Jimmy, now in seventh grade, is the most sympathetic and affectionate of the children, she said, "But he's almost too responsive to Jim's and my moods. Last year he was daydreaming too much in school, and not doing his lessons, and I think it was partly because I'd been too worried over money problems, and wasn't showing enough interest." Nita and



Pretty 14-year-old Joyce and overnight guest Susie discover they can play a recognizable version of Chopsticks—the hard way.



told all" about Santa. "I suppose," he accused Nita, "you're Easter Bunny too.")



One watched pot that defies the old adage about never boiling (probably showing off for the girls). Joyce in jeans is not unusual, but pretty clothes catch her eye.



Membership of the Sertoma ("Service to Man") Club of Topeka is drawn from Masonic professional men. The club—Jim is secretary-treasurer—meets Tuesday nights.



Jimmy, as good a salesman as his father, once expressed envy of ticket-selling rival, whose prospects were "all rich and all civic-minded!"

New to the young set: the Charleston. Jim taught Joyce to dance, still practices with her. He and Nita love to dance, but are "too darn busy."





"World War II in the Philippines" still rages in the McCoy neighborhood. Jimmy has built a three-story fort in yard; boys attack with real rifles (unloaded).

"If you learn to live successfully within the family, relations outside should be easier."

the teacher had a helpful talk, and Jimmy is taking more pains with his homework, although he still prefers Jack London, shack building and Scout activities. To improve his arithmetic and help maintain his B average, the McCoys play a quiz game when they are riding in the car, featuring such posers as *How much is 9 times 6?*

Nita says she herself is terrible at arithmetic, and that her morning's work at the office consists mostly of picking up and delivering bookkeeping accounts, payroll, Social *(Continued on Page 220)*



Picnics at Shawnee Lake, with boating and fishing afterward, are pleasant prelude to the big event of the McCoy year: their two-week camping trip together—and, they agree, they would "hock anything" before missing the fun. Cost last year: $150.

Jim was a cagey and persistent suitor, says Nita is "the perfect companion and always has been." Most serious arguments, Nita says, have been over money—Jim has extravagant streak. "I can live on a little or a lot, but I enjoy being thrifty."



See them! Taste them! You'll agree with millions...

KRAFT DeLuxe SLICES are best ever for cheese sandwiches!



BETTER FLAVOR! PERFECT SLICES!



By a marvelous new Kraft-patented method the fine process cheese is formed into slices as it comes from the pasteurizers—with extra-good flavor sealed in every one. Every slice is perfect. (*No* slivers or "curling" dried edges. No broken slices.)

KRAFT-PROTECTED!



Immediately after pasteurization, 8 big, perfect slices are sealed in a neat ½-lb. package by Kraft—protected until *you* slit the wrapper in your own kitchen. Discover these *fine* slices and you'll never be without them!

HANDIER!



At room temperature these slices separate so easily it's "almost like peeling a banana." And they keep beautifully—are always ready at a moment's notice for snacks, and cheese trays, and husky toasted luncheon sandwiches.

FIVE DELICIOUS VARIETIES!

Besides the extra-mellow Kraft Pasteurized Process American there's *Pimento*, nut-sweet *Swiss*, *Brick* and sharp *Old English Brand*. The packages stack so neatly in the refrigerator, are such space-savers you'll keep several kinds on hand.



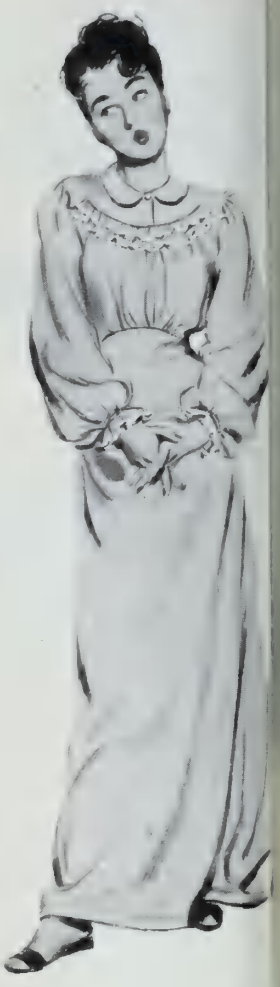
THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

All dressed up for dreaming

. . . in Munsingwear Bals

And you are dressed . . . to sleep pretty . . . and cozy. Munsingwear balbriggans are softest cotton, close-knit to keep you warm even if you do turn and toss your blankets. Chin-high, wrist-long and ankle-long coverage makes Munsingwear Bals the best cold-snubbers ever!





"Wynken" Gown . . . Aqua Mist, Blue Heaven, Pink Dawn, Redskin. 14-20. About **$4.50**

"Tip-Top" P. J.'s . . . Blue/Navy. Gold/Brown, Gray/Redskin. 14-20. About **$4.95**

Matching P. J.'s in children's sizes 4 to 16. About **$3.50**



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It's knit . . . it's nice . . . it's Munsingwear . . . at better stores everywhere



T. A. HOBAN

Attractive Nita McCoy always finds time to give her daughter a helping hand—enjoys "fixing her up!" Here, she puts the final touch on Joyce's hairdo.

How do you Rate with your Daughter?

By Dawn Crowell Norman *Beauty Editor of the Journal*

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Joyce McCoy is as popular, likable and attractive as any teen-ager we know. And the behind-the-scenes heroine who's responsible for the poised, well-mannered Joy is her mother, Nita McCoy. Nita knows that it's hard for any teen-age girl to bridge the gap from awkwardness to glamour, and is always available with a helping hand in selecting a becoming shade of lipstick—or applying nail polish and setting pin curls, where Joy is "all thumbs." What's more, Nita's own standards of good grooming set a goal for Joy. Who realizes that her attractive mother is knowledgeable about good looks, and seeks her advice. Nita can see that her efforts in her daughter's behalf have been more than rewarded, for Joy is a cheerful, co-operative girl who unconsciously extends to her mother everyday courtesy and respect. And Nita has the satisfaction of knowing that a great part of her daughter's self-confidence, and therefore her happiness, is the result of her efforts to guide Joy in making the most of her good looks.

The Case of the Unwanted Freckles

Take, for instance, the matter of Joy's freckles. She has more than her share of them: in fact, the "sprinkling" extends beyond her nose to take in her entire face.

"Joy's father and I have always known that she hated having so many freckles," Nita says. "But it wasn't until I discovered she was trying to hide them behind a thick mask of make-up that we realized something had to be done. That night Jim and I discussed the situation. Without a doubt, Joy was fated to live with her freckles. This meant it was up to us to see that she not only tolerated them, but that, if possible, she actually made an asset of them. We had an idea. It may sound silly—but it was successful. We started talking 'freckles' to Joy, something we had never done before out of deference to her attitude toward them. Jim did it in a special way. Joy became his 'cute little freckled-face girl.' Joy's freckles (he assured her) were an important part of her McCoy personality. Joy's friends were attractive (he conceded), but they didn't have that piquant freckled-face look *he* thought was terrific! Gradually, Joy's disparaging references to her freckles became less vehement as well as less heartfelt. Finally (about three months later) Joy came to us one day and announced solemnly and sincerely, 'I guess I don't really mind having freckles. In fact, out of all of them, there are only *two* I don't like!'"

(Continued on Page 224)



CAN YOUR DAUGHTER DEPEND ON YOU?

If she were to bring a gang home at this moment, would she be pleased with the way you look?

Do you ask her advice about your own appearance, as well as give her advice about hers? Take into consideration her likes and dislikes about what you wear, how you do your hair, so she'll be proud of the way you look?

Have you learned the knack of being a helpful "other hostess" to her friends, without personally sitting in on their fun?

Do you compliment her when she looks especially fresh and pretty, with the knowledge that your praise will prompt more-consistent grooming efforts on her part?

Will the everyday manners and social graces your daughter is learning at home prepare her for meeting the outside world with confidence and good grace?



CAN YOUR MOTHER DEPEND ON YOU?

Do you thank her for the routine jobs she does for you (straightening your room, mending your clothes) and occasionally show your appreciation with a surprise gift, an unsolicited favor?

If you think she would look prettier with a new hairdo or make-up, do you offer tactful, helpful suggestions, rather than just register your complaint?

Do you think of your mother as an independent being with an individuality of her own—not just as "my mother," who's convenient to have around?

Do you keep her in touch with your whereabouts to avoid having her worry unnecessarily?

Do you do your share of housekeeping without having to be asked?



Your legs can be

your prettiest accessory

IN SHEER SHEER

Berkshire

stockings

For the luxury touch that can
make your legs your prettiest after-dark
accessory, ask for the stockings
that shape a prettier curve . . .
fabulous Berkshire 60s in sheer
sheer 15 denier.

"60" means more stitches
to the inch . . . for smoother texture,
more snag resistance, longer wear.

SMOOTH AND SHARP... FOR IMPACT AFTER DARK. PLAY SMOOTH BLENDING COLORS AGAINST ONE OR TWO SHARP ACCESSORY NOTES THIS NEW WAY:

SMOOTH: THE BERKSHIRE 60 GAUGE STOCKINGS IN "SMOOTH TAUPE" TO BLEND WITH THE INKY BLUE OF A CLEVER LITTLE COCKTAIL HAT AND FRIVOLOUS OPEN-HEELED SHOES TO MATCH.

SHARP: THE HOT PINK OF THE 16-BUTTON GLOVES, AND LACE-SHEATHED CLUTCH PURSE.

SMOOTH AND SHARP: THE BLUE, GOLD AND GLITTER NOTES OF JEWELRY AND THE BIG FAKE SILKEN ROSE. ALL FROM H. & S. POGUE, CINCINNATI.



7:30 A.M. finds Mrs. McCoy readying breakfast in checked gingham, Vogue Design No. 7336. Apron from extra yard.



8:30 A.M. Out of the house in basic flannel dress, crisp black-and-white chintz or taffeta collar. Vogue Design No. 7483.



10:30 A.M. Back to the house to pick up her coat . . . in bright red fleece that slips into and out of car easily. Note collar and pocket detail. Can also be belted. Vogue Design No. S-4188.

$100 WORKING WARDROBE

Nita McCoy's wardrobe must be suitable for office as well as home, for that is where she spends half of each day. Her red fleece coat goes over everything. Her gray flannel basic dress has many neckline changes . . . she wears it to the office with crisp collars, at home with a chiffon scarf and a flower at the neckline. Her black suit (actually a slim dress with matching jacket) does double duty. Worn with the jacket, it is perfect for town; the dress looks pretty for entertaining at home. A pretty checked gingham with matching apron and a pastel wool-flannel housecoat complete her wardrobe. Mrs. McCoy keeps an eye on the budget and feels the $100 investment in these fabrics is a sound one. By NORA O'LEARY



HOW AMERICA LIVES

TANA HOBAN



7:30 P.M. Putting finishing touches on the table, guests due any minute. Slim black dress without the jacket, jeweled pin.

4:30 P.M. For engagement in town she wears black wool dress, matching jacket, velvet trim. Vogue Design No. S-4235.



11:00 P.M. At last, time to relax and read in her soft blue flannel robe. Silk collar and cuffs. Vogue Design No. 7440.

© VOGUE

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)

Other views, sizes and prices on Page 250.

A PAINTBRUSH AND A SEWING MACHINE *did wonders for my roon*



HAROLD ROWLER

Fresh paint, gay draperies and slip covers disguise the old c
and keep the McCoy living room charmingly up to date.
McCoy plans a favorite color scheme, then does the whole job he

By taking out a partition, the living room, below, and the dining room, above, were joined to make one big spacious room for family activities.



By HENRIETTA MURD
Interior Decoration Editor of the J

"I HAVE painted and papered all my rooms several ti
and while the results aren't perfect, the budget
take it." Mrs. McCoy, as clever a decorator as sh
a dressmaker, has every reason to be proud of her acc
plishments. "Our secondhand sofa cost about $18.50 inc
ing a rebuilt job. We paid $1.50, $2.50 and $3.50
for our club chairs, and of course I made the draperies
slip covers myself. A beginner should make her first
cover slowly, fitting it right side out, pinning it,
marking the seams, turning and basting before final sew
At all fabric counters there are illustrated booklets w
show you how, but good fitting *(Continued on Page*

HOW AMERICA LIVES

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES



UNGER SISTER: "When I get married, ant yummy Cannon Percales like yours. t moonlight yellow. So romantic!"



DWAGER AUNT: "The chambermaid? t very good, my deah! She used aquamarine eets. On this bed I always use sunrise peach!"



UNCTUAL FEMALE: "Cannon Percales are so ht, easy to wash—I'll be through by, say :25 . . . meet you for lunch at 1:05 sharp!"



GREEABLE MOTHER: "Yes, I'll play horse. t watch those spurs! I've got on my autiful new Cannon Nylon Stockings!"



STUDIOUS COUSIN: "Our home ec teacher said Cannon Combspun* Percales were the intelligent thing to buy. Excellent wearing qualities!"



HAVE-YOU-HEARD GIRL: "Mrs. Miller's cousin is coming! A real movie star! Mrs. Miller was buying Cannon Percales—lagoon green."



OLD FAMILY FRIEND: "Cannon Combspun Percale! COMBSPUN! C-O-M-B-S-P-U-N! With the cotton combed so that only the long, smooth-weaving fibres remain!"



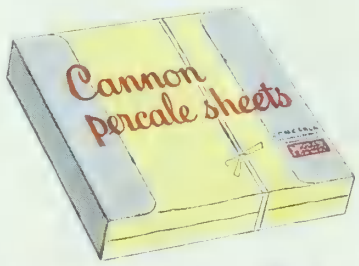
JUST-MARRIED CHUM: "And here's my pink-and-white room. See? Shell pink Cannons for top-sheets, white for bottom. Pretty!"

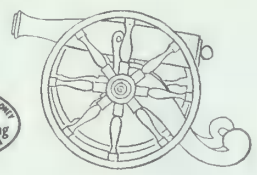


FRIEND WITH IDEAS: "I can just see it . . . a SWOOSH of sunset rose draperies! Expensive? Nonsense! Make 'em with Cannon Percale sheets!"



COMPLAINER: "Just my luck! My sister sends me Cannon Percales and the postman comes when nobody's home! Another day to wait!"





Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON *Combspun* PERCALE SHEETS

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CANNON TOWELS • STOCKINGS • BLANKETS • BEDSPREADS • CANNON MILLS, INC., N. Y. 13, N. Y COPR. 1951, CANNON MILLS, INC.

YOU CAN'T BEAT MOTHER NATURE'S

HONEST FOOD FOR FAMILIES!

AND HERE IT IS!



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT ...100% WHOLE WHEAT...

WITH MILK IT'S AMERICA'S GREAT BODY-BUILDING BREAKFAST!



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

You get the *real thing* when you buy the one-and-only NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT! No fancy concoctions, just naturally nourishing whole wheat, including wheat germ and bran! And the flavor's so *hearty*, you'll want it every breakfast!

THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS

ESTHER BUBLEY



Nita McCoy stokes the freezer on a once-a-week cooking day.

COOK IT AND FREEZE IT

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

"I DO my cooking wholesale. Every week or so, I set aside a day or a couple of afternoons to cook for the freezer—doing as much as I can for the next week or more in one big cooking spree. Then on busy days I do almost no cooking at all. It's much easier to entertain, too, with food all cooked and in the freezer. And think of the advantages around the holidays to come!

"Making sandwiches for the children's school luncheons had always been a daily chore. Now I do them in quantity and freeze them. We set up a regular assembly line, and the children help on the project. Now sandwiches are always ready for the lunch boxes."

Have your cake and eat it too. If you don't fancy an all-day cook-off, you'll soon discover how easy it is to bake enough for another day while you're getting today's dinner. For instance, when Nita bakes a cake, one layer and a jar containing half the icing automatically go into the freezer for another meal, and there is no stale-cake problem. Or make an extra quantity of vegetable-beef soup, stews, hot rolls, spaghetti sauce, and so on, and you'll always have a supply on hand. It's all in getting in the habit.

Leftovers with a purpose. The freezer eliminates leftovers in the refrigerator. The rest of a roast—the holiday turkey, for instance—doesn't have to be served daily until everyone in the family loses interest. After you've had your fill of both hot and cold, give it a rest for a week. Take the remaining meat off the bones, wrap and freeze it for later use as a la king, and so on. Dressing and gravy, if there be any left, go in separate containers—the bones into the soup pot. The end of a roast can be cut in two and frozen as starters for good stews and ragouts. I have even squirreled away the extra uneaten cooked chop, the cooked steak tail, and so on, in the freezer, until I've accumulated enough for a stew or potpie. Nothing ever goes to waste and leftovers are always fresh and flavorsome when you are ready to use them.

Dinners From the Freezer

Fried Chicken Green Beans
Corn and Green Peppers
Celery and Carrot Sticks
Oatmeal Cookies
Sliced Peaches

Nita fries 6 or 8 chickens at a time. She has 4 big skillets and keeps them all going at once. The chicken giblets are simmered in salted water, then chopped, packaged and frozen for

HOW AMERICA LIVES

serving at some future time with rice. Necks and backs are cooked separately for good, rich chicken stock for soup, or to use in casserole dishes. When the fried chicken is cooled, it is boxed or wrapped in aluminum foil and frozen. Nita doesn't defrost frozen fried chicken. She puts it in a moderate oven, 350° F., and bakes it 20–30 minutes. It thaws and reheats at the same time.

With frozen vegetables, sliced peaches and even the oatmeal cookies in the freezer, this is an easy meal to toss together on short notice.

Here is Nita's recipe for oatmeal cookies, which she freezes in packages of a dozen each. Her youngsters go to the freezer for cookies instead of to the cooky jar.

OATMEAL COOKIES

Cream 1 cup butter or margarine with ¾ cup sugar and ¾ cup brown sugar. Add 2 beaten eggs and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift 1¾ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking soda. Add to creamed mixture. Then add 2 cups oatmeal and 1 package semi-sweet chocolate pieces and 1 cup chopped nuts. Drop from teaspoon on greased cooky sheets. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 12–15 minutes. Makes 6 dozen. Double the recipe if you have plenty of room in the freezer. Refrigerator cookies freeze well cooked or uncooked. We recommend freezing uncooked cooky dough in a roll as they then slice well when just out of the freezer.

Frizzled Ham
Baked Beans
Boston Brown Bread
Coleslaw
Cream Puffs

Baked beans freeze very satisfactorily—so does Boston brown bread. Since beans take 8 hours of slow baking, it is really practical and economical of heat to bake 2 or even 3 pots of beans at one time. Use casseroles with lids if you have only 1 bean pot. Enjoy them fresh for supper and have 2 pots to freeze for other meals. Cool the beans thoroughly when done and package for freezing in paper containers. This will take less room than freezing the beans right in the bean pot.

If you use quart-size aluminum freezing containers or shortening cans sealed with freezer tape, you may put them directly in the oven from the freezer, removing the lids first so the beans will brown.

We've had good luck freezing cream puffs too. They are best slit and frozen unfilled. Fill when you're ready to serve. Puffs filled with whipped cream or custard before freezing get rather soggy when thawed. But filled with ice cream and frozen, they are a big success.

BAKED BEANS

Soak 1 pound pea beans in cold water overnight. The next day, add enough

FOR FREEZER USERS

By Victoria Harris

Homemakers like Mrs. McCoy use freezers as a modern version of old-time pantries.

Double Service

* For reuse, don't heat-seal plastic bags. Twist top, turn down to form loop, wrap with rubber band. Pull doubled-down top and rubber snaps off.

* To reuse aluminum foil, warm to room temperature, flatten and wash. To patch small breaks, use freezer tape (it won't get brittle).

* Covered casseroles sealed with freezer tape are fine for oven-cooked foods held briefly.

* Shortening or coffee tins, scalded and aired, are handy; use freezer tape around lids of these too.

Timesavers

* New rigid box-type aluminum containers with press-on lids are made both for reuse and for heating frozen foods.

* Plastic funnel on stand aids filling bags and boxes. Stand is adjustable for tall and short containers.

Defrosting Techniques

* Special defrosting tools and plastic frost looseners won't harm freezer. They cut away icy crystals that steal freezer space.

* Freezers need not be emptied to remove frost from around doors or lids (usually every month or two). Spread papers or towels over frozen food to collect loosened frost.

* Completely defrost when freezer stores are low (usually every six months). Turn control to "Off," and set a fan or a pan of hot water inside freezer to hurry the melting. When defrosted, wash interior with soda water (one teaspoon per quart). Set the control at coldest position and leave a full day, then reset.

* Once a year clean the condenser with a stiff brush or vacuum-cleaner dusting tool. Dirt-clogged fins or coils make motor work overtime. Disconnect freezer while cleaning.

WORKS on dirt THREE WAYS!

Do you know why FELS-NAPTHA banishes "tattle-tale gray"?

It's because FELS-NAPTHA, *and only* FELS-NAPTHA, combines *two* great cleaning agents . . . good golden *soap*, with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. These really dig out the dirt. Then, *third*, FELS-NAPTHA adds a *"sunshine" ingredient* that restores whiteness to your white goods and gives renewed brilliance to colors.

Simple, isn't it—yet, housewives who've tried all kinds of washing products are satisfied that nothing can possibly wash cleaner or quicker. They're satisfied, too, that ounce for ounce, wash for wash, FELS-NAPTHA *usually costs less* than any other high-quality washing product.

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

FELS-NAPTHA comes in two convenient forms. The bar is handy for high-spotting specially dirty places. The chips make quick-acting suds in tub or machine. You'll find FELS-NAPTHA has dozens of uses around the house.





You'll be proud of your man's shirts, laundered with FELS-NAPTHA



Trust FELS-NAPTHA to get the dirt out of children's towels



Just a gentle FELS-NAPTHA sudsing makes nylons look like new



Washing precious wools with FELS-NAPTHA helps preserve them

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

YOU CAN'T BEAT MOTHER NATURE'S

HONEST FOOD FOR FAMILIES!

AND HERE IT IS!



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT ...100% WHOLE WHEAT...

WITH MILK IT'S AMERICA'S GREAT BODY-BUILDING BREAKFAST!



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

You get the *real thing* when you buy the one-and-only NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT! No fancy concoctions, just naturally nourishing whole wheat, including wheat germ and bran! And the flavor's so *hearty*, you'll want it every breakfast!

THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS

water to cover and boil until the skin s. Remove rind from ¾ pound fat salt Gash and cut into 2 pieces. Put part of ans in the pot, then a piece of the pork, st of the beans and the other piece of n top of that. Mix 4 tablespoons molas- tablespoon salt, 1 cup boiling water and poon dry mustard. Pour over beans. roth beans were cooked in, so that are covered. Cover with the lid and lowly, 250° F., 7–8 hours. Add water ime to time if the beans cook dry. beans are about done, remove lid and baking.

CREAM PUFFS

cup butter or margarine in a saucepan d 1 cup water. Bring to boil. Then add our and a pinch of salt all at one time. he heat medium. Beat hard with a until the batter makes a ball and comes om the sides of the pan. Remove from t. Add 1 unbeaten egg and beat hard ooth. Add 3 more eggs—4 in all—1 at and beating hard after each addition. y spoonfuls onto greased cooky sheets, inches apart. Bake in a hot oven, , 20 minutes, or until puffed. Reduce moderate, 350° F. Bake 25 minutes Cool. Slit one side; remove any soft that may remain; wrap and freeze.

• • • • •

Swedish Meat Balls
Stuffed Baked Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts
Tossed Green Salad
Cherry Pie

of our latest freezing discoveries is l baked potatoes. Use a mealy variety ato—a special baking potato. Bake the es, scoop out and mash light and with heated milk and butter or marga- nd seasonings. Heap into the shells, cool rap. When ready to use, defrost at temperature one hour. Bake again 30 tes in hot oven, 400° F. If you like e on stuffed baked potatoes, sprinkle cheese just before the second baking, cheese toughens in the freezing.

edish meat balls freeze like a charm re so handy to have on hand. You like to make twice the recipe while about it.

a makes fruit pies 6 at a time. Cherry pple are favorites. You can either bake pies completely before freezing or them unbaked. Nita prefers this od. To bake, she puts the frozen pie in oven, 425° F., and bakes until the crust den and fruit is tender.

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

¾ pound beef (or part veal and part and ¾ pound pork ground twice. Soak grated bread crumbs in ½ cup milk and with 1 beaten egg to the meat. Season with salt and pepper, a pinch of thyme, f marjoram and one of allspice. Stir in p finely chopped onion. Shape into small balls. Dust with flour. Brown in fat all sides in a large skillet. Do about a doze a time, so they can brown evenly. When are browned, add water to the drippings, meat balls in the gravy and simmer u gravy is a nice consistency. Cool, pack freeze. This quantity will serve 12—eno for dinner tonight and some night n month.

• • • • •

Stuffed Green Peppers *or*
Chicken Croquettes
Mixed Vegetables
Tomato-and-Cucumber Salad
Lemon-Chiffon Pie

Maybe you've already discovered yourself that you can freeze such things stuffed peppers ready to bake, croquet ready to fry and the ever-popular chiffon ready to eat. We tried these on a hunch with very good luck.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Wash 6 green peppers. Cut in half lengthwise. Remove seeds. Blanch 3 minutes in boiling water. For the stuffing, brown 1 onion, chopped, in 2 tablespoons bacon fat or butter or margarine. Add 2 cups chopped or ground cooked ham, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, beaten, ½ cup bread crumbs, ½ cup canned consommé. Season with salt and pepper. Stuff peppers with this mixture. Wrap each pepper separately, put in carton and freeze. When ready to use, defrost 10 minutes at room temperature. Place in a casserole with ¾ cup water. Bake, covered, 10 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. Remove lid. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake 15 minutes more.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES

To 1 cup thick white sauce, add 1½ cups chopped cooked chicken, 2 tablespoons chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste. Cool, put in container and freeze. Defrost at room temperature before shaping, egging and crumbing for frying.

LEMON-CHIFFON PIE

Sprinkle 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin over ½ cup cold water. Let stand a few minutes to soften. Meanwhile, mix ⅓ cup sugar and ⅓ cup lemon juice together. Separate 3 eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the yolks and beat until light-colored and quite thick. Add the lemon and sugar to the yolks. Put in top of double boiler and cook over hot water until custard coats the spoon. Stir all the while. Remove from over hot water. Stir in softened gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Pour into bowl and add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cool in the refrigerator until it begins to thicken. Don't let it really set. Beat the 3 egg whites just until they stand in peaks. Add ¼ cup sugar a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold into custard. Pour into a baked and cooled pie shell. Chill until firm. Freeze and wrap. To serve, defrost in the refrigerator overnight or set out at room temperature 2 hours before serving. Top with sweetened whipped cream.

FIGHTING THE BUDGET WITH THE JAMES McCOYS

(Continued from Page 210)

ity or income-tax records for the firm's s—professional men such as doctors, proprietors of small businesses, includ- leaners, drugstores and groceries. The oys take about half their income in nge services or merchandise from these mers, and Jim says that although Nita great little manager" of finances, it was for her when she could budget on ght salary, and juggle cash from one en- e to another.

he just *thinks* she's terrible at math," he on. "Why, she can stroll through three stores and tell you an hour later exa what each one is charging on forty or f food items: 'So-and-so is two cents highe a Number One can of beans.' I'm a pu accountant, but that's the kind of mat couldn't do in a million years."

In spite of this mathematical market the McCoys say their food bills have jum $10 a month—from $100 to $110. "Fo one thing I won't stint on," Nita says, " try to cut corners in other ways." Along doing all her own work, including laun she's saved impressive sums by her downr

fessional skill at sewing. She makes most of her own and Joyce's clothes, Jim's shirts, and the boys' trousers and coats from remnants or relatives' hand-me-downs. Far from resenting this, the exuberant Jimmy and sturdy young Stevie bragged to schoolmates, "Mommy made this," until Nita suggested tactfully it could be a family secret. "Although I couldn't help feeling flattered by their attitude," she says.

Of the $200 spent last year on clothes, $80 went for Jim's suits, which Nita scouted out at clearance sales, and $46 went on the children's feet. In budget problems, the shoe problems literally, because all the McCoys have long, narrow, expensive-to-fit feet. Although Nita hasn't yet learned to tan a hide or make sandals out of an old lamp shade, she whacked down another expenditure—for barbering—by learning to cut her and Joyce's hair with a razor blade. In her first enthusiasm, she even attacked the crew-cut heads of her husband and sons, but had to abandon their locks because, she explains regretfully, "If you shave off even an inch too much it leaves bald-looking spots."

The healthy McCoys need doctors much less often than haircuts, and their Blue Cross insurance ($12 a year) took care of hospital expenses for a minor operation Nita had, although she is still paying on the surgeon's $50 bill. Glasses for Jim and the two oldest children account for almost half of the $200 allotted to health. Jimmy, according to his mother, has an uncanny talent for getting his lenses scooped on several times a year. She learned that the most worrying—and maddening—problem with the children is that Joyce reads much too late in bed, although the oculist warned against eyestrain, and she gets headaches because she won't wear her glasses enough. "We think she'll get over this foolishness about glasses," Nita said. "She really looks cute in them."

Joyce also looks cute in freckles that go with her coppery brown hair. Already taller than her mother, she has smoky blue eyes, an occasional rushing smile, and a sheen of shyness that vanishes when she settles down to talk. She has a B average in ninth grade, but gets straight A in art, goes to the free Sunday-afternoon art classes sponsored by the Junior League, and has shown real talent in designing hundreds of dresses for paper dolls. For her first formal dance this year she wore pale blue organdy strewn with forget-me-nots, and carried in her head a pleasantly firm parental order to be home by 11 P.M. Her 75-cent allowance covers candy, Cokes and occasional movies, and she earns vacation money baby-sitting at 35 cents an hour.

"Joyce is already good at getting a simple meal," Nita said, "and I want the boys to learn too." Carrying out this single standard for the sexes (domestic division), Jimmy, on a 35-cent allowance, alternates with Joyce in setting and clearing the table, washing dishes and scrubbing the bathroom and kitchen floors. Their mother said affectionately, "Ever since I started going to the office three years ago, they've been wonderful about helping me around the house."

She gives the children breakfast at 7:45—fruit juice, toast, cereal or eggs, and milk. (The McCoys buy skim milk in three-gallon cans, mix it with a quart of homogenized.) Then she sees Stevie off for nearby grade school, drives Jimmy and Joyce to junior high, and comes back to breakfast with Jim before they leave at 9:15 for the office—formally known as Topeka Centralized Bookkeeping. Plus the two McCoys, the staff consists of an accountant, a machine operator and a secretary.

Jim says Nita's efficient help saves paying an extra salary. And Nita says proudly that he still has practically every customer he started with—"and more all the time." The firm handles bookkeeping for 60 clients who pay fees of $15 to $150 monthly, and does income-tax work for 300 more. Almost two thirds of the approximately $20,000 gross earnings goes for overhead and salaries. Many large firms, because of the current shortage of office help, are now interested in the services Jim offers, and he spends part of each day interviewing prospects and outlining over-all plans.

"He's a wonderful salesman," Nita says. "And his oldest son takes after him." When Jimmy sells tickets for Scout or school doings, he does such a whiz job he usually wins several free ones. Rushing in for lunch one day recently, he told a visitor, "But what a block of prospects a friend of mine has—all rich and all civic-minded!"

Nita gets home in time to fix the children a sandwich-and-fruit lunch, and hear any such junior-sales-force reports. (Jim lunches downtown and reports on *his* prospects after 5 P.M.) The third male of the household, six-year-old Stevie, generally returns soon after school, and spends hours by himself, peacefully hammering nails into boards, or crayoning purple dogs. His parents say he's the most sturdily independent McCoy—"For instance, he wouldn't dream of putting on company manners for guests." His first year at school, although dandy scholastically, has had disillusioning aspects: after a classmate told him there was no Santa Claus, Stevie said to his mother in a jaded tone, "I suppose you're the Easter Bunny too." Being of a calmly forgiving nature, he went right ahead helping his brother build a Mother's Day surprise—a rose trellis outside the kitchen window.

Inside, the kitchen is a red Kemtone gaily spattered with decal roses. Nita explains that Jim planned where the stove, electric washer and ironer would go. "He figured it out like an efficiency expert. He even moved the sink so I could look out the window, and built all those cabinets, and knocked out the pantry partition so we'd have the dinette end. When he does a carpentering job, he wants to be the prima-donna star and have the boys handing him every tool. They love it, and they learn a lot too."

The center of attention is the $200 home freezer which Nita considers her white hope come true. She makes up large batches of pie and cooky dough to stash away, along with fruits and vegetables bought cheaply in season, twenty-pound lots of hamburger, a half-dozen chickens and a ham. Before going to the hospital, she prepared meals for a week ahead, and left them in the freezer all labeled, including the family's prime favorite, cherry pie;

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Country Custom

By Christie Lund Coles

It is a simple custom and by some condemned—
Bringing of food to those who are bereaved,
By neighbors and by sympathetic friend
(Plain country folk who long ago conceived
The thought of taking warm, new bread, preserves,
Meat roasted golden and a salad green).
These things, some say, intrude and one observes
That grieving hearts are more inclined to lean
Toward the fasting than the feasting. Still,
I must maintain how it appears to me:
That with each loaf is sent the great good will,
The compassion and the quiet sympathy
Of an inarticulate, kind neighborhood
Which writes its homely parables . . . with food.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WORKS on dirt THREE WAYS!

Do you know why FELS-NAPTHA banishes "tattle-tale gray"?

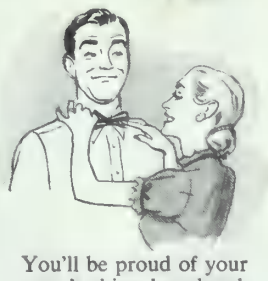
It's because FELS-NAPTHA, *and only* FELS-NAPTHA, combines *two* great cleaning agents . . . good golden *soap,* with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha.* These really dig out the dirt. Then, *third,* FELS-NAPTHA adds a *"sunshine" ingredient* that restores whiteness to your white goods and gives renewed brilliance to colors.

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Just a gentle FELS-NAPTHA sudsing makes nylons look like new



Washing precious wools with FELS-NAPTHA helps preserve them

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Picture Puzzle

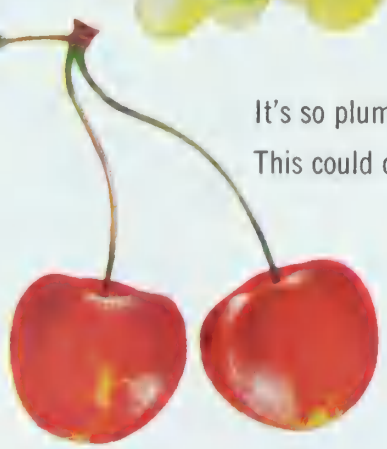
What rhymes with "dapple"?
Hawaii's own_____!



Who couldn't make a speech
In praise of the sweet_____?

You can tell by the shape
It's the Thompson Seedless_____!

It's so plump and merry
This could only be a_____!



Yes, it's a Bartlett____,
And its taste is really rare!





Answers? Why, you couldn't fail—
They're all in Dole Fruit cocktail!

Look for the Dole Label on
True Hawaiian Pineapple—
the Treasured Island Fruit

and for a part-time working mother, the hours saved in marketing and fixing dinners have been a how-did-I-ever-do-without-it boon.

On her Saturday mornings off, Nita runs the vacuum upstairs and down, and bakes rolls her husband rates as the best in Kansas. "I'm not really a perfect housekeeper," she said. "Sometimes I get up at six A.M. to wash and iron, and sometimes I do it at night. And there may be dust around, especially if I'm on a sewing spree. But I've learned I can't worry about things in masses, or I get panicky and exhausted. I have to tackle one chore at a time, at my own pace."

Some of the chores she tackles would have an interior decorator bug-eyed with awe: for instance, she papered all four bedrooms herself, at costs per room of from seventy-nine cents to two dollars, and when a visitor exclaims over the charming results, Nita says happily, "The only trick is to get a few left-over rolls of good paper cheap." In the living room, she flanked the upright piano with bookcases, painted all three as a handsome matching unit, and used a moss-green velvet shawl bought at a rummage sale for ten cents to make upholstered seats—and a fine antique air—for the straight-back chairs. Last spring, when she was feeling especially debt-ridden, and depressed because Jim was working five nights a week on income-tax returns, she complained to him, "We're so poor I can't even afford a can of paint or a remnant." Jim told her cheerfully, "Oh, we'll never be as poor as all that," and at his urging she went right out and bought a can of white enamel and a cotton remnant for a bedspread. "Then I felt a lot better."

Jim says his wife's worst fault is apt to emerge around breakfast time. "If she's feeling pushed, she keeps nagging at the kids. For example, she'll fuss and heckle them about not being late for school." Jim himself offers the comfortable masculine theory, "Let them be late a few times and then they'll learn." He also said, "Nita never nags *me*. In fact, I'd say she's the perfect companion and always has been."

Next Month

THE budget doesn't balance, leisure is limited—but the Raymond A. Hills, of Westminster, Maryland, are equal to the challenge. Jane shaves expenses by making most of her own clothes and the children's, likes to search out antique-shop bargains. Raymond, an engineer, eases the financial strain with the $1500 he receives as commanding officer of the Westminster detachment of the Maryland National Guard. And the four small Hills make it all worth while. Like to meet them? Read

"We Live by the Journal"

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the November JOURNAL

SHE was Nita Ferguson, "wearing a Dutch bob and cute as a button," her husband reports, when they met in junior high. Nita, like Jim, had grown up in Topeka. Her father was an Oldsmobile dealer; her mother died when Nita was seven, and her Grandmother Ferguson managed the household, which included Nita's younger brother. Jim was an only child; his father, a C.P.A., taught commercial subjects in the high school. Both his parents were Christian Scientists, and had an openly affectionate family relationship. Jim, who inherited this Irish-warm temperament, promptly showed a marked fancy for the popular Miss Ferguson, and a fiendishly good-humored ingenuity in discouraging rivals. Whenever Nita went out on another date, he would go over to her house and play double solitaire with her grandmother; as the dating couple returned, Jim would leap to open the door. "He wouldn't even give the boy a chance to say good night to me alone," Nita said. "None of my dates stuck it out more than twice."

At the age of eighteen, her chaperon was shipped off to New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell. Nita went to Washburn Municipal University in Topeka, where she took up textile design and architecture, and also took up, she admits demurely, with some new young men. "But I already knew I'd marry Jim." In his junior year, Jim transferred to the University of Kansas, as did Nita, and majored in business courses. Both had C average, and Nita says now, almost fiercely, "Jim had the ability, but he just needed marriage as an incentive."

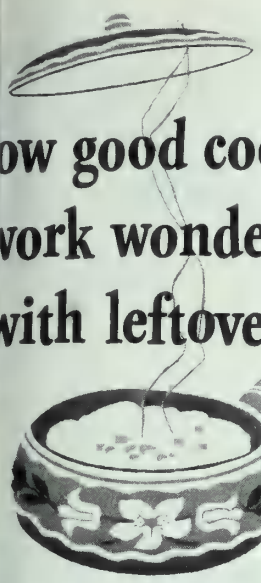
HE got it—in April of 1933. Both bride and groom had already left college, because of the depression's pinch. Jim was working in a filling station at $50 a month, and they had $300 in savings and wedding checks. The newlyweds had hotel reservations in Kansas City for a honeymoon week end, but after driving twenty miles, they suddenly couldn't wait to settle into their new $[illegible]-a-month apartment, and turned right around and came back. "We'd bought a sample carpet for ten dollars," Nita said. "My father gave us the bedroom set, and my stepmother taught me how to upholster and slip-cover anything. Our food was only two or three dollars a week, because we scrounged some meals with our families, and cooking came as naturally to me as sewing."

When Joyce was born, in 1937, Jim's monthly salary, as accountant for the Income Tax Division, had reached $150. After returning to the University for three semesters, finally graduated partly by his father in 1940 he had enough credits to teach, and taught commercial subjects in Weir, Kansas, High School. In 1942, Jim went into the accounting department of the Hercules Powder plant, earning $[illegible] a month. In 1946, he and his father recently retired from teaching, started the new business, and the [illegible] was just beginning to operate at a profit when Jim's father was killed in an automobile accident, in 1949. "That was a terrible blow," Nita says sorrowfully. "I adored him as much as Jim did, and even though I could never go all the way with Christian Science, I loved the serenity and sense of faith he got from religion."

Jim and Nita joined the Congregational Church together four years ago, because they didn't want the family divided over religion, and they both talk enthusiastically of their church's liberal viewpoint, and the fact that members of all faiths are encouraged to attend social evenings. Jim, who has a good bass voice, sings in the choir, and the two young McCoys are members of the junior choral groups, led by a director whose zest has sparked even small boys to become music lovers. The children also go to Sunday school regularly. Nita has been chairman of the Ladies' Aid food booth at the fair. (They cleared $1[illegible] She also helps with church suppers, and Jim and Jim go to all the Young Couples' dances in the big assembly room. "Everybody brings records for the phonograph, and the minister understands that dancing is a healthy, happy thing, instead of a sin."

In discussing creeds, Nita thinks the important thing is to give children a sense of family solidarity, and the will to serve one's church and community. Jim feels there must be something more basically spiritual as well. He believes in God as "a life force rather than a seven-cubit man in the clouds," and has great faith in prayer: "It calms me and clears my thinking, and I can go ahead then with more courage."

Along with their church work, the McCoys find time for P.T.A. meetings, fund-raising carnivals and operettas put on by parents, and Jim is also a member of Sertoma, a club of Masonic professionals who hold Tuesday dinner meetings. In politics, he and his wife vote as Independents. Topeka, in addition to being the state



How good cooks work wonders with leftovers

WHO LIKES LEFTOVERS? Nobody, you say. But try adding a touch of Ac'cent to a leftover dish—and listen to the family cheer! Ac'cent is the "third shaker"—the new miracle seasoning that makes food taste *naturally* better. Makes meat taste meatier, chicken more chickeny, makes vegetables taste "just picked."

TRY CHICKEN A LA KING THIS WAY. Take that leftover chicken from Sunday and use your own familiar recipe. Season as usual—but add a touch of Ac'cent, too. Then discover how much more flavor there actually is in those leftovers! Ac'cent adds no flavor. It's easy to use as salt. Ask your grocer for the handy shaker package. If he doesn't yet have Ac'cent, send us his name and address. Amino Products, 2 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill. *Also in Canada.*

Ac'cent®
PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE
...makes good cooking taste better!

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ital, and a bustling railroad city with 80,000 population, is noted for the Menninger Foundation, where Nita and Jim have heard some of the best psychiatrists in the country lecture. "They all stress children's needing love and security," Nita says. "And we think parents can't give it unless they have a long-range plan, so that part of the money spent builds toward the future."

In addition to lectures, Nita and Jim occasionally go to concerts, on season tickets loaned by Jim's mother. Saturday nights, they get together with three other couples for a covered-dish supper and canasta. When this group met last at the McCoys', the prize for top score was a pound of bacon, a 35-cent brand Nita had just discovered. On Sunday evenings, Joyce may take over the kitchen for a teen-agers' waffle party. Holidays are usually spent with in-laws, and Jim and Nita talk appreciatively of each other's families, including Nita's eighty-seven-year-old grandmother, who visits them frequently and lends a valued hand with cooking and mending. "They all think of nice things to do for us, and they're not the kind who want effusive thanks."

For all five McCoys, the peak treat of the year is their two-week camping trip in August. Last summer they chose Glacier Basin in Colorado's Rocky Mountain National Park. Total cost for fourteen days was $150, including gas for the car and food, and as Nita points out triumphantly, "We'd have had to eat even if we'd stayed home." With Army cots, two Coleman stoves, and a big tent rented for $13, they fared handsomely in the well-equipped campgrounds. (Entrance fee: $1 per carful of campers.) All the McCoys tell you happily about the trails to explore with a knapsack lunch, the free movies on plant and wild life, the community sings around the campfire. Jimmy and Stevie learned the names of every tree, discovered a brand-new cave, cooked fish like veteran woodsmen, and didn't quite share their mother's wee pangs over the lack of hot baths. Nita says, "Those vacations have given us the most wonderful feeling of sharing happiness, and storing up memories the children will have as long as they live. I used to say we couldn't afford a real vacation, but this kind is a physical and mental refresher we can't afford to miss."

Plans for some debt-free future include buying a rowboat, remodeling the high, narrow exterior of the house, and building a garage in the back yard. Right now there are lively family conclaves on what color to dye the old living-room rug, when they cut it down for the hall and stairs. At last reports, crimson was winning—and the McCoys were holding their hard-won ground in the budget fight. **THE END**

McCoy Budget for 1950

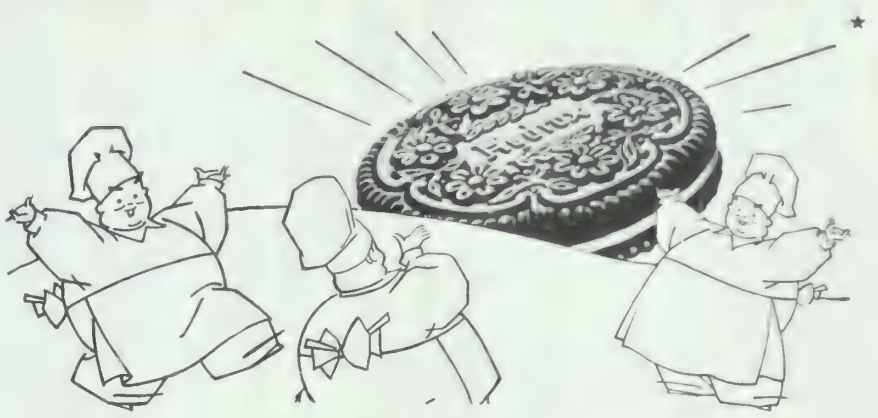
Cash Spent

House payments	$480
Utilities	260
Insurance	375
Doctors, dentists and eye specialists	200
Gas and car upkeep	550
Magazines, newspapers	40
Clothes	200
Church and donations	75
Camping vacation	150
Miscellaneous	500
Hot-water tank	140
	$2970

Exchange Services
(taken in credit)

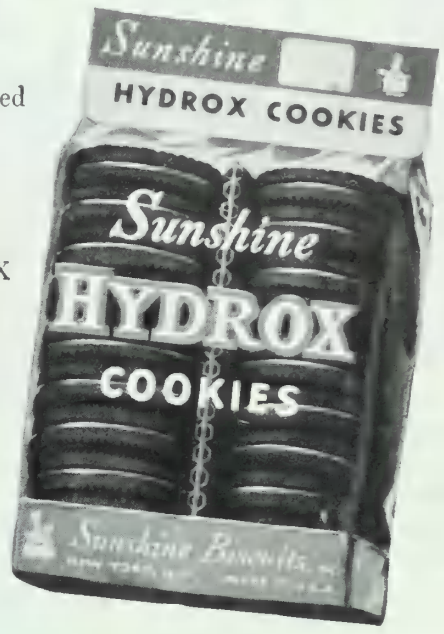
Food	$1350
Drugstores	120
Cleaners	180
Television set	400
Freezer	200
	$2250

Note: No income taxes right now, because of deductible business debts.



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1908! The first time two *crisp* chocolate wafers and luscious vanilla cream combined to become HYDROX . . . *the original*—the delicious *masterpiece* of cream-filled chocolate cookies! Today *millions* say Sunshine HYDROX is the Finest Ever Made!



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until you've tried it the new Reddi-wip way

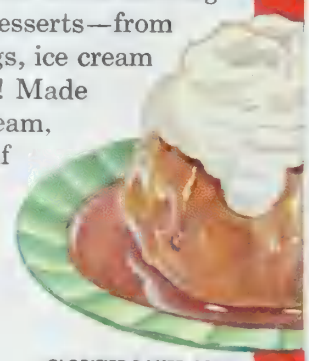
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COMMENDED

HOW DO YOU RATE WITH YOUR DAUGHTER?

(Continued from Page 213)

The McCoy Technique

Your daughter may or may not have freckles. But the point here is that Joy's mother created self-confidence in her daughter by minimizing what Joy considered a physical defect—turning it, in fact, into an advantage. If *your* daughter is self-conscious about her height, for instance, you might apply the McCoy technique: through subtle suggestion, instill in her mind the idea that her height is an asset—"It takes a tall girl to wear that full, loose coat—it would make anyone else look dumpy." Point out how many beauties like Alexis Smith, Lauren Bacall and Katharine Hepburn are tall women; that 60 per cent of the Conover models are over 5′ 7″. Above all, teach her the principles of good posture, teach her to carry her height proudly—and look forward to Nita McCoy's success!

Do Something About it!

Many times, parents make a grave error in minimizing teen-age shortcomings when they are the kind a daughter can, and should, remedy. Many an overweight teen-ager has fretted for a miserable year or two over what her mother condoned as "baby fat," when a sensible diet and a few simple exercises would have made her a much more attractive, self-confident girl. If your daughter is overweight, suggest that she cut out the thoughtless, between-meal intake of peanuts, potato chips and ice-cream sodas that in most cases means the difference between being overweight and well proportioned. A small handful of peanuts, for instance, has about 150 calories—and how peanuts can disappear when teen-agers are sitting around talking! And suggest some low-calorie soda-fountain offerings to replace the ice-cream soda that contains 350 calories, or the chocolate sundae that has 400. An 8-ounce glass of fresh lemonade, with 1 teaspoon sugar, equals only 38 calories; an 8-ounce glass of tomato juice, 60 calories; an 8-ounce glass of buttermilk, 88 calories; an 8-ounce glass of skim milk, 88 calories.

If she is on the hippy side, here are some streamlining exercises to give her. She should begin by doing them ten minutes every day, and work up to thirty minutes, if she can.

Lie flat on stomach, head rested on folded arms, legs together and outstretched. Lift left leg, holding knee stiff, and describe a wide circle moving leg to left, up, to right and down. Without resting your foot on the floor, describe 10 complete circles. Repeat with right leg. Work up to 30 circles, each leg.

Lie on back, arms out at sides, palms up, legs together. Flex knees to make a right angle with body. Now, roll on h and thighs to slap floor first on right, t left, keeping upper back as flat on possible. Repeat roll 8 times each sid up to 16.

Complexion troubles seem to plagu all teen-agers. Joyce McCoy's probl freckles. Maybe *your* daughter is about the old, old problem of a bum Here, again, the worst mistake is "Wait, and you'll grow out of it,' minimize the importance of the probl one else will, your daughter least Teach her to care for her skin with p soap and water, and healing lotion *Alba Lotio*, or white lotion. Even m portant is a good diet with plenty fruits and vegetables, and few, if a desserts, sweets, fats or fried foods air and adequate rest are "musts." F ties, cover the offending spots with powder base in flesh tone. In additio obvious practical advantages of suc gram of skin care, just the very feeli she's taking positive steps to clear skin will be good for your daughter's But if her skin troubles do not resp home treatment after a few mont should consult a dermatologist.

Mother (Usually) Knows Be

It is surprisingly easy for a well-m mother to cramp her daughter's s undermine youthful independence. N Coy agrees, and gives an example turned out to be a revealing "lesson"

Nita and Joy have a fair-play for selecting Joy's clothes. Joy has a fr in choosing fabrics and colors, whi decides on the style. Usually this a ment goes off without a hitch, an wardrobe gets double approval.

But on one of their recent shoppin ditions, while Nita was considering a flared skirt she thought would suit J fectly, she heard loud exclamatio turned to find Joy in raptures over *she* had found. It was a full dirndl in that emphasized her plumpness. Nit proved and said so. Joy asked if sh try the skirt on. When Nita saw Jo huge skirt, she demurred again, but J on the verge of tears. Finally, she sp "But mother, *everyone* is wearing They're new!"

Joy got the skirt. Says Nita: "It re me of the little girl with red hair wh got to wear the red dress. Joy woul been frustrated for a long time if s not been allowed to wear what all th girls were wearing in school." THE EN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Say it is Well

BY MAY SARTON

We cannot save, be saved, but we
can stand
Before each presence with gentle
heart and hand,
Here in this place, in this time
without belief
Keep the channels open to each
other's grief,
Never accept a death or life as
strange
To its essence, but at each second
be aware
How God is moving always
through each flower
From birth to death in a multiple
gesture
Of abnegation; and when the petals
fall
Say it is beautiful and good, say it
is well.

I saw my mother die and now I
know
The spirit cannot be defended.
must go
Naked even of love at the very e
"Take the flowers away." (Oh,
had been their friend!)
And we who ached could do
nothing more.
She was detached and distant as
star.

Let us be gentle to each other th
brief time
For we shall die in exile far fro
home,
Where even the flowers can no
longer save:
Only the living can be healed b
love.

You Can't Make a Mistake

on any purchase you make... at A&P!

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To illustrate, let's consider cheese, if you please. Whatever type you crave — we probably have it. Last time we counted, there were over 60 different kinds. Sharp, mild and in-between. Domestic types and European. And because all our cheese is bought right, aged right, cut right and kept right — you just can't buy better!

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Conversation Piece



Taste-test triumph: chicken fricassee with noodles, slaw, crackling corn bread. For contrast, scalloped tomatoes.

STUART



Day-before preparation cuts last-minute "musts" to a minimum.

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

THIS will be an Indiana meal—that is, it will be a meal that means Indiana to me. We'll begin with melon rings filled with green grapes and mint gelatin. In my memory a fruit concoction was considered a stylish first course, and for this menu it will be a fine compliment to the food that follows.

Chicken fricassee will be our meat, and if lovingly prepared this can be a superb dish. The secret of succulent chicken fricassee is to cook it in advance and let it stand overnight in the broth—and this fits perfectly into our prepreparation pattern. The pieces of chicken can be put in a casserole, masked with rich gravy and heated in the oven before serving.

Now comes my top favorite of all foods, noodles cooked in chicken broth. The noodles absorb the broth during *(Continued on Page 228)*



Vintage Beauty that grows richer through the years is yours in Gorham* Sterling. For Gorham gentles classic grandeur into easy lines that flow gracefully into our modern way of life. Shown here: ten patterns from the beautifully designed collection of sixteen Gorham patterns in sterling flatware. Start with a six-piece place-setting for one person: knife, fork, teaspoon, salad or pastry fork, soup spoon, and butter spreader for as little as $29.75 (Fed. tax incl.). Budget plans are available. And remember it's never too soon to pick out *your* pattern...there's someone who'd like to know.

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3 De-luscious Desserts
from the dream-team of the year

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE
and BAKER'S COCONUT



Chocolate Coconut Chiffon Ring

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
1½ cups cold milk
⅔ cup sugar, divided
¼ teaspoon salt
2 squares Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
3 tablespoons Walter Baker's 4 in 1 Cocoa Mix
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 package Baker's Coconut, divided
½ cup chilled heavy cream

Soften gelatine in milk. Add ⅓ cup sugar, salt, and chocolate. Cook over hot water until chocolate melts and gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Beat with rotary beater until well blended. Pour slowly over egg yolks. Cook and stir 3 minutes longer. Cool 10 minutes. Add remaining ⅓ cup sugar to beaten egg whites; beat to stiff peaks. Blend in chocolate mixture. Add vanilla and half of the coconut, cut. Turn into 1-quart ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Spread with cream and Baker's 4 in 1 Cocoa Mix beaten together until fluffy and thick. Top with remaining coconut. Makes 8 servings.

Everything chocolate tastes BEST when it's BAKER'S

COCONUT BROWNIES

Substitute ¾ cup Baker's Coconut for nuts in Brownie recipe on Baker's Premium No. 1 package.





CHOCOLATE COCONUT CREAM PIE

Make your favorite Chocolate Pie with Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate—add Baker's Coconut, toasted, to the filling; top with whipped cream and more toasted coconut.

Conversation Piece

(Continued from Page 226)



Maple-Sirup Gingerbread served piping hot, with cold applesauce and whipped cream, is Maple-Sirup Gingerbread at its best.

cooking, and when finished have much the consistency of fine spaghetti.

Both the chicken and the noodles are bland, and a casserole of scalloped tomatoes will provide a sharp contrast. This is made of alternate layers of tomatoes and squares of bread which have been fried in butter or margarine and dried in a low oven. The bread squares draw in the juice of the tomatoes and the result is a fluffy, soufflélike mass that doesn't run. Each layer will be sprinkled with, in addition to salt and pepper, sugar—plenty of sugar for my taste, and I know where I acquired it. Indiana. Scalloped tomatoes without sugar? Not for me.

Creamed slaw just has to go with this meal—cabbage, carrots, onion and green peppers combined with a dressing I hope will become a specialty of the house with you. The dressing is creamy in taste and consistency, but it doesn't use a drop of cream.

Crackling corn bread will complete the main course, and do a good job of it too.

For dessert we'll have very hot maple-sirup gingerbread topped with ice-cold applesauce and whipped cream—and what a wonderful combination this is!

These recipes will serve six.

MELON RINGS WITH MINTED GREEN GRAPES

Get 3 large ripe cantaloupes, cut them in half and cut a thick slice from each half. Scrape out seeds and pulp from center of rings and peel carefully to remove rind and hard green fruit next to rind. Put rings on a cooky sheet lined with wax paper. From the ends that are left make 6 balls with a ball cutter. This won't use all the ends, but the rest can be eaten another day. Remove seeds from 3 cups of green grapes, or use the seedless variety. Pour 1¼ cups boiling water over 1 lightly packed cup of mint leaves, mash with wire potato masher, cover and let stand 15 minutes. Bring to a boil, strain and pour over 1 envelope unflavored gelatin that has soaked 5 minutes in ¼ cup cold water. Stir until gelatin is dissolved and add ¼ cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon and a few drops of green vegetable coloring. When gelatin mixture is cool, add the grapes and let stand in cold water until it begins to set. Fill centers of melon rings high with the grape-and-mint gelatin and top with a melon ball. Do this the day before and store in refrigerator. If you can't get fresh mint leaves, use the same quantities of gelatin, water, lemon juice and sugar and add a fe drops of mint flavoring. Serve sections lime with the melon rings and garnish plat with mint leaves, if available.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE

Get as large a fowl as possible and have cut into pieces for serving. Cover with 7 cu boiling water, add 1 tablespoon salt and coo until tender. If you use a pressure cooke give it 20 minutes at 15 pounds. If you use stewing kettle, bring to a boil, lower hea cover and cook gently until tender, abo 1½ hours. Let chicken stand in broth ove night in a cold place—either the refrigerat or out of doors. The fat will congeal on t top. Remove it, but don't throw it awa because it's excellent for frying. Potato pa cakes fried in chicken fat are really som thing. Take out the pieces of chicken, scra off the jellied broth which will cling to the and arrange them in a shallow casserole.

To make the sauce for the chicken, melt tablespoons butter or margarine and 1 tabl spoon chicken fat, stir in 4 tablespoons flo and cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Ad 1 cup chicken broth and 1 cup top milk a cook, stirring constantly, until mixture h boiled briskly for 1 minute. Add salt needed, and ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper. few pinches of saffron will give the sauce lovely yellow color as well as a delicate flav all its own. If used, the saffron should added to the flour and fat with the liquid Spoon the sauce over the pieces of chicke in the casserole. About half an hour befo serving time, put casserole in a moderate 350° F.—oven. Before serving garnish wit parsley and sprinkle with paprika.

NOODLES

Break 4 eggs into a bowl, add 4 tablespoo cream and 1½ teaspoons salt and beat wit a fork until well blended. Now begin addi flour and continue to beat with fork unt dough is so stiff that this method is impra tical. Turn dough out on a well-floure board and knead in the rest of the flour wit your hands. You'll use about 3 cups flo in all. Divide dough in half, knead ea piece a little more and leave them on t floured board, covered with a towel, for hour. For rolling the dough you will need large board. My large ones measure 20" 27" and that's a good size for this jo Sprinkle board with flour, put a ball of doug on it and roll into a very thin sheet—le than ⅛" thick. Turn dough over ma

ies during rolling, and use all the flour you
ed to keep it from sticking either to the
oard or to the rolling pin. Roll in all direc-
ons so that the sheet of dough will be fairly
ind, but if it has a peculiar shape it's
thing to worry about. Transfer to a flat
vel-covered surface and roll the other ball.
t them dry for about an hour and cut as
lows:

Sprinkle board lightly with flour, put a
et of dough on it and rub top with flour.
t through the middle and then lay one
lf over the other, cut sides together. Rub
o with flour—there mustn't be any sticky
faces. Fold this slab in the middle, still
eping cut sides together, so that you have
hicknesses of dough, and starting at the
ded side roll with your fingers moderately
htly into a long cylinder. Starting at the
t cut end with a sharp knife, cut the roll
o very thin disks and shake disks out as
u go along so that the noodles won't
ck together. This is a quick method of
tting and you can make the noodles as
in as you like. When they are all cut, shake
em out all over the board and let them
nd until you are ready to cook. They can
made the day before if you like, but
ndle with care if they are thoroughly dried
cause they will be brittle and we don't
nt them to break into pieces. If you buy
ckaged noodles instead of making them
urself, toss them lightly with flour so that
ey will thicken the broth.

Noodles require 8 to 10 minutes' cooking
ne and for perfection they shouldn't stand
g after they are cooked. Put broth in a
ge kettle. There should be 6 cups in all,
d if needed, water can be added to make
at quantity. Bring to a brisk boil and
rinkle in the noodles a handful at a time,
rring gently with a big fork after each
dition. After all noodles are in and have
me to a good boil, lower heat so that they
il gently. Stir occasionally with the fork
d after 8 minutes taste to see if they are
nder. Probably they will be, but they
ight require a minute or two more. When
ne, turn heat very low, cover burner with
o asbestos mats and let noodles stand on
till you are ready to serve, or put kettle
er another kettle of boiling water.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES

emove crusts from 6 slices stale bread and
read one side with softened butter or
argarine. Cut each slice into 6 pieces.
elt butter or margarine in a skillet, put
pieces of bread, buttered side up, and
ok over low heat until delicately browned
the bottom side. Turn pieces over, brown
her side and transfer to a cooky sheet.
hen all pieces are browned, put cooky
eet in a low—250° F.—oven and dry them
oroughly. This can be done the day before
you like.

Some time in the afternoon of the party
y open two No. 2 cans tomatoes and cut
matoes into pieces. Put a layer of bread
uares in the bottom of a casserole and
oon a layer of tomatoes over them.
rinkle with salt, freshly ground black
pper and sugar. Repeat layers until all the
read and tomatoes have been used, and dot
e top generously with butter or marga-
ne. Forty-five minutes before serving time
t casserole in a moderate—350° F.—oven.

CREAMED SLAW

o make the dressing, put contents of 1 can
weetened condensed milk in top of double
iler and let it cook over boiling water 10
inutes. Cool and empty into mixing bowl.
dd 1½ teaspoons powdered mustard, 2
aspoons salt and 1 tablespoon Worcester-
ire sauce. Beat rapidly with rotary beater
nd add, gradually, ¾ cup cider vinegar.
ontinue beating for 1 minute after all vine-
ar has been added. If you have an electric
ender, all ingredients can be put in at one
me and about a minute of buzzing will do
e trick. Put dressing in refrigerator. When
ld, it will be very thick.

The dressing can be made any old time—
e day before, two days before—but I think
e vegetables for the slaw should be cut the
ay they are to be used. Shred 1 medium
nall head cabbage, grate fairly coarsely 4 carrots, chop 3 green peppers and 1 Spanish onion. You can cut down on the quantity of onion or leave it out entirely, but for my taster it should be there and plenty of it. Store vegetables in refrigerator so that they will be crisp and cold. An hour and a half before serving, mix dressing with vegetables and store in refrigerator. It needs this long period of blending. In fact, if there's any left over you'll find that it's perfectly delicious the next day. Sometimes I sprinkle in a teaspoon or two of caraway seeds when I mix the slaw. To serve, heap slaw in bowl or on a platter and garnish with lettuce.

CRACKLING CORN BREAD

Get ½ pound pork fat, remove skin, and cut fat into squares a little less than ½″ in size. Put 3 tablespoons water in the bottom of a small kettle, add fat and cook over moderate heat for about an hour. Stir fairly often at first, but as soon as the lard begins to render out the cracklings will float on top and from there on only an occasional stir is needed. When cracklings become a delicate brown, strain and spread them on paper towels. If we were concentrating on how much lard we could make, we'd press the cracklings to get the last drop, but they are much crisper if not pressed.

I'm going to suggest that you use a corn-bread mix rather than make corn bread from scratch, but of course that's up to you. After batter is mixed, stir in cracklings and bake according to directions. You can bake the corn bread ahead of time and reheat before serving.

MAPLE-SIRUP GINGERBREAD

Beat 2 eggs, add 1 cup maple sirup, or other table sirup, ½ well-packed cup light brown sugar, 1 cup sour cream and ½ cup melted shortening and stir until blended. To 2½ cups flour, measured after sifting, add 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ¾ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons ginger, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Sift dry ingredients together, stir them into liquids and beat until smooth. At the last add 4 tablespoons chopped candied orange peel. This recipe will fill a 9″-square cake pan. Grease pan, cover bottom with greased wax paper and fill with batter. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate—350° F.—oven, turn off heat and let the gingerbread stand in oven 5 more minutes. If your oven thermometer is at all tricky, don't trust this timing implicitly. When done, the gingerbread should be firm to the touch all over.

Have ½ pint cream, whipped until stiff, and a bowl of applesauce waiting in the refrigerator.

To serve, put large squares of gingerbread on heated plates and pass the bowls of applesauce and whipped cream. Of course you can serve the plates entirely in the kitchen, but it's partly the contrast of hot and cold that makes this dessert so good, and once the cold applesauce and whipped cream have been put on the gingerbread it should be eaten at once.

Service. You'll want to eat this dinner at the table, I feel sure—it's that kind of meal. The actual service doesn't present any unique problems, so I'll spend a few words on the oven problem. The chicken, tomatoes, corn bread and gingerbread all have a claim on that oven, and a rationing of time is indicated. If it's quite a large oven the chicken, tomatoes and corn bread will fit in all right and the gingerbread, already baked and wrapped airtight in a paper sack, can be slipped in the minute the other things come out. If you follow this schedule the oven should be turned very low when the gingerbread goes in. But if yours is a small oven, the chicken may have to be heated ahead of time, covered with aluminum foil and kept hot over a pot of boiling water. The tomatoes would respond favorably to the same treatment. The trick is in the planning, and if that is carefully done there will be no problem to floor you. Anyhow, I hope you like my Indiana meal; it has made me hungry to write about it and I just got through eating it. Many happy returns—and in our house there will be.

THE END



6 hints to help you make perfect meringue

—pie-baking suggestions from MARIE GIFFORD, *the famous Armour home economist*



1. Never use more than 2 tbsp. sugar for each egg white in making meringue.

2. The filling should be cooled before adding meringue. This prevents "weeping."

3. The meringue should always touch the edge of the crust to prevent shrinkage.

4. Meringue should be baked in a 425° F. oven until lightly browned.

5. Cool the baked meringue *slowly*. This also helps prevent shrinkage.

6. For a change, wreath the pie with meringue mounds, as shown in the picture.



But you only need *one* hint to help you make perfect pie crust. Use Armour Star Lard and your pie crusts will always be rich, flaky and tender! Armour Star Lard is America's perfect pie lard—the lard of pie-baking champions. And be sure to try Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe that's printed on the handy self-measuring Armour Star Lard carton. It's an easy, can't-fail recipe—exactly the *right* recipe for this new-type lard that needs no refrigeration. You mix all ingredients at *room temperature*. Saves so much time!

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 465, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois. She will help you with any pie-baking problem you may have. Write to Marie Gifford, too, for an interesting free booklet of her favorite baking recipes.



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DATE WITH A HARVARD MAN

(Continued from Page 45)

It was her first date, her first real date with a boy. And what a date! Bruce Andrews was seventeen. He was nice-looking. He was on the basketball team. She savored these things with a kind of wonder. *And he asked me*, she thought. Why, she hardly knew him, really. His uncle was a friend of her father's and sometimes she would meet Bruce at church or on the street; they would exchange a few words and then Laurie would move away, feeling stiff-legged and awkward. And to think that she had made an impression on him after all! Obviously she had—or why else would he ask her for a date?

She turned the corner into her own street. Old Mrs. Pye was sitting on her porch as usual, and although Laurie rarely spoke to her she now waved, filled with happiness. "It's a beautiful day!" she called out. She smiled and it was almost as if she could feel her own charm spraying from her pores. It was funny how light and pretty and graceful she felt, the way she did sometimes coming out of the movies after identifying herself with the heroine for a long time.

When she reached her house, she ran up the porch steps without being conscious of her legs moving at all. In the dark hall, she put down her books and looked at herself in the mirror. Her reflection came as a slight shock. Her face was exactly the way it always was—pleasantly snub-nosed, lightly freckled. She leaned forward, half closing her eyes. She turned her head a little so that her face didn't seem so round. Ah, that was better: in the dim light, she looked older; there seemed to be a faint mystery in her eyes that she had not noticed before. Thinking of Bruce, she knew a secret thrill. *I must have something*, she thought.

She straightened, hearing Emma in the kitchen. Should she go in and tell Emma? Emma was more than a maid and cook; when you didn't have a mother, she was a whole lot better than nothing to have around. But now, hearing the flow of Sukie's and Carole's voices from upstairs, she decided to tell them first.

She moved up the stairs, smiling to herself, picturing their reaction. At the landing, she stood still, the smile fading. The voices of her sisters flowed steadily, pitched low for privacy. Something pinched at her heart. She thought as she stood there, *I wish I had somebody.*

But the feeling of sadness went as quickly as it had come. She moved across the hall. At the open doorway to the twins' room, she stopped, looking inside. Sukie sat on the bed, painting her toenails; Carole was on the window seat, an uncompleted Argyle sock dangling from her knitting needles. They were slender, well-formed girls, completely unalike in appearance, one dark, one quite fair, but each as beautiful as the other in her own way.

LAURIE sighed faintly as she looked at them. They were eighteen, she was fifteen and a half. Between them lay an abyss of two years and six months which she could not hope to cross. The twins were very popular; they were always going to dances and house parties with boys from Dartmouth or Harvard or Princeton. They were good-humored, assured, careless, very ambitious about life itself, fiercely demanding a great deal from it, as if promises had been made at birth and so far not completely kept. They were caught up in a hundred interests in which Laurie had no part at all.

They looked up and saw her. Sukie, the dark one with bangs, was talking about some affair they were going to on Saturday night and how hard it had been for the boys to get the four tickets. "Naturally," she said, "with Bunny Walters there in person with the orchestra."

Laurie was momentarily shaken out of her own world. "Bunny Walters?" she said, entering the room. "In person?" The twins had every record Bunny Walters had ever made and there was something even in the way they said his name that always gave her the rather awesome feeling that hymns should be chanted, incense burned.

"In person," Sukie said. "Not a motion picture."

Laurie's mind returned to her own momentous news. She had intended to mention it casually, as if it were of no great consequence, but instead she blurted out, "I have a date Saturday night too." She stood motionless next to the bureau, the color rising in her face.

"That's nice," Carole said kindly. "Are you going to a party with one of your little friends?"

Something seemed to burst inside Laurie; she gave a high, almost-hysterical laugh. "*Little!*" she said. Her eyes were bright with triumph. "He's over six feet tall, that's all! And we're not going to a party; we have a *date*. He asked me this afternoon, in advance." Her fingers began twisting the belt of her dress into a stiff spiral as she watched their faces.

Her sisters exchanged a quick look, smiling gently. It was the sort of look parents

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Her Beauty

By Dan G. Hoffman

She runs to meet me wearing all
The wild red darkness of the deer;
Ah, the long winds stroke her hair . . .
Her eyes are woodland, beautiful.

Such poise there moves in her sweet body,
Such passionate motion grace restrains,
Intemperate blood rides down my veins
And I am mastered by her beauty.

And mastered are my heart and mind
Till I forget this town is walled,
Forget the fears that stalk the world . . .
Remembering how her hands are kind.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

might exchange after a child had said something amusing. And then Sukie said, "Isn't that *marvelous!* Who is the lucky Lothario?" Her voice was rich with indulgence.

"His name is Bruce Andrews." Some of the excitement had gone out of Laurie. She thought, *They just think it's kind of cute, like a Tom Thumb wedding or something.* She felt slightly jarred, as if she had come down heavily on a step that wasn't there. "He's a junior. He's on the basketball team." She wished that she could truthfully add that he had a mustache and had served two years in the Marines

"Well, well," Sukie said, putting down the bottle of polish. "He sounds quite devastating, I must say." She yawned.

"A basketball player," Carole said. She sighed. "And only yesterday, it seems, she was in kindergarten majoring in sand piles." She looked up suddenly at Sukie. "Remember that lifeguard at Rocky Beach?"

Sukie giggled. "Scoop," she said.

"The rubber bathing suit," Carole said. She began to laugh hysterically.

"That popcorn," Sukie said, rocking back and forth with laughter. "And the fireworks. Holy Mother Machree." She began to hiccup.

Laurie leaned forward, her face painfully eager. "What lifeguard?" she said. "What happened?"

The twins stopped laughing suddenly. Carole picked up her knitting again. "Oh, it wasn't anything," she said, her face composed. "It was only funny if you happen to be there."

Laurie swallowed. Sukie and Carole spo a language all their own; their crypt phrases, their private code were as hard f her to decipher as ancient Persian. Som times she got a tantalizing glimpse of wh lay behind it and then, suddenly, the do was shut firmly in her face, as now.

"Oh, well," she said stiffly, straightenin She began to walk toward the doorway. have important things to do." She tried look mysterious, but she knew her siste weren't even faintly interested. The fact wa they were probably certain that she was goi for a soda or to the library—which was e actly what she was going to do. *My life*, sl thought with some bitterness, *is an op book.*

AT the landing in the hall, she looked bac The twins were murmuring again in lo intimacy, sitting together now on the wi dow seat. Laurie stood motionless. Sl wished that she had someone who wou look at her in just that way, someone wi whom she could share the close, war things. So many times she had felt th way—as if she were standing in shadow b fore a bright circle that was locked again her. And although she told herself that sl cared nothing about her sisters' crazy affair a formless longing without beginning or en gathered inside her.

In the kitchen, she told the tall, angul Emma about the date.

"No!" Emma shrieked at once, her middl aged, horselike face reflecting a genuir amazement and delight. "Will you lissen her!" She crossed her arms over her unde ripe bosom and regarded Laurie with brigl eyes. "How long you know this boy?"

Laurie felt a rich satisfaction spreadir through her. "Not very long," she said, sea ing herself on a stool. She had forked son leftover tuna fish onto a slice of bread an now her jaws worked rhythmically. "H never paid any real attention to me before.

Emma nodded wisely. "He was jest lookir you over," she said. "He musta decided yc were plenty pretty, finally."

Laurie lowered her eyes modestly. "Oh, dunno," she mumbled. But she was ver happy. She swallowed the last of the tur fish and looked up. There was something Emma's homely face, something warm an very gentle, that made her feel a sudde pressure in her chest. "Emma," she sai The color rose in her cheeks. "You're nic to have than sisters."

Emma looked at her for a moment an then turned away. "Ah, well," she sai "There's nothin' wrong with them girls She hesitated and moved to the stove. "It jest that you have a little catchin' up to do

"Who?" her father said, frowning, whe she told him at dinner. But his face cleare when he heard that the date was with M Sharpe's nephew. "Well, I suppose it's a right." He was a pleasant-faced, baldir man with a perpetually harassed expressior it was clear that the responsibility of raisir three motherless daughters was sometime too much for him. "Where do the two of yc expect to go?"

"I guess," Laurie said, "to the movies an for ice cream afterward." And she though *I hope everybody from school sees the two of together.* The mental picture of herself an Bruce coming out of the theater side by sic was so dazzling that she felt a choking sens tion in her chest.

It seemed that every passing moment du ing the next three days was merely a proje tion to seven-thirty Saturday night. Whe she awoke finally on Saturday, it was wi the nebulous feeling of something wonderf forming, gathering, swelling in the air lil an iridescent bubble about to burst. *Only t more hours*, she thought. She lay in bed, sta ing up at the ceiling, trying to recall Bruc

(Continued on Page 232)

Pick the peaches you'd pick yourself!



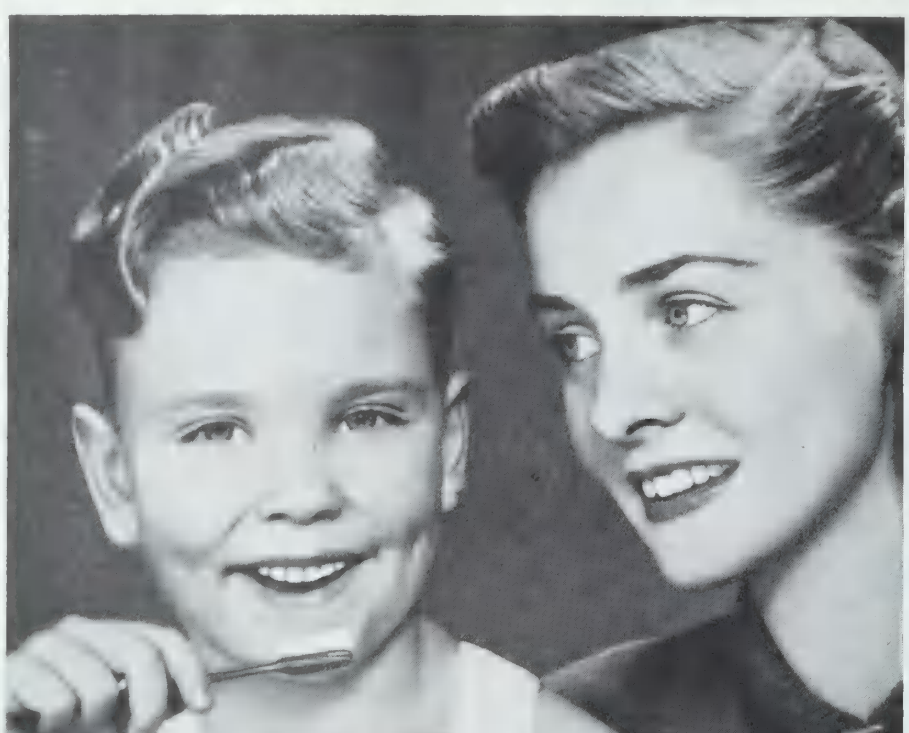


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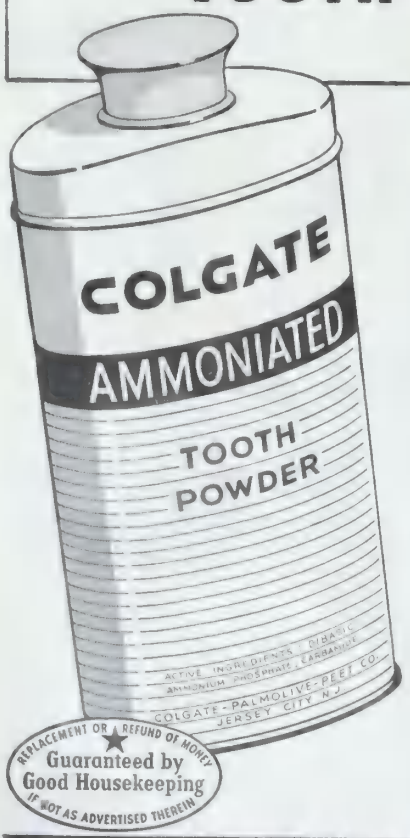
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With A Flavor The Whole Family Will Enjoy

(Continued from Page 230)

face. Somehow it wouldn't come to her mind. The smile faded; she felt troubled. And then she reasoned, *After all, I don't know him very well.*

Right after breakfast, she washed her hair and set it in neat wet circles. She wandered about the house, going into the kitchen from time to time to seek assurances from Emma, and because she was nervous she kept opening the refrigerator door and eating what she found in the leftover dishes.

Emma shook her head, frowning. "You keep that up," she said, "you gonna be bustin' at the seams tonight. Your feller'll think he's goin' out with a lady wrestler."

Everybody, it seemed, had plans for the evening. Laurie's father was attending a business dinner, the twins were expecting two seniors from Princeton who were in town because of the between-term week end. Emma, because Laurie was taken care of, was going to visit her sister. The whole house, Laurie thought, seemed to be holding its breath in anticipation for the hours ahead.

Supper was very early. Laurie couldn't eat; she felt an almost sickish excitement. Her hair had dried into flat, stiff circles around her head, her cheeks shone and she was wearing an old pink polka-dotted robe that was too small for her.

Sukie regarded her doubtfully across the table. "All you need right now is a teething ring around your neck," she said. "I hope you're planning to age a trifle when you get dressed. Maybe a mustache would do the trick."

"Ha-ha," Laurie said. Thinking of Bruce, she felt a surge of confidence. "Don't worry about me. I can look seventeen sometimes."

The twins exchanged a look. Carole cleared her throat. "Well, don't overdo it on that end, either," she said. "Don't look *too* matronly. Leave off your bifocals and don't wear your fringed shawl."

Laurie searched in her mind for a fitting reply, but, as usual, her older sisters' flip phrasing was too much for her. She was reduced to saying "Ha-ha" again. *I don't care about them*, she thought; *tonight I have my own life to live.*

At six o'clock she mounted the stairs, conscious of her heart beating faster. *It's beginning*, she thought; *it's already beginning.* She took a steaming bubble bath, gave herself a complicated facial, brushed out her hair. Before the mirror, she applied lipstick with hushed concentration and then got into her best dress, a pale-blue wool with a full skirt and a small round collar. Every few minutes she looked at the clock, but it was astonishing how slowly the hands moved. She was all finished dressing at twenty minutes to seven.

The arrival of Emma in her hat and coat was a welcome diversion. Emma's narrow face seemed flushed and she was looking downward, pulling furiously at her gloves. "Well, I'll be goin'," she said. "I'll be back before you. You have a good time."

"Okay," Laurie said, a little puzzled.

Emma hesitated and looked up. The color was high in her face. "There's a little somethin' on your pillow," she said.

Laurie stared at her and then turned her head. There was a small white box, tied with ribbon, at the head of her bed. She was astonished.

EMMA looked down again. "Ain't nothin' much," she said. "Guess I shoulda put it in the icebox, you would have found it quicker."

Laurie walked over and picked up the little box. She unwrapped it and found a little pin inside—a silver turtle resting on a bed of cotton. Turning slowly, she lifted her eyes to Emma, feeling a swelling inside her, deep and full. "Oh, Emma," she said, "it's beautiful."

Emma cleared her throat loudly. "I'm nothin' much," she said again. "A present gives a person confidence some I figured . . . the first time goin' out with a boy—well, that's a special thing."

Laurie met her eyes. For a long moment they stood motionless in the silence, gazing at each other. "Yes," Laurie whispered finally, "it's a special thing."

Emma turned abruptly. "Well, I'm goin'," she said. "You let him do most the talkin', now."

"I will."

After Emma had gone, Laurie turned to the mirror, her eyes very soft. She pinned the little metal turtle to her collar and then looked at the clock. Almost seven. Suddenly she wondered what Bruce was doing at that moment, and it came to her that he was getting ready too. *Maybe*, she thought, wonder, *he's putting stuff on his hair to look nice; maybe he's getting out his best tie to look for me.* A soft thrill of excitement went through her.

SHE went downstairs and turned on the lamps. For the next half hour she tried three different chairs until she decided that the light next to the sofa was the most flattering. She sat down, feeling her heart fluttering against her ribs. *Any minute*, she thought. She would hear his step on the walk; the bell would shrill suddenly —— All the delicious suspense of the past three days seemed to gather into a tight knot inside her chest.

Upstairs, the twins were talking, singing, slamming doors; Laurie could hear the sound of the shower. She sank back, drifting into a little dream. When she returned to reality her eyes went automatically to the clock. She saw, with a slight shock, that it was seven minutes to eight.

Immediately she chided herself. Naturally, you couldn't expect him to arrive on the dot, like a train. When a boy said seven-thirty he meant "around" seven-thirty, especially someone as worldly as Bruce. She sat back, arranging her skirt folds carefully. Any second now, he would come.

At five minutes of eight, Sukie called down, "What time is Sonny Boy coming?"

Laurie was standing by the window, looking out through the Venetian blinds at the street. She jumped sharply, but immediately composed herself. "Pretty soon!" she called up with false cheerfulness. "He's a little late!"

She moved away from the window and sat down, very carefully, on the sofa again. *Detained, that's all*, she told herself. *Probably, in five minutes, you'll be walking down the street with him, laughing about the whole thing.*

The hands of the clock seemed to move more quickly now—too quickly. Five minutes after eight, ten minutes. At a quarter after, Laurie jumped up and went to the window again, her eyes straining through the slotted blinds to the corner. He lived only a few blocks away. Why didn't he come? Why didn't he at least telephone?

The dark street was quiet, deserted, and then a figure moved, came into view—a man's figure. Her heart leaped and then plummeted down again. A middle-aged man leading a little dog. She turned away, suddenly sick. Her eyes went to the clock. Twenty-seven minutes after eight. Terror smashed against her heart. *He isn't coming*, she thought.

She sank into the nearest chair, heedless of her dress, and closed her eyes. She was very still. She had told everybody at school about the date. On Monday, all the girls would ask her what it had been like. She felt the quick, inner spasm of tears, but she wrestled it down. *Dear God*, she prayed, *let him come, I'll never tell a lie again, I'll go to church*

BUDDHA ON MARRIAGE

There are five rules that the wife should observe. First, when her husband enters she should rise and greet him. Secondly, when her husband is out she should occupy herself with cooking and washing as she waits for him. Thirdly, she must not attach her heart impurely to another man, and if her husband talks to her harshly she must not reply in like words or show anger. Fourthly, she must obey the orders of her husband and not conceal household objects. Fifthly, when her husband is resting she should not go to bed herself until she has closed the doors.

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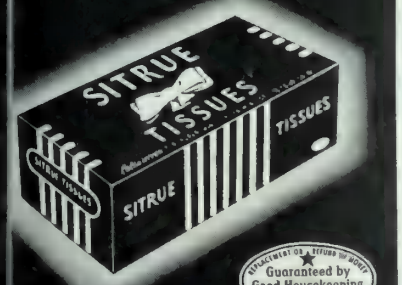
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single Sunday, I'll help the poor—only please, please let him come.

She opened her eyes and caught sight of her reflection in the mirror. *I'm homely*, she thought; *I'll never be loved, I'll never be happy.* She saw herself as an old maid, with a fat face and big feet and black cotton stockings. That was the way it would be. People would refer to her as "poor Miss Laura."

She took a deep, desperate breath. She would count in tens to five hundred; by that time, maybe he would come. Her lips began to move. *Ten, twenty, thirty*—she swallowed—*forty, fifty* —— Her lips kept moving without sound. She was very white and there was a pinched look around her mouth.

The twins' room looked as if a hurricane had swept through it; there was a welter of scattered lingerie, half-opened bureau drawers and spilled powder. But the twins themselves, in the middle of the room, were shining and beautiful in their dark taffeta dresses and pearl dog collars, like two Aphrodites who had sprung full blown and radiant from the churning sea.

It was Carole who looked at the clock and frowned. "It's late," she said. "Didn't Laurie expect this date at seven-thirty?"

They stared at each other, suddenly appalled.

"You don't think," Carole said, "that he would ——"

THE room was very quiet. "Holy Mother Machree," Sukie breathed finally.

As if on signal, they turned and left the room, taking off their shoes at the stair landing. Halfway down the steps, they crouched in the darkness. They could see Laurie sitting in a chair, staring blindly ahead. She was very still and her face seemed very small. Slowly they tiptoed up again, picking up their shoes. In their room, they faced each other.

"A stand-up," Sue said with finality.

Carole's lovely mouth tightened. "That creep," she said.

"She looked so—so little," Sukie said. "As if she shrank or something."

They stared at each other. Carole drew in her breath. "We've got to do something," she said.

Laurie sat motionless. It was as if she were confined within some dark, narrow space from which she dared not move. She had heard, vaguely, the voices of the twins talking on the telephone extension upstairs, but the sound had not really registered. Disaster had curled over her in a great dark wave; now she floated under it, lost and drowning.

Suddenly the twins burst into the room. "Thank heavens he didn't come!" Sukie was crying out. "You can save our lives!"

Laurie looked up at them blankly. Her throat was locked.

"We were just talking to Buzz and Pete," Carole said in a rush of words, "and Buzz has a man visiting him with no date." She cleared her throat. "A Harvard man, and he ——"

"He's coming along," Sukie broke in impatiently. "We thought you could be his date."

"Me?" Laurie said. She had stiffened. "With a Harvard man?"

But Sukie was pulling her to her feet. "Come *on!*" she was saying. "They're on their way over! We haven't got much time!"

"Time?" Laurie echoed. The twins were pulling her toward the stairs. "Time for what?"

"We've got to get you fixed up," Carole said. "You said you could look seventeen, didn't you?"

During the next fifteen minutes, Laurie felt dazed, frightened, helpless. The twins, when they got rolling, were like a superb armored division going into action. Laurie stood motionless in her slip while they darted about feverishly into closets and bureau drawers. Dresses were hauled out, placed against her, withdrawn; things were smeared on her face; fingers fiddled with her hair. She felt like a large lump of dough being worked over by two pastry cooks. Finally



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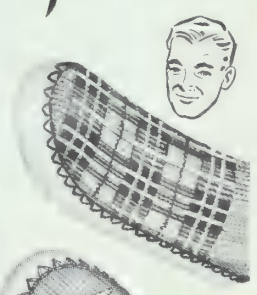
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For finest honey, say
"Sue Bee"



they gave her a little push toward the mirror. "Hey," Sukie breathed. "What about that?"

Laurie stared at her reflection. She felt a choking sensation in her chest. Dark-green dress, a little off the shoulders; her hair swept back into a waterfall of curls; bright lipstick on the right way; twinkling earrings ——

"She's a knockout," Carole said critically. "She even looks seventeen and three months."

Sukie shook her head. "Have we stabbed ourselves in the back?" she said. "Maybe we overdid it."

The bell rang downstairs and they all jumped. Laurie turned pale. "A Harvard man," she said hoarsely. "I don't think I ——"

But her sisters weren't listening; they were running out of the room. At the doorway, Sukie turned. "His name is Dick," she said. "He likes books, boats and Irish setters. He collects old guns or something." She was gone.

Laurie stood motionless. Her mouth was dry. And then she saw her discarded blue dress on the bed, the little turtle pin gleaming. Emma's voice came back to her: "A little present gives a person confidence sometimes." Laurie smiled softly and walked over to the dress. She took off the pin and fastened it to her shoulder.

"Laurie!"

She stood motionless. And then she took a deep breath and moved out of the room. She walked slowly down the steps, seeing them all at the foot, staring up at her. At the bottom, she heard the twins' voices making introductions; she looked into the male faces, so good-looking, so finished, so alarmingly old.

"Well, well," the one named Buzz was saying, looking at Carole. "And where have you been keeping this?" He looked back at Laurie, grinning.

She swallowed hard. They all seemed to be waiting for her to say something. Her hand went up nervously to her collar and stilled at the little metal turtle. Suddenly she let out her breath and grinned back.

"If you owned the Hope diamond," she said, "would you wear it every day? I'm only brought out on Sundays and holidays."

The three boys laughed. But the twins, Laurie saw with satisfaction, were staring at her with their mouths open.

It was the most wonderful evening of her life. It was more than the dancing, more than the fact that Dick was quiet and sweet and attentive, more than the delicious shock of her own reflection in the mirror. It was her sisters who made it so wonderful; it was the way they looked at her, talked to her. "Ask Laurie," they would say to the boys, "she might know"; or "What do you Laurie? You were always bright about like that." *As if*, she thought in wond *were all the same age.*

They played records; they danced talked. Once Laurie heard the kitche slam and she knew Emma was back. *until I tell her tomorrow*, she thought *until I tell them all at school that I had with a Harvard man; they will die.* H away Bruce Andrews seemed now! It to her that she hadn't cared about *h* all; she had cared only about the date

They piled into a car and went som for a hamburger. They danced some And at last they were home again, good night in twosomes at the doorwa

"Laurie," Dick whispered, "thanks I see you again?"

She looked up at him in the darkne eyes big in her face. She took a deep b "I—I think I should tell you," she "I'm only fifteen." She cleared her t "And a half."

He smiled gently. "I know," he "There are ways of telling. But I'd come back in about three years. Is it a d

Laurie smiled too. "A date," she pered. "I'll put it in my engagement b

And then it was all over; the boy gone.

In the house, Laurie turned to h sters. "Gosh," she said. She closed he "It—it was a divine evening." An something stirred in her mind, cam sharp focus. Her eyes flew open. " Walters," she breathed. "Tonight w night you were going to see him in pe

Carole made a little gesture with her "Ah, well," she said.

Laurie stared at both of them, and moment a great many things became "Why did you give up the evening whispered. "Why did you go to a trouble because I had a stand-up?"

The hall was very quiet. Sukie drew breath. She was smiling gently. "You sister," she said.

Laurie felt a pressure in her ches opened her mouth, but no words cam swallowed and turned away blindly. " our sister." It was so simple, so beaut

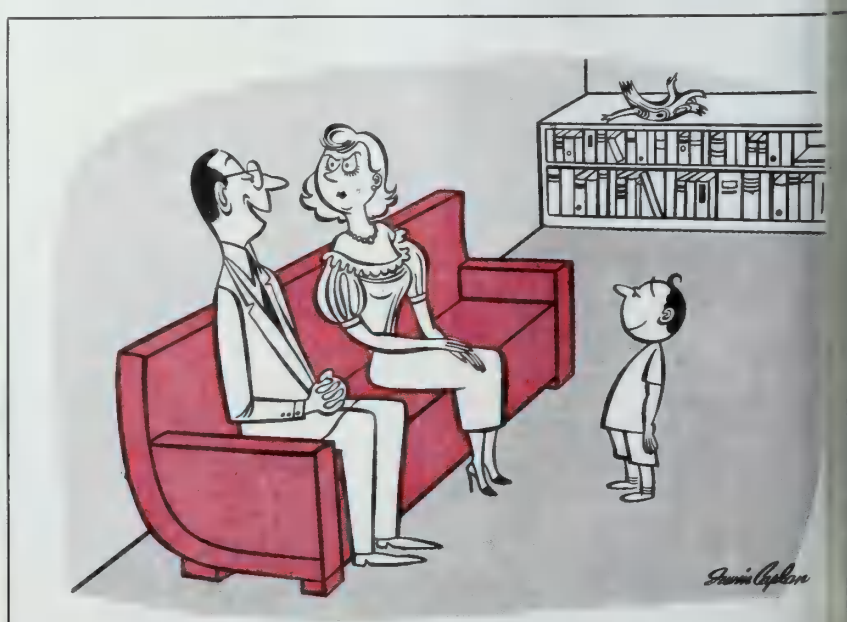
On the steps, Carole giggled suc "That fat boy," she said, "with th glasses."

"The clam chowder," Sukie said. gan laughing, one hand over her diap "Oh, brother, that dull plop."

"And the girl," Laurie said. She wa ing, chortling, holding onto the banis support. "Those red sequins."

The three of them stumbled up the their hands over their mouths, wrap gether in love and memory and la with no difference between them at a

THE



"Oh, let your brother hang around if he wants to. There's nothing I was going to say that he couldn't hear."

Are all these PYREX® WARE treasures in your cupboard?



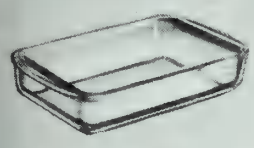
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Special opportunity. See the 100th Anniversary Set at the bottom of this page? Take advantage of this reduced price *now*. The offer expires soon!



PYREX Utility Dish

Bake in it, serve in it! It's useful a dozen different ways. 12⅜-inch size 89¢. 14-inch size $1.00.

10½-inch size. **69¢**



PYREX Hostess Ramekins

For baking individual meat pies, for serving soup, cereal. Red or yellow, 12-oz. size 39¢ each.

7-oz. size. Each **29¢**



PYREX Flameware Saucepan

Lets you see what's cooking. With flat bottoms and lock-on covers. 1-quart size $1.95. 2-quart size $2.45.

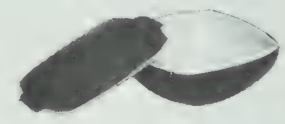
1½-qt. size. **$2.25**



PYREX Oven Roaster

See how the Sunday roast is cooking. Big enough for 5-lb. chicken. Use top and bottom as separate baking dishes.

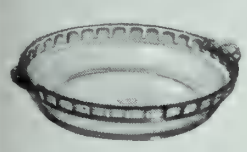
3-quart size. **$1.39**



PYREX Hostess Casserole

—in color! Modern casserole with cover, in gay red or sunny yellow. For baking and serving. 1½-quart size $1.95.

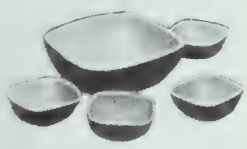
2½-qt. size. **$2.25**



PYREX Flavor-Saver Pie Plate

High fluted edges keep juices and flavors in your pie. 10-inch size 69¢.

9-inch size. **59¢**



PYREX Hostess Oven-and-Table Set

2½-quart open bowl with four 12-oz. individual dishes. Set in red or yellow.

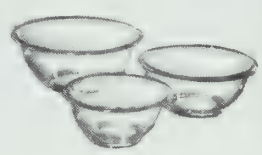
$2.95



PYREX Flameware Double Boiler

For perfect sauces and frostings. May also be used as 2 separate saucepans.

1½-quart size. **$3.45**



PYREX Clear Bowl Set

A nest of three clear glass bowls —1-, 1½-, 2½-quart sizes. For mixing, serving, baking.

Set of three. **$1.39**



PYREX Pie Plate

Bakes pies quickly—with a light flaky undercrust. 8½-inch size 29¢. 10½-inch size 49¢.

9½-inch size. **39¢**



PYREX Flameware Percolator

For perfect coffee every time—always the right strength! 4-cup size $2.45. 9-cup size $3.45.

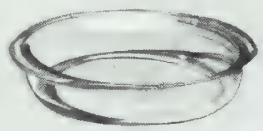
Six cup size. **$2.95**



PYREX Hostess Set

—in color! 1½-qt. covered casserole with 4 individual ramekins. Red or yellow.

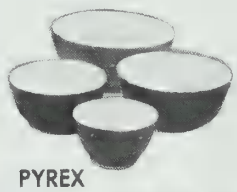
Complete set. **$2.95**



PYREX Round Cake Dish

For cakes, of course! Perfect too, as a shallow casserole, for serving vegetables or dessert.

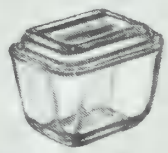
8⅝-inch size. **59¢**



PYREX Color Bowl Set

Four bowls—for mixing, baking, serving. Each bowl a different color.

Set of four. **$2.95**



PYREX Oven-Refrigerator Dish

Clear glass, with cover. Use it for baking, serving and storing. 1½-pint size 59¢.

1½-cup size. **39¢**



PYREX Flameware Teapot

Boils water, brews tea, looks handsome on your table!

Six cup size. **$1.95**



PYREX Measure

Easy to read! 1-cup size 29¢, 1-quart size 79¢.

1-pint size. **59¢**

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Handy 1-quart casserole, newly designed, with wide, easy-to-grasp handles . . . a cover that doubles as a baking or serving dish . . . PLUS 6 custard cups, with handsome fluted edges, 5-oz. size! **All this for only 98¢!**

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MY-T-FINE DESSERTS . . . 8 DELICIOUS FLAVORS
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Quick & Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER



Marilynn and Rusty combine yardwork and dinner outdoors.

MARILYNN, Rusty and their daughter, Darby, live in a charm g apartment, converted from a barn loft on Marilynn's moth s property. Having been a JOURNAL secretary in the Beauty Departm t before her marriage, Marilynn is used to being busy. The day visited her, she had spent three hours typing for the local Commu Chest headquarters, had scraped down a table for refinishing, and a big pot of hamburger-vegetable chowder ready for our din .

Marilynn loves to cook and feels blessed that Rusty and Da have good appetites. Like most young married couples, they fa the old stand-bys, such as spaghetti and meat balls and tuna-fish seroles as budget easers, but Marilynn has specialties of her own that just as money-saving—her hamburger-vegetable chowder, for instar

Any Monday

Hamburger-Vegetable Chowder
Coleslaw with Green Pepper
Peach Shortcake
(made with biscuit mix and frozen peaches)

On Monday night, Marilynn has to have dinner ready promptly at six. "Hamburger-vegetable chowder is a great favorite of ours for ready-on-the-dot dinners," Marilynn says. "I can make it quickly and easily in the pressure cooker. My pressure cooker was a wedding present and I bank on it for many a quick meal. The chowder reheats well—in fact, I o double the quantity, as we lik just as well or even better the sec day. It is a hearty dish and n only a big salad and a filling des to make a pleasurable meal."

HAMBURGER-VEGETABLE CHOWDER

Heat pressure cooker. Add 2 ta spoons butter or margarine and br ½ pound ground beef in it. Then a cup canned tomatoes, ¼ cup diced ery, 2 carrots, diced, 2 onions, chop 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ cup raw rice, 3 s potatoes, diced, and 4 cups wa Cover cooker and cook 15 minute 15 pounds pressure. Cool cooker fore removing the lid. Reseason taste, adding pepper at this p Serves two generously.

A Budget Easer That's Easy

Spaghetti Toss
Green Salad
Apricot Sundae

•

"We aren't one of those couples that feel a meal isn't a meal unless there's meat on the table. I was brought up in a large family and we didn't have meat every night for dinner—it was too expensive. We are perfectly happy with an omelet or a spaghetti dish. We could eat plates of spaghetti done with egg and cheese. With it we have one of our favorite desserts, so simple it hardly sounds like anything at all—but we love it."

SPAGHETTI TOSS

Add 1½ teaspoons salt to 1½ quarts rapidly boiling water. Add 4 ounces or package thin spaghetti and cook, uncovered, stirring occasionally until tender—but not mushy soft. Drain in colander and keep hot over boiling water. Meanwhile, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a small skillet; add 2 medium onions, chopped, and ½ clove garlic, speared with a toothpick (so you can fish it out later). Sauté until golden brown. Remove garlic. Put the spaghetti on a platter, pour sautéed onions over it. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Break a raw egg in center and toss and mix quickly with two forks until spaghetti is coated. The egg cooks just enough from the heat of the spaghetti and blends in beautifully. Sprinkle generously with grated dry cheese—with parsley, too, if you have it.

APRICOT SUNDAE

Serve plain vanilla ice cream in sherbet glasses with apricot nectar poured over it!

Take 4 Eggs

Onion Omelet — Bacon Curls
Butter-Steamed Carrots and Potatoes
Frosted Pineapple with Sour Cream

Strangely enough, most of the young cooks I've talked to catch on to making omelets with ease and dispatch at the very start of their cooking adventures. Their mothers—not always so readily. As Marilynn says, "Why all the fuss and mystery about making an omelet? It's so *easy*—every cookbook tells you how. Even if mine slightly resembled scrambled eggs the first time I tried—we *like* scrambled eggs. We've had omelets in practically every flavor—onion omelet is a current favorite."

ONION OMELET

Fry ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Mix up a plain omelet mixture, using 4 eggs—2 for you and 2 for him—just as you have been doing for breakfast omelet, following your cookbook directions. Add the onions just before you pour the business into the skillet. Proceed as for any omelet. But this isn't *any* omelet. It's onion omelet, and very good eating with crisp bacon and the butter-steamed carrots and potatoes.

BUTTER-STEAMED CARROTS AND POTATOES

Scrape and slice 2 carrots thin. Peel and dice 2 potatoes. (The peelings of both come off in a wink with one of those peeler gadgets you can buy in the ten-cent store. Maybe you got one in your kitchen-shower loot and know how handy it is.) Put the carrots and potatoes in a saucepan with ½ cup water (yes, this is enough), 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil and boil, covered, for 5 minutes. Turn heat to low and simmer 15 minutes. Carrots and potatoes should be perfectly done by that time. There will be just enough butter and juices to sauce the vegetables.

And for a quick-to-do dessert that is refreshing, try

FROSTED PINEAPPLE WITH SOUR CREAM

Spoon well-chilled canned-pineapple chunks or partially defrosted frozen-pineapple chunks into sherbet glasses. Put a spoonful of thick commercially soured cream on top and sprinkle generously with nutmeg.

(Continued on Page 238)

PHOTOS BY STUART



Pass-through helps get food to the table in a hurry.

Beef in Tomato-Rice Ring

Here's a hearty main-dish for a hungry family *any* time of day! Fun to make, too, with good Campbell's Tomato Soup!

Hearty Beef Treat

½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped onion
1 pound ground beef
2 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 cups cooked peas
½ cup liquid from peas
1 can (1¼ cups) Tomato Soup

Lightly brown celery, onion and meat in melted shortening; stir occasionally. Add remaining ingredients; heat thoroughly. Fill center of Tomato-Rice Ring.

How to Make Tomato-Rice Ring

2 cans (2½ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup
4 cups water
¼ cup grated onion
2 cups uncooked rice (or broken thin spaghetti)

Heat to boiling: soup, water and onion. Add rice; cook (covered) over low heat for 20 minutes; stir occasionally. Remove from heat, uncover, allow to set about 10 minutes until rice absorbs remaining moisture. Pack in greased 1½-qt. ring mold. Set in hot water until ready to serve. Unmold on platter; fill center. 6 servings.

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ANOTHER GREAT PRODUCT

BY EKCO®

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CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

FAMOUS RECIPE

ONE-DISH PORK CHOP MEAL

6 *pork chops*
1 *tbsp. shortening*
2 *teaspoons salt*
1 *tbsp. LEA & PERRINS Worcestershire Sauce*
1 *can tomato soup (condensed)*
½ *cup water*
4 *cups cooked noodles*
2 *tbsp. grated onion*

Brown chops in shortening, season with half the salt. Combine remaining salt, onion, LEA & PERRINS Sauce, tomato soup and water. Place noodles in casserole, add tomato soup mixture. Arrange chops overlapping around inner edge of casserole; cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F) for 1½ hours.

Whenever recipes call for Worcestershire, you can be almost certain that the experts who write the recipes mean you to use LEA & PERRINS Sauce, the *original* Worcestershire. Always ask for it by name.

FREE RECIPE BOOK. Write Lea & Perrins, Inc. 241 West St., New York 13, N.Y., Dept. L-10

Respects to Friday

Broiled Fillet of Haddock Marilynn
Green Beans
Half Grapefruit

"We have a way to do fish that we think is pretty special. Spread with a mustardy sauce before broiling, plain ordinary haddock has a high-hat flavor."

BROILED FILLET OF HADDOCK MARILYNN

Brush 2 fillets of haddock (about 1 pound) with salad oil. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and *orégano*, which is an herb you should get acquainted with if you haven't already. Broil quickly, turning once (it takes about 5 minutes). Now for the treatment that transforms the plain fillets into Marilynn's specialty. Combine 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard and 1 or 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Spread over the fish and broil 1 more minute.

"Some young marrieds may not serve beginners with their meals. We do—particularly if the meal is light, as this one is. Our favorite is one we either eat or drink. It's always a good decoy in getting my husband to the table. Have a can of mixed-vegetable juice chilled in the refrigerator. Pour half of it into a bowl with half a cup of thick sour cream—the kind you buy. Beat up with the egg beater. Serve in glass bowls or in juice glasses with a sprinkling of chopped chives."

Food, Fire and Fun

Charcoal-Broiled Ham
Spider-Fried Potatoes
Coleslaw Sliced Tomatoes
Fruit Cheese

"We have outdoor-fireplace dinners off and on from early spring until late fall. Our favorite broilables are frankfurters, hamburgers, steaks—when we can afford them—and, best-loved, a smoked-ham slice. We combine our outdoor chores with the grill work. There's more incentive to rake leaves if you can smell potatoes and onions frying while you work.

"For the fried potatoes, I have an old iron spider that was mother's. After its time on the fire it's a cinch to clean with a steel-wool soap pad. I start with raw sliced potatoes and a couple of onions—fry them in a little hot shortening over the coals until golden brown, then cover them with a lid and let them steam done.

"Charcoal-broiled ham is delicious—but even more delicious since someone gave us a present of a bag of hickory-wood disks. Two or three of these dropped on the coals just before we put on the ham give the ham the genuine flavor. We've tried hickory-smoking steaks and hamburgers, too, but ham is our favorite. A center-cut slice of ham is best, but thick slices of Canadian bacon, which tastes practically like ham, are good too.

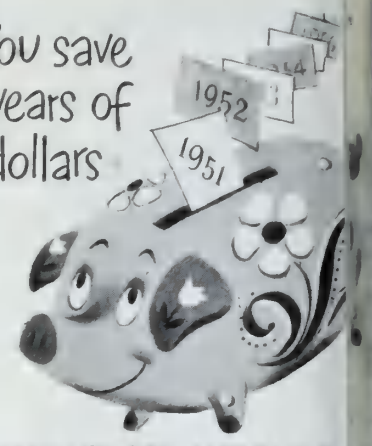
"Over the dying coals we sometimes toast rolls to eat hot with our cheese and fruit." **THE END**

KNICKERBOCKERS

An artist named Cruikshank made the illustrations for Washington Irving's Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York. The trousers he drew for the characters were gathered together at the knee. The application of the term "knickerbockers" was a literary "natural."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

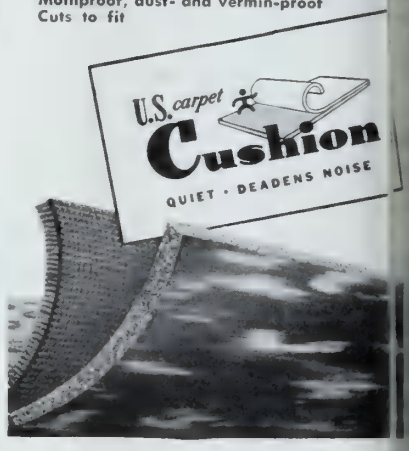
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RECAPITULATION

(Continued from Page 53)

id umped on it, treading with particular
ery on the section headed "I—Charac-
r, —Social, 1—Calm."
"u haven't an ounce of romance in your
all- ip, Jim Malloy," she had, she was
ra now, yelled.
" ia," Jim had replied, "you know that
n' ue."
S had, too; but she had been really hurt
id e had turned her back on him, though
is d been hard to accomplish, standing
s was with his arms about her, and had
ble two or three times.
" should think you would be glad to
no you were marrying a man of reason,"
m d defended himself.
S had not said so then, but she thought
ie as now, that there was probably very
.t connection between reason and list
al g. List making, she felt sure, was just a
a me people had of being orderly about
e nreason. What she had said then was
A n who could make a list of reasons for
v anyone could make a list for not lov-
g r."
" uld and would," Jim had acknowledged
e ully, as though the fact were not dam-
n He had held her momentarily far
o h away from him to be able to get into
is it pocket. "Look at this," he had said,
ol g a second sheet across her shoulder.
s headed "Reasons for Not Loving
el Ames," and except for "I—None, A—
io 1—None," the sheet was completely
m r. Although this, in theory, was just as
fe ve as the first list, she had not felt
ui the same way about it, had in fact been
na e to resist kissing Jim back when he
ad issed her. But it had taken her two
on miserable days of nonengagement to
ec mmodate herself to the idea of spending
li ime with a list maker, and to re-engage
er f to Jim.

d little did I know then, she thought, *hat I was really going to have to accom-*
e myself to was a lifetime with two list
s.

"hat are you making a list of, Connie?"
sked.

S had no fear that she was intruding in
te matters. One of Jim's greatest pleas-
re vas the sharing of his lists. After two or
n evenings hunched over catalogues and
e s of paper he would look up, about bed-
m and say, "See what you think of this,
el ," and begin to read from a list headed
S plies Needed for a Prolonged Trip in
ul ero Weather." Or perhaps something
no simple, as "The Well-Stocked Cellar-
tt ; or "Minimum Essentials for a Basic
it ry on Citriculture." They had neither
el nor cellarette; they lived in Southern
a ornia, where zero, let alone subzero,
er eratures were never known, and the
ss tials of citriculture were all packed away
i m's head without need of any library,
a or otherwise.

NIE looked up from *her* list and an-
w d, "I'm making a list of traits, mother."
Traits?" Mrs. Malloy asked.
Good and bad traits," Connie said, and
h explained further. "For school, that is."
You mean personal traits?" Mrs. Malloy
sk d.
Kind of," Connie replied.

rs. Malloy wondered anew. She had
e r in her life made a list of any kind
x ot a grocery list, and this only when
pu ed into it by Jim. Life was bigger, and
e er, too, she thought, than words; and it
wa disappointing and restricting to see a
pi c summed up in "Remember citronella,
pa r napkins, first-aid kit"; or a trip to the
ju drained of half its promise by a list
he ed "Articles Needed En Route." There
we clearly two classes of people in the
wo d: those for whom the world was magni-
fie and enriched in words, and those who
d never find the beautiful world of their
g and knowing on any sheet of paper.
and Connie belonged to the first class
sh she, belonging to the second, could only
d apart, as she did now, trying to under-
stand the need they had for their journals and records, for their "Yesterday I rose at 6:30" and their "Tomorrow I plan to begin re-reading David Copperfield." And their I's, II's and III's.

"Traits like honesty, kindness, cheerfulness?" she asked.

"Well, like them," Connie said, "but they aren't on it. This is a list of traits useful for school."

"Isn't honesty useful for school?"

"Nobody at school I ever heard of was popular for honesty," Connie said. After Mrs. Malloy had considered this in silence for some seconds Connie asked, "Did you ever hear anybody say, 'I'm just crazy about her, she's so honest'? Did you?"

"No," Mrs. Malloy admitted, "I guess I never did."

"ME either," Connie said. "It's all right to be honest," Connie reassured her, "but there's nothing very outstanding about it."

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Malloy said, trying to keep a foothold in this conversation which she felt to be, in spite of its subject matter, pretty slippery. "Look at Diogenes. We've remembered him all these years."

Connie sniffed. "He was hunting for an honest man, not being one. And it was his lantern that was outstanding. That was his trade-mark. That and his barrel."

"There have been a lot of people with lanterns and barrels we've forgotten, I expect."

Connie agreed. "The trade-mark's got to stand for something. But if you get a good gag and it stands for something"—for all her conviction of tone, Connie looked uncertain—"you're fixed, don't you think?" Before Mrs. Malloy had answered this—if she could have answered it—Connie asked another question, "Mother, do you think I'm funny?"

"Funny?" Mrs. Malloy repeated. If Connie was in the midst of some schoolgirl gloom because someone had called her funny, she certainly didn't want to add to it. On the other hand, if by "funny" Connie meant "witty," she could not truthfully say she wasn't.

"I mean amusing," Connie explained forthrightly. "In your opinion, can I say and do amusing things? Can I make you laugh?"

Controlling an inclination to laugh right then, Mrs. Malloy answered, "Yes, Connie. I think you can be very amusing and you have made me laugh many a time."

"Yesterday," Connie said, "I was told very confidentially something Liz Keeler said. She said, 'That freshman, Constance Malloy, is deliciously amusing.' It wasn't a trade last or anything like that. I didn't promise Hazel a thing in return for the compliment."

Mrs. Malloy said, "I don't know about deliciously, but the rest is true enough."

Connie gave her mother a look of awe and unbelieving. "Liz Keeler," she said. "Why, I didn't suppose she knew I was alive. Let alone amusing."

"Let alone deliciously," Mrs. Malloy said; then, seeing her daughter's expression alter, doubt replacing radiance, she hurried to add, "Who is this Liz, anyway?"

Connie brightened again at once. "Just about the most popular girl in school, that is all. Just about the most outstanding junior, anyway."

"What makes Liz so outstanding?"

Connie considered for a while. "Well, Liz's got practically everything, but her trademark is personality."

"Doesn't everyone have personality? Even fathers and mothers?" Mrs. Malloy asked, trying to be a little amusing herself.

"Everybody has personality," Connie agreed. "Some people have positive personality and some people have negative personality." Mrs. Malloy waited rather self-consciously for a further development of this idea, but Connie was interested only in Liz. "But personality is Liz's trade-mark."

"How are you," Mrs. Malloy asked, with real curiosity, "when personality is your

Please— don't ruin this tempting soup with the wrong cracker!

From the first whiff the soup's wonderful. But are the crackers you serve "up to it"? Yes, *yes*—if they're RITZ CRACKERS! *Crisper*, crunchier—they're just plain better-tasting. RITZ CRACKERS give extra flavor to *any* soup, salad, spread or beverage. Taste and see!



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trade-mark?" Mrs. Malloy had supposed that this question would take some thinking about, but Connie had evidently thought about it before.

"When personality is your trade-mark you are a law unto yourself," she answered promptly.

Mrs. Malloy whistled. "Thank goodness your trade-mark isn't personality."

Connie put down her pencil with melancholy finality. "At present," she said, "I don't have a trade-mark. Not of any kind."

The Malloys frequently went into town to a show on Saturday night, but after supper Mr. Malloy, who had been up at five, irrigating, and who was put out with a climate so tardy with its rains that irrigating this late in November was necessary, said to his wife, "I think I'll just stay home and read tonight. I have to reset the water at ten anyway and we'd have to rush home. You and Connie go ahead if you want to."

"I don't want to go," Connie said. "I'm busy."

"I'm not busy," Mrs. Malloy admitted. "but I'm not enough interested in what happens when a lady mayor meets a male mayor to drive into town alone to find out."

"I can tell you what happens anyway," Mr. Malloy said. "Same thing as when lady pearl diver meets gentleman pearl diver. Or lady surgeon meets male surgeon."

Connie listened to this exchange with an unsmiling face, then went to her room, where Mrs. Malloy heard the bamboo desk at once creak. The evening had cooled and at eight Mrs. Malloy lit a fire of eucalyptus chunks, then challenged her husband to a game of Russian bank. Mr. Malloy accepted the challenge, but he did not care whether he won or lost, and Mrs. Malloy wished for Connie, who followed the fall of each card with the intensity of a player who has put the home ranch up at stake. At nine Connie came out, advised her father to his benefit on his play, but refused to play a game herself.

"No, I just came out because of the fire. I've got work to do," she said, and took her papers to the dining-room table.

At nine-thirty, after losing his second game, Mr. Malloy said, "Anybody want to go out and reset the water for me?" When no one answered he said, "Woman's work is from sun to sun but man's work is never done," and went outside cheerfully whistling Swanee River.

Mrs. Malloy, who knew what he would want when he came back to the house, went to the kitchen and made a pot of chocolate and a plate of toasted cheese sandwiches. Connie wandered out, watched her whip the chocolate to a foam and put the sandwiches in the oven, refused anything to eat, then picked up a large wedge of cheese and went off toward her room nibbling gloomily.

MRS. MALLOY had planned to take the food in by the fire, but Mr. Malloy said, as he pulled off his muddy boots, "Let's have it on the dining-room table where there's room to spread out." He carried the tray in himself and had the chocolate poured by the time Mrs. Malloy, who had forgotten the napkins, came to the table. "What's this?" he asked, gesturing with a cheese sandwich toward the sheet of paper beside his chocolate cup.

Mrs. Malloy, who had an idea, answered only, "What does it say?"

Mr. Malloy read, stared, drank chocolate and finally said in a voice in which disbelief and sorrowful understanding mingled, "It says here, 'Useful Traits for School. I—Personality. A—Unusual. 1—Witty.'" He put the sheet down. "What's the meaning of this?"

"It's a list," Mrs. Malloy said. "You ought to understand if anybody would."

Mr. Malloy ate half a sandwich, then picked up a second sheet. "'My Trade-Mark: "Isn't She Crazy!"' is the heading here," he said thoughtfully. "'Isn't She Crazy!' is in quotes," he explained. "Under it is 'Useful Gags for Craziness. I—Clothes. A—Shoes. 1—Unmatched.'" He put the second sheet face down on the first and covered both with the sandwich plate. He finished his cheese sandwich, then said, "What a dark world!"

"You do understand it, then?" Mrs. Malloy asked.

"Certainly I understand it. I lived there for a year."

"What year?"

"The year I was thirteen."

Mrs. Malloy had not known her husband until he was fifteen, and these hints of an earlier life always enthralled her. She saw him at thirteen, a big solemn boy with soft dark hair, inquiring eyes and a sensitive mouth.

This story concerns a refugee who obtained a job at Shanghai. "It's a long way," said a friend. "From where?" returned the tragic wanderer.
—JAMES AGATE, Express and Admirable.

"YOU don't know who you are then or what you can do. You've got to make a hundred false starts. You've got to make your mark, without knowing what your mark is. Are you a coward or a hero? How do you know without involving yourself in dangerous situations? So you walk ridgepoles and visit cemeteries. How do you know you're alive even at that age if you aren't noticed?"

"Dear Jim," Mrs. Malloy said.

Mr. Malloy took no notice of this endearment and Mrs. Malloy hadn't expected him to. He was wound up now, he was back where he had been at thirteen. Jim Malloy was the center of Mrs. Malloy's world. To her mind the light from the fireplace lapped toward him, the rising wind booming in the eucalyptus trees celebrated him, the foothills beyond the orange groves circled around him. Jim gave her two lives. Without him she would have had only her own life of action, unexamined, not understood. Somebody—Jim frequently quoted him—had spoken of "the tragedy of an unexamined life"; that without Jim, would have been her life and, she supposed, her tragedy. But Jim, with his eloquent words—yes, they *were* eloquent, she thought, listening now—revealed to her this richer world of motives fully understood and rightly apprehended. By relating the joys and sorrows of his own life to the world's joys and sorrows, past and present, he opened to her depths of meaning which, she felt, her own instinctive living would never have discovered.

"It's the dark time of life," Mr. Malloy said again. "It turns my stomach now, but at thirteen I, too, had a trade-mark."

"A trade-mark!"

Mr. Malloy grimaced. "Spitting. At thirteen I was a professional spitter. I used to give exhibitions. Distance and accuracy. Power and control. I had everything. And I hated it. And I still hate anybody now from grammar-school days who calls me 'Spit' Malloy."

"I don't ever remember seeing you spit."

"At fifteen I was far past that, an ex-spitter. By that time I had taken up ——" He stopped in mid-sentence. "Connie."

Connie, in her pink sprigged seersucker pajamas, the cheek that had been against the pillow pinker than the other, stood in the opening between living room and dining room.

"Did we wake you up with our talk?"

Connie sat down in the chair her father pushed out for her. "No," she said, "you didn't wake me up because I hadn't gone to sleep yet."

Mrs. Malloy had the feeling that Connie had left her lists out on purpose, had given them time to read them and would now like to have their opinion of craziness as a trade-mark. But she was loath to speak of them unless Connie did, and Connie was silent and Jim went on as if he had never heard of trade-marks—or craziness; or spitting, for that matter, either.

"How's school?" Mr. Malloy asked his daughter. "Classes, teachers, kids? Everything turning out as well as you thought it would?"

"Everything's all right," Connie said, opening a cheese sandwich, then closing it

(Continued on Page 243)



Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really stops perspiration.**

Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated . . . and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**



FRESH DEODORANT BATH SOAP

New... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap . . . prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle . . . contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.

"We're a 3-generation Maytag family!"

—says Mrs. James Cameron of Joliet, Illinois





"My family has owned Maytag washers for three generations. For good reason . . . most of the men in our family are railroad men. Those work clothes are no problem at all for a Maytag," says Mrs. James Cameron.

Mrs. Cameron, second generation in this Joliet, Illinois, family, is shown as she puts clothes in her new 1951 Maytag automatic washer. And that's grandmother, Mrs. John Cameron, and granddaughter, Mrs. William Balog, looking on. They're full of admiration for the way this Maytag washes clothes Maytag-clean and yet is *completely automatic*. It washes, rinses, spin-drys . . . even shuts itself off. And this automatic washer has Gyrafoam action...famous in millions of Maytag conventional washers.

All over America, three generations in the same families have insisted on Maytag washers. Because a Maytag washes clothes so clean and lasts so long, Maytag has been America's most-wanted washer since 1907.

Below: Mrs. James Cameron, Jr., and Mrs. J. R. Cameron are third generation members of this Joliet family. Both of these young homemakers own Maytag conventionals and know Maytag's Gyrafoam washing action *gets clothes clean.*



Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range. Super-insulated oven keeps heat in. Automatic controls. Giant burners. Dutch cooker well. So easy to clean. Built to "CP" standards.





3-generation dealers too! Left to right: grandfather, H. G. Dahl; father, Lloyd Dahl; grandson, Glenn Dahl. For three generations, the Dahls have made many friends for Maytag in their home town, Lyle, Minnesota.

America's best appliance dealers feature

Maytag

WASHERS • IRONERS • RANGES • FREEZERS

(Continued from Page 240)

ke a book she didn't care to read. "Did I ell you I'm probably going to be Freshman ditor of the yearbook?"

"No," said Mr. Malloy, "you didn't. That's fine. Congratulations."

"I'm not editor yet," Connie reminded him.

"But spoken of for the job. Spoken of favorably for the job."

Connie admitted it. "And it's a tradition that the person who is Freshman Editor is Editor in Chief his senior year."

"Congratulations," Mr. Malloy said again; then, shaking the chocolate pot, "Have some cocoa? It's soporific. Just what you need to put you to sleep."

"I read the other day it wasn't," Connie said. "I read it had every bit as much caffeine in it as coffee."

"Where? Where'd you read that?"

"In the newspaper."

"The newspaper!" scoffed Mr. Malloy. "You can read anything in the newspapers. Let's consult the authority."

He sprang from his chair with the enthusiasm which the search for a fact always gave him and came back to the table bearing Volume 4 of the encyclopedia, Brain to Castin. Connie got up and leaned across his shoulder as he flipped the pages. Mrs. Malloy, while the two of them pursued the word, took the thing itself—caffeine or no caffeine—to the kitchen to reheat for Connie.

THE campaign, "Craziness as a Trade-Mark," seemed to be going well in spite of Mrs. Malloy's doubts. Connie, as November wore on, had never seemed more happy. Certainly she had never been more active or engrossed—and her activities engaged Mrs. Malloy's energies as well as her own.

"Life now," Mrs. Malloy reported to her husband one gray day at lunch, "is very full for me. It is like being property manager for a vaudeville star. It takes a good deal of equipment and thought to achieve the effect of craziness when actually you're as sober as a judge."

"Connie isn't and never was sober as a judge," Mr. Malloy said. "That Liz had something when she said Connie was amusing. Clowning comes naturally to her."

"Not this clowning," Mrs. Malloy said. "She memorizes lines. She gathers up equipment. She teaches kids their cues. It's exactly as spontaneous as a vaudeville act and I think we ought to put a stop to it."

"How?" Mr. Malloy asked.

"Just tell her it's silly and to stop it."

"And for the rest of her life she'd blame us for keeping her from finding out who she really was."

"Well, there's no use her finding out the hard way when we could tell her that she suits us just as she is."

"Connie is trying out her wings for a little flight from the us-nest."

"She is trying the wrong wings, then, Jim. Do you know what she did this morning?" Mrs. Malloy didn't wait for any reply from her husband. "She wore her bedroom slippers to the bus and carried her oxfords. She had to have new bedroom slippers for this, by the way—the old ones wouldn't do for a public appearance. Do you know what the gag is there?" This time she waited for Mr. Malloy's question.

"No," he said, "I don't."

"The gag is that she has figured that it takes three minutes' time to put on her oxfords. Time on the bus is waste time. So, if she puts them on there, that three minutes is saved. Three minutes a day is fifteen minutes a week, an hour a month, nine hours in a school year. The whole busload will have it reported at school ten minutes after they've arrived. 'Hear the latest about Connie Malloy? That crazy kid. She's figured out how to save nine hours a year—by putting on her shoes in the bus. What a girl! What a card!'"

Mrs. Malloy's imitation of the high-school crowd did not awaken her husband from his musing. "Nine hours," he murmured thoughtfully. "A whole workday. I suppose she can sleep that much longer?"

"Jim Malloy," Mrs. Malloy said, "you surely ——" But in the midst of that she changed her tack. "Did you hear her phoning last night?"

"With one ear. I was busy at the time."

Yes, he had been. Mrs. Malloy felt her lips pursing, and unpursed them. Working on a three-sheet list. "Articles Needed for Complete Electrification of the Malloy Ranch. Prices at Monkey Ward, Sears Roebuck, Martin and Dugdale."

"It would've paid you to listen."

Mr. Malloy looked up from his Spanish rice. "Why?" he asked.

"She makes this call every night. Her algebra teacher made the sad mistake of saying in class that he couldn't possibly rest at night for wondering whether the class had done its homework. So Connie calls him."

"What does she say?"

"She says," Mrs. Malloy said crisply, "'This is Constance Malloy reporting, Mr. Holcomb. I have finished my homework. I hope you will sleep well now.'" About this exploit Mrs. Malloy, feeling that such a lily needed no gilding, made no comment.

Mr. Malloy appeared to choke a little on his Spanish rice. "More red pepper than usual in this today," he said.

Mrs. Malloy said, "I have been making that dish for seventeen years and I put exactly the same amount of red pepper in it now as I did when I started."

"Maybe my mouth is getting more sensitive with the years."

"Maybe so, but I doubt it."

"I suppose that really was carrying things a little far?"

Mrs. Malloy waited for a more adequate summing up of the situation.

"I should think Mr. Holcomb would be over any night now to strangle her," Mr. Malloy said.

This seemed quite a lot more likely to Mrs. Malloy and she relaxed somewhat, pleased to find that the family still contained two sane members. Mr. Malloy's sudden whoop of laughter, however, dispelled this happy supposition.

WITH that laugh still in her mind's ear, Mrs. Malloy handed her husband the Los Robles Hi-Lights at lunch a few days later. "Connie gave this to me this morning before she left for school," she said. "I think maybe she thought we would like some time alone to digest it." The paper was folded to the column called, "The Hi-Light's On ——" by I. Marcum. This week's "Hi-Light" was on "Connie Malloy, That Crazy Freshman," and there was a picture of her in the center of the column in her fur-topped bedroom slippers, holding an oxford in each hand. "Read it out loud," Mrs. Malloy said. "I want to be sure I wasn't seeing things when I read it."

After some preliminary smoothing and folding, which the Hi-Lights didn't need, Mr. Malloy read in an expressionless voice, "'Crazy or Cagey? Freshman girl sole discoverer of way never to be on her uppers, and you are a heel if you suggest that this is not the last word on this soulful subject. Personally, the ice-blond freshman can vamp us any time she wants to.'" Mr. Malloy stopped reading. "Lelia, do you really want me to go on with this?"

"Yes," Mrs. Malloy said, "I do."

Mr. Malloy took up the Hi-Lights again, but before continuing he said, "Ice-blond! Why, Connie is nothing but a mere child."

"A color is a color, I suppose," Mrs. Malloy answered mildly, "regardless of age."

"Ice-blond is something more than a color," Mr. Malloy argued, but when Mrs. Malloy asked him to explain he could do no more than mention two or three movie stars.

"Go on reading," Mrs. Malloy urged. "There's a good deal more."

Mr. Malloy gave the Hi-Lights a couple more of the flattening whacks it did not require and continued:

"'Personally, the ice-blond freshman can vamp us any-time she wants to. We get a boot out of Malloy. We pumped Connie and this is her version of what she calls "Malloy's Law," or, to add our own interpretation, "What You Do on the Bus Doesn't Count."'"

Mr. Malloy paused once more and Mrs. Malloy waited expectantly, but about Malloy's Law and its interpretation he had nothing to say.

"It goes on, Lelia, as you doubtless remember, this way," he said. "'No nitwit she, Connie, and we quote, thus explained her discovery while we listened, tongue hanging out, so to speak, and all unlaced with interest: "In my tireless search for efficiency, I discovered that I spent fifteen minutes a week putting on and tying my shoes. Now if I did this on the bus, time ordinarily lost, as all bus riders know, in useless chatter, I would gain one hour a month, or one full working day a year."

"'Asked what she intended doing with this "saved" time, Connie answered demurely, "Study." Asked what, she replied, "Algebra. Mr. Holcomb, you know, can't rest nights if the homework for his class isn't done." (See next week's Hi-Lights for the Holcomb-Mallory story. Adv't.) Asked what her ultimate goal was, Connie said, "Oxford."

"'Excuse us please now while we pull on our own Congress boots (not on a bus, thus losing, according to Malloy's Law, three minutes). We're going to hot-foot it over to Connie's. Got a little equation we want help with. Malloy + I. Marcum = ? See next week's column for answer. (Adv't.)'"

Mr. Malloy folded the Los Robles Hi-Lights into a compact oblong and threw it toward the fireplace, which he missed.

"What have we got for dessert?" he asked.

"It's right there before you," Mrs. Malloy said, indicating the raisin pie by his plate. Mr. Malloy grunted and began slowly to



"It was a wonderful party! The boys didn't let us alone for a second!"



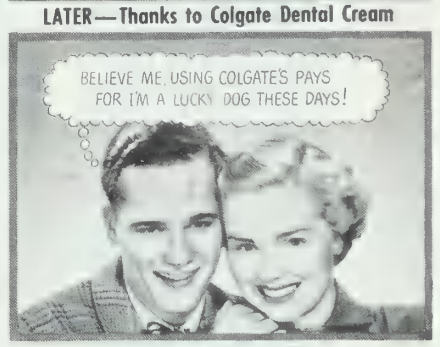
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

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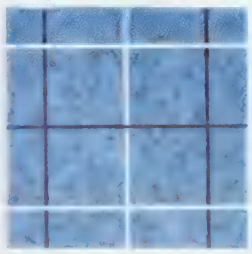


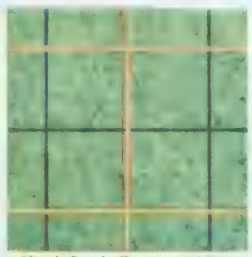
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eat. Mrs. Malloy didn't feel like raisin pie herself. "Jim," she asked, "what's your opinion of that?"

"My opinion is that I. Marcum will go far. We'll turn on the radio any day now and hear I. Marcum's report on the love life of Lana Turner."

"What do you really think, Jim?"

"I think it's a pity and a crying shame."

"You'll speak to Connie, then?"

"It wouldn't do any good. What can we say to her? Stop saying and doing funny things?"

"Yes, we can."

"Sure, we can. But in the first place, we can't stop her; and in the second place, if we could stop her, Connie would hate us for the rest of her life. She's finding out who she is. At that age the only way to know whether craziness is your trade-mark is to *be* crazy. It's something you've got to do."

"I didn't have to."

"No, Lelia, you didn't."

This quick admission hurt Mrs. Malloy. She felt slighted, left out. She was no list maker like Jim and Connie, but surely she had her share of craziness? They were not the two dark, chaotic ones, were they, while she was no more than the dependable housewife of known and small dimensions?

"Once on a dare I wore a dress to school hindside foremost."

"Lelia," Mr. Malloy said, "you never had to bother trying on attitudes. You were born wearing one that fit beautifully." Still, and startled, at this sudden turning of the conversation, Mrs. Malloy watched her husband eat raisin pie. He paused to ask, "Don't you want to know its name?"

Mrs. Malloy nodded, mutely.

"Radiant loving-kindness."

This unexpected and extravagant compliment made Mrs. Malloy feel shy. It was too extraordinary for her to deal with instantaneously and she put it aside for later consideration. "Whatever you think about Connie, Jim, I'm going to speak to her. I think it's my duty and I'm going to warn her at the first opportune minute."

The first opportune minute came that very afternoon and Connie, after being warned, went in tears to her room. She came out, ate her supper wordlessly, then went again to her room.

When Mrs. Malloy heard the bamboo desk creak she said to her husband, "There is Connie writing out a list of reasons for hating me."

"What now?" Mr. Malloy asked and Mrs. Malloy, with no heart for dishwashing, said, "Come on in by the fire and I'll tell you."

Mr. Malloy settled himself in the Morris chair which had been his father's, and Mrs. Malloy stood in front of the fireplace, close to the fire until her calves began to scorch, then on the edge of the hearth until they cooled.

"This afternoon," she said, "Connie came skipping and hopping home from the bus clapping those two horrible bedroom slippers together over her head like castanets."

"Cymbals," said Mr. Malloy.

"Together, anyway, and happy as a lark. It seems they had an assembly today ——"

"Assemblies, assemblies," said Mr. Malloy. "Bird imitations, football rallies, talent shows. When do the kids go to school?"

"Assemblies," said Mrs. Malloy, who went to PTA, "provide the children opportunity for participation in life situations."

"Is that thought to be a good thing? A life situation, if you ask me, is just about to engulf Connie. If you ask me, a little participation in something unlifelike on the order of ancient history or the ablative case is what Connie has a crying need for. A little more life participation and she'll bust apart at the seams. I can hear them ——"

"Jim," Mrs. Malloy said, "I just want to tell you what Connie told me. And what I told her. I don't give a whit one way or another about assemblies. The point is, they had one. And when Mr. DuMont came out on the stage ——"

"Who is this Mr. DuMont? A bird imitator?"

"Mr. DuMont is the vice-principal charge of student activities. He has p mature gray hair, a beautiful tan, and sir Rolling Down to Rio, so Connie says, so t you can feel the waves rising and falling neath you. He ——"

"That's enough about DuMont," M Malloy said, "unless you've got some seasi remedy handy."

"I've seen him," Mrs. Malloy said, "a he really is nice. He has ——"

"He came out on the stage ——" M Malloy reminded her.

"He came out onto the stage to give the what Connie called a little pep talk abo less lavatory art in the future, please

"What?" said Mr. Malloy in a stro voice.

"Jim, please try just to listen. I don know why the school does what it does why Connie calls things by the names s uses. All I want to do is tell you what ha pened."

"Okay," Mr. Malloy said. "I'm listenin Tell me."

He had the look of a man who has not y had his say out, but Mrs. Malloy went on spite of it. "On his way out Mr. DuMo stumbled over a pair of tennis shoes som body had left on the stage. He stoope picked them up by the strings, swung the back and forth and then said in what Conn reports as being a perfectly dead-pan, sid splitting way, 'I see Malloy has been her Like Kilroy has been here, you know."

"I know," Mr. Malloy said.

"Then when everyone had stopped laug ing at that he said, 'They look like my siz but as a student of Malloy's Law I intend wait until I'm on a bus to try them on find out.'"

"Mr. DuMont's trade-mark appears to craziness, too," Mr. Malloy remarked.

"The kids seem to love him."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Malloy. "The ki are one with Mr. DuMont."

"I thought you approved of craziness. thought that was what we've been arguin about."

"Lelia, I haven't been arguing and what approve of is not craziness but freedom find out who and what you are."

"Well, Connie thinks she's found out. S thinks she's a wit. Or a wag. Or the scho jester. She says that about Malloy's La really panicked them and that not an eye the auditorium but was on her. Even thoug she was sitting in an obscure spot under t balcony in the midst of one hundred an seventy-two other freshmen and practical invisible."

"She didn't say anything about standin up, whistling and waving her handkerchi to keep them seeing her, did she?"

"Now, Jim. Anyway, when she finished- and I hated to do it because she was happy as ——"

"A prima donna?" suggested Mr. Mallo

"Oh, no! A baby who's picked its fir flower. Well, when she finished I told h everything I've been thinking. I told her stop it at once. That it was cheap and sil to play to the grandstand that way and th she was going to regret getting a reputatio as a harebrained clown when she was really good, sweet, solid, sensible child." Mr Malloy was unable to keep her voice fro trembling.

"What did Connie say?"

"She said 'Good, solid, sensible, sweet' if I had—as if I had reviled her. She sai 'child' as if I had called her . . . a bastar Then she began to cry."

Mr. Malloy nodded and nodded as if th were all an old story to him.

"Then she stopped crying long enough t say that I didn't understand a thing. N her. Not school. Not young people in ge eral. Not Mr. DuMont. Not I. Marcun And she said her constant prayer was th when she grew up and had children she wou not forget what it was like to be young. T way I have. And she said that for tw months at school she *had* been sweet, soli and sensible. And where had it gotten he At the end of two months of that, she ha been a complete nonentity and not a soul

...ol could've told you who Constance M...oy was. And now at the end of three w...s of planned living, with craziness for h...rade-mark, she is a great success and she d...ts there is even a custodian at school w... has not heard of Constance Malloy a... Malloy's Law. 'In fact,' I said, 'you are n... a character.' She said yes she was and w... proud of it. Then she went to her room. B... before she left she said, 'Anyway, my fa... understands me.' And now she is in th... making a list headed 'What's Wrong W... Mother.' But I don't care. I had to tell h...

...r. Malloy caught at the edge of Mrs. M...oy's skirt as she switched away from the fi...nd toward him, and pulled her down on... his lap.

"Don't try to comfort me," she said, st...ggling to get up. "You think one way ar... I think another. That's all there is to it."

"I think just what you think, Lelia—ex... that I think Connie will have to find it co... for herself. She'll wake up pretty soon, an... it'll be a painful awakening, but it's be...en to come."

...rs. Malloy, in spite of herself, was set... back and relaxing. "You believe that?"

"Of course. You don't think our daughter's a...l, do you?"

"No," Mrs. Malloy said, letting her head, fi...ly, rest at ease against her husband's sh...lder. "No, how could I? Connie re... ca...tulates you."

...he "awakening," as Mr. Malloy had n...ed it, came the first week in December. T... rains which had held off through the w...le of November arrived the minute the N...ember leaf on the cal... ...ar was torn off and ...le up by their abun... ...ce for their lateness. C... Friday afternoon Mr. M...loy, happily house... ...nd by the downpour, s... before a drowsy fire w...king on his electrification lists. On the ...er side of the fire Mrs. Malloy was shell... English walnuts preparatory to sugar... them for annual Christmas gifts to East... relatives. She listened to the pleasant ...d of sounds: fire sighing, pen scratching, ...shells cracking, and behind and giving ...y to the blend the fine, heavy sound of ... constant rain. She was, she thought, ...sonably happy. Then, as the pile of wal... kernels rose in the crock on the floor b... her side, she decided that there is no s... thing as reasonable happiness, since h...piness, like love, is without reason. A r...sonable happiness is usually simply all t... reasons one can think of for not being u...appy.

...am not unhappy because my family is in g...d health and I myself am well, and a good a... needed rain is falling and we have a tight r... over our heads and the fire is drawing b...utifully. No, she thought, *that is not e...ugh. Happiness, like love, fills the heart and ...s not need to be accounted for. Joy washes ...ay knowledge of numbers. The one, two, th...ee's.* That was why, she supposed, Jim's l...s had offended her. If you could analyze, y... were not in love. Or at least she was not. S... was analyzing now. That was the reason s... knew she was not happy. And continuing t... analyze, she knew she would not be until C...nnie was herself once again.

...ONNIE came in from the bus as Mrs. ...alloy recognized this fact; but she was ...ither the old Connie, solid and sensible, ...r the new one, crazy and show-off. This ...onnie had been crying. She had on a hooded ...ncoat, but she had walked up from the bus ...th the hood hanging down her shoulders ...d her hair, soaked to the scalp, was lank ...d mousy. She was no ice blonde now. ...Marcum would hardly recognize her. Water ...pped from her cheeks and beaded her eye... ...shes and stood in the corners of her mouth, ...hich she held with unchildlike firmness. She ...nt without a word to the fireplace and ...ood there with her back to them while oc... ...sional drops of water hissed off her rain... ...at onto the andirons. Then she turned ...ound to face them, and it was the first time Mrs. Malloy had ever heard adult resignation in her daughter's voice, adult acceptance of the fact that the source of one's joy is also often the source of one's sorrow. *I may have forgotten what it's like to be a girl,* she thought, *but Connie is learning what it's like to be grown up.*

"You have a perfect right to say I told you so, now, if you want to, mother," Connie said. "You told me I was getting to be a character and I was, all right."

"What do you mean?" her father asked.

"I MEAN I'm a character," Connie said bleakly. "I'm 'Irresponsible Malloy,' I'm that 'crazy kid.' If I said I was dying, people would laugh." Water ran out of her hair and across her face and dripped off her chin, but she scorned to wipe it away. "I made a good speech to the Student Council and they laughed at every word I said. They laughed and held their sides and rolled in their chairs like loons."

"What speech was this, Connie?"

"The speech everybody who is a candidate for an office has to make to them. Then if they like you they nominate you. I was a candidate for Freshman Editor. What they nominated me for was Josh Editor. Josh Editor. A two-year-old can be Josh Editor. All you need to be Josh Editor is a pair of scissors to cut out jokes with. I wouldn't be Josh Editor if they shot me for not being. It's a silly job."

"Take off your coat, Connie," Mrs. Malloy said, and Connie, not ceasing to speak, began also to unbutton.

"I would've been a good editor and I told them the reasons, like I was responsible, knew the meaning of time, would see that the assignments were in on time, and so forth. They laughed like hyenas," she said, not bitterly, but reflectively. "They said, 'This is the richest thing yet. Malloy is a real character.' So they nominated me for Josh Editor and I'm branded for life." She threw her raincoat, which she had finished unbuttoning, onto the floor, said, "I have ruined my life," and walked out of the room, no longer trying to hide the fact that she was crying.

It is more difficult to organize peace than to win a war.
—ARISTOTLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Malloy still held the positions they had had when Connie entered: Mr. Malloy, pen above his list; Mrs. Malloy, nutcracker in one hand, cracked, unshelled nut in the other.

Mr. Malloy said, "I guess you were right. I guess it would've been better to have forbidden it."

"I did forbid it," Mrs. Malloy said, "in so far as I could, and you can see what came of that."

Mechanically she picked the kernel from the nut she still held, then got up and threw the pan of shells into the fire. Mr. Malloy had gone back to his list making and she felt almost the first wave of dislike she had ever known for her husband. That was really carrying objectiveness a little too far. Electrification at a time like this. She herself was going to Connie. She looked coldly down at Mr. Malloy's list as she passed and saw what had been and was in the process of being written there:

"Spit. Spit. Spit Malloy. Big Spit Malloy. Spit. Spit."

Jim saw her look and let her take his hand. "I told you it was a dark time," he said quietly.

"Jim—you still remember? It still matters?"

All he said was, "You go on in to Connie. She's your youngest baby."

She let go his hand and went toward Connie's room. She didn't know what she would or could say when she got there. Maybe, "Connie, people like you and your father, complex people, have to try on more than one way of being and doing to see who you are and you're bound to make mistakes." Maybe she would say, "My sweet, sensible daughter." But she would surely hug her and kiss her. As she opened the door she said, "Connie, honey." THE END

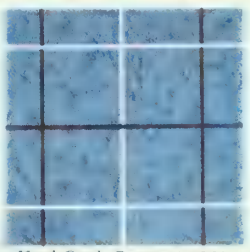


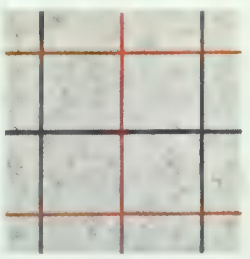
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A PAINTBRUSH AND A SEWING MACHINE DID WONDERS FOR MY ROOM

(Continued from Page 216)

is important. Occasionally I upholster a simple piece. My method is unorthodox, being a sort of tacked-on cover which I can take off in sections to launder. One reason our old furniture lasts so well is that my husband and I go over it now and then, tying up the springs, tacking on new webbing and equalizing the padding, which you do with a long pick affair called an equalizer. It is a great help to have the right upholstery accessories to work with. Curved upholstery needles and a long one with an eye at each end for passing through thick, padded parts. Colored upholstery thread, strong enough to take tension, and sewing-machine attachments especially made to sew welting and add special finishes are helpful.

"I've enjoyed using furniture discards. The piano is an old family piece and the sectional bookcases were salvaged from the home basement. Arranged under the buffet window and painted to match the walls, they fill an awkward space and are highly functional.

"I watch the magazines for style changes in color schemes and accessories, and so avoid the static details that date a room. By doing the actual work myself, I save enough to buy an occasional new lamp or accessory and have lots of fun trying out original ideas.

"First-quality paint for our big double room costs about $8.00 for two coats, or about one cent a square foot each coat, and I can get good drapery and slip-cover materials for under $1.50 a yard. Usually I have two sets of draperies and covers, which I change about, for summer wear is hardest and I like really washable covers for hot weather.

"I have never agreed with women who say they cannot have tasteful decorations until their children grow up. I believe that an important part of child rearing is to establish regard for home properties and to expect one's children to help keep them so. Now and then we have an accident, but on the whole we allow our children all the proper freedoms of home and they soon learn not to misuse them."

FIRST RATE FARE

(Continued from Page 76)

So to our dinner. It is October, and the beginning of the apple season. Can't you smell the pippins ripening and see the color deepen on the McIntosh? Warm-weather dishes can be set aside, except for salads and desserts. They know no seasons, they can be switched around as the fancy dictates. It's a good time to move the salad up to the first place and start off with the avocado, that mysterious fruit that's half Oriental and half domestic. I believe it has an ancestry from a Far Eastern country, and it may be that the beginnings of this fruit are lost in the mazes of antiquity and it has only now come to satisfy and gratify us Western peoples and brought to our tables a potentate's luxury, within the reach of all who like its creamy texture and its strange flavor. It needs only the simplest of French dressing, or just lemon juice, to bring out its hidden deliciousness. So prepare it without frills and furbelows. Let it speak for itself. Have it cold, but not *too* cold.

For a chilly night. These nights have a bite in them, no matter what the sun does all day. When the twilight comes and the stars begin their evening curtain calls, then it's dinnertime. "Dinner's ready in the dining room, everybody gather round," and a welcome dinner it is if steak is on the menu. And just to remind you that not all steak is sirloin or tenderloin and that many a good dish comes out of the round or the chuck, here is a steak called Swiss. I don't know whether the Swiss eat what we call Swiss



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…k or not, but *we* eat it and call it that. …l so compliment the Swiss and have a …d time ourselves. And what can be …tter than that?

Here, then, is our main dish, and the way …get it the way it ought to be:

SWISS STEAK

…y a 2½–3-pound piece from the round of …f, about 1–1½″ thick. Mix 1½ table…ons dry mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt and …easpoon pepper with ¾ cup flour. Pound …seasoned flour into the beef with a meat …nder or the edge of a saucer. Don't spare …rod and spoil the beef. Work as much …ur in as you can. And with patience and …ow grease, you'll get most of it in. Takes …h. Melt 3 tablespoons shortening in a …let or Dutch oven. Brown the meat well …all sides in the hot shortening. Sprinkle …cups sliced onions and 2 carrots, diced, …r the beef. Add 2 tablespoons Worcester…re sauce and 2 teaspoons brown sugar to …ups canned tomatoes and pour over the …at. Cover and bake …–1¾ hours in a …derately slow oven, …°F. When the beef …ender, lift it on a …platter and gar…h with sautéed …shroom caps, if …u wish a dressier …h. Skim the fat …m the sauce, if …ed be, and thicken …a smooth consist…y. Serve the sauce …and with the meat …ll you have Swiss …ak.

Little spice is aw…l nice. Apricots can …a lot for me. I'm …zy about them. …w, cooked, canned, …fritters, pies (espe…lly fried pies), as a …ice and a garnish—…s beautiful fruit …n give me a good …e, any way you …ase. So, just to …ow you what I'm …ving at, I will here …d now tell you how …u can make your …n spiced apricots …h cinnamon sticks …d all, to enliven and increase the morale …the Swiss steak. And with any other …at you'll find they never let you down, …t do just what you want them to.

SPICED APRICOTS

…ain the sirup from 1 No. 2½ can whole …ricots. To the sirup, add ⅓ cup cider …egar, ⅓ cup sugar, 12 whole cloves and …½ sticks cinnamon, broken into pieces. …nmer for 15 minutes. Pour hot over the …ricots and let them stand overnight or …nger—the longer, the better they are.

…simple as ABC. The ABC's mean in …is case baking-powder biscuits—one of the …st things a little girl used to learn to make …hen she first got the cooking bug and …anted to be mamma's little cooky. And …hen she grew up and got married, B.P. Bis…its were the first and most prominent sub…ct for jest and joke concerning the bride's …ill in cooking, as you well know. Nowa…ys the mixes, prepared flour and biscuits—…ozen or canned or half baked—save the …uation for brides, young and old, and for …e too. But, to me, there is still a certain …tisfaction in knowing that you can turn …t a batch of freshly made, freshly baked …scuits whenever you've a mind to. You …ve the know-how. If you have never made …scuits or have almost forgotten how, try …ur hand at these and tell me if I'm wrong.

BAKING-POWDER BISCUITS

…ft into a mixing bowl 2 cups flour with ¾ …aspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking pow…r. Add ¼ cup shortening and chop the shortening into the flour thoroughly. (The mixture should look like fine crumbs or corn meal.) Add ¾ cup milk all at once. Stir together quickly until all the milk is well mixed with the dry ingredients. (The dough should be light and soft.) Turn out on a lightly floured board, dip your hands in flour and knead the dough lightly—not more than half a minute. Pat or roll the dough to ½″ thickness. Cut with a floured cooky cutter. Place several inches apart on a greased cooky sheet. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for 10 to 12 minutes. (Be sure to have the oven hot when you put your biscuits in to bake.) They should come out a light intriguing brown—even all over. Makes about 12.

And last, the dessert. And now we come to the end of this round, and, when the coffee comes on, you've done your stint and can settle back and tell stories or play games or take a nap. I don't care what you do, for I'll know you've served a good and proper meal for an October evening. And the dessert, you will discover, is not the least of it. Bet you don't have enough left to give the kitten a taste. Want to take me up on that?

ORANGE-AND-RAISIN BREAD PUDDING

Cut enough stale bread into ½″ cubes to make 3 cups. Bread should be a day or two old, but *not* dry and hard. (And you're good if you can get it that way.) Scald 3½ cups milk and pour over 1 cup seedless raisins. Let stand 10 minutes. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, 6 tablespoons sugar, 4 teaspoons grated orange rind, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1½ tablespoons melted butter or margarine and 3 slightly beaten egg yolks. Add bread cubes and mix well. Pour into greased 2-quart baking dish and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. about 1 hour. Remove from the oven and pile on top of the pudding a meringue made from 3 egg whites and 6 tablespoons sugar. Garnish the top with well-drained orange sections. Return to the oven and bake 15 minutes more until the meringue is a golden brown. Serve warm. Makes 6–8 servings.

In this meal, the bread pudding and the Swiss steak take the same baking temperature. Plan to have them finish cooking just before dinner, putting the pudding on a rack to cool off a bit. But don't chill it. It's best eaten warm—but not hot. Keep the meat hot on top of the range, leaving the oven free for the biscuits.

Until we meet again. If you find the end of summer sad and October's pattern frayed and the days a dreary round, then look at the "Persian carpet of purple and gold" the weary autumn weaves and think of the beauty that comes only now. Find it in darker skies and the last song of the journeying bird and know that autumn is lovelier than any summer can ever hope to be.

And, while we wait to open the album of spring and find our pictures have not faded and the colors are brighter than we remembered even, we'll be meeting. Maybe snow will cover the worn-out patches and diamonds will gleam wherever we turn. But be sure of one thing: it will be better than we thought. And I'll be with you—having a good time while the kettle sings on the window.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Hands of Grace

By Joseph Auslander

The hands of grace are hallowed hands
When in God's name the bread is broken:
They speak what man's soul understands,
In words no tongue has ever spoken.

They speak of labor in the field,
Of earth's abundance in the sun,
Of how war's ravages are healed
By faith that makes the whole world one.

These hands that break the bread and pray
For peace, though wrath still wields the rod,
Say all the soul of man can say
When his hands touch the hands of God.

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It's all pleasure and no bother to extend your table with the unique, self-storing Arvin Miracle Leaf! . . . Trimly tapered table legs adjust readily to uneven floors . . . Mirror-smooth plastic surfaces staunchly resist stains or mars . . . Chairs combine roomy comfort with distinguished appearance.

The handsome tables come in various types and sizes, with choice of chair styles and harmonizing color combinations. They're matchless values at low prices! Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana. (Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)





New finer
MUM
more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

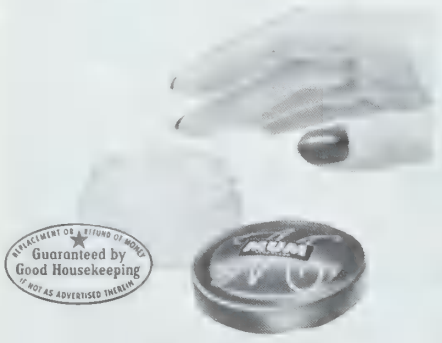
•

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!* Get Mum!



New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers

POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 50)

had told her to leave the cans out, that they'd come back after them. She shrugged and Sally smiled at her sympathetically and went on.

What we need is to get the whole area cleaned up—not just the park, she thought.

The park looked deceitfully pleasant to her as she approached it. The tall sycamores and the smaller maples gave it a cool, friendly look and from a distance the grass looked inviting. Several older people were "resting and breathing" quietly on the benches, but they were outnumbered by the mothers with children who dotted the grass.

She joined two women sitting half in the shade and half in the sun whom she had seen in the park before, and told them what the Bureau of City Property man had said about children not being welcome in the park. One woman said if that were the case they ought to make half the park into a playground. Both agreed with her about the glass and with her feeling that two men working full time and one part time ought to be able to keep nine acres clean. "But I've never seen them working," the other woman said. They seemed resigned. Around them the glass glittered balefully in the sun.

Mr. Connelly did not call back that day with his information on the west end's cleanup group, so Sally tried to call him. She couldn't reach him, but she left a message. He didn't call the next day, so she called him again. Again he was out.

That night she decided to call Mr. Connelly's boss, the head of all city property. She made the call at two the following afternoon, and as she listened to the man at the other end notifying her that Mr. Maxwell was out, she recognized his voice. It was the same man who answered the phone for Mr. Connelly.

"Are most of the park officials out in the mornings and in in the afternoons?" she asked.

"They inspect parks in the morning," the man said.

Sally hung up slowly.

Half an hour later, Mr. Maxwell called back. "This is Old Man Maxwell," he said, introducing himself.

He had a loud, booming voice which kept getting louder and louder until he was shouting. He said he was getting tired of complaints about the parks. He said Clark Park was supposed to have a caretaker and two men working in it, but it was one man short because he was "recooperating" from a serious operation. He yelled that hoodlums came through the park at night and that in the daytime kids raced through it breaking pop bottles. Once he tried to stop one, he said, and the kid said to him, "My father's a cop."

"I'm not asking you to believe anything I say," he yelled. "The people think all city employees are just drones. I want to tell you that I'm on the job all the time."

SALLY squeezed in a question about whether it would help to have her call the police.

"The police won't help," he cried. "It would just be a waste of time. We've called them—we've even written them letters. They won't help us. The kids come into the parks anyway and dig up the grass and break pop bottles."

He was quieter now and Sally told him that she was not trying to attack his department, that she felt the public had a great responsibility in the care of the parks, but that she did think the maintenance men did too, and that she hadn't ever seen them working when she was there in the afternoons.

"All the public does is complain," Mr. Maxwell said. "Those men have the privilege of coming to work early, at six or seven in the morning, so that they won't have to work in the hot afternoon sun. Get up then and you'll see them working."

He added that if she wanted a playground made out of the park, she'd have to see the mayor, but that even that was hopeless.

"That ground was willed to the city for a park," he said, "not a playground. And I can tell you that there is no money for more parks—all the funds except eighty-six dollars have been spent for this year."

There didn't seem to be anything more to say at this point, so Sally hung up. She was shaking with the effort of talking to him. It seemed to her that the only way ever to get the glass picked up or to get a place for Kitty to play was to take the caretaker around and show him every piece. She had no hope any more that anyone in City Hall would help her.

Kitty had an ear infection the next few days and Sally didn't go to the park. She did think about it, however, and she put in a call to the police department in her district to ask them about the vandalism that the Bureau of City Property man said was rampant. They said they had a foot policeman and two cars patrolling in the area and they hadn't heard about any vandalism. Last summer, they said, they'd had several complaints and they'd picked up several people. The officer on the phone was very polite and helpful, and Sally didn't press him too hard because she felt the neighborhood needed all-over alertness—that if the police started concentrating just on the park there would be even more purse snatching in the streets. After all, there had been a murder only recently a few blocks away, and right out in the street too.

The care of the park seemed to have so many ramifications. Certainly the Bureau of City Property had a rough task on its hands if people used the waste tins as garbage cans. There was also the problem of the kids who raced through the park on their way home

> **If every man could see hisself as he's seen by the woman as loves him, he'd say, "Who the devil's this?"**
> —J. E. PATTERSON: Watchers by the Shore.

from school; it was quite possible that they did litter the park with the remains of their empty milk bottles. But still, she thought, even if the city-property officials and the park maintenance men couldn't police the park, they could keep it clean. That was their responsibility—just as it was the public's responsibility not to mess it up.

And the policemen's responsibility was to watch over it—and to help build a law-abiding community.

As Sally thought, she began to see the park as a sort of mirror. If you only looked casually, all you saw in its bits of glass were some lazy maintenance men; but if you looked more closely, you saw behind them the Bureau of City Property and the police, and then, behind them, the mayor—and behind him? *The voters. Including me,* she thought.

A cleanup campaign wouldn't really change the park; only a good city government would remove that glass—and keep it removed. Clearly, the situation called for more basic action than she had yet thought of.

For several days she pondered over what else she could do. She was handicapped, as most women are, by the always demanding concerns of her home and family, from giving either her full mind or time to the problem. The heat of the summer and her ear trouble were making Kitty fractious; Sally herself was more bothered by the child than usual because of her pregnancy. The open windows managed to waft in an astonishing amount of dust, soot and dirt, not to mention noise; and the effort of adding anything else to the cleaning, meal fixing and baby tending that made up her normal day's routine seemed almost too much.

She had, however, gone too far to back down. Furthermore, she felt under some sort of compulsion to carry the whole problem back into the realm where it appeared to begin—into politics.

Her only avenue into government lay through the very field which she most distrusted, the field occupied by the powerful Republican Party. It was not that she w against the party itself; she was a Repub can both by family tradition and thoughtful choice. It was simply that Philadelphia, as in all communities, large a small, the beliefs and hopes of the regul party members had long been controlled by strong handful of men, commonly referr to as "the machine," because of their unite noiseless, precise functioning and mechanic progress. She had broken faith with this co trol earlier in the year and voted for a ne city charter; a change which the machi was admittedly against but which had wor two-to-one vote of approval from arous Philadelphia citizens, hopeful of better go ernment. Because she had helped vote t charter in she felt that she had a respon bility to see that a good mayor was electe and that her party seize the challenge toss to it and change its ways to meet the growi demands of its members. Up until now, s had felt that her responsibility began a ended with voting wisely in the coming p mary.

Now, as she thought of the park, of h own relation to it and its place in the city vast pattern, she felt she must do mor *If we had a good city government all down t line men would do their jobs, right down to t child who wouldn't either dare, or want, break a pop bottle in a park which his parer took pride in.*

IT sounded fanciful and dreamlike—b not impossible. It was worth trying. Her ne step, Sally thought, was to beard the loc committeeman—her closest representati in the party.

His wife answered Sally's call. Mrs. Har put her through a lengthy interrogation abo what she wanted her husband for, why s wanted it, and for good measure threw in h own opinions on the people in the neighbo hood (bad), the condition of Clark Pa (good) and the work her husband had to (hard). Sally noted afterward:

I asked her if I could call him tomorro and she said he worked from eight to six. I sa tomorrow was Saturday, and she said, even s he went in at eight o'clock and got off in t afternoon, but that he had a lot of things to then and would not want to be bothered. I ask her if I could call him early in the morning a she said he was going in very early tomorro Maybe, I said, he could call me over the we end. She said that she demanded Sunday that was all that was left for her and since s did not get to see him much of the other tim she demanded Sunday. I told her she had eve reason to do this, but when could I talk wi him? She suggested that I call him a quar to eight Monday morning, before he left f work.

Mr. Harris was quite cordial when Sal phoned him Monday. The conversation w brief. Mr. Harris asked her what she wante she told him, and he said he'd be happy talk to her if she'd like to drop by "the clut the next night at about 7:30. At her reque he gave her "the club's" address and rang o

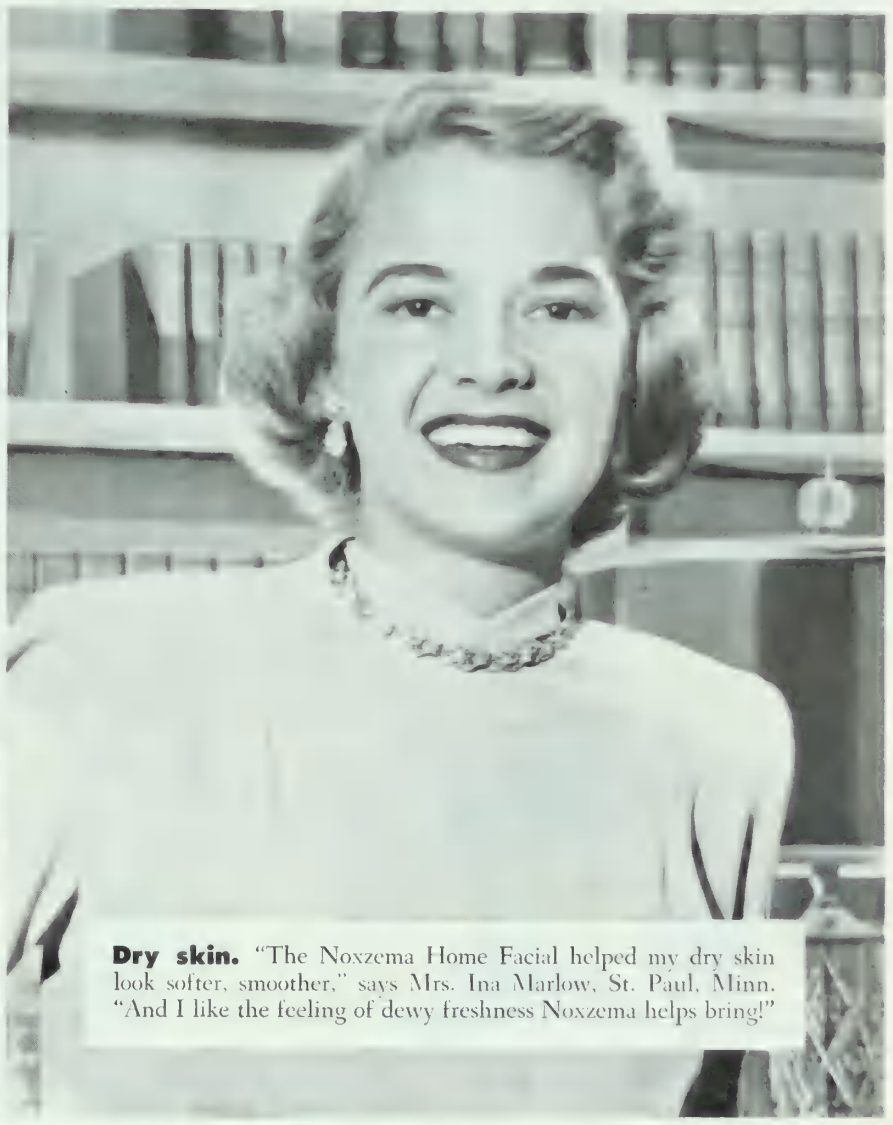
That morning Sally took Kitty for a wa by "the club." It turned out to be no mo than a block from her house, and a place sl had noted before. No one Sally knew had ev seen anyone going into or out of it in th daytime. It appeared from the street to unfurnished. Its only identification w a shiny bronze plaque, hanging in the cu tainless windows, saying "West Philadelph Club." At night people came and wen noisily, and sometimes, people said, it w lit up "until all hours."

Sally found a baby-sitter, and Brud, h husband, accompanied her to the club. B cause of the recent murder and many ro beries in the area, Brud did not like her be out alone after dark, nor did she like t When they arrived somewhat early, th found the club dark. Promptly at 7:30 a c drew up and a man and woman got out, we

(Continued on Page 250)



Lovely complexion. "Noxzema helps keep my skin looking smooth and fresh," says Mrs. Betty Seghers of Miami, Florida. "It's a wonderful skin-freshener... my all-purpose beauty cream!"



Dry skin. "The Noxzema Home Facial helped my dry skin look softer, smoother," says Mrs. Ina Marlow, St. Paul, Minn. "And I like the feeling of dewy freshness Noxzema helps bring!"

Look Lovelier in 10 Days

with Doctor's Home Facial *or your money back!*

Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

● No need for a lot of elaborate preparations...no complicated rituals! With just *one* cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer and smoother, feel so much fresher, too!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Home Facial, described at right... the beauty routine, developed by a skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier. Once *you* try it, you'll know why hundreds of women—all over the country—are switching to Noxzema!

See what it can do for *your* skin

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give your skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless,* natural-looking powder base...and the all-night aid of a *medicated* overnight cream that helps heal *externally-caused blemishes—helps soften and smooth skin.

Follow this easy Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards—with Noxzema!



Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This *greaseless* film of Noxzema holds make-up beautifully and helps protect skin *all day!*



Evening—At bedtime, you "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt—without harsh rubbing!



Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften and smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Medicated Noxzema is a *greaseless* overnight cream.

**externally-caused*



Joan Murray of Rye, N. Y. says: "I first started using Noxzema for some annoying blemishes*. It helped my skin look so much smoother and softer. I've used it regularly since! Used as a make-up foundation, Noxzema helps powder really *stay* on."



Wannah Lee of Kansas City, Mo. says: "A friend suggested that I use Noxzema for my rough, dry-looking skin and it helped immensely! Now, I use it daily to help keep my skin looking smooth. Noxzema is so pleasant to use, too—feels cool, refreshing!"

Money-Back Offer! Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn't show improvement—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back. Get *your* jar today!

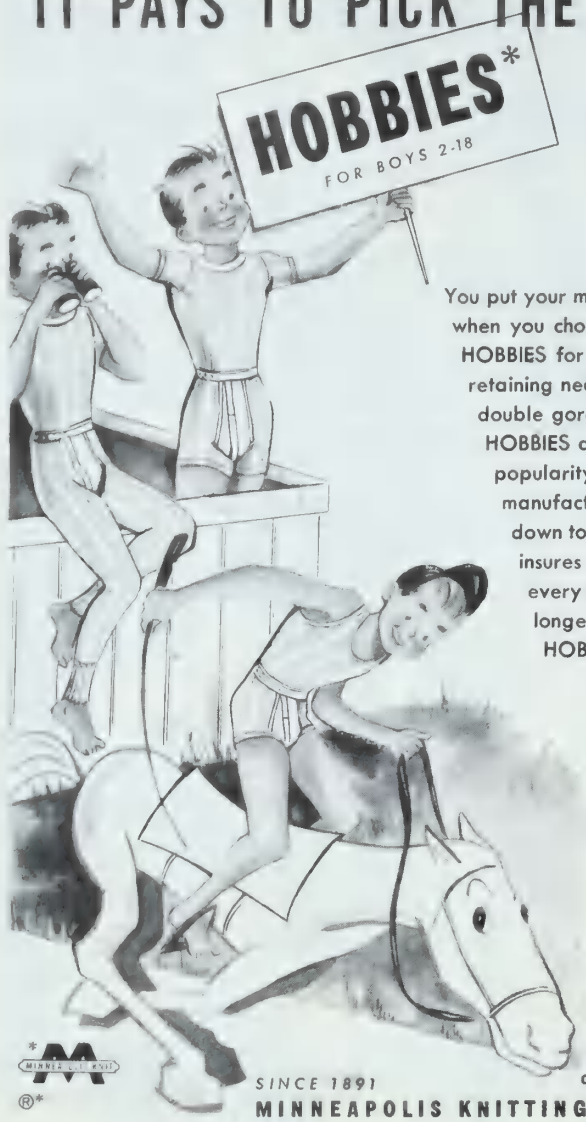
Money Saving Offer

NOXZEMA *skin cream*

BIG 85¢ JAR now only **59¢** plus tax

Limited time only. At any drug or cosmetic counter.

IT PAYS TO PICK THE FAVORITE!



You put your money on a winner every time when you choose comfortable, wearable HOBBIES for boys. From the shape-retaining necklines of the shirts to the full double gore features of the shorts, HOBBIES are leading the field in popularity. The quality-controlled manufacture of HOBBIES—right down to the finish of the final seam—insures the uniform perfection of every garment. For faultless fit and longer wear, mothers pick HOBBIES every time.

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MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS MINNEAPOLIS



(Continued from Page 248)

up the steps and unlocked the door. Brud and Sally followed them; they turned out to be the Harrises.

Mr. Harris was a large man, and pleasant. He said he'd be happy to tell them anything they wanted to know. It turned out he was the party leader for the ward in which the Vogels lived and thus a member of the Republican City Committee. They talked first about the club; he described it as the headquarters for the Republican Club of their ward, a place for the club meetings, the committee meetings and for a local women's Republican group, all of which he said was largely social, except the committee work. The Republican men's group met monthly, he said, and each member paid a $12 annual membership; the women's group also met monthly, he said, but they just "had a nice time" and paid dues of only $1 a year. The two committeemen from each voting division—he had fourteen divisions—also met monthly. They, he said, "did the work."

Sally brought up the subject of the park. "I'm getting nowhere as an individual citizen," she said, "so I decided to see what my party could do about it."

He said he hadn't had any complaints about the park lately, although he had had previously. Then, he said, all the complaints seemed to be based on the growing number of Negroes in the park, so they had created a playground farther north "for them." He said he realized that the caretakers probably did some loafing, but it was certainly true that the neighborhood was not interested in keeping the park clean. Then he enumerated all the problems Sally had heard before—about the garbage, the ruined flower beds, the broken pop bottles.

Sally asked him about the maintenance men's qualifications and salary; he said they took a physical exam—"It's a job that needs back work, not brain work"—and that the men made about $2200 a year—"You can't expect them to be balls of fire for that."

Sally said she and Brud had always been interested in politics, but that they didn't know how people like themselves could get started with a political group.

All they would have to do, Mr. Harris a sured them, was to let someone know th they were interested. Sally, he said, shou call his wife in September and the wome club would welcome her into the group. Th were not meeting during the summer, added. As for Brud, Mr. Harris said the par was always glad to get young workers. Sa then wanted to get straightened out on wh a committeeman was—last election, one h called at their home and discussed the can dates. She added that she had thought s was bringing her complaint to her comm teeman when she came to Mr. Harris—b that it was clear now that she'd been wro

"Yes," Mr. Harris said, "I have twent eight committeemen in my ward, each whom has his own locality to cover. Th receive complaints and give out party inf mation about elections."

Sally asked how they got the job—a whether they were paid.

"Not paid," Mr. Harris said, "but warded—and they were elected. You ele them. There are two committeemen in ea Philadelphia election division—and the reg tered Republicans in the area get a chance the even years to vote on who they'll They are your official representatives in t party; they attend meetings of the par groups, explain what their constituents— electors—want and need, and as a group w to keep the ward under the party influenc

The rewards, he said, were city jobs. this ward," he said, "we try to fit the job the man. Some politicians don't worry ab that—but I do. I figure if a man's a bum day, he's going to be a bum in the evenin

Sally asked him if the ward leaders e had trouble with any of the committeemen she was thinking at the moment of the sp in the G.O.P. ranks over who should be Republican candidate for mayor.

Mr. Harris laughed and said he never jected to a fight within the party—"Tha healthy and good for the party," he said. grew somewhat grimmer as he added th on the other hand, when a Republican co mitteeman bolted the party and worked another party's candidate, if he, Mr. Har could do it, he'd take his job away fr him.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Patterns on Page 215

Vogue Design No. 7336. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 7483. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 46. 60c.

Vogue Design No. S-4188. Coat; Small (32–34), Medium (36–38), Large (40–42). $1.00.

Vogue Design No. S-4235. One-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.00.

Vogue Design No. 7440. "Easy-to-Make" lounging robe; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.



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LOOSE FALSE TEETH
Stop slipping, sliding and sore gums! Chew and enjoy all foods. Reline your plates at home with DENTUR-EZE. Not a paste or powder, but a cushion plastic that lasts weeks. Thousands delighted. 59c & 98c tubes. If druggist hasn't it, send check or m. o. to DENTUR EZE, 902 John St., Seattle 9, Wn.
ONE APPLICATION LASTS FOR WEEKS!
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BURNS, CUTS, SCRATCHES, SCALDS
Painful, dangerous infection may result from neglect of all injuries. Apply Oil-O-Sol instantly. This gentle germ arresting antiseptic acts at once to help control infection, ease pain, speed healing. Wonderful first aid protection for 50 years. Does not sting. Easy to use. Mentholatum's Oil-O-Sol. 50¢ today at your drug store.

Shines Hair
As it Shampoos!

How an Oil Shampoo Leaves Hair Gleaming—*At Once!*
Gets Hair Recover Alluring Luster
When men are regaining lost hair beauty —most overnight. New luster, gloss and suppleness appear after the first shampoo. But, do not confuse this with ordinary soap or cream shampoos or strong chemical detergents.
Instead it is an *oil* shampoo! The very thing needed to counteract the effect of strong chemicals that leave hair so brittle, so dry, so lack-luster.
Switch to Mar-o-Oil Shampoo. You'll see your hair gleaming. Actually makes it *want* to curl! You'll find glorious scalp comfort—freedom from itching scalp and unsightly dandruff scales. Get genuine Mar-o-Oil—either Non-Foamy for dry hair or Super-Foamy for oily hair—at your drug counter today. Accepted Committee on Cosmetics American Medical Association. For **FREE** trial bottle, write Mar-o-Oil, Dept. J, 657 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 10, Ill. Specify: Non-Foamy or Super-Foamy.
Mar-o-Oil SHAMPOO

"If other people get vicious—well, I can get as vicious as anybody else," he said.

A group of people were now gathered in the clubroom, and Sally felt she had taken up enough of Mr. Harris's time, so they thanked him and left. Going home, Sally asked Brud why he'd been so silent, and Brud said he thought she'd asked him to come along only "for protection."

The idea of joining a women's club to "have a nice time," as Mr. Harris had put it, didn't appeal to Sally, who had neither the leisure nor the inclination for such activity. What she wanted to do, she thought, was to do some actual work—if, of course, the party would let her. The primaries for the selection of the Republican candidate for mayor were coming up. She had made her choice of which candidate she wanted nominated, and now she was ready to work for him. Her choice was not the favorite, nor even the one supported by the party (Sally always thought of it in Philadelphia as "the machine") but he was a Republican, albeit an independent one. The group which had split away from the party to back him was called the Republican Citizens Committee, and after making four phone calls under the guidance of the League of Women Voters, she finally located its headquarters.

She wrote in her notes that night:

A woman answered the phone, and I asked if this were not the group that was sponsoring Mr. Miller for mayor and that if it was, I thought he was a good man and that I would like to help them. The woman was very glad and said that oh, that was fine, and asked me to hold on for just a minute. Then someone else came to the phone and asked for my name, address and phone number, and explained that "Miss Chappell" was not in right now but that she would call me this afternoon.

Miss Chappell called me back within half an hour. She said she had stayed home that morning to do her marketing. However, she was very glad to talk with me and said that I could not imagine how much good it did her for someone to call in and volunteer, that it made her feel that their work was not in vain. Miss Chappell explained that on Monday or Tuesday of next week they were moving to the Commercial Trust Building, changing their headquarters. They may need volunteers to put in the building at headquarters to serve as information posts, or to work in a telephone campaign. I chose the latter. She said that in order to do this they now wanted people to look up the phone numbers of registered Republicans and have them in to the office before July 1, so that, prior to the primaries, the canvassers could call these people. I said I would be very glad to do that and she said that in that case she would send me lists of my ward and division to do. I asked how many names there would be and she thought about 200.

She was very gracious and very interested in me. She said that she felt 100 per cent better—that generally she had made three or four calls before she could find one volunteer. She asked if I thought I would be able to find some other people who would be interested in doing this telephone list work, and I said I would try—but that she should send me only one division until I could find out something definite.

The next day Sally received the list from the Republican Citizens Committee. There were about 500 names. "It is good that I

(Continued on Page 253)

F. D. R., riding through the streets of Cairo during the famous Allied conference held there, received a thunderous ovation from the natives pressing around the car. But the Secret Service men were uneasy. One of them whispered to the interpreter:

"What are they saying? And why do they keep pointing at Mr. Roosevelt?"

"They say," came the answer, "'That's her husband! That's her husband!'"


You would not knowingly *deny* your baby
a well-shaped head
a strong back
a fine full chest
straight legs
yet many mothers do

DO THEY really? Surely every mother wants her baby to build a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, a strong back, straight legs and sound teeth. But some mothers just don't know what to do.

One thing you must give without fail —extra Vitamin D. Your doctor will advise giving your baby this extra Vitamin D *every single day*. Only then can you be *sure* that your baby will build strong bones and sound teeth.

A recent five-year study shows that children living in institutions who receive regularly plenty of Vitamin D and essential minerals have better teeth—fewer cavities—than children living at home and not eating so carefully.

Help your baby with a natural Vitamin D source that you can trust absolutely —*Squibb Cod Liver Oil*. Start now and help your baby build sound bones and teeth. Ask *today* for Squibb Cod Liver Oil! Never miss giving it a single day.

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Toni Dolls Only Have Washable Nylon Hair
Nylon hair actually improves with washing.
Toni dolls in 4 sizes.
$11.98 • $13.98
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Made by Ideal
Toni play-wave kit with every doll.
AT BETTER DOLL DEPTS.

REQUEST A SAMPLE
Dexter Diaper

• The One-Size Diaper for All-Size Babies
• No Folding Necessary
• Even Dad Can Do It
• Made of Long Lasting Red Star Birdseye
SEND 25c TO FRED DEXTER
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For Diaper, Pins on Chain, Helpful Booklet

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STEP MASTER Shoes have a smooth one-piece lining of genuine leather. No back seams, ridges, or wrinkles to chafe little feet.
STEP MASTER is the only shoe with AIR HOLES in the lining — to let little feet breathe — and stay dry, fresh, comfortable . . . From toddler to teen-age . . . Budget-priced. Write for Interesting Leaflet.
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Young Mrs. Barbara Nunn Howell Advises:

Start Housekeeping RIGHT with a Stanley Hostess Party

Lovely and talented Mrs. Howell is one of the youngest STANLEY Party Hostesses in Atlanta and a frequent guest at STANLEY Parties given by her friends. Still in her early twenties, she already has had a distinguished musical career having sung, as Barbara Nunn, leading roles in the Atlanta Civic Opera and in successful Hollywood and Broadway productions. Married for little more than a year, Mrs. Howell gives this advice to other young housewives: "Start off right by holding your own STANLEY Hostess Party and stocking your new home with STANLEY'S polishes, mops, brushes and other housekeeping aids. I personally would never think of having any other kind."

* * *

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WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario

Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1951

(Continued from Page 251)

idn't volunteer to do any more than this
ned vision," Sally told Brud, after she'd
ori about fifty names. "Even this little bit
as taken me one hour and a half!"

She had only two weeks in which to
complete the lists, Sally spent most of her
vis time on them. In the afternoons, how-
ver, he went to the park with Kitty. She
oun it as distressing as ever, though the
ras seemed somewhat cleaner, and twice
he saw the maintenance men working—once
he were cleaning the power mower, the
th time they were trimming the privet
ed

Bu these small efforts encouraged her,
ne afternoon she and a friend decided
o talk to the caretaker. They hesitated
bu approaching him while he was sitting
n the tool-shed steps with his men, but
th he got up—apparently to leave—they
u d to intercept him.

He was a big man, in his mid-forties,
id dressed in blue-gray slacks, sleeveless
wer and shirt. To Sally he didn't look
lik park attendant at all. Her friend, a
mo n with two children, first asked him
th it was safe for the children to play,
n e laughed and said there was the whole
a She said she was worried about the
gla He asked, "What glass?" The woman
ha shortly pointed out some glass at her
pe nd he laughed again. She picked up a
pa ul, but he still managed, laughing, to
ju st that this was unusual, special, and
fe ps it didn't really exist.

"We haven't time to go around picking
pi ery little bit of glass we see," he said.
Fi des, there isn't any glass around here."
He added that he had 20 acres to care for
ac ally 9.1 in the park), that he'd just
co ed using the power mower, and that
ki ids broke so many bottles that no one
co keep up with the glass. He was, he
sa a landscape gardener and knew how to
ke a park looking good—if only people
wo dn't come in and mess it up.

Sally's friend asked him what she should
do ith the glass now she had picked it up.
He ood, his hands in his pockets, laughing.

"Throw it against the tree," he said. "That's what everyone else does."

Sally watched them dispassionately. As her friend strode off, obviously angry, the caretaker laughed again.

"Your girl friend is the kind that gets mad," he said, smiling in a pleased manner.

Sally asked him why there weren't any waste tins for her to put the glass in. He said—almost as if he knew it by heart—what Sally had heard before: that the neighborhood people used them for garbage, that the kids used them for playthings. He then said that Mr. Maxwell, the department chief, had been visiting him that morning and had told him that the park looked "better than it ever had before."

The conversation went round and round and got nowhere. Sally pointed out the glass lying at his very feet; he ignored it. He said he worked hard keeping the park clean. Sally asked him what he would need to get up the glass; he said they'd raked the place only a few weeks before. He went on laughing. Finally Sally said good-by, feeling totally frustrated. As she left he called out to her, "Tell your girl friend we'll try harder," and laughed again.

"I never did think it would help any to talk to the maintenance men," Sally said to her friend. "After all, they've had plenty of opportunity to clean up the park, if they were going to—this glass looks as if it's been here for years."

She took Kitty from the friend who had been watching out for her and went home. That night Brud helped her with the telephone lists. She read off the names, he looked them up in the phone book, she wrote the phone numbers down. They found that they saved about ten minutes for each fifty names this way. Sally was grateful, but Brud insisted he wasn't doing anything. Sally said that she wouldn't be working on any of this at all if she felt he didn't approve—that his interest alone was a great help.

Just as they were winding up the lists about ten days later, Sally got another call from the Republican Citizens Committee. Miss Chappell asked her if she'd be able to give them a day or a half day at headquarters during the next few weeks before the primaries. Sally asked her for time to think it over, but said she'd like to, and after talking with Brud about it, she called back and said she'd come in the next Friday morning at ten for three or four hours' work. It would be more fun, she thought, being at headquarters—there should be some hustle and bustle there, not just a small pile of papers with an endless number of names on them.

The headquarters was located in the ground-floor office of what had been formerly a bank branch. There were posters around, and pamphlets, but only a small group of people. Miss Chappell was not in, but Sally was welcomed by a Miss Jones, who was a veteran worker with the group, the daughter of one of the important women leaders. She put Sally at a desk next to hers and gave her a list of names of registered Republicans to call to see if any of them would volunteer on the telephone campaign to be held the following week.

In three and a half hours she had made 34 calls—and had found only one woman interested. She had moved her desk away from Miss Jones' because the latter was getting volunteer after volunteer and it was too discouraging. Of course she was calling from a special list of interested people, but even so, Sally felt whipped.

"I have never talked to so many sick women—or so many women who were just leaving town—before in my life," she said.

Miss Jones laughed. "It's a real problem getting women to work in politics," she said.

A few of the women she called were friendly, but oddly enough these were women who had not yet made up their minds for whom they were voting. These women wanted information, and although Sally had to call for help on some of the questions, she felt somewhat encouraged by their demands. She was also encouraged by the fact that most of the women she called seemed to know that Mr. Miller was challenging the Republican machine, and thought he had a chance.

"Time something happened around here," one woman said, but she declined to help make it happen. She was, she said, going out of town.

When Sally left, she felt discouraged by her lack of success, but she told Miss Jones she would be back the following Friday at the same time.

That day, Sally was assigned to call people to acquaint them with Mr. Miller's record, his views and his fight against the Republican machine. One or two people hung up on her, but a great many more listened, and asked questions. She felt pleasantly excited by the end of the afternoon and agreed to come back the next day for more of the same kind of work. She had to beg off the day after, however, because she hadn't done her weekly washing.

When election day arrived, she was impatient and eager. The polls closed at nine, and she and Brud turned on the radio on the dot, but it was more than an hour before official returns started coming in. There were over 30 places on the ballot and counting went slowly. Shortly before midnight it was clear, however, that Mr. Miller had fallen way behind, and that the primary vote was as woefully small as at any primary election in Philadelphia's history.

Sally was stunned and shocked: not so much because the machine had won again (she expected that, more or less), but because of the smallness of the primary vote. *How could people,* she thought, *simply sit back and do nothing while the machine rolled over them? Just as the mower rolls over dangerous broken glass in the park?*

I must do more, she thought, *we must all do more. The fewer people there are in politics the more this becomes a country run by the few—for the few. Nobody wants a dictatorship—but that's what we're getting anyway when we don't demand anything else.*

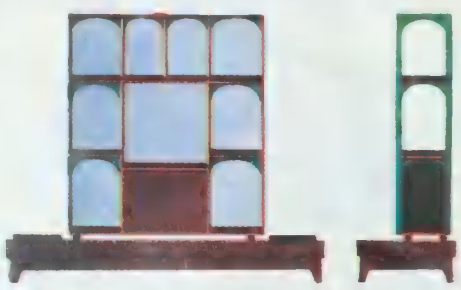
Clearly, a new broom was needed, and Sally was more than ever determined to be one of those to wield it. Figuratively, she could feel herself rolling up her sleeves, as she usually did when she started to clean house.

THE END

★ ★ ★

Arranged in our cabinet here are a dozen kinds of geraniums, out of literally thousands: some for flowers, some for spicy fragrances, some for fancy foliage.

Geranium Cabinet



Design by Allen Saalburg; photograph by the author.

EVERY summer my wife used to put so many geraniums on the porch there was hardly room to sit down. That's how this cabinet came to be. Decorated with "combing," it flatters all the plants she puts in it, and protects them from wind, sun, rain; her favored geraniums in all their fascinating varieties, and later on her gloxinias and big-flowered begonias. There is a catchall cupboard for odds and ends. The cubbyholes are carefully figured for plant sizes. The pots stand on fine gravel in the trays to soak up just the right amount of moisture. The whole thing, not counting carpentry, comes to about $27. A leaflet showing how to make it yourself, and telling all you need to know about geraniums, can be had for 25c from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila. 5, Pa. Ask for No. 2581, use coupon on Page 30.

By RICHARD PRATT

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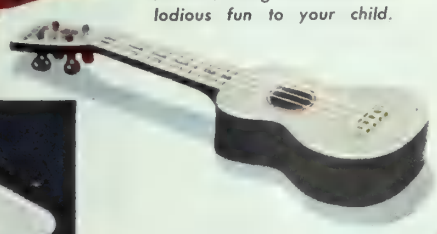
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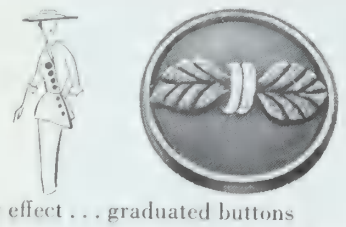


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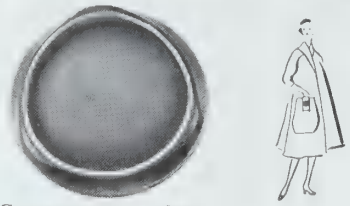
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Notes from designers' sketchbooks...



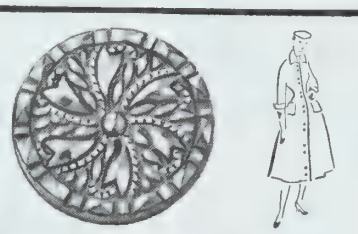
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CONSOLIDATED SEWING MACHINE & SUPPLY CO., INC., 1115 B'way, N.Y.C.

THE GHOST HORSES

(Continued from Page 56)

"You are to go away," said the doctor. "And Nonny is to realize that only when she is perfectly well will you come back to her, and you and she will be together again, for good. Your husband has been talking about a fortnight's motoring tour in France. My advice is that you should start on it tomorrow."

Nonny's mother looked at the doctor, then looked out the window.

"You are leaving your child in excellent hands," the doctor went on. "Miss Anderson is a trustworthy, serious-minded person, Miss Brown a fully trained nurse, and your little Swedish nursery maid devoted to her charge. I myself will call every day."

"Perhaps," said the mother slowly, "it would be a good thing to go away."

"The four of us," said the doctor, "will agree to talk about you to Nonny every day, and to tell her that the quicker she gets well, the sooner will you return to her. Then our headstrong young lady will concentrate not on dying but on recovering."

"My brother is arriving from Paris tomorrow," said Nonny's mother. "I have wired for him."

"Your artist brother?" asked the doctor. "The young man who draws such amusing pictures for Nonny? The very person we want. He will describe your journey to your daughter from day to day, illustrate it too."

So Nonny's mother set out for France with her husband, in her new big car.

It so happened that she met her brother in the seaport. They lunched at a hotel and when after lunch Peter, the husband, went out to take a look at the car, the two others had a long talk over their coffee.

THE brother and sister were twins and much alike, so that their friends named them Sebastian and Viola. They had always been great friends. Cedric had surprised his family first by wanting to become a painter and later by making a kind of name for himself as one. He lived in Paris in a circle of artists of whom he thought highly, while he was modest about his own work. He was a pleasant-looking young man with gentle manners and the kind of equilibrium found in boys whose people have lived for generations in unaltered economic circumstances, either very good or very bad.

Annabelle told her brother that a child's world centers upon one single magnetic personality, and that she was going to France to save Nonny's life. He must now talk about her every day and hour, tell Nonny that she would come back to her as soon as the child was perfectly well, and send reports of the progress to various addresses in France. Cedric promised to do all she asked him.

"But that was not why you wired for me," he said.

"No," said Annabelle, "it was not." She paused, then said, "I wanted your advice." She had often before wanted his advice.

"At your service," he said.

"Yes, that is easy to say," said Annabelle, "but the thing is that Peter and I have been spending more money than we have got. Living beyond one's means, people call it."

"What, you?" Cedric asked in surprise.

"For heaven's sake do not begin to bully me," said Annabelle. "It is terribly unpleasant to live beyond one's means, I can't stand it—and you couldn't either, could you?"

"No," said Cedric, who lived very soberly in Paris.

"There, you see," said the sister. "Just lately we have got a wonderful chance. Peter has always wanted to do some work. Now Sir Maurice Mendoza has offered to take him into his firm as a partner. It will be the very thing for Peter. So don't you think it is wonderful?"

"Yes, I do," said the brother.

"You do, do you?" said the sister. "And what about me?"

"Yes, what about you?" he asked.

"Oh, Cedric," she said, "try not to be so terribly dense. The thing is that Sir Maurice admires me."

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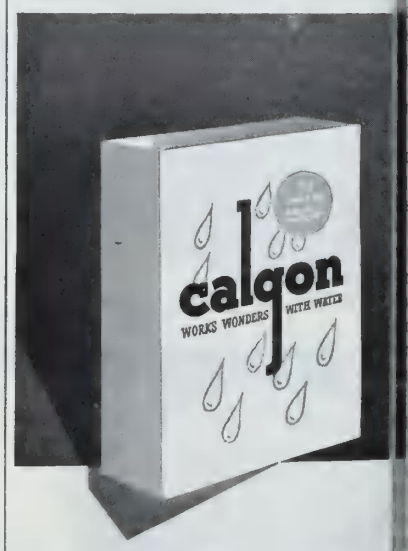
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e everybody," said he.
" she said. "No, not like everybody,
Peter always likes to see you ad-
said he.
" said she. "No, he might not like it,
ew about it at all."
how do you yourself like it, my
he asked.
l, Cedric," she said, "it is like this. I
ter. And I have loved him for seven
that I feel that I know him by heart.
urice I do not know at all. He is a
ous person, as you will be aware from
tation. He is not rich in the ordinary
is like somebody in a fairy tale. It is
's cave: rubies like cherries, sapphires
pes! I come to think of that old fairy
urs because Sir Maurice has got such
ful knowledge of precious stones.
I wish that
great-great-
nother Anna-
ad not taken
ily jewels with
n she ran away
r groom!"
," said Cedric
"there gener-
some kind of
about those
tic love af-

e night before
got ill," said
elle, "we dined
im, and he
us a big ruby
e had got in
d. He asked us
n Peter and he
ttled the mat-
might give it
in a bracelet.
ed seal to our
ent, he said.
Nonny got ill
have not seen
ince, and we
got this fort-
in France to
up our minds,
here it is, and
do you advise
do?"
you give me,
he fortnight to
it over in?"
the brother.
es," answered
ter.
e they saw Peter
up to their
and changed
onversation.
is very queer,"
nnabelle, "that
all her illness
s been talking
horses, about nothing but horses, and
and hunting and grooming. Why, she
rdly ever seen a horse! When she went
ut them Peter bought her a beautiful
nical toy just like a horse. But she did
re for it."
n this they parted.

IC was looking forward to his holiday.
had a big new picture to think over.
anted to be alone.
had never been in his sister's house
she was not there. Now that he had
nd peace to walk about and take it all
seemed to him a new and fascinating

his house had been mine, he thought. *I*
I have left it as it was. If I had then lived
I should have been able to paint like
ny.
went up to Nonny's room. She was
prettier than he remembered her. But
did the severe, haggard and hopeless
ssion do in the flowerlike face?
obedience to his instructions, he talked
nny about her mother, described her
ey and illustrated it with paper and
l. She listened without the slightest sign
erest and hardly looked at the drawings.

The mechanical horse stood by her bed; he admired it, and her face became still more tragic.

If I am worth anything as an artist, he told himself, *I must be able to put this pretty Portrait of a Child right.*

He asked, "What are we going to play, Nonny, when you get up?"

FOR the first time he got an answer. After a silence Nonny said, "We can't play. Not you and I."

He thought the thing over, then said, "No, not you and I. Who can play?"

Nonny answered, "Billy."

He did not want to force the matter, so left it at that.

The doctor came, examined the child and inquired if she had been up. When the nurse shook her head he told her that it was becoming a serious thing and that they must needs have had the little baggage on her feet by the time of his next visit, then he drove away.

Cedric said to Nonny, "You would get up, wouldn't you, if you could go and play with Billy?"

"Yes," said Nonny.

"And why is it now," he again asked, "that you can't do so?"

The child's face grew dark with indignation. "You know!" she said.

"I have been away in Paris so long, my dear," he said. "Many things, I find, have happened in the meantime. Do you mind telling me?"

"Because Billy g back dead," said Nonny. He

By this time Cedric n he found that he was iums occupying himself as itors much with Nonny as grew with his new picture. He felt that he would gave get no assistance from e for either Miss Anderson edric. or Miss Brown, so he your- turned to the little the Swedish nursery avey, maid, Ingrid. She ap- ist in pealed to his painter's room heart, for in her white I had cap she looked like c. "I a Dutch picture. He does took pains to find her f the alone and sat down too. with her. They dis- Jncle cussed Nonny's illness, and agreed that they oom. must get her well for her mother's return. e the

"And by the way, my dear," said Cedric, "who is Billy?" to a

Ingrid grew pale, stared at him and said, "Oh, sir." ified.

"You see," said he "I can't help you it all about Nonny till I know." ws to

"I had hoped," said Ingrid, "that nobody ng in should ever know." an's

"And why must they never know?" he since asked. true:

"Because Billy is dead," answered Ingrid. old

"I have understood that much," said Cedric, "and I am very sorry indeed. But ment there must be something more to Billy than The just that. If you will be kind enough to tell filled me, I shan't let it get any farther." s and

Ingrid drew her breath deeply. "I shall be ashed glad to tell you," she said. "I have been un- e old happy about it, sir."

Gravely, from time to time pausing and looking him in the face, as if to hold him to his promise, she told him.

Billy was old Mrs. Peavey's grandson. And who was old Mrs. Peavey? Old Mrs. Peavey was the old coachman's widow. The old coachman had lived in the small flat above those stables which were turned into garages s and llery. reast- and

★ ★ ☆ ☆ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Reflection

By Virginia Reynolds

She stood on tiptoes, peering down
into
The well, her chin against the
concrete side.
She liked to look down at the
water, deep
And black, to feel the dampness on
her face,
And see that other face like hers,
stretched wide
And moving just a little as she
moved.
She tried to look on past that face,
to see
What lay down there, and once, just
one time, she
Was sure that she had seen right
through
The water mirror, found the secret
there,
And then she moved, or else it
did—she turned
And ran back to the house to tell
them what
She'd seen, but when she got there,
she'd
Forgotten what she'd meant to say
and how
It looked, and in forgetting knew
that they
Would never have believed her
anyway.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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"A new job! Thanks to low fares by Greyhound"

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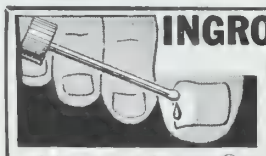
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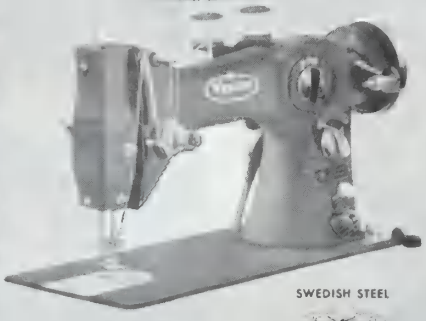
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after his death his widow had been allowed to stay on in the flat.

The gentleman would probably never have seen old Mrs. Peavey? Nay, that was because her legs were poor and it was difficult for her to climb the stairs. She and Ingrid first had become friends because Mrs. Peavey came from the real country, her father had been a farmer and had bred horses, as the Swedish girl's father had done, and the two had many interests in common.

"It must have been very nice to both you and her," said Cedric.

"So it was, sir," said Ingrid.

Mrs. Peavey had an only son, who worked in a big racing stable, was married and had seven children. When his wife died and he married again, his new wife could not be bothered with the youngest child, so old Mrs. Peavey had taken him on. The little boy's eldest brother had brought him here, a groom at the racing stable himself, a nice young man. Cedric wondered whether the groom was not the interest which the old and the young woman had had in common. The small boy had then lived with Mrs. Peavey, above the old stables.

"That was Billy, sir," said Ingrid.

Billy was three months younger than Nonny, a very pretty and clever little boy. But he was deaf and dumb.

Sometimes when Miss Anderson told Ingrid to take Nonny out for a walk, the two would instead go up the stable stairs to visit Mrs. Peavey. Ingrid would sit with her and do a little darning for her, but Nonny and Billy went into the big harness room next to Mrs. Peavey's own rooms, to play.

"But there was no harm in that," said Cedric.

"Yes, sir, there was," said Ingrid, "for it was from Billy that Nonny caught the measles." [illegible] wrung her hands [illegible] her lap. "And just [illegible] when Nonny was recovering," she continued, "Billy died. It was [illegible] when Nonny heard about it that she got so very bad again."

"How did she hear of it?" Cedric asked.

She had heard of it from Ingrid. Ingrid had gone to see Mrs. Peavey, and had wept with her over Billy, and when she came back Nonny asked her why she had been crying. Then they sent for the doctor in the middle of the night. When Nonny had been delirious Ingrid had feared that she would speak about Billy, that it would all come out and old Mrs. Peavey be sent away. But Nonny had been loyal, and had said nothing then either.

"My sister told me," said Cedric, "that she talked about horses."

Yes, she would talk about horses. There were a great many pictures of horses up in the harness room, and Billy had told her the names of them all.

"How could he tell her," Cedric asked, "when he was deaf and dumb?"

The thing evidently had not struck Ingrid as particularly strange, but she could not quite explain it either. Nonny and Billy had always insisted on being left alone to play in the harness room, they had even locked the door of it, and they had been playing almost without a sound in there. Billy had been taught, or had taught himself, to read from people's lips; she believed that he had taught Nonny too.

For Nonny would say to Ingrid, "Now I am going to tell you a wonderful thing," and then just move her lips, and pull a face when Ingrid did not understand her. Sometimes, too, when Ingrid had put her to bed, she would laugh to herself for a while, and then tell her, in a low voice, that she and Billy had got beautiful horses to play with.

"I think," said Cedric after a silence, that I shall speak to Nonny about Billy."

"Will that be right, sir?" asked Ingrid.

"I believe that it will be right," said Cedric. "The doctor told my sister that to a child there will always be one outstanding, fascinating personality who will hold all attention before anybody else. He thought that to Nonny it was her mother. But I see that it was Billy."

Cedric had been sending a post card to his sister every day. Now he himself received a post card from her. France, she wrote, was lovely. It was lovely traveling with Peter, it would be lovely to get back to Nonny. Sometimes she wished that she had not got to go back. Love to Cedric.

Cedric said to Nonny, "If I were you I should get rid of that horse."

Both looked with contempt at the mechanical horse by the bedside.

"Things," said Cedric, "which are exactly like other things are a great nuisance."

Nonny looked at him, but was still suspicious and did not speak.

"The only *really* real things, you know," he said, "are those which one makes up oneself, and which are not *like* other things. In my house in Paris I make up a great many *really* real things: flowers and birds, and a lady who throws herself into the river, because she is unhappy. They smell and look and jump into the river very well, very sweetly indeed."

After a silence Nonny asked, "What do you make them from?"

"I generally," he said, "find something to make them from. Don't you?"

A pale little smile, the first he had ever seen, lit up her face.

"Yes," she said.

He waited a moment. "Now as to horses," he said, "*really* real horses. I suppose that I could *really* make them do everything."

Nonny looked him in the face, another thing she had not yet done. Her own face was grave and proud, but not unfriendly. "Billy could explain everything they did to me," she said.

"I know," said he, "because he was able to speak the way other boys do."

She seemed to be going to say more, but again closed her lips tightly.

"Well, Nonny," he said, "so long. I have got to go for a drive in the car your mum left here for me. It is a bore, really, because a car becomes so slow when you begin to think about Billy's horses."

"You will come back, Uncle Cedric?" asked Nonny.

He went away and thought, *The change is coming. It is difficult, difficult to get it right, but it is coming. May God help me, now to choose the proper brushes and the proper tubes of paint!*

The next day he succeeded in making Nonny play a kind of board game with men on the counterpane. While he was pondering on a move she asked him:

"Where do you keep your flowers and your birds, and the lady?"

"I put them up against the wall," he answered, "then nobody can see them. But they are there all the time, of course."

If this time Nonny did not speak it was not, he felt, from lack of sympathy but quite simply, from lack of words wherewith to express their new, happy understanding. At last she said, "Our horses are in their boxes. And in their stable."

"Like most really fine horses," said he.

When she had won the game, and as she was putting the pieces back in the box, Nonny suddenly asked, "Shall I show you my horses, Uncle Cedric?"

"Please," he said. "I have been thinking about them. It isn't right that they are not watered or groomed, now that Billy is not there and your own legs are too weak for you to go."

"They are not," said Nonny and stood up in her bed.

"One ought to have fine strong legs to work in a stable," said Cedric. "Perhaps you can go tomorrow."

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"No," said Nonny, "today. After lunch." She looked round her and said, "Miss Anderson and Miss Brown must not know."

"No," said he.

"Ingrid can dress me," said the child.

"Ingrid can dress you," he agreed, "and I shall tell Miss Anderson and Miss Brown that you are taking me for a ride in the car."

As she stood up, in her small flannel nightgown, her face was on a level with his. What lovely eyes and delicately arched eyebrows, what rich hair. And what a sudden, strange power in the whole frail figure.

"Because," she said slowly and solemnly, "you will never, never, never tell!"

"Because," he repeated slowly and solemnly, "I shall never, never, never tell!"

Her clear eyes looked into his, gravely, searchingly. Her short life had held disappointments and catastrophes; in this matter she could take no risk. He scanned his mind for an oath which would bind him unconditionally.

"If ever," he said, "I speak a word about the horses, or the boxes, or the stables, to any live soul, may I never paint a decent picture in my life. So help me God."

He talked the matter over with his fellow conspirator. It was arranged that Miss Anderson should have her day off, and that Ingrid should keep Miss Brown occupied.

It was a lovely afternoon of late summer. The air was drowsy with sweetness above the box hedges and the long beds of roses and stock, the big trees' shadows rested lightly and peacefully on the lawns. Nonny, on Cedric's arm, gazed round and up. He wondered whether a child would have any idea of time, and whether she realized that time had passed, and things happened, since she was last in the garden.

"I have sent away Parker," he told her on their way to the garages. "We will go straight up the stair to Mrs. Peavey."

She looked at him as if to ask him how he had come to know the way so well, but said nothing.

On the stair he thought, *I am going back ten years on each of these worn old steps.* He had reached the days of Zoffany when he crossed Mrs. Peavey's doorstep.

A very small old woman, by the geraniums on the window sill, at the sight of her visitors tried to rise from a big chair, gave it up, grew smaller still and began to cry. Nonny gave her a kind glance, but had no time for speech.

"It is all right, Mrs. Peavey," said Cedric. "Nonny is well again. How are you yourself? And we should like to go into the harness room."

"Oh, I am afraid, sir," said Mrs. Peavey, "that there will be a terrible lot of dust in there. I have not been in the harness room since my little grandson passed away. I had a little grandson, sir."

"I know, Mrs. Peavey," said Cedric. "I am very sorry indeed about him. And it does not matter about the dust."

"Billy put the key on the inside of the door," said Nonny. "He could turn it too. You will put me down in there, Uncle Cedric."

"Yes, Nonny," said Cedric.

He opened the door to the harness room. The smell in there met him even before the light, then the two melted together into a quiet welcome, both humble and dignified.

The room was large and low, it went all through the house and had two windows to the east and two to the west. Everything in it was covered with dust. The old woman's statement that she had not been in here since Billy's death was probably more than true: this delicate layer must date from the old coachman's time.

It was so lovely in here that for a moment he forgot his task and stood quite still. The mellow golden light of the afternoon filled the empty room and turned its bareness and poverty into splendor. The whitewashed walls had the luster of alabaster and the old wooden ceiling the deep gloss of metal.

All along the two walls there were pegs and stands hung with harness and saddlery. There were hames and neckstraps, breastbands and bellybands, bridles, girths and

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stirrups. There were sets of single and double harness, and harness for tandems and four-in-hand, brass-mounted and plated, with crests on the blinkers. There were hunting saddles, racing saddles and side saddles.

Cedric knew very little about saddlery, he did not remember ever to have ridden in a vehicle drawn by a horse. He looked at the things and saw that they were moldy and cracked, but that they had been beautifully made, from fine leather and metal. Skilled, careful, patient hands had worked at them.

On the other two walls were pictures of horses, single or in groups, and in magnificent attitudes: galloping, jumping fences, gamboling before phaetons, pacing before coaches, carrying ladies with sweeping trains. They were old prints, neatly made like the other objects in the room, and like them faded and flyspecked, some of them with their glass cracked or gone.

He was, he felt, in Billy's kingdom.

In this room people had lived who thought and talked about horses, who knew everything about them, and whose deepest satisfactions and highest ideals in life were in some way connected with horses. Billy himself—the trainer's son and the coachman's grandson, very likely the last descendant of a line of horsemen and horse breeders reaching back into the dark ages—had been the lawful heir to this old and gone horse world of England. A small, silent keeper and custodian of its last, forgotten province or reserve, he had made it rise and come to life gloriously, before the eyes of his friend, the child of the motor age.

Nonny had demanded to be set down on the floor, and had stood still there like Cedric himself, gazing round the room with passionate, tender pride. Now she demanded to be lifted up again, in order to show the guest her pictures. They agreed that she was feeling strong enough to ride on his shoulders, and in this way they slowly made the tour of the place.

"This one, Uncle Cedric," she said, "is The Ranger, who won the Longchamps. This is Boiard, who won the Ascot. This is the Queen's favorite horse, and this is Prince Albert's. This is Robert the Devil, who won the Saint-Leger—and doesn't he look a real devil too? And this one is Gladiateur, who won the Derby! It is all written underneath them."

"But you cannot read, Nonny," said Cedric. "How have you come to know so much about them?"

"Billy could read," said Nonny. "He explained it all to me. . . . And look!" she cried in a sudden burst of delight. "There is the Queen's coronation on the twenty-eighth of June, eighteen-thirty-eight!" She became grave and silent for a moment. "I shall get down," she said. "We will do the coronation procession today, you and me."

Cedric looked all round the room. There was no cupboard or chest anywhere, only, in a corner, a basket with clothespins and some empty bottles. He had believed that he was near his goal; now he stood on the bare floor feeling sadly clumsy and grown-up. What objects up here, he wondered, had been animated and exalted by Billy's magic wand, so as to make up a royal procession?

There was a grandfather's chair in the room, with its stuffing coming out through the ragged horsehair covering.

"Look, Nonny," he said. "I shall set you in the chair. Then you just order me about."

"No," said Nonny, "I won't sit in chair."

"And why not?" he said. "If we are t have a race, it will be the judge's chair, an you will be the judge. And if we are to hav the coronation cortege ——" He stoppe not quite certain just what Nonny woul then be.

"I shall be God," said Nonny in a clea voice, "looking down at it. God looks dow at all horses, Billy said."

She seemed very small in the big chair, bu she sat in it as upon a throne.

"Open the stable door," she said, "an let out the horses on the floor!"

"Yes, my dear," he said. At randon afraid of doing anything wrong, he too down a picture, and set it against the wal

"No," said Nonny, "not Ormond, Unc Cedric. That one: Zeodone, who won th Grand National!"

Upon the wall was Zeodone, on her hin legs and hung onto by a valiant groom.

Nonny said, "You would never have foun the stable on your own, would you, Unc Cedric? Billy found all on his own. And h had got to stand o the side saddle on th saddle horse to reac it."

As the picture wa taken down, a squa hole appeared in th wall. It looked dark an deep.

"They are in there, said Nonny.

In the niche the was a pile of large an small boxes. He too them down one by on and when he had take down three or four h began to guess what i was he was handlin

The boxes were a prettily made in mo rocco or velvet, wit golden clasps to then but they were mold and cracked. He wa told to place them all o the floor and then t open them. They wer lined with faded satin But the jewelry on th decaying fabric shone clean and radiant, in hundreddazzlingsmiles

"Have you ever seen such shiny horses, Un cle Cedric?" asked Nonny joyfully. "Bill and I washed them with a small sponge and groomed them with a wash leather tha has been Billy's grandfather's. When yo put them out one by one, in a row, the go from that wall to that."

There were rings set with diamonds, emer alds, rubies and sapphires. There wer brooches made like bouquets or flowe baskets, arabesques or stars. There wer bracelets, pendants and clasps. Five boxe contained necklaces or big ornaments, th stones of which for some purpose had bee taken out of their settings and were lyin scattered or in heaps. The strings of tw pearl collars, one very long and one shorte and made from incredibly large and even roseate pearls, had both been broken or hac rotted away—the pearls rolled gently agains one another as the box was moved. Ther were pearl earrings and long diamond ear drops. There were three tiaras, the biggest o them all in diamonds, and very regal.

The radiance of the cut stones, and th soft gleam of the pearls, filled the artist' heart with deep and humble adoration, wit simple gratitude for the beautiful things o this world. He stood immovable for a while gazing at the display, picking out first one then another object as the loveliest.

Then he thought, *So that is it. And Go only knows what has happened here. Did th lovers, after having prepared their flight s carefully, at the last moment have to hurr away to escape the husband's revenge? Or di Great-great-great-grandpapa George come upo*

WITH THE CHILDREN

From a five-year-old: "I'd like a real, live wrist watch—one with a pulse."

While I was busy washing paint our ten-year-old son said: "I hate to see you working so hard, mommy. I'll do that hard work and you go out to the kitchen and relax—bake some cookies or something easy like that. Do something that's fun and shows."

"You're not always nice but you are fair and you'll listen, so even if I had a choice of mothers, I'd pick you. Some children have mothers who won't listen."

"Have you noticed that grown-ups who like dogs usually like boys?"

"There are two kinds of mothers. The ones who always think their own children are perfect and the mothers who can see both sides of trouble."

Our ten-year-old, getting part-conscious, looking in the mirror after combing his hair, said with amazement, "Golly, I look like the pictures you have of me!"

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.



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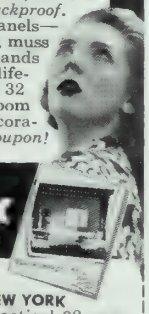


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them before they got off, and am I likely to find skeletons under the floor if I look for them?

Nonny in her chair was content with the impression which her stables were making on her young uncle's mind. She gave him a minute for dumb admiration, then she told him to set to work.

Obedient to her orders, he went down on hands and knees and arranged the cortege. The long procession was to wind from the wall to her chair, and he was to begin by the head of it. While it took shape under his hands it grew more and more glorious, for the Queen's own coach made its appearance almost at the end.

First of all and before anybody else came Mr. Lee, High Constable of Westminster. Mr. Lee was a tall seal carved in agate, cut with the family crest. He could stand up, and bore himself with great dignity.

Then came a squadron of the Life Guards, in fine rows of smaller rubies from the necklace.

Then followed the carriages of the royal family, sparkling bracelets with teams of two or four rings to each; the last of them was the coach of the Queen's mother, which was made from a tiara, and had a team of six rings. The Queen's mother herself, a very large pearl made as a pendant, leaned back gracefully against the inner curve of the tiara.

Next came the mounted band of a regiment of the Household Brigade, all brooches.

The round, roseate pearls of the shorter necklace followed; they were the Queen's forty-eight Watermen.

THEN came a superior squadron of the Life Guards, the bigger rubies of the necklace, and after them the Royal Huntsmen, in green, from the emerald necklace and ornaments. The Yeomen of the Guards, on white horses, were all of them diamonds.

And then, at last, came Her Majesty's coach, the big, luminous tiara, drawn by six pairs of eardrops, the smallest in front, the very long and heavy pair nearest to the coach.

"Now," said Nonny, "put the Queen in her coach. Isn't she beautiful, all in white? It is really me, you know. Billy said that it was really me!"

With great care Cedric placed the one huge diamond in the center of the half circle formed by the tiara. He remembered that he had heard about this diamond, bought a hundred years ago from a maharaja.

Behind the coach marched a regiment of pearls from the long necklace.

"Get up, Uncle Cedric," said Nonny, "and look at the procession!"

He rose, tried to dust his trousers, gave it up, and looked at the procession. Nonny's gaze followed his; her face was calm and rosy with happiness.

"Say something about it now, Uncle Cedric," she said, her voice soft with delight.

"It is like Aladdin's cave, Nonny," he said.

At the sound of his own words he remembered his sister, and their talk at the hotel, and became thoughtful. *One big ruby from Holland*, he said to himself, *to be set in a bracelet. And then all this. All this in her own harness room. Alas, Annabelle!*

"Nay, Uncle Cedric," said Nonny, "you should not say that it is like Aladdin's cave. When it is really exactly like a coronation."

"My dear," said he, "that is what I did say. It is *really* a coronation. That is what makes it so valuable, and so fascinating. But some people might say that it was a little like Aladdin's cave."

"Oh, yes," said Nonny. After a while she added, "When we have finished, you will put them all back, and put Zeodone up to be the stable door, won't you, Uncle Cedric? So that nobody can find them."

"Yes, Nonny," he said. "And won't it be, then," he added after a moment, "quite as if Billy was still here?"

She was silent for a while. "No," she said at last, "not quite. But in a little while ——" She stopped for a second or two. "In a little while," she said in a steady, sonorous voice, "I shall be perfectly well. Then Billy will come, and he and I shall be together again. For good." THE END



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I COULDN'T COMPETE WITH MY MOTHER

(Continued from Page 54)

, I weighed 198. Now I weigh 118, which ctly mommy's weight. She gives me all d clothes, but I look bigger because I big shoulders and big bones. My waist- hough, is smaller than hers—23 inches. eople ask me what diet I followed. No diet has ever yet been written for isy woman, and I am busy sixteen hours . Three vitamin pills and a hearty din- night are all that I live on. I seem to lost my great need for food. I am con- d that mine was psychological fat and I got fat because my childhood was able."

ria was born in Berlin, Germany. Her was Rudolf Sieber, a well-known Ger- film director. Her mother was a night- nd musical-comedy star. They lived in sant, sunny apartment, and every day Sieber played with her friends in the nearby. Her upbringing was European, meant she was taught that the man the ruler of the family and that a n's career should be her home and en.

d then Marlene Dietrich appeared in a an film, The Blue Angel. She became a tion as the highly charged entertainer the fabulous legs and the husky voice. Maria was five years old, her mother ted for Hollywood to make Morocco, the child remained in Berlin with her r and her grandmother. She did not see other again for one whole year.

Mother made it fun. She would send me dings instead of letters, once a week. I till hear her voice tell- me about California what she was doing how happy she would see me again. And in one record she she was coming for

She came at the end e year, and we sailed America. I loved Cal- ia immediately because it was so sunny. ived in a wonderful house that was sur- ded by trees, like a park. At first it ed like a child's paradise. I had lots nimals—a German shepherd dog, a key, several cats, two sheep, a parrot, an aviary that held two hundred birds. I beautiful clothes to wear, a swimming to swim in and a motorcar to ride around Mother let me appear in two pictures with The Scarlet Empress and The Garden of ."

he house seemed to have been built for es and Dietrich gave them once or twice ek. Maria, in hand-sewn organdy, would n the stairs while the orchestra played beautiful people dressed in their beauti- est danced past her. It was a city where yone was rich and beautiful, and her er was the most beautiful of all.

UT a child grows lonely living in a ma- world," Maria said. "I had no friends own age. Mother received many kidnap- hreats, so she never sent me to school in fornia. Instead I was taught at home by tutors, one English, one German. From to twelve, I had lessons, and lessons n from one to three-thirty, sometimes in house, sometimes in the garden under the s. Every afternoon I had a tennis lesson piano lesson or a dancing lesson or a mming lesson, all at home. I was never nitted to leave the grounds."

nce, shortly after the Lindbergh kidnap- when Maria was about ten years old, an al kidnaping attempt was made. A lad- was found outside her window, and r demanding that money be left in a er bag, or Maria would be stolen. Fifteen men hid in the bushes, awaiting the kid- ers' car. Her father carried a gun in his , and Maria was put to bed on the floor of maid's room so that if shots were fired she ld not be hurt. The kidnapers never e. But from that time on all the windows e barred, and her life was filled with body- guards. They remained with her the rest of her childhood, two by day and two by night, guarding the front and rear entrances of the house, and one to watch her.

"It was a routine accepted in Hollywood," Maria said. "Lots of children had body- guards—Gloria Swanson's children; Mary Barthelmess, the daughter of Richard Bar- thelmess; and others. I was driven to parties with a bodyguard. I went horseback rid- ing with a bodyguard and to moving pic- tures with a bodyguard. They were kind, fatherly men and the only friends I had."

IN addition to the five bodyguards and the two tutors, Maria had governesses, maids and chauffeurs. But she was denied privileges that other girls take for granted. The right to see her mother whenever she wished, the right to make friends, to be herself instead of her famous mother's little girl who had to look better, dress better, behave better than other little girls. Early in her life, the Siebers "had an understanding" and separated. Maria remained with her mother in Cali- fornia, while her father moved to New York.

"Mother and I were never like mother and daughter," Maria told me with pride. "We were friends. Even when I was a child she would discuss her clothes with me. I was per- mitted into the studio. I read her scripts and went over the sketches of her costumes. Her friends were my friends: Nelly Manley, her hairdresser; Clive Brook; Josef von Stern- berg; Brian Aherne, whom I loved best of all because he would discuss Shakespeare with me. As I matured, I was often taken for her sister, an older sister because I was so heavy. I have al- ways felt the older one in our relationship, to this day.

"I resented the fact that we could not be together more. When mother was working, she would go to bed at eight o'clock. When she was not working, she would go out evenings, dressed in jewels and furs. I just wanted her to stand there, shimmering and perfumed, only for me, but I knew she was dress- ing for someone else. She would tuck me in, kiss me, and *hurry, hurry*. I would cry my- self to sleep in the dark. I swore that if I had children I'd never leave them alone at night. Of course I wasn't exactly alone in the midst of all those people. But I knew they were simply hired to take care of me, and I dis- liked them. They had no meaning for me. I never told mother that I was unhappy. Not until I was a young woman did I ever discuss anything like that with her.

"Mother couldn't help herself. A parent always gets blamed by children. You can't vindicate yourself until they experience the same things themselves. I am proud that I can walk out any time of day or night with- out sneaking away or bribing my children. They don't need my constant presence to know I love them. I brought them up as free human beings who can't ever be dependent upon anyone from necessity.

"Once when Michael, our older son, was six months old, he cried because I left the room. 'A child must learn to live by himself,' I told him. 'All human beings are lonely. You'll have to learn to live a lonely life.' I'm sure he understood from the tone of my voice that I was treating him like a reasonable human being. Looking back on myself now, I'd say that I was unreasonable and emo- tionally insecure. I lived for myself, by my- self, and never let my emotions attach to anything or anybody."

The story of Maria's obesity dates back to those early years she spent in her palatial prison. Whether because of loneliness or boredom or frustration, she found solace in eating—cakes, ice-cream sodas, sandwiches, a taste of everything prepared in her mother's gourmet kitchen. Slowly, despite the tennis and the swimming, she began putting

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself. —STEELE.



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on weight when she was about ten years old. In a city like Hollywood, where slenderness is an economic necessity, she felt like a monstrosity. Her mother dressed her in dark colors to make her look thinner. The parties that used to be such fun for her were torture now; dressed in expensive black-velvet dresses, she would hide where none of the guests could see her.

"The fatter I got the more I suffered and the more I suffered the more I ate," she told me. "Mother tried to curb me. She took me to a metabolic clinic, to doctors who prescribed stringent diets. But you know how children are. I couldn't stick to a diet. Sometimes I would impose literal starvation on myself for three days. Then I would break down and gorge myself. After a while I felt I would never be thin and I grew utterly defeated. I decided then that I would have to be a mental woman who would rely on brains rather than physical appeal."

Maria, as an adolescent, withdrew into the world of books. She had a morbid interest in cancer, tuberculosis and brain diseases; she read Cushing's book on brain surgery, books on psychoanalysis, and any other medical books she could find. Suicide fascinated her, and once, sitting in a European café with her mother, she wrote this macabre little poem which her mother proudly showed to Ernest Hemingway and Dorothy Parker:

A man who was committing suicide
Said, as his feet left the earth
Which had grown too small for him:
"How soon shall I regret this?"

In the years that followed, Maria lived in many places, but no place was home—New York, where her father worked dubbing in sound for foreign films; France, England, Germany. She spent at least half of every year in Europe, where her mother felt that she was safe from kidnapers. In Switzerland, she attended Brilliamont, a school for the daughters of the international rich, and kept up a correspondence with the bodyguards who had sheltered her. They sent her news of California, and great jars of peanut butter which she devoured.

In August, 1939, just before the outbreak of World War II, she returned to America unwillingly, a sullen, overweight girl of fifteen with no clear idea of who she was or what she wanted to study. Medicine, perhaps? Or writing? She wound up at the dramatic academy of Max Reinhardt in California (it later became the Geller Workshop) studying acting. And for reasons that had nothing to do with love of theater:

"I DID it as a shock treatment, because I knew what the effect would be on a public stage of this big, heavy girl who was Dietrich's daughter. As a student and later as a teacher, I appeared in or directed forty-nine plays, some of them classics, some of them junk. I deliberately chose the parts of old women, and ugly women with warts and thick noses. Had I been thin, I probably would not have had such varied experience.

"Also because it was a challenge, I played roles that are commonly associated with slender, irresistible women. Hedda Gabler, when I weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. Regina in The Little Foxes when I was a hundred and ninety. I was known as 'an up-and-coming young actress, overweight, but ——' After I left the Geller Workshop I could have had all the picture offers I wanted—as Dietrich's daughter.

"When people say to me that it must be a great asset to be the daughter of Marlene Dietrich, I could laugh. Or cry. Everyplace I went I was compared with mother. My dates, sooner or later, would ask 'When may I meet your mother?' Nobody wanted to find out whether I had a character or a talent of my own. Once I went to see a producer who thought he could use me. I recited passages from Romeo and Juliet for him; I did scenes from Macbeth. And what did he say? He said, 'Lift your skirts a little higher, honey. I want to see if you have your mother's legs.' Of course I haven't. Nobody has.

"Interviewers came to see me. Why? I never could tell whether it was because I was a good actress or because I was the daughter of one. Finally, I changed my name from Sieber to Manton. I did radio work with Orson Welles. I played on the road and on Broadway. I went overseas with the USO. I taught dramatics. I would have scrubbed floors for my independence. Mother didn't interfere in any way, though she wanted me to have an easy life. She has always loved to lavish gifts on me. But I wanted to support myself."

Of all the jobs she tried, teaching gave her the greatest satisfaction.

In the fall of 1946, she was coaching a student performance of Peer Gynt at Fordham University in the Bronx. There she met an attractive, twenty-five-year-old American of Italian descent, Bill Riva, who was an instructor of scenic design at the university. He was tall, dark and very thin. They found out that by some magic they both had the same ideas about the theater, food, music, decoration, people. Bill thought that heavy women were attractive—he seemed unimpressed by the fact that she was Marlene's daughter and never asked when he might meet her mother.

Maria did not want an engagement ring. Bill bought plain, wide wedding bands for the two of them and on July 4, 1947, they were married. Dietrich's gift to them was an electric refrigerator. It was what Maria wanted. Their first home was a cold-water flat at 1118 Third Avenue, with the Third Avenue El running past their windows, and the street alive with noisy traffic.

"The place was ankle-deep in filth. The window sills were caked with tallow. We scrubbed it and scraped it. We painted it and made it beautiful. At night we used to take walks and come home with things other people had thrown out—chairs, old tables, pieces of fine wood. A year after we moved in, Michael was born, an eight-and-a-half-pound baby. We lived there until he was one year old."

Her present home is nothing like the first. It is a handsome, four-story private house off Park Avenue in the East 90's, for which her mother paid $43,000—a fact which Maria is so sensitive about that I had to dig up the information myself in real-estate records. Its garden and its exquisite interiors, Maria told me, were designed by her husband; they did much of the work themselves.

Imagination begins at the front door, which is glass, covered with bleached ferns and coated with translucent plastic. A white-painted hall, hung with framed butterflies, leads into the kitchen where the Rivas eat and entertain. It is copper-hooded, and bright with copper utensils. Beyond it is the garden where, weather permitting, Maria plays with her sons, John Michael, three, and John Peter, one.

Bill's study on the second floor rear is ed with green light reflected from the ga en. The living room at the front is a wide r m, veiled from ceiling to floor with beige he- atrical gauze. Maria pulled a cord an he room was enveloped in misty folds. " ll's idea."

The master bedroom on the third floo as painted white, with blue ceiling, by B in two days, his wife boasted. In the win it will be a dark, warm color, "because re theater folk and we like to change our tings." At the end of an enormous dres g- room closet a one-way glass was set int ho wall looking into the nursery. Maria be- oned to me to come see her plump, prec u- pied Peter playing in his crib. Michael as asleep upstairs.

"OUR bedroom is the family mee ng place," Maria said. "We have Sunday br k- fasts here, I study my scripts here and ll and I come here to talk. On the top floo re Michael's bedroom and another room at will be Peter's when he is old enough. By at time I hope we'll have a new occupant fo he nursery. I want five sons, no daughters. We have chosen the names for them: J n Christopher, John David and William r. John was the name of Bill's father, an ve use it the way Europeans do."

The Rivas keep house with the help of p one maid, Ollie, a young colored wo an whom they pay the prevailing rate of $ an hour.

"Ollie has sort of adopted our househo Maria said. "She talks about 'my kitch n' and 'my boys.' Ollie takes over when I g rehearsals and she leaves when I get ba

Maria laughed. "You wanted to know I got thin. Let me tell you. The children up at seven o'clock. So do I, though I o wake up at five-thirty, which is the h mommy used to get up. Bill and I have co at seven-thirty. Then I make cereal, eggs, con and toast for the children, wash th change them, dress them, dress myself, things for the laundry and the cleaner, n ning up and down stairs a dozen times.

"Then we play in the garden until l downtown to rehearsals, some days at o'clock, some days at noon, some days not two P.M. If I have a free hour I see the d tist, the hairdresser, shop, market, give in views, try on costumes. Rehearsals end six, and I get back in time to give the c dren their dinner and put them to bed.

"I love to cook and I cook dinner for self and Bill. We eat late—eight-thirty nine o'clock. We don't save our best sil and china and cooking for company, wh would be the same as saying that I value guests more than my husband. Our chin English Spode and Meissen ware. Whe

(Continued on Page 266)



"Isn't dinner ready? What have you been doing all afternoon—playing jacks?"

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AT HOME, TOO?"

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 264)

was a child it was always my dream to have Meissen ware like my grandmother's, white with light blue. When mother was abroad last, she got me a complete set.

"We don't decorate the table with flowers—only with food. And we don't drink cocktails—only wine. We start with hors d'oeuvres or soup. Then meat. We have wiener schnitzel often because Bill loves it. I always serve it with chopped parsley on lemon slices, always drop a big pat of butter on the mashed potatoes and cook the peas with fresh mint. Then we have a luscious company dessert. Such a meal would have put tons on me once. Now it doesn't add an ounce."

Ollie sleeps out. Maria can't tolerate having another person around nights, besides the family, she told me. I wonder whether this might be a reaction to the houseful of servants that attended her childhood.

"It's because Bill and I are still on our honeymoon," she said. "We don't like to go out much. In the four years of our marriage we've dined in restaurants exactly four times. We have friends in, or read or look at television. I love watching it just as much as being in it. If we go visiting, mommy often baby-sits for me. Mostly we stay at home and we love it.

"Mine is the perfect marriage—my husband is one of those rare people who are completely honest. I got heartless flattery as a child and I have a distrust of compliments. In our entire life together Bill has never said anything for effect or anything that was not completely true. It is difficult to live with, but wonderfully refreshing. To be loved by that kind of man is the most marvelous thing in the world. You know exactly where you stand."

Motherhood is a career for which especial talents are required. Very few women know how to bring up children properly. If you don't believe it, look at the difference between our angelic offspring and the little imps next door.

—MYRTLE REED:
Threads of Grey and Gold
(G. P. Putnam's Sons).

I asked Maria about her short-lived first marriage in 1943 (they were divorced in June, 1946) to Dean Goodman, a Hollywood drama critic, and she froze. "I don't want to talk about it," she said briefly. "It never existed. I consider my marriage to Bill my first and only marriage."

When I first met Maria, seven years ago, she had insisted that she would never go on with a career, no matter how successful, if she had children: she would not want them to have a celebrity for a mother. Yet here she was, with a job that would make her known to millions. Had she had a change of heart? She shook her head.

"I still don't want them to be known as the children of a celebrity. I would not want to overshadow Bill, either. He is much more talented than I. I have a horror of that phrase 'Are you the husband of ——'

"I like my work, but I don't love it. I went back to work because of money. But if I had to choose between doing a television show and staying home to make soup, I'd make soup. It was Bill who suggested that I go back to work. A university professor doesn't make much money, you know. So when Bill said, 'I'd like you to. It would be fun for you, and you can put your money away for extras like a country house or a trip to Europe or good schools for the children,' it gave me a purpose.

"It is healthy for a woman to work because of economic necessity, but unhealthy if she needs it as a way of life. There are many young actresses who live, eat and exist only for the theater. I have no patience with that. It angers me."

The vehemence of her protest surprised me: she is listed in the telephone directory as "Riva, Maria, Actress"; she refers to herself and her husband proudly as "theater folk"; she has lived all her life in the atmosphere of the theater. There seemed to be such a sharp conflict between herself as an actress and herself as a mother that I wondered whether she did not feel guilty about pursuing a career.

"I love the theater and I'll always l whether I'm an actress or not," she said. I would feel guilty if I centered my futu a human being around the theater. greater satisfaction can a woman have healthy children and a husband who is h with his home and his wife? Even the successful play can't give that kind o fillment."

Maria does not want her career to bu her children in any way. She will nc them be photographed or made to feel spicuous. Their freedom to be themsel precious to her. They may do any they want or eat anything they want, w reason; Mike went on a five-day choc orgy and now it holds no attraction for He may watch television whenever he wi so he doesn't listen to it excessively. Pet one year, feeds himself with a knife and as Michael did. They may leave wha they wish on their plates.

HER mother respects Maria's methods never tries to impose her own ideas: thinks I am doing a better job than sh with me." Dietrich sees her grandchil often. They call her "Massy," a name Mike invented.

She takes them to Central Park Ollie is too busy. She baby-sits wher she is needed; one Saturday when Ollie unable to come, Maria telephoned her m at Elizabeth Arden's, where she was h shampooed, and twenty minutes later trich arrived, her wet hair wrapped in a t

Maria sees or talk her mother every "She never comes u I ask her, but I ask often because I lov see her," Maria told Dietrich camphors daughter's closets, l ders the baby's hand- wool soakers so that stay soft and fluffy; w Maria has guests a a television show, mother loves to cook serve the food.

"Mother enjoys cooking for Bill and She and Bill are very fond of each other. abominates kidneys and we never have th But mother cooked them one night and raved about them. I said, 'You never them when I make them,' and he answe 'Sure, but the way your mother makes th is fine.'

"Mother thinks I am a great cook, a g mother and a great dramatic actress as w Maria smiled. "She comes to the st whenever I ask her to and she gives me vice whenever I ask for it. But she ne volunteers it."

I was at the CBS television studio Grand Central Station one afternoon w Maria was rehearsing. The play had to with a gangster and his female assist played by Maria, who looked very pre in black slacks and a casual white blo even though she wore no make-up.

During a lull in the rehearsal, Dietrich rived on the highest of heels, dressed f cocktail party in black starched chiffon, w a brown mink stole flowing around her. M introduced her mother to me and then t withdrew into a corner of the studio. middle-aged woman and the young seemed to get lost in each other, exclud everyone else. Maria crouched on haunches. So did Marlene, her wide sk and her mink stole settling like a pool aro her. They talked earnestly, apparently ab make-up, for Dietrich held her daught face in her two hands and studied it clos

Then the rehearsal was resumed, Dietrich and I went up into the control ro to watch. Maria was playing a scene with gangster's henchman.

"You Joe's girl?" the man asked.

Maria said curtly, "I'm my mother's gi

In the control room there was a flurry laughter, and then Marlene Dietrich's voi determined, humorous, fiercely possessi "That's right, honey," she murmured.

THE E

NOVEMBER, 1951

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DAPHNE DU MAURIER

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So often you use just half a lemon, half an onion. And here's where Cut-Rite stars. Wrap the other half in this **extra-heavy** waxed paper and tuck it in a corner of your icebox. It stays juicy for the next time. And a double plus, strong odors don't seep through either!

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If you want to be sure-wrap it in Cut-Rite

Journal

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VOL. LXVIII NO. 11

November 1951

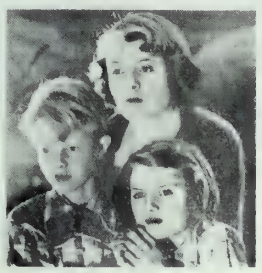
Journalities



Daphne du Maurier: Lady Browning.



Sir Frederick A. M. Browning.



Christian, Flavia and Tessa.

For many readers—especially those who remember *Rebecca*—"By DAPHNE DU MAURIER" means an engrossing story will follow. These and all others will soon be enthralled with her new novel, *My Cousin Rachel*, beginning on Page 38. Daphne's grandfather, George du Maurier, was the artist and author of *Trilby*. Her husband, a lieutenant general in World War II, is exchequer of Princess Elizabeth's household in Clarence House. She has three children and her age is no secret. She writes: "In 1921, when I was fourteen, I was sick with love for the actor Basil Rathbone."



"Menabilly"—the Browning home.

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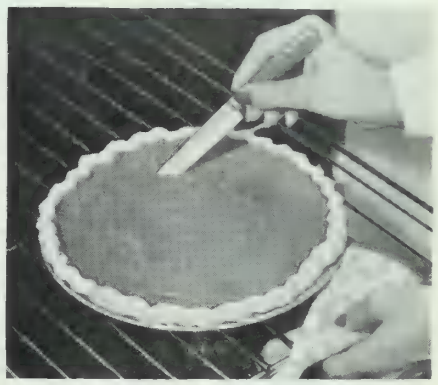
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How a table knife helps you bake better pumpkin pie

—another pie-baking hint from MARIE GIFFORD, *Armour's famous home economist*



Of course you want your Thanksgiving pumpkin pies to come out of the oven just right—not overbaked or underdone. The best way to test them is with the blade of a table knife. Insert the blade into the filling near the edge of the pie. If the blade comes out clean, your pumpkin pie is perfectly done!



And for perfect pie crusts every time—rich, flaky, tender pie crusts—use Armour Star Lard. It's America's perfect pie lard—the lard of pie-baking champions. Be sure to try Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe, too. It's printed on the handy self-measuring Armour Star Lard carton. It's a quick, easy, can't-fail recipe—exactly the right recipe for this new-type lard that needs no refrigeration. You mix all ingredients at *room temperature*. So much easier—saves you so much time!

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 468, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois. She will help you with any pie-baking problem you may have. Write to Marie Gifford, too, for an interesting free booklet of her favorite baking recipes.



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Niblets Sweet Corn
BRAND

Our Readers Write us

What America Means

Jersey City, New Jersey

Dear Editors: I am not yet American, but my naturalization is pending. During my first months here, when everything was still so difficult "over there," I was asked endlessly the same question: "How do you like it here?" but hated the comment, "How nice it must be to find an abundance of food." This hurt me. At the outset, America was more to me than a provider of food and shelter. I deplore that America is all too often considered as such, and that Americans accept it so naturally. I love America because of her sky, her fields and her forests; for the mighty sky line of Manhattan as well as for her shore and the sea breeze, her rivers and her flowers; for her soil without tombs or ties.

Coming from an old world where the past is heavy, I am thrilled that she does not cry or dream over faded brocades or old carvings, but creates new and daring conceptions, invents new lines, new daring shades. I love America for her candor, her youthful soul, sometimes hard, but more often given to tenderness and faith. I love America for the people in the street, so smiling and friendly; for having been called "Frenchie" but never "That foreigner!"

Sincerely,
MRS. G. SWIFT

Keeping Marriage New

The following letter was written to newlyweds by a couple who have kept their marriage new for a long time. ED.

Nashville, Tennessee

Dearest Janie and George: All the cards on your gifts will say "Best Wishes" and all those people wish you happiness, but it doesn't come by wishing. To us it's an intangible thing not to be bought, but earned.

Marriage is never being lonely again . . . having someone to tell your troubles to and then suddenly they don't seem like troubles . . . having the other give you a look of confidence when you've done something stupid . . . having someone hold your hand in those moments when your courage fails or the movie gets scary and you can't look . . . having someone that brags about you . . . being kidded about something that you secretly don't think is funny at all . . . being tired at the end of the day and having someone praise a meal . . . admitting you were wrong, just plain wrong and no excuses . . . and settling those arguments instead of retreating behind a wall of silence, or slamming the door . . . a lot of laughter, some tears, some hurt feelings. There is no such thing as 50–50. Make your share 100 per cent.

Well, that's about it. Banks says to say something about church. He says to laugh a lot. And every day say "I love you"—try to be the first to say it. Then everything in the world can pound on your door and you will be safe. Love from,

BANKS AND MARTHA

Source of Wisdom

Columbia, Alabama

Dear Editors: Since I can first remember, the JOURNAL has been in our home. My mother was an agent for it back in the '90's. She was a religious woman and very ambitious for her family. She was always quoting wise sayings. If it was an especially good quotation, we children would solemnly look at each other and ask, "Now, let's see, did that come from the Bible or the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL?"

Sincerely yours,
MRS. R. H. PURCELL

Revolution in Lone Tree

Lone Tree, Iowa

Dear Editors: Last fall, as I helped "pupils" to register in our ten-week adult school, I thought, "What most of these people really need is a self-betterment class—posture, reducing, voice culture, advice on costume, becoming colors, hair style, walking, and so on." Couldn't a magazine or a cosmetics firm pioneer in an enterprise of this kind? Where better to start a national charm revolution than in Lone Tree? Of course I need improvement as badly as anyone else!

Sincerely,
THEODORA PEET RAYNER

Some, contemptuous of charm, say it's all on the surface. But, as Whistler remarked, that's where it should be. ED.

Hold That Pose

Okmulgee, Oklahoma

Dear Editors: Here is a picture of my granddaughter, Benna Vaye Piccalo.



She is a blue-eyed blonde and her hobby is dancing. She won first place in the Eastern Oklahoma bathing-beauty review last summer.

Yours truly,
MRS. FRANK PICCALO

What a Little Boy Prays For

Cogan Station, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: Stevie is four years old. Today I heard wood being chopped and hurried outside to find that Stevie had just finished chopping up a kitchen chair—an old one, but one we were going to refinish. "Aren't I a good chopper?" he asked happily. He delights in "making up recipes," as he calls it, by mixing cream, orange juice, chocolate bits, vanilla, mustard, salt, sugar or anything he can get in a hurry when I am busy elsewhere. All his concoctions must be cooked "until two and a half hours." The other night he made up his own prayer, and I jotted it down on the back of an envelope just as he said it.

STEVIE'S PRAYER

Dear God, lead us along the way if we live to another day. We have so much fun in our house. We have a re-

NO WASH, NO WIPE TONIGHT!

NEW DREFT DOES BOTH AND DISHES SHINE



. . . . . All YOU do is RINSE!
Even pots and pans glisten!

You don't wash . . . Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands barely touch the dishwater. All *you* have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

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You don't scour . . . Even pots and pans practically *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "floataway" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without hard scouring.

BEAUTY TIP!
New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!

It's magic . . . sheer magic
. . . it's self-washing!

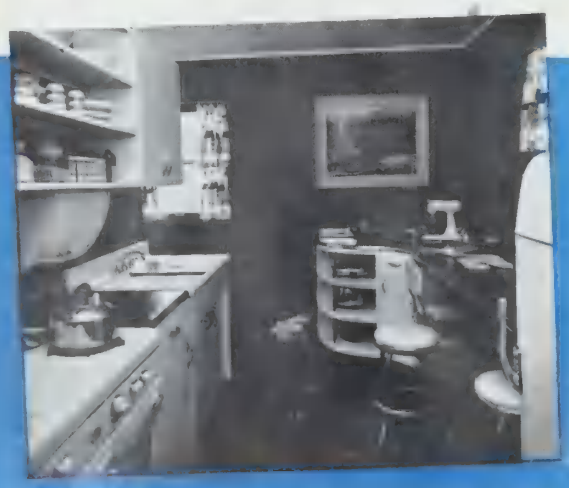




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frigerator and a big, big family, and we are tired tonight, but we don't have any fence. And the sun won't rise again till it's morning. And thanks for the rain to make our things grow to eat them. Dear God, we all have nice eyes and noses and hair and all the furniture we want, but dear God, we do not die. We have legs and socks and shoes, and now dear God, you have a nice house, and then dear God, good night and good-by. You are a nice man.

Sincerely yours,
E. BLANCHE WRIGHT

Self-Appointed Critics

Stuttgart, Germany

Dear Editors: The Germans manufacture Meissen for sale and are very happy to sell to Americans. The German artist who painted portraits for $25 got a good fee, by European standards, and was probably very happy to get the work.

I have purchased several water colors from a young, and struggling, German artist. He, being a man of honor, explained to me that he did not ask me more than he would ask from a German. He has difficulty selling his work and seemed glad to sell to Americans. What is wrong with such a transaction?

Why is it that these self-appointed critics never see any of the fine things that Americans are doing here?

Sincerely,
DONALD H. HALE

There is no doubt in our mind that Americans do fine things—but there is in the minds of some German people. Perhaps it is not the transaction but the spirit of it. ED.

Global Viewpoint

San Francisco, California

Dear Editors: Why do so many women wear hats tilted beguilingly over the face, but leave an area in back as neglected as a vacant lot? Why do so many women carefully arrange curls to frame their features, yet leave the back of their hair looking like a sea gull's nest?

Many women fail to realize that men are apt to see their backs a greater per cent of the time than their charming faces. Can you not start a campaign against those areas of lank hair, as unattractive to touch as a shredded-wheat biscuit, that are Out in Back? Why not explore the other side of the globe?

Sincerely,
G. A. B.

This is the Army

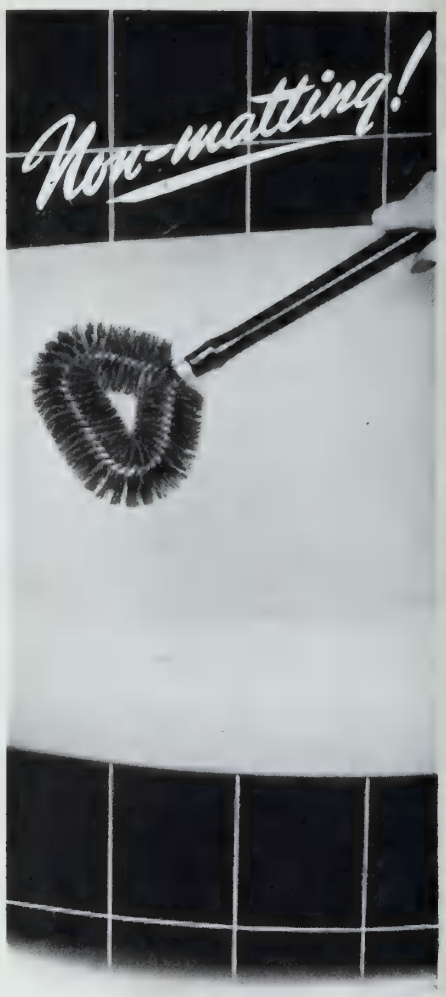
Augusta, Georgia

Dear Bruce: The Adjutant General personnel threw a party recently—about 500 officers, men, Wacs and wives assembled in civvies for a chicken dinner and an evening of dancing. It has a wholesome effect: the wife of the sergeant can corner the colonel and give him the inside dope on how his section should be run; the WAC private can make eyes at the general's aide, and so better her future. Formality was abandoned—first time I've seen such a thing in the Army. Ending a conversation with a colonel, one of my buddies—a private—slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Well, see you around!" Nothing's come of this episode, so I suppose that the colonel couldn't recall who it was the next morning.

Augusta seems a nicer town as I get to know it. It's a shame there can't be a greater interchange between the so-called upper class of Augustans and the soldiers. About all a soldier can hope to see of the town are the row of slums along the main highways and the catchpenny military-supply stores. Yet the town has extensive sections of expensive homes. I've often wondered where the daughters of these sections hide themselves. They never appear on Broad Street, the main drag. Possibly their parents pack them off to relatives in other towns as soon as they reach sixteen.

Many Augustans probably feel sorry for the thousands of quiet young men who wander up and down the streets on Saturday afternoons, looking in shopwindows and taking pictures of the Confederate monument. They have set up a rather nice service club, but that isn't much help. It's a difficult problem: how does a rather iso-

(Continued on Page 8)



new bathtub brush with springy NYLON bristles

It's sturdy . . . long-lasting . . . and bristled with Du Pont nylon—the bristles that stay stiff and resilient for efficient cleaning. And it's easy to keep clean and free of grit. Look at the features nylon bristles bring to this new brush.



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Start with Listerine Antiseptic . . . Quick!



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A little normal shedding is natural, but when flakes and scales persist on coat collar, look out! They may mean infectious dandruff. Dandruff is the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When due to germs, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you because it gets after the germs in a jiffy.

Don't fool around with preparations devoid of germ-killing power which merely remove loose dandruff. Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly twice a day . . . the medicinal treatment that has helped so many. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

You simply douse it on the scalp, full strength, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp an antiseptic bath—and kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" germ, (P. ovale). This is the stubborn invader that many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.



Keep the treatment up regularly: see how quickly the flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how itching is alleviated . . . how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

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To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic whenever you wash your hair. Listerine Antiseptic is the fine, time-tested medicine that has served Americans so well for more than sixty years.

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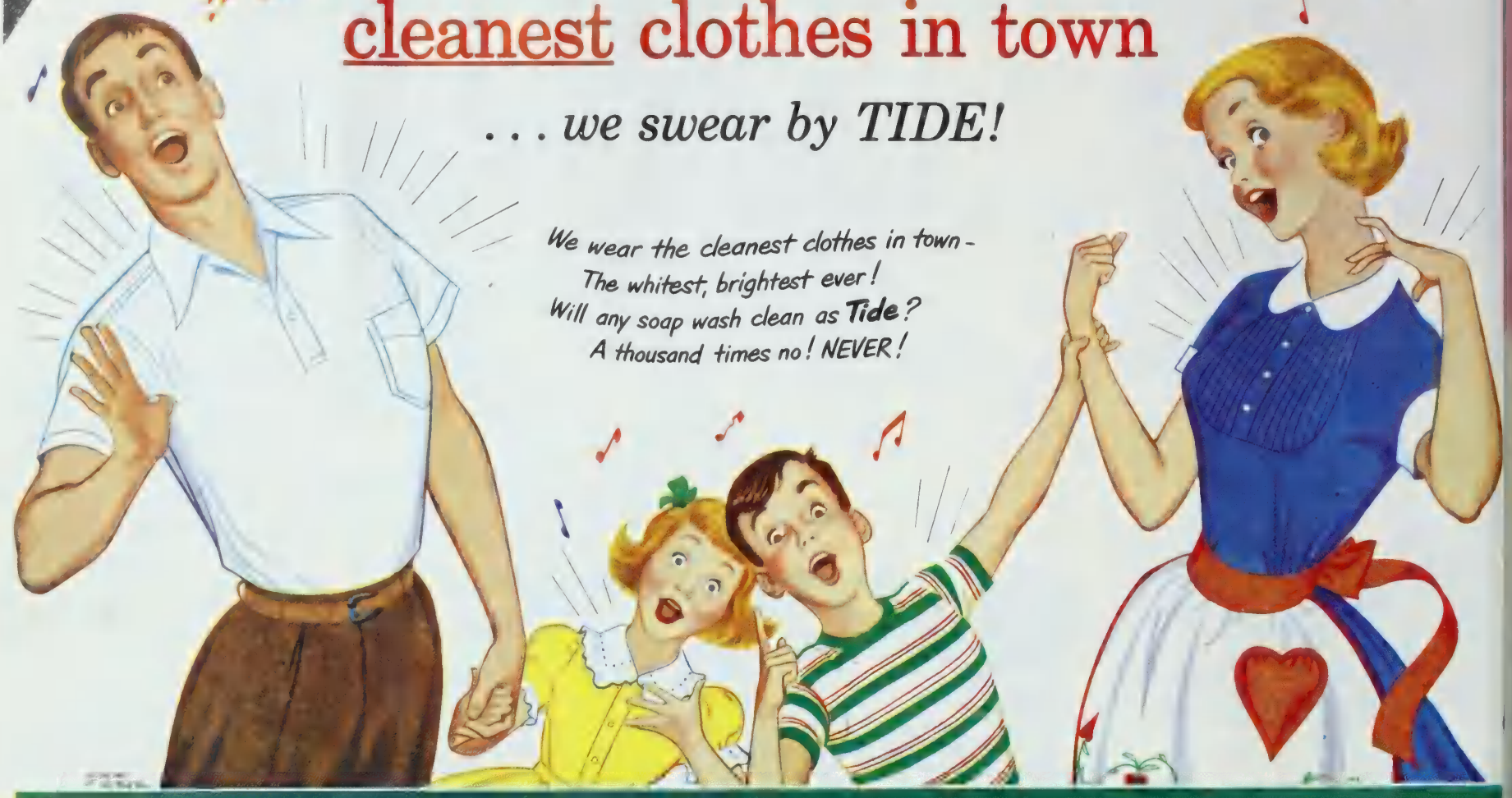
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OF ALL THE FOLKS WHO DO THEIR WASH...

We wear the cleanest clothes in town

... we swear by TIDE!

We wear the cleanest clothes in town -
The whitest, brightest ever!
Will any soap wash clean as **Tide**?
A thousand times no! NEVER!



Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!



TIDE not only washes clothes cleaner— but whiter, too, in hardest water!

CLEANER CLOTHES! When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got the *cleanest* clothes in town . . . cleaner clothes than any other woman will get with *any* soap of *any* kind. And here's why—Tide not only gets out the ordinary dirt, but *removes dulling soap film*, as well!

WHITER, TOO! Yes, tests *prove* Tide gets clothes cleaner and *whiter* than any soap in *hardest* water. What's more, after just *one* Tide wash, soap-dulled colors actually come *brighter!* Millions of you women have proved these Tide miracles. You've seen the proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts . . . in your own bright wash prints.

NEW MILDNESS FOR HANDS! Tide is *kind* to your hands —now milder than ever before. Tough on dirt—but easy on your hands—that's Tide! Get Tide today and hang the cleanest wash in town on *your* line!

P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you *can* skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors



WILD DUCKLING ON SANDY BEACH
INK AND COLOR ON SILK
960-1279
COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART

WHY BUY DEFENSE BONDS?

By Sylvia Porter
Financial Editor, New York Post

"THE average family has a financial crisis once every two years. You will need some money during that period. This should always be a basic part of your investment program: cash, insurance, United States Government Bonds."

"After all, what is a Savings Bond? It is cash plus interest, and when you can have cash and get paid interest in addition, that is not a bad investment. So, buy the Bond as an investment. Buy it to discipline yourself and buy it because the financial law of all time has always come back to the importance of a basic nest egg."

"If we can pass a law that says that every young man must take two years out of his life in order to go through military training for the defense of the country, is it asking you too much to put a few dollars out of your pay check or your money every month into Bonds, particularly when you can get out of the Bonds any time you want to—but the boy can't get out of the uniform?"

"You don't stop a spendthrift government, if such there be, by refusing to buy Savings Bonds. That is only biting off our collective nose to spite our collective face. We will stop extravagance when we are sufficiently aroused to stop it ourselves. We intensify the evil, however, do precisely the wrong thing, when we attack the soundest form of Government financing—sale of Savings Bonds."

"This is one way you can help fight inflation. Do your own part to make sure that inflation, the enemy on the home front, does not win, and that Stalin does not really conquer the world without having a single soldier of his own in the front lines."

Are Women Different?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

In connection with a project for voicing the attitude of women toward peace, I recently sounded out, in a personal letter, the views of some fifty distinguished American women. I was not recommending a project, but rather submitting to their consideration certain still-tentative ideas. A thesis that I presented in the letter was that there is, in women, "an untapped source of spiritual power," which, if it could be released, might contribute to a reconsideration of policies based almost entirely on force, policies which hold, in my opinion, immeasurable dangers.

Among the replies was one from a woman of my own profession, whom I greatly admire. She wrote, in part:

"Certainly I agree with you that the policies of the great powers are heading us toward the antithesis of 'peace, progress, liberation and democracy.' I should call you no Cassandra for warning of a time ahead that may, by comparison, make the Dark Ages seem to have been shot through with light.

"But I cannot agree with you that there is, in our sex, 'an untapped source of spiritual power,' superior to men's. That women can procreate seems to me a biological accident and no guaranty of wisdom, vision or moral strength. I'll grant that women have not planned and executed wars, but I have observed among them as many armchair fighters and hysterics as among men. And I question that there are now any more thinking women who are immensely troubled by the world's perilous direction than there are thinking and feeling men."

Now I am not inclined to challenge my correspondent's opinion. What she says is true, certainly as far as *(Continued on Page 14)*

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MAKE NEVER-FAIL FUDGE IN 15 MINUTES

No cooking! No testing! No beating!

"Philly" fudge



You make it with
Philadelphia Brand
Cream Cheese



HERE's the Kraft Kitchen secret for fudge that *can't* turn out grainy or ever be too soft or too hard.

Made *without cooking* there's no testing or beating to do. No guesswork. You whip up a batch in 15 minutes and it's ready to serve 15 minutes later.

The magic ingredient that makes this new method possible—that gives you wonderful fudge every time—is none other than Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Cream cheese creamy-white and rich, and always delicately fresh in flavor —*guaranteed* fresh!

Philadelphia Brand puts in milk-and-cream richness yet adds no sweetness. Soft, it quickly blends with the sugar. And you can get this famous brand of cream cheese at any good grocery store. You identify it by the words Philadelphia Brand and the red Kraft K on the package.

CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FUDGE

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 1-ounce squares of unsweetened chocolate, melted
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt
½ cup chopped pecans

Here's all you do. Place the cream cheese in a bowl; cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares. (For slightly softer fudge blend in 1 tsp. of cream.)

MAPLE "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for the chocolate "Philly" fudge *except* use 2½ cups sugar and add 10 drops maple flavoring instead of the chocolate and vanilla.

COCONUT "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for the chocolate "Philly" fudge *except* use 2½ cups sugar, add ½ cup shredded coconut instead of the chocolate, and leave out the pecans.

ALMOND "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for chocolate fudge *except* use 2½ c. sugar, add ¼ tsp. almond flavoring instead of the chocolate and vanilla, and use ½ c. chopped *almonds* instead of pecans.

Try a batch of "Philly" fudge tonight. In just a half-hour you'll be eating the most delightful fudge you've ever had.

For more fine "Philadelphia" recipes, write the Kraft Kitchen, Dept. J-11. Box 6567, Chicago 77, Illinois.



This is "Philly" fudge made by the new, never-fail, no-cooking method. Smooth, creamy, wonderful to eat. You'll have a batch of it soon, we hope. When you make it, be very careful to use *Philadelphia Brand* Cream Cheese. This is the brand of cream cheese that has been famous since 1880, and is so popular today it outsells all other brands of cream cheese combined.

Philadelphia Brand's richness, its texture, its freshness (guaranteed) all contribute to perfect results with the quick, no-cooking method. Try it—chocolate, maple, coconut or almond "Philly" fudge. The recipes are on the opposite page.

HONEST EATING

NOT "FANCY" FOODS IS WHAT KIDS NEED!

AND HERE IT IS!



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT ...100% WHOLE WHEAT...

WITH MILK IT'S AMERICA'S GREAT BODY-BUILDING BREAKFAST!



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Here's the breakfast that makes sense! Wholesome as only whole wheat can be, with the wheat germ and bran left in to make it *honestly* good! Get the original Niagara Falls product — NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT — see how delicious *honest* eating can be!

THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS

(Continued from Page 11)

the so-called "thinking" women are concerned. But I wonder *why* this is so.

When I expressed the belief that there is "an untapped source of spiritual power in women" I meant untapped and unrealized *by women themselves*. Nor did I mean that this power is "superior" to men's or a "guaranty" of anything. On the contrary, I believe—to the irritation of my ultra-feminist friends—that men are in many ways superior to women. But what men are patently not superior in is in being women. I meant, rather, that the source of feminine power is different, arising out of a different experience; and that this difference is essential as a balancing force in human society. This led me to consider again the feminist movement. And, as I thought about it, it seemed to me that it has led, to some extent, to a diversion of the feminine function, in public as well as in private life, and that it is a movement—and, indeed, a revolution—which is still far short of fulfillment.

As a struggle for equal civil status with men it has largely succeeded; nor can I, whose life has been so greatly enriched by the achievement, reject the rights that women have won. But as a struggle for a society more compatible with the fundamental needs of women, it patently has *not* succeeded. On the contrary, I am inclined to think—and I would not put it more dogmatically than that—that in the struggle against men, the struggle for more life room in the world of men, women have tended more than ever to exalt the masculine as superior, enviable and worthy of emulation, the most "successful" women being regarded—and by women, perhaps, especially—as those who most nearly think, feel and achieve like men.

> **God enters by a private door into every individual.**
> —RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The pinnacle of such achievement might be illustrated by the fact that we have, for the first time in American history, a woman as Assistant Secretary of Defense.

Now it can certainly be argued that as long as war is included in the possible necessities of organized society, it makes no difference whether its direction in whole, or in part, is taken over by men or by women. The woman selected for this post is admirably fitted for it, and she is a humane person. It is not she who drafts eighteen-year-olds. They are drafted on the recommendation of the Pentagon and supported by Congress to implement the foreign policy of the United States, which, via the UN, aims, in behalf of peace, to suppress aggression all over the world, if necessary, by war. And that policy is, perhaps—there is no conclusive evidence—supported by women as much as by men.

So I must appear—and in measure even to myself—as totally irrational when I find it personally distasteful to me that a woman should be in that position—profoundly more distasteful than I find it with men in similar positions. My so finding it has no relation whatever to the woman who occupies it. But I do so find it. Far more so do I find women who actually fight, as some Russian women did, revolting—revolting in a different order of nature, having about them something monstrous and sinister. I find women revolutionaries, like Anna Pauker, carrying out the "liquidation" of whole classes *more* revolting than men revolutionaries engaged in the same dreadful business.

I admit that this reaction is "instinctive." But I am also convinced that what we call "instinct" is only unconscious knowledge. Though we cannot, perhaps, rationalize it, "instinct" also has some basis in reason.

Is this reaction peculiar to me?

I do not think so. Particularly among so-called "simple" women, and among sensitive men, I have found the same reaction, amounting almost to "a turned stomach," at women uniformed and armed for war, as they are, for instance, in the Soviet Union and in other "revolutionary" nations, and as some people would like to see here. What is the source of such a reaction? Is it just "delayed prejudice," a reaction no *different in kind* from those which have blocked the progress of women toward equality at every step?

I do not, again, know the answer, but I think it much more profound, resting in a feeling that when women become organizers of or active participants in wars, a polarity operating to keep life itself in balance—the eternal male-female polarity—will have been broken, and all the weight shifted to the side of the warrior and huntsman—after which, the deluge. The reaction is connected with a view of the maternal function as something more than "biological."

May I, continuing the train of thought, suggest that it took men much longer to become "fathers," in any but the purely biological sense, than it did women to become "mothers"?

In the lower orders of mammals "fatherhood" can hardly be said to exist. The ram, the bull, the tomcat place their seed with no further interest in its fruit. And in certain primitive tribes, I have read, a child is identified only as belonging to its mother.

According to Robert Briffault, whom I have quoted before in LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, woman, the mother, founded civilization itself by insistence that her mate should cease to roam, turning him from hunting wild animals to agriculture as a source of food, in order to secure a more permanent roof and be able to keep her young with her longer and more safely. Civilization, in short, began with *domestication*.

It might, of course, be argued from that that the settled community and the material accumulations resulting from it invited attack and necessitated the first organized defense, so that women gave the first impetus to a militia. Also, it would seem true that Kipling was correct in describing "the female of the species" as more deadly than the male," when the defense of her cubs is concerned. But hunters of big game also attest that the female wild beast does not desert her cubs to seek a fight. The maternal instinct is fiercely protective, but it is not aggressive. It aims to secure the tenure of a *domestic* society.

Biologically, women are not the same as men. Whether "the fact that they can procreate is a biological accident," the process of such procreation is not male. A child grows in a woman's body nourished from her blood, and afterward, if she is a wise mother, nursed from her breasts. The life of the child during the prenatal and postnatal period is thus indissolubly linked with hers. The two are one. It may even be that the child is more deeply influenced prenatally by experiences affecting the mother. "Old wives' tales" always held this to be true, but medical science often reverses itself on further investigation. I found it fascinating when, last May, Dr. Clemens E. Benda, internationally known authority on mental deficiencies, reported to a scientific convention in New York that "Mongolism" is the result of insufficient growth in the eighth to twelfth week of a baby's fetal development and associated with physiological *or psychological* derangements in the mother.

The female is not only a procreative but a nursing animal. And nothing is more easily disturbed by external excitements, physical or emotional, than this function. They cause her to "lose her milk." This can be observed at both the human and the lower levels. I am, among other things, a farmer, and must sharply contradict the notion that "bovine" indicates unrufflable placidity. A radical change in external conditions invariably, if temporarily, affects milk production. If, for instance, a herd is moved from one barn to another, or from

(Continued on Page 137)

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Unmold by running warm water on back of tray. Float blocks in a bowl of chilled Libby's Tomato Juice and garnish with lemon slices. It's party-perfect!

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WIDE WORLD



Lorna Levant's reaction to twins: "Are *they* the Warner brothers?"

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

SOMEONE told us about Oscar Levant's little daughter Lorna, aged 8½, who is conditioned to Hollywood names. One afternoon when she and her mother were out walking, they met a pair of twin boys dressed exactly alike. Lorna stared. "Are *they* the Warner brothers?"

■

"Nov. 2. Any little boy born today may become President of the United States if he always eats his spinach and stays in good with the right people. James Knox Polk, our 11th President was born November 2, 1795, in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, and Warren Gamaliel Harding, our 29th leader, arrived at Blooming Grove, Ohio, on November 2, 1865."

For every day in the year there is an item in **HOW TO GET FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER**, by ***Will Cuppy***. Sometimes an obscure fact, sometimes a birthday notation, usually what Cuppy thought merrily about it all. Cuppy kept several hundred index-card-file boxes, catalogued by subject, and containing some two hundred thousand cards bearing his scrawled notes. From these comes this new, big, funny, informative book. Published posthumously, edited, with introduction, by ***Fred Feldkamp.***

●

This country swarms with people, native-born, who are not, cannot be and ought not to try to be American, says ***Gerald Johnson*** in **THIS AMERICAN PEOPLE.** They are those who, although they are qualified to vote, will not take the trouble to vote, and in 1950 they numbered, he says, more than half of those qualified. . . . One may be

(Continued on Page 18)

REPRINTED COURTESY OF COLLIER'S



"Sometimes I feel all they care about is our votes—"

Dinner's ready in a hurry (and golly, is it good!)

Watch Minute Rice do special, speedy tricks no other rice can do!





FISH-NIGHT FANCY . . . IN 15 MINUTES

Tuna Supreme. Prepare 1⅓ cups (5-oz. package) Minute Rice as directed on package. Add 2 tablespoons butter. No work for you—and it always turns out *perfect!* Cook 1 package Birds Eye Mixed Vegetables as directed; add 2 tablespoons butter and pinch of marjoram. Mix 1 can condensed celery soup, ¼ cup milk, and 1 can tuna fish. Heat. Arrange on platter. Serves 4 or 5—and serves 'em a *treat!*

GALA-FOR-GUESTS . . . IN 18 MINUTES

Glamour Rice and Ham. A prize dish for *special* company—but so easy, you can serve it *any time!* Combine in saucepan: 1⅓ cups (5-oz. package) Minute Rice, 1 cup water, ½ cup pineapple juice, ¼ cup seedless raisins, ½ teaspoon salt. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, let stand 10 minutes. Add ½ cup drained crushed pineapple and 2 tablespoons butter. Press into greased molds; unmold on plates. Serve with fried ham and Birds Eye Green Beans. *Never* was anything so delicious . . . there's pineapple flavor in every grain of rice. With ham, it's heaven! Serves 4.







THRIFTY NIFTY . . . IN 20 MINUTES

Drumstick Surprise. A pound of hamburger does the trick—and what a glorious trick it is! (It's a budget-blessing from Minute Rice!) Prepare 1⅓ cups (5-oz. package) Minute Rice as directed on package, adding 1 teaspoon chili powder. Combine 1 lb. ground beef, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and ½ teaspoon sage. Shape into 8 drumsticks, brown in fat. Place toothpick with parsley in small end of each drumstick. Serve with rice and sauce made by heating can of mushroom soup with ½ cup milk. Serves 4 or 5.



Minute Rice now comes in 2 sizes. It's smart shopping to get the big 15-oz. box of this fancy, long-grained, *pre-cooked* rice! Be ready to turn out glamour rice dishes *in a hurry!*

★ NO WASHING! ★ NO RINSING! ★ NO DRAINING! ★ NO STEAMING!

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Years of research have resulted in this remarkable Amplified Tone that gives every Betsy Ross Spinet unequalled tonal quality and resonance.

Decorator designed and compactly sized . . . the Betsy Ross Spinet is available in exquisite woods to suit every taste.

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(Continued from Page 16)

"an" American by the accident of birth; to be American requires thought, effort and, especially, courage.

One quality essential to genuine Americanism, Johnson continues, is willingness to take a risk, and in this fine book he tells what that risk has been from the time the founding fathers drew up the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. It is a magnificent review of American courage and sense.

•

The women of Greece just got the vote this year, writes Laird Archer, head of the Near East Foundation in Athens, adding that 85 per cent of the gals turned up at the polls, and only 80 per cent of the men!

•

Light, frivolous, naughty is THE BLESSING, by *Nancy Mitford*. Remember THE PURSUIT OF LOVE? This has the same grace and audacity and sophistication. It's Paris this time, a drawing-room *and* bedroom farce, *à la française*. Don't read it if the French outlook on extramarital activities annoys you.

•

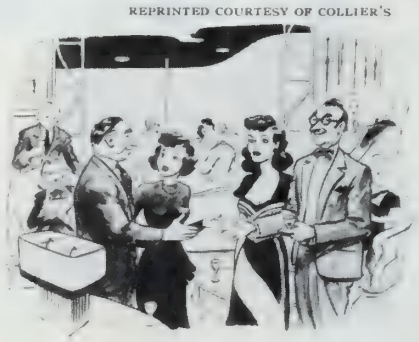
Two good historical novels are up. THE WANDERER, by *Mika Waltari*, is not *quite* as good as THE EGYPTIAN, but way ahead of THE ADVENTURER. It is about the court of Suleiman the Magnificent, and has all the dash, fire and thunder, heroics and wild escapes, that you have every right to expect.

The other is a far more modest story, but very, very pleasant: TWIN COUSINS, *by Oriana Atkinson. This is laid in the Catskill Mountain region about the early part of the nineteenth century, we'd judge; the adventures of two young married couples, ignorant and inexperienced, who try to start a tavern on the new Susquehanna Turnpike. It has good local color and is a first-rate yarn.*

•

When *Laura Hobson* wrote GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT, she became a celebrity. She knew what it was like to see her book week after week at the top of the best-seller list, to see her name and its name in lights over movie marquees. She knew the fuss that people make over the authors of popular hits. Now she has written THE CELEBRITY, about a man who wrote a highly successful book, and about what that success did—not so much to him as to his family and relatives. It is satire with a solid foundation, amusing, pleasantly gossipy (about the folks in Hollywood and lit'ry circles in New York City), homey at times.

REPRINTED COURTESY OF COLLIER'S



"Mr. Harbaugh, meet Herkimer Z. Diphthong, the famous novelist, and his wife, who also has quite a reputation."

(Continued on Page 21)



WITH LONGER RUG WEAR

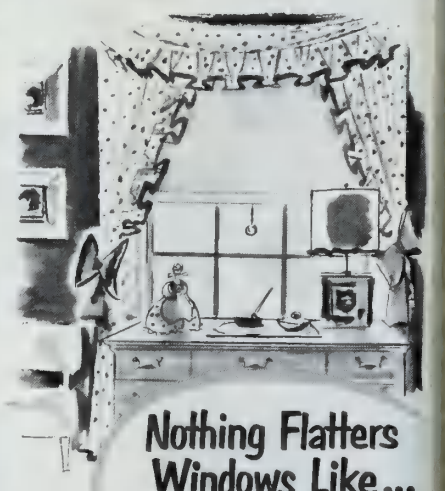
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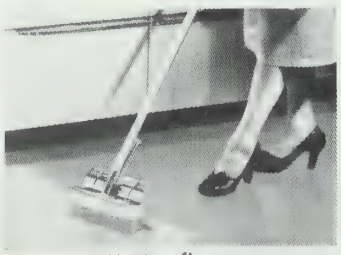
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2 GREAT NAMES IN FOOD *that mean* QUICK MEALS *for you*

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(Continued from Page 18)

Life is so short that when you see THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN THREE HUNDRED PAGES, you run fast to the nearest bookstore and buy it. As a geologist sees the history of mankind as a mere incident of the Quaternary epoch, or an astronomer sees our planet as a speck of dust in a universe of stars, so ***René Sedillot*** sees history in ten fine, short, effective chapters:

1. *Prehistoric Man*
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5. *The Thousand Years of Christendom*
6. *The Awakening of the West*
7. *The Age of Italy*
8. *The Age of Spain*
9. *The Centuries of France*
10. *The Anglo-Saxon Centuries*

•

Unpleasant but true, the fact that scarcely a day passes that we do not eat some six-legged creature in one form or another, says ***Dr. C. H. Curran,*** in INSECTS IN YOUR LIFE. Doctor Curran is Curator of Insects and

VIC HERMAN, ELKS MAGAZINE



"I'm afraid it hasn't been cooked enough, sir."

Spiders at the American Museum of Natural History, but it might nevertheless be trying to have him in for dinner. Likely as not he'd pick up a piece of lettuce from the salad and point out two or three plant lice. Or spinach with some choice fly larvae. Or rice rich with rice-weevil eggs. Or tomato relish garnished with corn-ear worm.

Which brings us to three new cookbooks, all recommendable: THE EMILY POST COOKBOOK, BUCKS COOKS, *and* THE NEW JOY OF COOKING. *Emily Post and The Joy need no introduction. Bucks County is that rich, luscious farmland in Eastern Pennsylvania, dotted with old stone houses and artists, writers and theatrical folk.*

•

Books seem to be coming in pairs. There are two excellent ones about New York life among the very poorest Jews: ***Samuel Ornitz's*** BRIDE OF THE SABBATH, a novel about the Lower East Side ghetto at the turn of the century, and ***Alfred Kazin's*** A WALKER IN THE CITY, autobiographical reminiscences, also about the ghetto, but twenty-five years later, and removed to Brownsville, Brooklyn.

The Ornitz is melodramatic, exciting, one of the most explicit accounts of early slum conditions in New York since *Jacob Riis's* famous THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN (1901). Alfred Kazin's book is small—a gem, polished, shining, reflecting on its tiny planes every facet of a boy's yearnings.





"Royal Dahlia" Royledge above.

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BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For new Shasta Cream Shampoo contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair, so the natural color shines through in all its splendour.

...with Shasta Cream Shampoo. Contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that gives your natural hair color a dazzling lift. A super cleansing shampoo.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Super cleansing Shasta lathers out color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean—your own true color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. New Shasta Cream Shampoo sparks your hair with brighter, richer color. Not artificial color. But your own true shade, glistening through "super" clean hair.



GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. The secret is Shasta's amazing sparkle-giving cleanser. That's why—after shampooing with New Shasta Cream Shampoo, *all* hair color looks brighter, richer.



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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

Food was important in both these books "The last part of you to give up being a Jew is your stomach," says Ornitz, as his hero and a girl, both deciding to forget their Jewishness, still find themselves preferring the Jewish delicatessen for a good-night snack.

Kazin remembers the Friday nights in summer—the nights of special food. "We sat down to chopped cucumbers floating in ice-cold borsch radishes and tomatoes and lettuce in sour cream, a mound of corn just out of the pot steaming on the table, the butter slowly melting in a cracked blue plate."

■

For the husband or brother with a taste for the wilds, here are two books: GRASS BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS by *Richmond P. Hobson, Jr.*, and WASA-WASA, by *Harry Macfie*, with *Hans G. Westerlund*. Both have to do with the Cold North, and in their way are as exciting and as adventurous—on land—as KON-TIKI on the sea.

WASA-WASA tells of two friends trapping, hunting and gold-prospecting in Alaska, fifty years or more ago—a debonair pair, driving their dog sleds, meeting moose without a gun, near freezing, half starving. GRASS BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS is a search in the Canadian Northwest, just under the Arctic Circle, for vast grasslands for cattle raising. Actually the two adventurers found what they were looking for, they got backing, and they have established (if one can read between the lines) one of the biggest cattle ranches in the world. This, however, is the story of their search.

"We've found our country—a green country as big as a quarter of the U. S.—a place that will be all our own—nobody else will want it. Nobody can get into it, and we're lucky if we can get out of it. Our neighbors will be the wolves. Our music the call of the loon. Our beds will be the earth."

Maybe these books are not for women, but this woman liked both of them inordinately.

After we'd read them it was a great jolt to learn what is happening to the

WIDE WORLD



What the well-dressed soldier wears for fighting in the Arctic.

parka hoods that they wear in those cold countries (also in the Air Force). Usually lined with either wolf or mouton skins, they are now going synthetic. Instead of wolf they're testing nylon fur at 65° below zero, and for mouton they're trying a blend of Dynel and vicara fibers! Too hard to find wolves and mouton, they say!

Costume by Adele Simpson



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FOR YOU—EXQUISITE *Starlight*

Yes, here is lovely Lenox China in a superbly different new pattern for you. Only the master craftsmen of Lenox could achieve the perfect blending of traditional, jewel-like hand-enamelling and the dramatic, modern *Coupe Shape*. And only Lenox artistry could bring such fresh loveliness and color to the graceful brown blossoms with their twinkling sky-blue centers. Truly, whether you prefer modern *or* traditional, your Starlight service will be cherished for generations.

Five-piece place setting (dinner, salad, and butter plates, teacup and saucer)...$21.25





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5-piece place setting, $27.75

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LENOX CHINA

AMERICA'S WORLD-FAMOUS FINE CHINA

PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT
Edited by
MARGARET HICKEY

Women in Politics . . .

Your Vote Counts

By MARGARET HICKEY

WOMEN in the United States were at last officially recognized as full citizens of their country in 1920. On the August morning when Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby proclaimed the 19th Amendment a part of the Constitution, women gained the right to vote for which they had fought, been ridiculed and thrown into jail.

What have women done with their vote?

Not a great deal, to judge by a statement from the United States Census Bureau. In November of last year, thirty years after ratification of the 19th Amendment, the bureau announced that since equal suffrage was adopted the *ratio* of actual number of votes to the number of potential voters had not "reached the high point attained in 1916—the last presidential election limited to males."

There were an estimated 97,000,000 people who could have voted in 1950. But less than 70,000,000 registered, and of these only 42,325,000 voted. *Less than half the people who might have voted did so.* Even among those who troubled to register, 39 per cent cast no ballots in the 1950 election.

Women make up the majority of the population. Whether fewer women than men vote, as one would infer from the report of the Census Bureau, or the other way around, as claimed by the League of Women Voters on the basis of scattered checks, one fact is certain: millions of women have failed to accept their full responsibility as citizens.

Leaders of both major political parties are trying hard to get more people to register and to vote. The "Work and Win" program of the Republican women's 1950 campaign is being supported by many similar efforts for 1952. Mrs. Gilford Mayes, Assistant Chairman of the Republican National Committee in charge of women's activities, says the precinct program to develop forceful leaders and "alert and responsive rank-and-file workers" is being carried into "every home in every block." The Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee, under the leadership of dynamic India Edwards, is equally determined to get out the vote.

The hobble-skirted marchers of the early 1900's achieved for women the right to vote. By the use of that right, and all it stands for, American women today can be the deciding power in public life. We—you and I—*can* assure the election of honest and competent public officials, along with the kind of government we want for our communities—and our nation.

New Hampshire Legislators

MARY WASTCOAT, seventy-one, a slight, soft-spoken grandmother, was a candidate for the New Hampshire House of Representatives from the little town of Candia. She was modestly confident she could "do some good" in her state legislature.

"No *woman* should be sent to Concord!" her influential male opponent said, two weeks before election.

Mary Wastcoat set out to convince Candia voters he was wrong. She discussed her qualifications and ideas of good government with farmers in their hayfields; she sat down at kitchen tables with their wives; held babies and chatted over cups of coffee. Frequently she mentioned her opponent's challenge, but seldom did she ask them to vote for her. She knew she was making some progress, but couldn't guess how much.

On election night, the Candia town hall was packed—everyone wanted to be first to hear the results. Few, except Mary Wastcoat, were really surprised by the final tally. She won—334 votes to 7!

Like Mary Wastcoat, most of the women who have climbed to political authority in conservative, tradition-bound New Hampshire have triumphed over male candidates, often in hard-fought campaigns. To measure their success you need only count the number of women in the state legislature today: forty, or 10 per cent, in Representatives' Hall; six, or 25 per cent, in the Senate chamber. Proportionately they constitute the largest feminine voice in any governing body in the world.

According to Gov. Sherman Adams, "These women, though accused of overemotionalism, are generally not given to personal prejudices nor arbitrary allegiances and pressures as much as men. They give balance and weight of good judgment to legislative decisions, take a good deal of committee burden, and can be relied on for attendance and for digging into problems enough to understand them completely before voting."

(Continued on Page 222)

DI PIETRO



Good government begins at kitchen tables, not in back rooms, says 28-year-old Representative Barbara Winters. On week ends, she brings lawmaking home to the people.



NYLAPAC Gaytees never let your feet know it's cold and wet! Very new — of washable nylon gabardine, all fleece lined, wool trimmed. Flat soles fit all shoes. Natural with brown trim.

ARGOLINER Gaytees foil chills for youngsters' feet with warm, wool fleece lining. Just pull these on over snow pants — yank the strap for no-slip fit. Easy! Red, russet brown.

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MARQUETTE Gaytees get down to business about keeping your toes warm as well as dry. Staunch rubber, lined with fleece; shearling cuffs. Flat tread fits most shoes. Black, brown.

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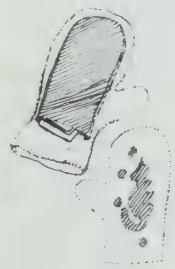
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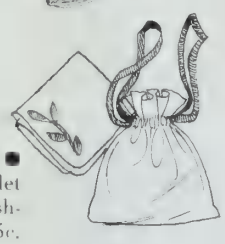
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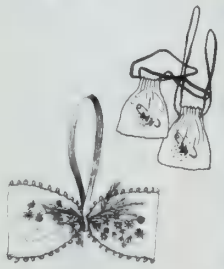
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My problem is... Dear Jan,

My problem is....

My problem is...

Dear Jan,

My problem is...

the sub-deb

EDITED by JAN WEYL

"*Dear Jan:* My girl friend always tries to monopolize every boy she meets, even if he seems to like me or some other girl. She is a good friend otherwise. How can I put a stop to her actions, which she doesn't profit by, anyway, as she never gets a date?"

Obviously this girl doesn't know what *you* know—that boys don't like girls who are aggressive and pushy, that they like to make their *own* advances. Your friend acts this way because she feels unpopular and insecure with boys. She hasn't had a chance to be pals with boys—to *relax* with them. Try to help her out. Arrange a date for her the next time you have a date—or give a small record party at your house, and invite the boys you think would like her most. Before the party begins, give her the pitch: "That new fellow in class sure is cute, isn't he? Mary says he goes for the quiet type. I guess a lot of boys do, but we don't always realize it." If she's interested—and she should be—the way will be open for a long conversation about boys and what they do and don't like about girls. As soon as your friend begins to go out on dates herself, she won't be bothering you and *your* dates.

"*Dear Jan:* Ever since I was old enough to go on dates, my mother's friends have been getting me dates with their sons. I feel that I don't need any help in getting dates. What can I do to stop this without hurting their feelings?"

Many mothers are eager to arrange dates for their children—and most of the children resent it, just as you do. The mothers who do this fail to realize something important: that when you're *forced* to do something, you generally do it badly. Think about the boy. He probably doesn't like the idea any more than you do. You *can* say you're busy every time a mother suggests a date with her son, but why not accept the date and use your *best* personality to make the evening fun for both of you? After all, you're a girl with lots of dates. Your pride and prestige aren't being hurt, you can always refuse a *second* date if you don't have fun—and you just *might* meet someone you like a lot.



BY TOM JOHNSON, AGE 18

"*Dear Jan:* I have a lovely home, nice parents, and I love them very much, but they just don't understand me. They treat me like a two-year-old and keep telling me teen-agers are unpredictable. I'm growing up as fast as I can. How can I let my parents see this?"

If your parents treat you like a two-year-old, probably it's because you *act* like a two-year-old sometimes. Look at it this way. How often do you ask your mother to do things for you that you could do for yourself—like picking out your dresses, or making all the sandwiches for the party *you* are giving? This is important—because the less you ask your mother to *do* for you, the less she will *tell* you what to do. "Growing up as fast as you can" should mean that you are learning the first real step toward becoming an adult: accepting responsibility. If your job is to keep your room neat, do it every day—without being reminded. If you promise to be home by 12:30, be there on the dot. When you disagree with your parents, explain to them unemotionally and quietly *why* you disagree—and consider their opinions with as much thought as you expect them to give to *your* opinions. As soon as you prove to your parents that you really *are* growing up, they'll start treating you that way.

"*Dear Jan:* I know you're supposed to send thank-you notes, but when do you do this? I spent the night with one of my friends and we went to the movies and then home. Do I send a thank-you note to her mother or her? Or do I send one at all?"

If you see the girl and her mother often, a note isn't necessary because you will have a chance to tell them again in person what a fine time you had. But if you're visiting out of town, you should write a note to the girl's mother as soon as you return home. In both cases, try to be a good guest while you're there. Help with the dishes, make your own bed, and do any other things you can to make things easier for your friend's mother. And if you're staying as long as a week end, be sure to take her mother a small gift.

"*Dear Jan:* I am sixteen years old and very much in love with a boy eighteen. We have been going steady for five months, but recently he enlisted. My parents think I'm too young to be faithful to a soldier, but I feel that I couldn't enjoy myself with other fellows. What would you advise?"

If you consider matters carefully, you'll realize that having other dates can help *both* you and your soldier. You're lonely at home. He's off in a strange place with new people and new situations—even *more* lonely. The fact that both of you go on occasional parties and occasional dates has nothing to do with the important thing between you—your love—as long as that love *remains* important. Write him long newsy letters about what you're doing and how much you miss him. Send him little gifts that show you're thinking about him. *That's* the way to show him he's still No. 1 man in your life. You're both young. There will be plenty of time to go steady when he is back home again.

"When I Was Sixteen . . ."

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



. . . "I was studying like mad to get out of grammar school. I spent four years in the fifth grade, and she was beautiful. After that my mother wanted me to go to high school; I wanted to go to work; and my dad just wanted me to go."

—Bob Hope

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



. . . "I was working for hours every week studying voice, learning musical scores, taking lessons in acting and dancing. My voice had been discovered by the superintendent of my high school when he heard one raspy voice in the school chorus and, upon investigating, discovered that I was the guilty party—singing an octave lower in my natural register. Fortunately he also thought my voice had possibilities—and helped me arrange for special lessons. I've been working at singing ever since."

—Risë Stevens



. . . "The thing I was most interested in was football. I wasn't very big then and it was a long time before I made even the high-school scrub team. That was a big day in my life. I took the money I'd saved from 'swamping' (running orders) on a grocery truck and invested in a pair of good cleated shoes and some shoulder pads. I remember carrying them to school the next day, and how good I felt. That afternoon at practice I broke my leg—and never played football again. That was when I took up dramatics—and found I liked it even *better* than football."

—Howard Duff

ACME



. . . "I lived with my grandmother about half a mile from the Pacific Ocean. Naturally I did a lot of ocean swimming. At that time a peculiar sandbar formation created ideal conditions for riding surfboards, Hawaiian style, and I got to be good at it—so good that I decided that when I grew older, I'd get a job on a boat, save some money, jump ship at Waikiki, and turn into a beach boy. I never did get to Waikiki until 1947—when I went with the Davis Cup team."

—Ted Schroeder

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The Form-Fitted Mattress of

NOT THIS



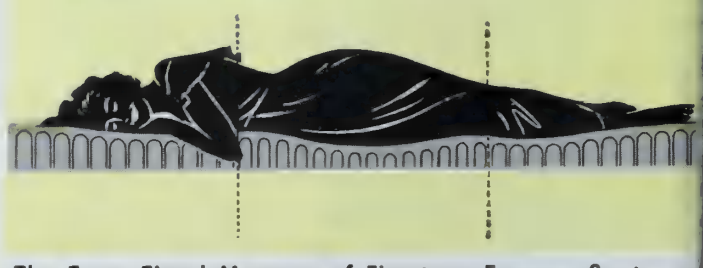
When mattress is too stiff all over, it doesn't "give" under your heavier mid-section. Doesn't conform to the curves of your body. After a restless, uncomfortable night you awake tense, irritable, often aching, feeling as if your spine has been thrown out of kilter.

NOT THIS



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...BUT THIS



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This section gives lighter support where you are lighter – from head to just above your waist. Here, larger air spaces (nature's own springs) cradle you gently while *Foamex* moulds itself to each curve of your body.

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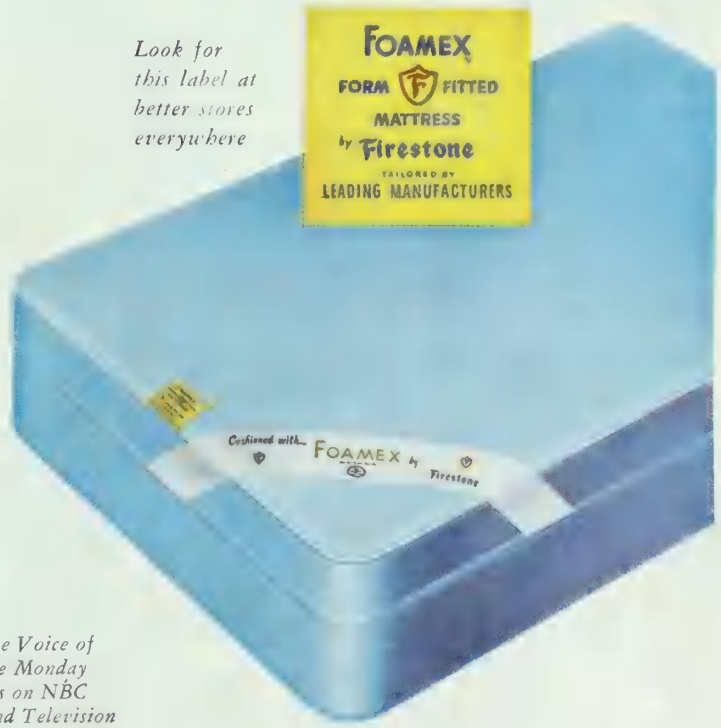
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TUSSY

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Linens by Lenon



November is a reflective and thoughtful time. All its colors are tranquil, the soft and quiet air lies gently on our earth.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

SOME of the days in November carry the whole memory of summer, as a fire opal carries the color of moonlight. These are the days I especially love, when the soft and quiet air lies so gently on our earth. All the colors are tranquil, waiting to be dazzled into the great white of the snow. It is a reflective and thoughtful time. I feel the past summer with its violent heat, I remember the spring bright with tulips, and I catch again the deep excitement of the first peepers in the April night. Genius, they say, brings emotion recollected in tranquillity; if so, November is the genius of the seasons in New England. And doubly precious because we country folk cock an eye to the barometer at night just to see.

When the season closes in, I am thankful I am a country dweller. Summer folk are nice, and they overflow the green valley and clutter the country roads with fast cars, and fill the summer theater in the old red barn. But those of us who stay and pile in the firewood and worry the storm windows up, we are the ones who belong. I often think the proudest moment of my life was the first time George referred to somebody else as "just one of those city persons."

Actually, village life is so busy, there is no time to be dull during the gray days and early nights. We are fighting pollution in our silvery streams and rivers, we are battling against a reservoir which would flood our valley, we are involved with personal matters such as repairing fences, pruning and clearing. The dog clubs are in full swing; every cocker and great Dane and Pomeranian and shepherd goes riding over the autumn roads to attend the school of his owner's choice. There isn't a minute when life lacks something vital to be at.

Thanksgiving is one of the best holidays we have. I love stuffing the turkey, popping the mince pies in the oven, polishing apples and hunting up the nutcrackers. The children are coming and we have one buffet supper for everybody around. I bake a ham for extra; one can never go wrong with a ham in the larder. Esmé feels turkey is the best there is, and she has to have her dish before anybody else gets more than a smell. The emotions of a Siamese brook no delay.

We always have country turkeys in plenty in this rich farm area. But after all, it isn't really the turkey that makes Thanksgiving; it is the family gathered around the table, the togetherness. It is friends dropping in, and the smell of hot mulled cider and the bowls of golden popcorn going around that make Thanksgiving.

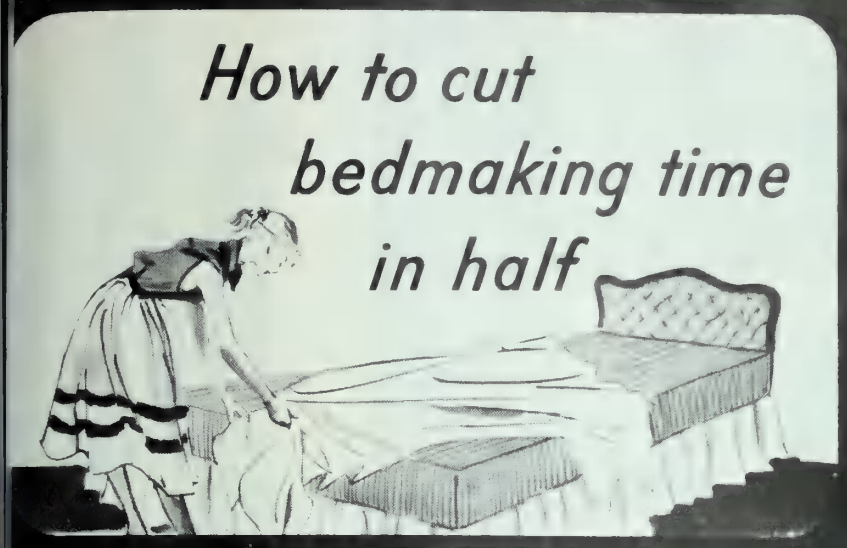
It is finding a few small flowers that escaped the frosts, and an extra acorn squash in the garden, and it is George's pleasant hello as he comes in after breakfast with a big log in his arms.

And it is Steve and Olive finding *the* corner cabinet at last and struggling home with it in their station wagon, with the car going lopsided from the weight of it. Or Jill discovering a comb-back rocker for Don's room. If you wander around the country roads, you can find lovely treasures and give them a home again. Most of the people who sell them have a real love for them, and most of them will tell you if part of a piece is modern. The comb-back had three new spindles; but painted a soft flat black, who can tell? And it sits elegantly.

Jill is still tucking narcissus bulbs in on the hill by the pond. George has one parti-colored cow that loves that slope, and she gets in there every day or so and "hunkers" up the sod, but we always hope she misses the best bulbs. It seems that once a cow gets an idea in her head, it is there to stay.

When the cows come home in the dusk the cockers line up behind our picket fence and between the pickets wild noses thrust out. Jonquil's high feminine bark and Tiki's boyish yell greet each and every cow. Linda always sounds hysterical, Sister like a

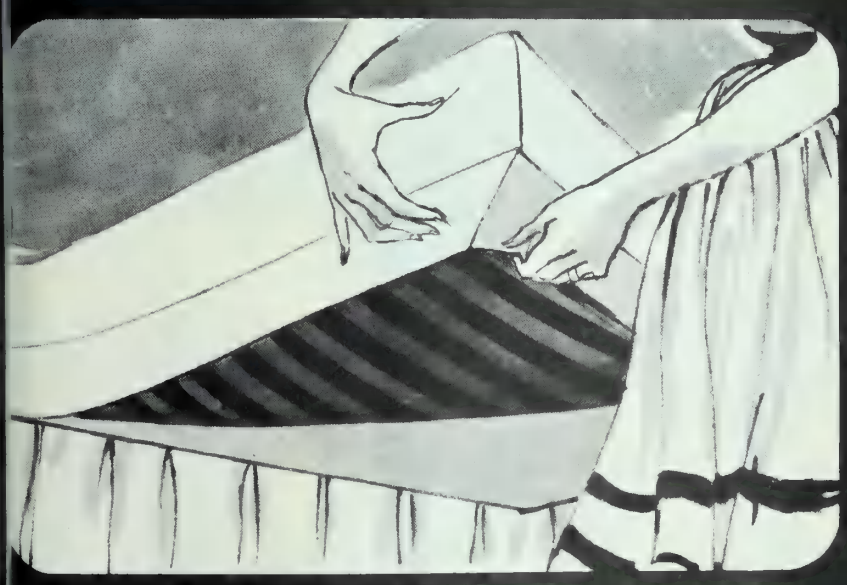
(Continued on Page 246)





1. Retucking old-fashioned sheets is a waste of time...

2. A CONTOUR SHEET* stays so smooth all night long, when you get up your bed is half made!

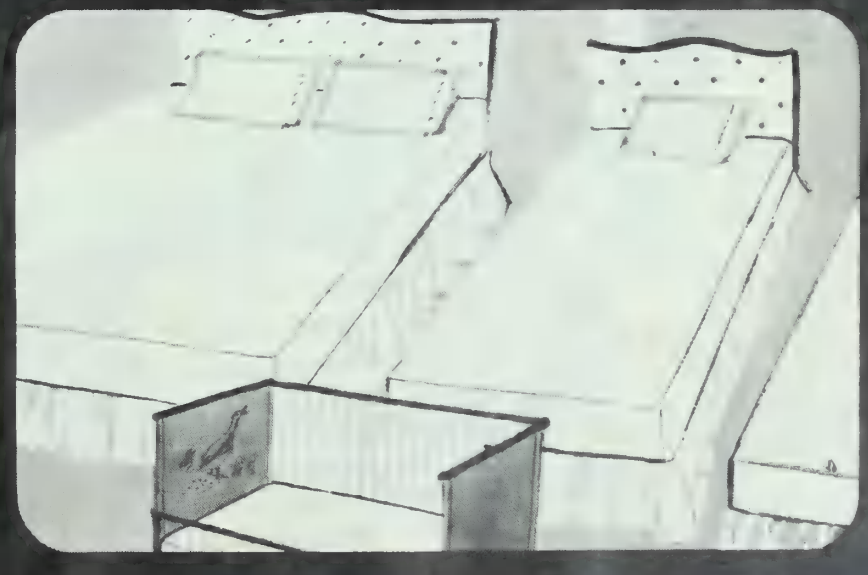




3. Four fitted corners cap the mattress. A shaped tuck-under holds all four sides drum-tight

4. The sheet won't wrinkle, can't pull out. Goes on in a jiffy, adjusts to mattress thickness, needs no re-tuckin





5. A CONTOUR SHEET is easy to launder, keeps its fit because it's Sanforized.* Ironing's optional

6. Combed percale or muslin in standard sizes—double, twin, crib—youth-bed size in muslin

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Contour...a PACIFIC sheet

BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS, WORSTEDS

Deeply scrolled, with a lovely symmetry . . .

Mansion House *in* **HEIRLOOM STERLING**

Country brunch party: tiny animals from your gift or toy shop, with hunting-pink geraniums and golden wheat—charming setting for Mansion House* Heirloom Sterling!

The warm heart of your home... spreads its welcoming radiance to all who enter—speaks most truly through the gracious beauty of your table appointments! Be the occasion ever so informal, your lovely Heirloom* Sterling pays quick compliment to your guests . . . brings new lustre to your hospitality through the years. For this is *solid silver* . . . even a hundred years of loving daily use won't wear it out! Why not start *your* Heirloom Sterling with one or two place settings now? Then add more to them later—ask your jeweler about payment terms.





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50 years ago in the Journal

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DI PIETRO



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JACK AND JILL: 1 1-yr. $2.50; 2 1-yr. $4.00; Each additional $2

PRINTED IN U. S. A.



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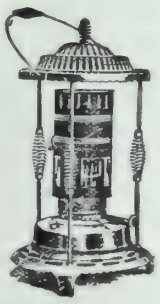
Announces Miss de Forest from Paris: "Surely one announcement I can make concerning winter fashions will be hailed with delight by the entire feminine sex. We are to have pockets in our coats."

"How Can a Girl Help Support Herself at College?" Answer by Margaret E. Sangster: "She may go on errands, copy papers, press skirts and rebind them, trim hats, make beds, wait on tables and shampoo hair."

Good Health for Girls: "Perspiration is sometimes offensive. An eminent skin specialist advises a tea of white-oak bark applied freely to the perspiring parts."

Fashion: "Shirtwaists opening in the back are only becoming to young and slender forms. They are novel, and it is claimed induce a better carriage and straighter back."

Wonders a reader: "Should children be taught to say 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am'? Some of my friends consider it old-fashioned." Answer: "It is customary now to teach children to add the name of the person, as 'Yes, Mrs. Grant,' and 'No, papa.'"



When the public-relations man from the American embassy in London told ***Helen Cook***, Pan-American Airways hostess at Heathrow Airport, that



Pan-American hostess Helen Cook.

Bruce Gould and ***Harlan Miller*** were on the plane coming in, she made him take her out to meet them. Told our far-flung editor she just had to tell him how much she loved the JOURNAL and how she couldn't do without it. As nice a reception as he ever got on foreign soil, Mr. G. wrote us from England, enclosing Helen's photograph. What made the reception all the nicer, he added, she's even better looking than her picture.

Paris this year was full of pretty, feminine clothes. The 1951 version of the romantic "cloak and dagger" fashion is the full skirt and basque jacket by ***Christian Dior*** *on the cover, photographed by* ***Wilhela Cushman*** *while she was there covering the fall and winter collections. The skirt is silk faille, the jet-embroidered jacket and pillbox hat in velvet, the blouse white slipper satin. The picture was taken in* ***Princess Gourielli's*** *apartment overlooking Paris.*

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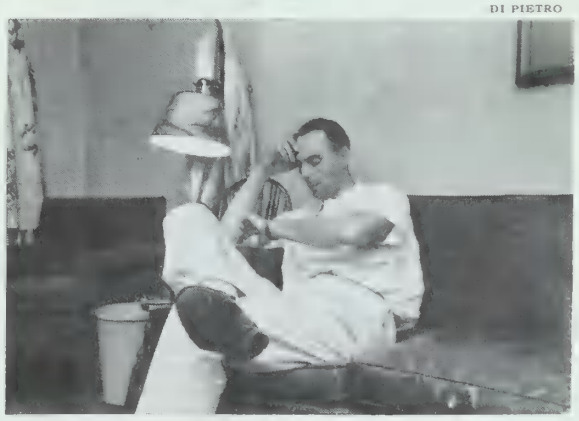
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DI PIETRO



How-America-Lives Ray Hill awaiting new arrival.

My Cousin

ILLUSTRATED BY

"No one will ever know the burden of blame

I carry on my shoulders, nor that every day

I ask myself the question I cannot answer.

Was Rachel innocent or guilty?"

By Daphne du Maurier

Beginning a serial in five parts by the author of REBECCA.

THEY used to hang men at Four Turnings in the old days. Not any more, though. Now, when a murderer pays the penalty for his crime, he does so up at Bodmin, after fair trial at the assizes. That is, if the law convicts him before his own conscience kills him. It is better so. Like a surgical operation. And the body has decent burial, though a nameless grave.

When I was a child it was otherwise. I can remember as a little lad seeing a fellow hang in chains where the four roads meet. His face and body were blackened with tar for preservation. He hung there for five weeks before they cut him down, and it was the fourth week that I saw him. He swung between earth and sky upon his gibbet—or, as my Cousin Ambrose told me, betwixt heaven and hell. Heaven he would never achieve, and the hell that he had known was lost to him.

Ambrose prodded at the body with his stick. I can see it now, moving with the wind like a weather vane on a rusty pivot, a poor scarecrow of what had been a man.

Ambrose must have taken me there for a purpose. Perhaps to test my nerve. To see if I would run away, or laugh, or cry. As my guardian, father, brother—as, in fact, my whole world—he was forever testing me.

"There you are, Philip," he said. "It's what we all come to in the end. Some upon a battlefield, some in bed, others according to their destiny. But there's no escape. You cannot learn the lesson too young. But this is how a felon dies. Here is Tom Jenkyn, honest and dull, except when he drank too much. It's true his wife was a scold, but that was no excuse to kill her. If we killed women for their tongues, all men would be murderers."

I wished he had not named the man. Up to that moment the body had been a dead thing, without identity. Now it would have connection with reality, and the man with watery eyes who sold lobsters on the town quay. It was not so long ago that I had seen him.

"Well," said Ambrose, watching my face, "what do you make of him?"

I shrugged my shoulders, and kicked the base of the gibbet with my feet. Ambrose must never know I cared. That I felt sick at heart, and terrified. He would despise me. Ambrose at twenty-seven was god of all creation, certainly god of my own narrow world, and the whole object of my life was to resemble him.

"Tom had a brighter face when I saw him last," I answered. "Now he isn't fresh enough to become bait for his own lobsters."

Ambrose laughed and pulled my ears. "That's my boy," he said. "Spoken like a true philosopher"; and then he added, "If you feel squeamish, go and be sick behind the hedge, and remember I have not seen you."

He turned his back upon the gibbet and went striding away. *(Continued on Page 76)*

Copyright, 1951, by Daphne du Maurier

Rachel



dangerous male ahead!

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

"AND what made you decide to come to New York, my dear?" Miss Baines asked. She smiled at Marcy in her calm, gentle way, but there were surprisingly few lines in her face, considering her seventy-one years. "From what your grandfather wrote me, you were the prettiest and most popular girl in town."

Marcy put down her teacup and grinned. "There wasn't much competition around there," she said. "And you can't trust grandpa's eyes—they're slightly out of focus as far as I'm concerned. But—well, you know what Pennyfield was like, Miss Baines. And after pop married again, I felt sort of in the way."

She lowered her eyes, caught up suddenly in a little drift of longing. *I wish*, she thought—her fingers made a small pleat in her skirt—*I wish I could find someone nice to marry too.*

She wasn't looking, as most girls were, for anyone dashing and handsome and exciting. In fact, her every instinct was to steer clear of anyone like that. You had to worry too much about keeping him, and he usually had the power to hurt, to twist your heart in little ways. It was an exquisite kind of torture. She knew, because of Rocky. Never again.

All I want is someone sweet, on the quiet side, who has a nice face. Someone reliable. Peace of mind was the thing to look for when you fell in love and got married. And it was just as easy to fall in love with a good, steady man as with the other kind.

She looked up at Miss Baines again. *She certainly is well preserved*, she thought. She had never met Miss Baines before. The old lady, a former friend of her grandfather's, was from Vermont, too, but she had lived for a long time in New York. In fact, because of her dabblings in real estate, it was she who had placed Marcy in her present flat. Miss Baines owned the house. Marcy considered herself lucky all around—lucky to have found such a nice place and lucky that her father insisted on sending her a liberal allowance every month to pay for it.

But she hadn't been prepared for Miss Baines. All the old ladies she had ever known were plump and silvery-haired, looking like old-fashioned advertisements for somebody's cocoa; they spent their time crocheting and sending out greeting cards. Miss Baines was of a different breed entirely; she was thin, erect and quite chic with her blue-gray coiffure setting off the dark elegance of her clothes. Furthermore, she seemed to be on a *(Continued on Page 205)*

She couldn't help admiring him. It was like gazing at a sable coat in a window before you walked on to look at something you could afford to buy.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM MILLER



girls ran the other way when they saw him coming. . . .


The young couple were in love,
but Aunt Elsie glimpsed
a nameless shadow over them
There was a lightning second of silence.
I saw Aunt Elsie lean forward in her seat.



Too young to Marry

by Sherrill Lee

AUNT ELSIE'S youngest brother, Ross, tells me that when she was sixteen, Elsie fell out of a surrey onto the pavement in front of their house. Ever since then, he relates, Elsie has been unhappy. I have always felt, however, that Aunt Elsie's dissatisfaction with life started at the age of twenty, when she returned home from New York's Juilliard School of Music, thereby losing track of a West Point officer with whom she was in love. Whatever the cause may have been, Aunt Elsie has seldom been completely happy since her girlhood. Her troubles have grown year by year like a cancerous disease until, four months ago, they finally became full-blown and burst upon us, angry and swollen. This was Aunt Elsie's largest mental and emotional crisis, to which the family will hereafter refer as the Great Panic.

For several years before its advent, we sensed that family relations were not safe from possible disaster. We all felt, without saying so, that Aunt Elsie might be actually hiding a leak in the family ship of sanity and good spirit, and that one day storm waves might sweep in through this chink and destroy our home. Such a feeling of foreboding pushed itself into a prominent place in my mind during the summer before the Panic. I shall always remember that summer well, because it was reputed to be the hottest three months in ten years. I also remember it as the last summer Aunt Elsie will ever spend with my family.

At the beginning of April she had begun to be restless for a visit to us. Ever since I can remember a wanderlust has overtaken Aunt Elsie annually in the spring. Its regularity is as dependable as the return of birds from a southern climate or the rapid melting of winter snow under the sun's heat. At such times she invariably wants to visit my family, because my mother was very close to her heart and because it costs her nothing to stay at our house. I am sure, moreover, that she has a comfortable sense of importance when she visits the home of my father. He bears the impressive title of John Lowell Russell, M. D., Chief of Staff of the Phillips Memorial Hospital. By dint of twenty years' residence in Glencoe, combined with the delicate skill of an expert surgeon, he is well known in our town. When she is with us, Elsie shares the love and respect father is generally accorded. In April of that year she wrote to say that she would arrive with her two daughters, Lu and Peggy, on the tenth of June to visit for "a while." None of us knew just what to expect by the term "a while." As it turned out, she meant the summer, for it was not until the fifth of August that she took the trouble to buy a return ticket to her home in Montana.

That summer I spent five days a week as a Nurse's Aide at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago. Saturdays and Sundays and every day after three o'clock represented my free hours. They were the hours, week after week, in which I first came to know my aunt well. I had never before realized what a unique person she is. I discovered for the first time that she is simply the sum total of her desires. Her mind is a battlefield where the treasures of the world are gained or lost. Her life is *(Continued on Page 138)*

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL



Empire pieces predominate in most finely furnished Savannah rooms today, filled in with Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Phyfe.

WINBURN



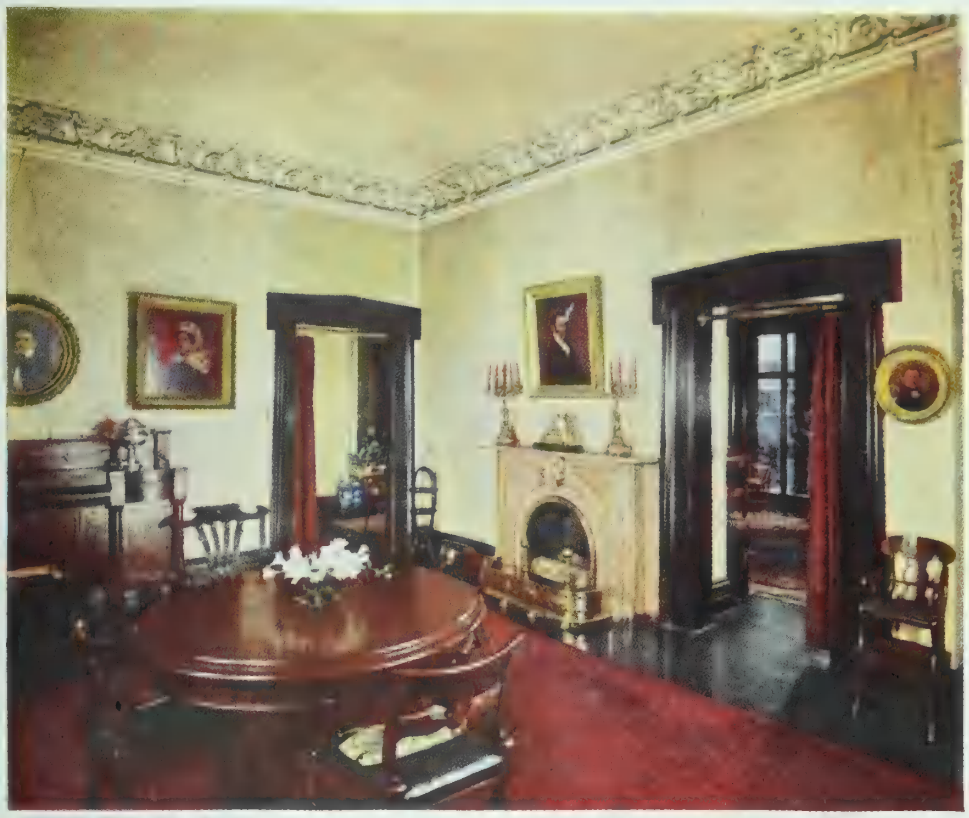
SAVAN

THE finest of the houses that line Savannah streets and frame her fascinating squares range from Adamesque through Regency into Classical Revival. But more than a study in styles, it is the present appearance of the Savannah houses in their settings which so many people like myself find enchanting. I like their looks in the squares especially. Generally with a monument or fountain half hidden in the middle among live oaks and palmettos, the surrounding façades form a frieze of soft yellows, pinks and chalky whites, marked off with ornamental ironwork and held together by garden walls crowded over with crape myrtle and glossy green magnolias. As for Savannah interiors at their most attractive today, here you have them.

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal



Glimpses into two of old Savannah's score or more of squares show the architecture all clad in subtropical verdure.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

Cornice and doorway details and the mantel carving all belong to the rich decorative period that produced the furniture.

ANDERSON

Noteworthy in this lofty, gracious drawing room are the Empire chaise, and Thomas Jefferson's cane-seated chair.

N A H





In the theater, the only sin is defeat

FINGER to lips, Miss Jessica Lovelace glared at the two dachshunds on her bed. Then, assured of their silence, she tiptoed to the slightly open door of her room, to listen to the conversation in the vestibule. Her hearing, at any rate, was perfect; every word came to her distinctly.

Angela—her beloved Angela: secretary, companion and lady's maid—had answered the doorbell. After thirty years away from England, Angela still sounded like the vicar's daughter she was, and she greeted the young producer, in her breathy, hurried way, as though he were a parishioner come to call on her papa.

"Good evening, Mr. Marshall—won't you come in? Miss Lovelace will be right with you."

"Thank you." The young man's voice was firm and cheerful—a gentleman's voice. *How nice*, Miss Lovelace thought.

"Here now—there are cigarettes in that box, and an ash tray here; and pay no attention to Poppy. He'll perch there on the fire screen and won't trouble you at all."

"Does Poppy talk?"

"Oh, he's a very bad bird, really. He can, but he won't. That is, he will, but only for Miss Lovelace—and she rehearses with him by the hour."

At that moment Poppy emitted a sullen cackle, and Mr. Marshall laughed. Then Miss Lovelace heard him say, "Will you give this to Miss Lovelace for me?"

"Oh, she *will* be pleased. Excuse me, Mr. Marshall." And she came running into the bedroom with a spray of bronze-green orchids in a cellophane box. "Look, Miss Lovelace, look!"

Jessica Lovelace nodded. "Close the door, Angela. They're beautiful. But there's no need to be so excited. Pin them on my coat, if you will."

She lit a cigarette and sat on the bed—the picture of imperturbable calm. But she was far from calm, because she knew why Mr. Marshall had come. Eileen Shively, the agent, had telephoned a few days before: "I don't want to raise your hopes, dear, but Vincent Marshall has taken an option on Crimson Velvet, and he wants to—to talk to you about it." *To look you over*, she meant, and had almost said; and Miss Lovelace, nettled, answered dryly, "Thank you, Eileen. I'll be happy to see him if he cares to come."

The very next morning he telephoned. He had never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Lovelace, he said, but would she like to go to the opening of the new musical at the 47th Street Theater with him? She would, and here he was. *(Continued on Page 128)*

He looked at her in sorrow and pity.
He had found out what he had come to learn.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS



Tryout

By Robert Wallsten



John and Mary Adele Morris



Helen and Joe O'Donnell



Ellie and John Simmons



John and Nora O'Leary Smith

Our own young

Eight ideas on decorating for young householders——

practical, inexpensive and definitely eye-catching.

Like other young marrieds, we have a double motive in decorating—to suit ourselves to a trim T, and keep the lid on the family budget. And whether it's only a brand-new coat of paint for a junk-shop special or a complete overhauling job on a pedigreed antique, about nine tenths of the fun is being able to say, like proud parents, "We did it ourselves!" Here, then, are eight of our own favorite decorating ideas that can be anyone else's for a small sum of money and a slightly larger amount of elbow grease; that will, we feel sure, hold their own through the years and won't be pushed up into the attic as your floor space and/or budget increase.

John and Dele Morris, for instance (John is our picture editor), are in the process of furnishing their newly built home, and abound with tried-and-tested money savers, a number of which they're passing along to you. If your problem is bookshelves, and an afternoon's meander through furniture departments has discouraged you about the prices of ready-made *(Continued on Page 107)*

Dining table from a flush door. Now, sanded and lacquered, it rests on a pair of iron-legged sawhorses, will seat six to eight very comfortably.



Stair-tread bookcases — make them yourself, with 3 x 10 supports between the shelves, build them up to any height you wish. Treads and supports may be purchased from any lumber company.



FOWLE



gmarrieds



ne break-front can house a radio-
honograph unit, provide ample storage
or books and phonograph records,
lus a worthy setting for your
ne "show-off" pieces of china.



Twentieth-century Victorian—a fringed table cover in bright felt with ice-cream-parlor chairs ($2 apiece in junk shops), painted white. Give them felt seat cushions to match the table cover's fringe.





Remember these? They're grade-school chairs, another second-hand "find," converted for breakfast in a kitchen with a coat of paint and bright seat covers.

he coffee table (opposite) was made from a
utcher's block, with simple legs of strap
on. The draperies — inexpensive
innow net, which keeps out glare and
ts in plenty of light.

Marble-topped table made from two sections of iron fence, the marble slab purchased for $25 from a stonecutter. A canvas director's chair is dressed up with white cotton fringe.



Political Pilgrim's Progress

"Why don't you

GET OUT OF TOWN?"

All Connie Sycafoose wanted was to wheel her baby to the park without encountering homeless derelicts—drunken, ill or scavenging through garbage cans. She didn't know she was getting a first lesson in government by politicians.



Suzanne. Her carriage rides, airings began it.

As Connie Sycafoose maneuvered her baby carriage out through the door of her apartment house, she saw that a bum was going through her garbage can, set by the curb for collection. Head deep in the container, he was tearing open the parcels, putting anything he wanted into his pocket and throwing wrappings and refuse on the sidewalk.

Connie felt revulsion mixed with pity. Pity because of the man's broken shoes, held together with string; ragged trousers, out-at-elbows jacket, emaciated body. Revulsion at the pawing over of the garbage, the litter he was making at her doorway. Connie had always shrunk from speaking to the homeless men who had become a common sight on New York City's Second Avenue at 51st Street, where she lived. She turned the carriage south and started for the park.

Two more men were sitting slumped over on the steps of an empty building, staring vacantly. Another swayed precariously on the curb, the fixed, foolish grin of intoxication on his face. Connie wheeled Suzanne's carriage around him.

Connie and Dick had felt so lucky when they found an apartment that occupied a whole floor of the old house on Second Avenue. They loved the nicely proportioned rooms and high ceilings. There was even a little room off the bedroom that could serve as a nursery! The streets outside hadn't seemed to matter then.

The tall, slender girl from Boston had met the tall, lean man from West Virginia two and a half years before, when Connie was twenty-seven and Dick was twenty-eight. Dick had graduated from West Virginia University and taught before he went into the Navy; had taken a job in New York with the American Express after he came out. Connie had worked in Boston for several years, and then had come to New York in the spirit of adventure that brings so many young people to the big city. The minute Dick laid eyes on Connie he knew she was the one. But it took Connie a bit longer. It wasn't until their second meeting that she was sure! That was in September, 1948, and they were married the following January, even though it meant living in one room because no apartments were to be had.

Then they learned of the place on Second Avenue that was available because there had been a fire. Together they tackled the burned-out rooms. They had doorways widened, so that three rooms could be thrown into one when they wished. Dick made bookcases and cupboards. They had the walls of the living room painted a deep forest green. In winter, drapes of Chinese red, matching the Chinese prints on the wall, made the room warm and cozy. In summer Connie took the red drapes down, and the breeze from east or west swept through the whole apartment. To crown all, Suzanne had arrived.

"We're pretty settled people," Connie expressed it. "After we found each other, what we both wanted was a home and children."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESTHER BUBLEY



Homeless men on Second Avenue wer

Connie had continued with her job until a week before Suzanne was born. Dick was going to Columbia University at night, completing his Ph.D. in education. Away at work in the daytime, and happy to stay home evenings together when Dick was not in classes, neither had been particularly aware of the derelicts until after Suzanne was born.

It was the following spring, when Connie was keeping Suzanne out-of-doors as much as she could, that both Dick and Connie became

"Baby's safety is mother's job." Connie sought police aid, was told hands of law are tied.



To kids of neighborhood, sprawling drunken men were of intense interest. Wasn't this a welfare problem? Connie and husband, Dick, thought so, but social worker, questioned, doubted that anything could be done about it.



Advised to tackle problem politically, Connie and Dick made ap pointment with Democratic district boss, Connolly, at his bar Connolly did not come. Bartender told them to try Tammany Club



nebody else's problem" to Connie until one nearly fell on her baby. Police lieutenant advised. "Just shut your eyes to the whole thing."

conscious of the scarecrow figures in tattered, nondescript clothing, who now seemed to be everywhere on Second Avenue and on the adjacent side streets. When Dick left in the morning, there was usually a man going through their garbage can. When Connie came out later with Suzanne on errands or for airings, she was likely to pass twenty or more, sitting on curbs or leaning against store fronts, even lying sprawled on the sidewalk, dead drunk. Connie and Dick had had unpleasant proof that the apartment-house entrances served as toilets for the men. Dick would not let Connie go out at night without him.

Turning east at 48th Street, Connie felt the thrill she always experienced at the gleaming, dramatic oblong of the United Nations Building, thrusting high into the sky. A little park facing the East River, where she spent as much time with Suzanne as she could, was in its shadow. But so also were hangouts of the derelicts. The buildings torn down to make way for the new installations had left hollows and gaps which homeless men had appropriated. Scattered through this section were regular hobo "jungles," in the heart of the metropolis, where men cooked and ate and slept under crude shed roofs or ragged canvas.

Now, as she went by, Connie saw three men, sitting as usual in a little niche made by some projecting timbers. They were drinking from a bottle which they passed from one to another. A little farther on she saw others wandering through *(Continued on Page 113)*

score to date: "Two tries, two sh-offs, zero." When she tried Hall she met third brush-off.



These men live by selling loot from refuse. Home is hobo "jungle" in heart of New York. Many vagrants are ill.



Connolly, at Tammany Club, agreed problem of bums is awful. "In La Guardia's day there were hospitals where they could be sent. Did a lot of good too."



Confused and disappointed — but ready to quit? No. Now Connie thinks, "If enough people like us got busy and worked in the party, maybe we'd get something done."

Political Pilgrim's Progress

How to get BETTER MEN Elected

Have you a low opinion of public officials? A senator (and former university president) tells why such an attitude may actually keep second-rate men in office.

By SENATOR J. W. FULBRIGHT

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"THE Secretary of the Army has asked me to express his deep regret that your son was killed in action in Korea, 21 May 1951. Confirming letter follows."

Few of us have not been touched, directly or indirectly, by the sadness of just such a message. Few of us, for as long as we can remember, have not had our daily lives either dominated by war or overshadowed by the threat of war.

The mothers and fathers of our soldiers, the wives and children, the sweethearts and friends, have accepted their losses with resignation and bewilderment. Isn't there anything that can be done to prevent the recurrence of these national bloodlettings? Women, with an instinctive concern for the preservation of the race, have, it seems to me, a special interest in this question, and since they are now in the majority in this country, they have a responsibility they cannot escape.

WIDE WORLD

Nations start wars or become involved in wars because their leaders lack the patience, the foresight and the wisdom to find a way to settle their differences by reason rather than by force. Recently one of our most astute columnists, a woman, wrote: "This country . . . has been far too much under the domination of military and strategical thinking, and terribly lacking in both historical sense and political imagination." This being at least part of our trouble, is there anything the women, in business or in the home, who have little time to study military strategy, revolutionary Marxism or Chinese history, can do to help bring about a more peaceful and less savage world? I believe there is.

The Constitution of the United States, the basic law of our land, does not bar men and women of superior ability and character from public office. It is the attitude of the citizens toward public officials, and the traditions and myths that have grown up about politicians, that have so effectively deterred the abler citizens among us from seeking public office.

The founding fathers of this nation—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Franklin, Jay, Adams, and their associates—were the outstanding men of their day. They were men of many talents. They were well educated, with great energy and imagination. They were men of ideas and with the ability to put them into effect. They considered it to be an honor and a duty to serve the republic which they created. They were politicians. They understood the art of politics and practiced it to their own glory and for the welfare of the people they represented.

Is it not a strange and curious thing that in the beginning, when we were a weak and struggling community of three million pioneers, our ablest citizens sought and were given the responsibility of governing us; yet today, when we are a powerful nation, proud and rich, our ablest citizens, except in time of national emergency, are unwilling to seek or accept public office? From my own experience in teaching law, I found that the brightest and ablest students looked forward to careers in private practice, not in public office. The most common reaction to the suggestion of public service was that they could not afford it and that it was too rough a life.

In confirmation of this, a poll was taken a short time ago on the question "If you had a son, would you like him to enter politics?" The approximate result was 70 per cent "No," 16 per cent "Yes," and the balance undecided. In answer to a subsidiary question, "Why?", a common observation was, "I prefer that my son work for a living."

Recently, before the Douglas Committee considering ethical standards in government, a well-known Washington columnist of national reputation said, "I am afraid that a large part of the public has little but contempt for most public officeholders." The findings of the Kefauver Committee would seem to support this view.

Let us consider for a moment the consequences of this low opinion of the people, which I do not share, for the political officials whom they elect to direct their government. Our political life becomes subject to what one might call a vicious circle. Our public officials are assumed to be corrupt or incompetent and, therefore, the people have little respect for them. Since the people have little respect for the politicians, the decent and abler citizens of the community will not seek public office and consequently only mediocre, or worse, candidates are available at election time. The bright and able young men prefer to enter the professions or industry where, with reasonable diligence, they can look forward to a life of security and honor in the eyes of the community. There are, of course, many honorable and able men in political office, but this critical attitude of the public often results in their becoming self-conscious and disillusioned.

What can we do about this deplorable situation? First, and most important, we can change our attitude toward public officials, both as a class and as individuals. It is especially important that we do so with regard to the local and state officials, for it is from that level that the raw material for the higher offices is recruited. We must stop thinking of the sheriff, or the prosecuting attorney, or the councilman, as another one of those *(Continued on Page 218)*

"The Constitution does not bar men and women of superior ability and character from public office. It is the attitude of the citizens toward public officials, and the traditions and myths that have grown up about politicians, that have so effectively deterred the abler citizens among us from seeking office."

"The boys in the back room"

Who runs your city? The boys in the back room. Who are they? "Practical politicians"—often not the highest type of citizen. How do they do it? Ask the boys—they know.

The "woggle bug" is the campaign purse contributed by interested supporters so the party can "go down the road." Future political favors often depend upon how much an individual or business contributes to the "woggle bug." The opposition calls collecting for the woggle bug "macing." The party concerned calls it "bearing the freight."

The "fix" or "protection money" paid by racketeers to public officials is called "juice" in California. In Florida it is called "ice."

"We may wreck the party, but we'll control the wreckage."

The average number of voters in the average political precinct is 600; the average number of people who vote in the average primary is only 125. Thus, the precinct leader who controls 65 votes can determine the primary-election result in the average precinct—65 being more than half of 125.

Eight districts of Columbia County in Pennsylvania were so completely under the control of one man that when a reporter, two days before an election, asked him to telephone the results as soon as the votes were counted, he said, "Hell, I'll give them to you now." Which he did. Immediately after the election, the man called the reporter. "That count I gave you is all right," he said, "except for one district. One sonavabitch that we didn't expect came back from Harrisburg to vote."

A common item on campaign expense accounts is "hauling voters." Workers are usually paid a flat rate—$15 to $20 for election day—but sometimes they are paid 25 cents to $2 "per head," and their take runs into impressive sums. In Jersey City, under the Hague machine, one enthusiastic vote hauler drove up to the poll with a busload. "Here's the gang from Bayonne," he called happily.

"I guess I can explain best what to do to succeed in politics by tellin' you what I did. . . . What I did was to get some marketable goods before goin' to the leaders. What do I mean by marketable goods? Let me tell you: I had a cousin, a young man who didn't take any particular interest in politics. I went to him and said, 'Tommy, I'm going to be a politician and I want to get a followin'; can I count on you?' He said, 'Sure, George.' That's how I started in business. I got a marketable commodity, one vote."

A fairly accurate way to identify the political boss in any given constituency is to discover whom one must "see" in order to get a job in the public service.

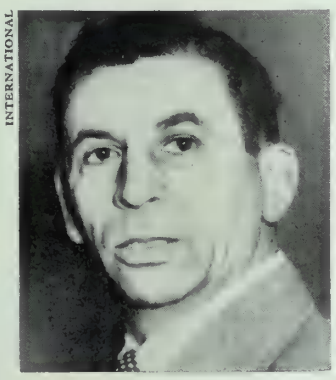
Political influence is often called "juice." A citizen possessed of juice in his home town can telephone the chief of police and say, "Hello, Joe. This is Bill. Howarya, Joe? Joe, you know my wife. Joe, she parked in front of the fireplug at Main and First at noon today. Fine, Joe. Thanks, Joe." Bill is a man with juice.

Once there was a senator who approached a constituent whom he counted upon for active help in a campaign, only to find that the help wasn't forthcoming. The senator couldn't understand the man's apathy. "Didn't I appoint your son postmaster?" he asked. The man admitted that he had. "Didn't I send your nephew to West Point?" Again the constituent conceded that he had. "Didn't I get your brother out of that tax trouble he was in?" "You did," the man said. "Then why are you letting me down in this campaign?" he demanded. His answer: "It is true that you did all these things for me, and I appreciated them, but what have you done for me lately?"

When good citizens refuse public office

MEN LIKE THESE

run our government



Meyer Lansky

"Little Meyer" Lansky, forty-nine years old, who with the even more notorious Frank Costello heads New York's gambling and racketeering activities, lives in a penthouse at 36 East 36th Street in Manhattan. He has been a friend of politicians for many years. In 1946 he helped to arrange the parole of "Lucky" Luciano, narcotics overlord, later visited him in Cuba and Italy. His son, Paul, was appointed to West Point in 1949 by Representative Arthur Klein, New York Democrat.



Arthur H. Samish

"I am the governor of the legislature," million-dollar lobbyist Samish is quoted in the Philbrick report. "To hell with the governor of the state." California's "Mr. Big"—he is 6′2″ tall and weighs over 300 pounds—calls himself a "public-relations counsel." In 1943 he enabled a state senator to buy one-fifth interest in a liquor distributorship for $500, which sold four years later for $40,000. Senator Estes Kefauver describes Samish as "a combination of Falstaff, Little Boy Blue and Machiavelli, crossed with an eel."



Charles Binaggio

Outstanding example of political boss and undisguised gangster in the United States, Charlie Binaggio was the leader of the First Ward Democratic Club in Kansas City. He supplanted the old city boss, Tom Pendergast, branched out and helped to elect Governor Forrest Smith. Last year he was found dead in his political clubhouse with four bullet holes in his head. Shortly before he was killed, he had told a friend that he "planned to get out of politics altogether—too many headaches."



Abner Zwillman

A poor boy from the slums of Newark, New Jersey, Abner "Longie" Zwillman organized the Third Ward Political when he was twenty-one. In 1930, at the age of twenty-six, he got a six-month term for assault, decided to keep the cops on his side thereafter. Through bootlegging, gambling and racketeering, he moved to "respectability"—and a $200,000 twenty-one-room house in West Orange. Now he has many friends in public offices, state and city, who owe him allegiance because he put them there.



the Auction Sale

Plain gossip started it all—you know how men talk—

and now mother and father weren't speaking.

By LETHA RITTER

IT was hot the day of Bill Hensley's sale. Hot even for an August day in Western Kansas. We started early, but even at nine-thirty in the morning the sun was burning and the edge of the wind felt scorched as it swept past you.

The heat made me feel worse. I wondered if maybe I could ask father to turn around and take me home. But, young as I was, I knew that skipping that auction sale wouldn't cure what ailed me. One way or another, that sale was going to settle the almost wordless quarrel between my father and mother. If we didn't go, the quarrel would grow bigger and bigger, uglier and uglier. If it got any worse I couldn't stand it.

It had been going on for ten days now. Ever since the last Saturday we drove in to town for the mail and groceries.

Watching mother buy groceries at Sam Winter's store was the biggest event of the week for a boy like me who was alone so much. She would stand straight and slim and pretty, reading from a long list in her fine, firm handwriting, just as though she could buy out the whole store if she chose. Father would stand beside her with his wallet in his hand. You could just feel how impatient he was, wanting her to reach the end of her wants. It was like a contest. I always got excited watching. *Someday*, I thought, *father will win*. But he never did. Mother would keep on reading right down to the end, then look slowly around the store and add another item or two.

On this summer day, the list was longer than ever. Sam had figures all the way down the big paper bag he was using for a sales slip. When he reached the bottom father said, "Harrumph," and opened his wallet. Mother read on, cool as a cucumber, and Sam wet the tip of his stub pencil on his tongue and started another column.

Halfway down the bag, mother said, "That's all I have listed this time, Mr. Winters."

Father got some bills out and said quickly, "How much is the damage this time, Sam?"

Sam was slow getting at the total. By the time he arrived mother had finished her survey of the shelves. She said, "Add a pound of baking chocolate and a can of sliced peaches to that, please. We're having company Sunday."

Mother had a saying that even if you lived in the middle of nowhere you could set a good table, if you were a good manager. She was, and even father felt proud when company stuffed themselves and bragged on mother's cooking. But you could tell he thought she carried it too far sometimes.

Father picked up the box of groceries and Sam brought our mail from the post office at the back of the store. He handed it to mother and said, "You get more mail than anybody else in the country, Mrs. Andrews, and you get it every week at that." He said that every time, but mother always smiled and looked pleased.

"We have to keep up with the rest of the world while we build a new one out here, Mr. Winters," she said, looking through the mail before she stuffed it down in a corner of the grocery box.

Our light spring wagon was across the street, the mares dozing at the hitching post. Most prairie farmers went everywhere in heavy lumber wagons, their women and girls wearing big slat sunbonnets for shade. I strutted a little, boy-fashion, proud of our trim outfit with the big striped umbrella fastened to *(Continued on Page 210)*

The Journal Presents LETHA RITTER AND HER FIRST PUBLISHED STORY

Father had said, "I won't have a sissy for a son."
And mother answered,
"I won't have a clodhopper for mine."

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER



THE SUIT in oxford-gray flannel is a perfect background for change. We like the look of Mrs. Taylor's yellow sweater with the rolled neckline, the matching belt, the red bag; we also see it in spring with soft blouse and a flowered toque. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7529. 12 to 40.

HAT BY ELIZABETH MARKS, EYES BY AGNEW

© VOGUE





MARIA MARTEL



THE COAT in silky gray fleece will go on forever. The classic lines, the sleeve which can be worn long or turned back in a cuff, the patch pockets make it a real Gem. You might line it with a splash of red or in a matching color. A touch of fur or a bright stole for added warmth and color. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7533. 12 to 46.

MUFF BY FREDRICA, HAT BY MR. JOHN

Back and other views and prices are on Page 121

the Journal's LITTLE GEM OF A WARDROBE

It's the lasting quality of clothes that we try to emphasize in a Gem of a Wardrobe. Lasting from the standpoint of fashion as well as fabric. Mrs. Lloyd Taylor (mother of two young sons, who still finds time to make most of her own clothes) is a firm believer in our theory and feels that this gray fleece coat is a Gem because it is so classic. It is neither too full nor too straight . . . it is pretty with all colors. The suit in oxford-gray flannel has a conservative button-up jacket and a four-gore skirt. It has the faculty for change. It takes to sports accessories as shown, but would also be right for a pale chiffon blouse and a jeweled pin. A black velvet dress is a timeless fashion. You make it a dress of the season by your choice of accessories, this year a taffeta petticoat. A bright wool in basic design takes to scarves and belts prettily and easily. The most you could want to change on these clothes would be the hemline, and each would look just as pretty either a little longer or a little shorter. Designs such as these are worthy of the best material you can afford. • By NORA O'LEARY

Pattern Editor of the Journal



THE WOOL DRESS is basic in design, gay in color. The dress zips up the back from just below the waist, which makes it an easy dress to get in and out of. The neckline and sleeves have self-facings; the skirt, four gores. Lovely felt flowers by Lenci. Vogue Design No. 7543, 12 to 20.





THE DRESSY DRESS in black velvet, a conservative design enhanced by a beautiful fabric. For year-round wear you may prefer it in a silk taffeta. Under it put a silk taffeta petticoat with pleated ruffle. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7542, 12 to 20.

PEARLS BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS



Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. *(*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)*

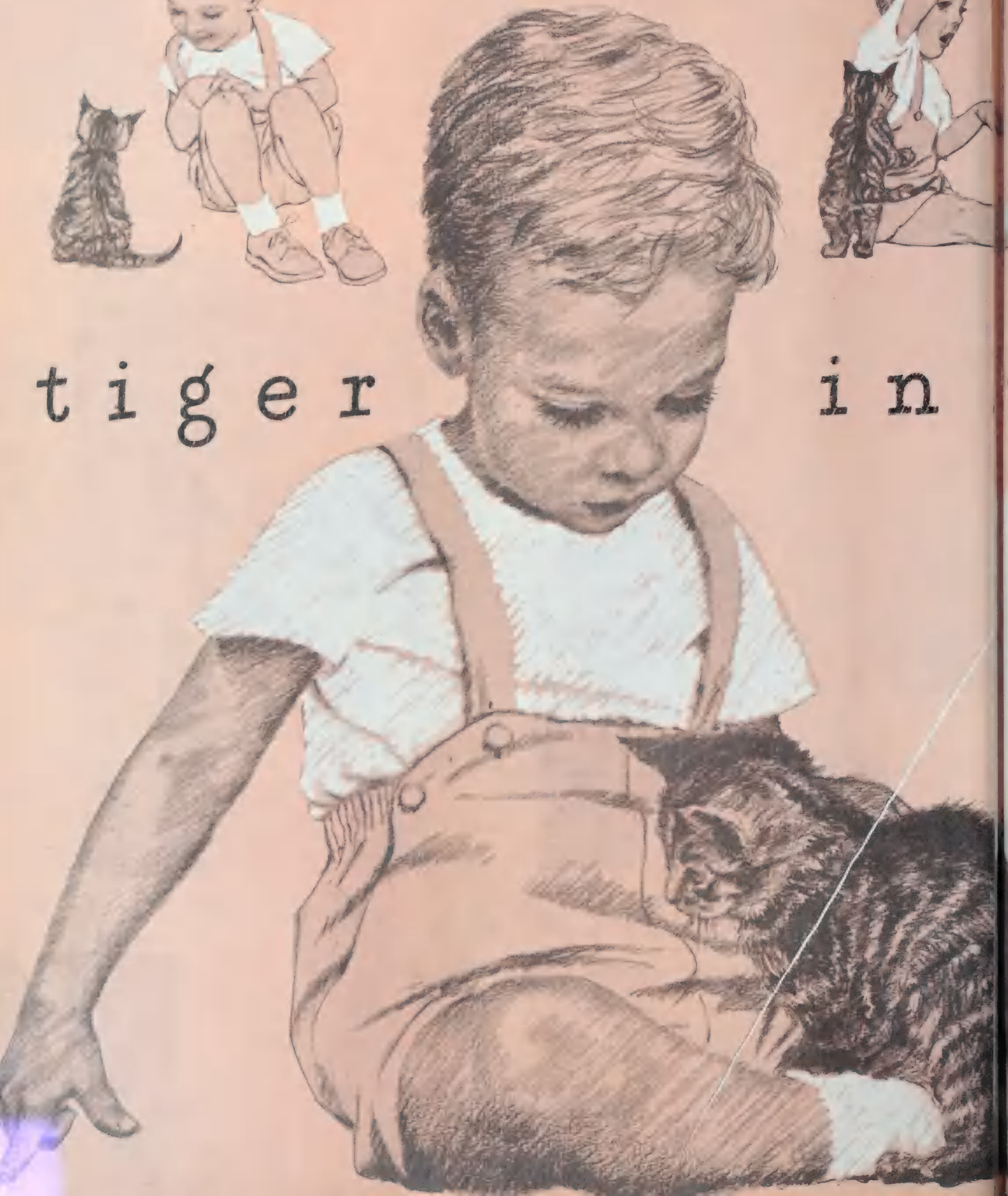
They had tried <u>everything</u>. Then they remembered





t i g e r

i n



to fight fire with fire.

by CLARA L. PARKS



the closet

FOR once the alarm clock beat Marian to the punch. In a daze she reached over and fumbled for the knob, then lay back and fought sleep and wondered if the noise had wakened the children. But no sound came from the other room where eighteen-month-old Eric and three-and-a-half-year-old Gerry slept in their cribs.

What a night! Up three times with Gerry's nightmares. A tiger. In the closet.

Five months that tiger had lurked there. Five months of broken sleep for her and Andy. And what they hadn't done to get rid of the beast! They had tried everything they could think of. They searched in books for the answer. They gave Gerry extra love and attention. Marian took him around to play with other children his age. His wants were attended to ahead of baby Eric's as much as possible. The doctor prescribed vitamins. And still the tiger haunted their nights. They lost Gerry's circus book. A night light held back the darkness. And Marian even sent away for a stuffed toy tiger with a silly expression on its face. The tiger took one look at it, said, "That's no tiger," and went back to the closet. The toy landed in the bottom of the toy chest.

Poor baby. Her own childhood dreams had been invaded by lions. What did it all mean?

Feeling herself slipping back into warm darkness, she threw off the covers and sat up on the edge of the bed. She put on her slippers and sat hunched over with her face in her hands and looked at the floor. She felt weak and dizzy. She'd better get moving if she wanted to fix the boys' cereal before they woke up.

Andy had made coffee before he left. Its fragrance still filled the house. It beckoned to her. She went into the bathroom and washed with cold water. Back in the bedroom, she dressed quietly. Fresh underthings, a clean print house dress, bright socks and saddle shoes, her hair brushed, and she was ready for the day.

Once in the kitchen, she worked quickly. She put the coffee on to reheat and then *(Continued on Page 179)*

The Journal Presents CLARA L. PARKS AND HER FIRST PUBLISHED STORY



ILLUSTRATED BY Schwinn

MRS. LOVETT, at the door of her Locust Valley house, wearing tweeds in her favorite mauve and rose shades, a velours hat.

HIGH-COLLARED black broadtail coat is lined with velvet. She carries a velvet bag, wears a beaver-felt hat, hand-sewn doeskin gloves.





There's something about her



MRS. ROBERT A. LOVETT, wife of the Secretary of Defense, has the kind of feminine loveliness every woman would like to possess. Her clothes reflect her personality, and she repeats her favorite fashions year after year. She has always loved full skirts, and big apron-overskirts, even before they came in style. Early in the morning, you might see her in a pink-and-blue dirndl at her house in Locust Valley, cutting flowers. The same night she might be at a reception in Washington, in bouffant gray tulle. When she wears a suit it is a soft feminine one, often in mauve tones. She loves tweeds and wools in beige and rose-taupe, the colors of her living room. An easy tweed coat is as important to her as a black luncheon dress. Her hats are small and simple—little "muffins," she calls them. Mrs. Lovett finds time for the things that give her delight. She sees her three small grandsons at least once a week, raises her own herbs and flowers, takes cooking lessons, clips magazines and newspapers for fashion and decorating ideas—often ordering her clothes by mail. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal



MRS. LOVETT'S New York or Washington luncheon suit is velveteen in soft mink beige, worn with pearls, gold earrings.



THIS black silk faille with deep V neck, three-quarter-length sleeves and soft skirt is the dress she wears most for luncheons and teas.

JOHN EN





SMOKE-GRAY faille dress with back fullness in the skirt, a short mink-trimmed slipper-satin jacket for state occasions. Her sandals are gray satin.

ONE of Mrs. Lovett's favorite evening dresses is gray tulle over taffeta, with appliquéd taffeta leaves at the décolletage, tulle around her shoulders.



Scotch-plaid wool world-around travel suit by Etta Gaines, $59.95, worn with green felt beret by Mr. Alf, barrel bag.

MORE and more women are discovering the virtues of clothes that need never be put away or pushed to the back of the closet. This year's fabrics and fashions play into this kind of planning—rayons and rayon-and-wool mixtures that look like flannels and tweeds, tie silks and Paisley challis that go under fur coats and are cool enough for summer, all-purpose tweed coats, lightweight jersey dresses, taffetas and failles for the year round, gay-colored felt or rayon flannel at-home skirts for December or May. Several costumes of this nature give a wonderful stability to every wardrobe, prevent nothing-to-wear gaps between seasons.

By Ruth Mary Packard

YEAR-ROUND FASHIONS



Around-the-calendar suit, gray rayon that looks like flannel. The flared skirt is taffeta-lined. $45.00. Worn with gray velours beret.



Soft black wool jersey dress, $22.95, velvet belt and ba
satin pillbox with net veil, $10.95, by John Frederic



Black faille dress, velvet collar, soft hipline, $49.95, by Ben Barrack. Black fox collar tied with a bow, by Harold Rubin, velvet beret.

JOHN ENGSTEAD



ort-sleeved rayon moire afternoon dress with a jacket for day-
ne wear, black or brown, around $49.95, by Bernard Browner.



Lightweight beige wool town dress with side fullness, by Madeleine Fauth. $29.95, worn with black calf belt, medallion pendant, brushed-felt beret, $12.95.

Tweed topcoat for country, town or travel, any time of year, $100.00, Alvin Handmacher. Felt cloche by Peggy Buchanan. Medallion by Kendall Smith.





New sleeves, top ruffles—in Fath's gray wool.

PARIS

FASHIONS... PRETTIEST IN YEARS

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

A look of unsophistication

is in these clothes. Simple dressmaker suits with short jackets, sleeveless dresses with buttoned-up boleros, rough tweeds made as softly as a silk are becoming, easy to live in. They will delight American women.

The silhouette has a longer line,

neither full nor straight, but slim and shapely. Suits and dresses often have a deep inverted back pleat, the big full coat has a high-belted back, the fitted redingote a princess line. Skirts are at their most flattering length, twelve to fourteen inches from the floor.

Black is the fashion,

every hour of the day . . . black with brown, beige, soft green, flashing red. Emerald green is important in wool and satin. Blues are everywhere.

Little bows,

biggest detail in Paris . . . bows at the back of the waist or neckline, tailored bows on tweeds, butterfly bows on evening dresses. Dior's suède pump with dressmaker bow and walking heel is the prophetic shoe.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSH



Tweed dress, shoulder cape, edged with Persian. Velours hat, satin scarf, by Dior.



Pale beige jersey basque dress with pleated fullness, matching hat, Jacques Fath.



Short-sleeved black has a Persian-trimmed lero, back fullness. By

Most important, most becoming suit in Paris: Christian Dior's soft black wool, hipbone-le jacket, skirt with deep back pleat, slim front. Velvet hat, bow shoes, antique rhinestone s



lipper satin **dress, surplice ne, side flare—Christian Dior.**



Rough gray wool **cardigan suit, bow in back, chiffon scarf. By Dior.**



Full, pleated-skirt silhouette **in green wool. A two-piece dress, worn over petticoat, by Jacques Fath. Black velvet hat.**

Dior's trend-setting tweed coat **has high-belted back, controlling its fullness, big easy sleeves with turnback cuffs.**





WILHELA CUSHMAN

This slim wool dress with short sleeves and easy skirt has fitted bolero, buttoned to the waist.



Little black dresses of

PARIS

Versions at moderate prices, from coast to coast in the U.S.A. Originals by Christian Dior.

Lightweight wool with a pleated skirt, taffeta petticoat, pillbox with feather brush.





Side-swept silhouette, long-and-short hemline, in faille taffeta. Velours hat with ostrich feather.



Wool dress with shoulder-tip neckline edged in velvet, wool muff with sealskin.



Back-pleat, back-bow. This wool dress has a satin gilet, bow neckline.

Dress with long slim sleeves, wide V neckline, narrow belt, bow-tied. Black fox muff.



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART—MELLON COLLECTION

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

By ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN *(See Page 212)*

MELVILLE GOODWIN USA

by

John P. Marquand

conclusion

THE Chicago plane was excellently equipped. Two beautiful uniformed hostesses put each passenger at his ease as he climbed aboard, smiling and making the gentle, playful remarks hostesses must have learned at hostess seminaries. We were all to relax and we were all to partake of a delightful experience, flying in a pressurized cabin northwestward through the stratosphere. Coffee and meals and chewing gum would be served aloft, and fasten your seat belts, please. After a moment of tension which I always felt whenever a heavy plane left the runway, everything became smooth. The night was clear, and as I was dozing off to sleep, I began to think of Melville Goodwin.

The Army would handle his personal difficulties. The Army had its ways of taking care of its own, when it came to woman trouble. I could see them already, in some Pentagon office, dealing in the broad generalities of love and life and then coming down to particulars.

From a military viewpoint, the subject of woman trouble fell into several categories. Officers weren't meant to be plaster saints. Where you had war you had to have sex, and anyone who got anywhere in the Army could face the fact. For instance, everybody knew about Captain So-and-so and Colonel So-and-so's wife, and none of this ever hurt Captain So-and-so, and he was a general now, because it had all been handled in the right way.

But there were some officers who were different. Take Mel Goodwin, for instance, and I could hear them already taking Mel Goodwin in the Pentagon. You would never think this of Mel Goodwin. He had never been off the deep end before. What he was doing quite frankly denoted emotional instability, and emotionally unstable officers did not look well in Plans; not that there were not maritally unfaithful officers in Plans, but somehow these officers knew how to handle these problems. It was different when someone like Mel Goodwin suddenly took a stray. It was hard to explain the difference, but it shook one's faith in institutions of regularity. The thing to hope for was that he would get over it. That was undoubtedly what they were saying in the Pentagon.

Melville Goodwin was still beside me invisibly when I was talking things over with Mr. George Burtheimer at breakfast in Chicago, and he was still beside me when I flew back to New York.

After I had been to Chicago, I naturally expected that Gilbert Frary would return from the Coast precipitously. He reached New York at two o'clock in the afternoon the day after I had arrived from Chicago, and he sent word that he wanted to see me in his office at three. I was sure that he had stopped over in Chicago to see Mr. Burtheimer himself, but I was not worried about this any longer, because I had been over all the ground with Mr. Burtheimer and I had done rather well with him.

There is no need to go into the details. They were sordid, but they were practical. I did not like anything I had done. In fact, I was rather *(Continued on Page 226)*

Copyright, 1951, by John P. Marquand. The complete novel was recently published by Little, Brown & Co.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

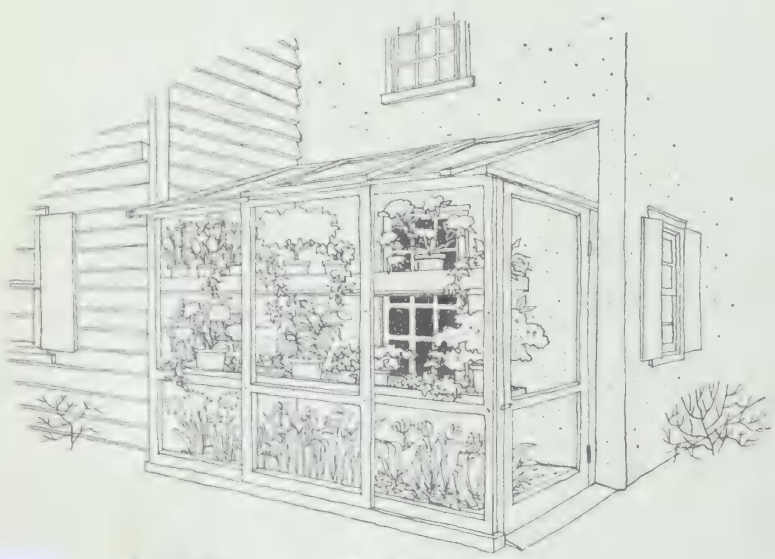


"Any woman can tell when her man's infatuated," Muriel said. "But what I want to know is, does Mel really love her?"

DESIGN BY GEORGE NAKASHIMA; PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

In this climactic pre-Easter picture the plants, left to right, are: Top row: hyacinth and amaryllis; azalea; azalea. Middle row: hydrangea; Easter lily; azalea. Bottom row: paperwhites; Dutch iris; early tulips. The ivy garnish is Merion Beauty.

Window Greenhouse



It will fit almost any kind of house.

THIS is to satisfy that winter craving for the smell of warm damp earth and the fragrance of growing flowers. It is a simple demountable lean-to structure of wood-and-glass panels which you set up against your house and fasten together with thumb nuts in a matter of minutes. To give the greatest pleasure it should stand outside a window or doorway, and the exposure should be as nearly toward the south as you can possibly make it. It has a door at its easterly end, and there is just enough room inside for you to sidestep along the tray shelves. On bright days, even in freezing weather, it will feed flower-scented sun warmth into the room from which it opens. Nights and dark days it will need heat. One way is to place it over an open area from a warm cellar; another is to use a hotbed-warming cable. A floodlight on the floor at one end makes it spectacular after dark, from indoors or out, and furnishes further warmth. In it you can grow almost anything; it's merely a question of care. How to make and manage it are clearly shown in picture patterns and complete instructions, obtainable for 25c from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila. 5, Pa. Ask for No. 2582, use coupon on Page 26. • By RICHARD PRATT

there's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER

My neighbor with the dramatic picture window tells me (as if the neighborhood didn't suspect it) that he and his wife have quarreled at least two thousand times. "But we still love each other dearly!" he assures me.

"We husbands wouldn't mind having the babies," says Peter Comfort unconvincingly, reluctantly nibbling at a potato his small son baked in a leaf bonfire, "if we could do it in nine days instead of nine months!"

Our oil-station attendant is puzzled by a new record in the collection plate at his church: $233.01 on the first cold Sunday. He's a vestryman and tells me that to get the $145.54 a week required by his church budget he often has to rattle his dish a bit. "Maybe their fingers were chilly," he surmises.

The man next door tells me he'd rather spend a few billions on weapons for Western Europe's soldiers than finance all the teen-age boys in our block on a free trip to Moscow. "If only to please the girls," he says, "who'd prefer to keep 'em home and available."

I'm afraid we men are more sentimental than our wives. . . . I still have the suit I wore at our wedding (and can still get into it), but my wife hasn't the faintest idea what became of her wedding dress.

When Junior queries, "Dad, do you want me to do anything around the house today?" and goes into a spectacular sixty minutes of conspicuous chores. I know what's coming: a deft nudge for $5 and the use of the car.

A few of our friends are still coy about bifocal glasses, but a few others are already bragging about their trifocals. "In an art gallery, for example," one of 'em tells me, "with trifocals you can read the catalogue, admire the pictures and still see the pretty girls across the gallery!"

I can tell when our daughter has a date that evening, because at breakfast she begins to needle us all to be at home promptly for an early dinner. And then she races through the dishwashing in half the time it takes when she's staying home.

In the steam bath at the club our town's most worried man was worrying again about our public schools. "They don't teach our kids to read or spell," he says, "and after they graduate they never read a book; and people who don't read are a menace."

Some of the men I know keep the boss' picture on their office wall to spur 'em on to new heights. But I find there's nothing like a picture of the wife and kids to goad me on to pretensions of genius when I'd rather go play some golf.

Several of the thirtyish and fortyish men in our town are learning to fly, mostly to impress their wives. (Some of 'em were egged on because they could get flying lessons free under the GI Bill.) But their wives still don't confuse 'em with dashing young pilots.

One of our town's nervous matrons keeps her chums spellbound with tales of her sleepless nights, her 2 A. M. sleeping pills and her predawn awakenings. . . . But a man who's enjoyed the privilege of sleeping in the same room says she sleeps like a night watchman. (No cad, either; he's her husband.)

If it weren't for our wives, I'm sure string beans would vanish from the earth. . . . They feed 'em to us regularly, I've concluded, because we're so neutral against 'em that they make a most durable leftover.

Our youngest recently discovered Uncle Tom's Cabin via the movies, and he demands why such a masterpiece has been kept from him. . . . When I told him I'd read the book at his age (11) he even expressed willingness to read it, too, an unheard-of thing nowadays.

This neighborhood envies the lawn at the governor's mansion in the next block. It's always the best-mowed lawn in summer, and in autumn its leaves are raked more promptly than ours. . . . And yet I've never seen the governor with a rake or a lawn mower.

Our town seems to have trained quite a group of most considerate husbands: they tiptoe out of the house early and get downtown in time to have breakfast before the day's occupation, so the little woman can sleep late. . . . Very few of 'em brag about it, though.

A quartet of our local globe-trotters caught a glimpse of Eva Perón down in Buenos Aires recently. They report she reminds 'em of the late evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson, as Aimee might have looked thirty-five pounds slimmer after a sojourn at Elizabeth Arden's health farm.

At the bridge table I asked the girls who were needling Ava, Ingrid and Rita why they didn't turn their guns also on Frankie, Roberto and Aly. Or do the men get a sort of immunity? (Anyhow, I've never understood what a spirited girl like Ava sees in Frankie!)

I'm shocked by our stinginess with blood for the blood banks, and have resolved to let 'em have a pint every eight weeks. (The children and my Dream Girl want to donate too.) Anyhow, I figure I can save a pint every eight weeks by shaving a little more carefully.

When Junior's voice gets a little throaty as he says good-by when you're about to fly across the ocean . . .

And your daughter breaks down and admits you don't look too awful in a butch haircut . . .

Or your youngest scribbles "love and kisses" on the outside of the envelope he mails overseas to you . . .

And when your beloved wife's voice sings out across the Atlantic over the radiotelephone as ecstatically as when you used to call her up for a date . . .

Then you ignore the insults from your shaving mirror and begin to think in a lonely faraway place maybe you're quite a remarkable fellow after all.



At dusk it's a cozy sight, the line of bonfires as our neighbors rake and burn their fallen leaves. . . . But Junior thinks it's ridiculous to rake 'em until you see what'll blow off our yard onto our neighbors', and what'll blow from their yards over to ours.

Thanksgiving

I HAVE a blue platter. No doubt many of you have also a blue platter, with the picture of a bold and lovely turkey in the center, and around the edge a motto reading "Let Us Be Thankful. Thanksgiving 1881." Quite a number of Thanksgivings have come and gone since that platter was new. And the miracle is that it has passed through many hands, yet not a crack, not a chip, not a single misadventure has marred its seventy years of perfection. This particular platter was designed to accommodate, with appropriate garnishments, a noble bird of ample proportions, say around twenty-five to thirty pounds or maybe bigger. It's a far cry from the size they call a turkey platter nowadays.

Thanksgivings come and go. The celebration of Thanksgiving has been going on for a long, long time. And my platter evokes memories as clear and scenes as poignant as this very Thanksgiving you are about to add to the twice-told tales of the years that are gone. And of these the blue platter would, if it could speak, tell in the firelight of dreams and remembrances never to fade and never to grow old while memory abides. *(Continued on Page 102)*

By ANN BATCHELDER

STUART-FOWLER


Menu
Shrimp Cocktail—Caviar Sauce
Turkey Broiler
Pecan Stuffing—Turkey Gravy
Cranberry Sauce
Broccoli with Black Butter
Onions in Bread Sauce
Apple-Aspic Salad
Pumpkin-Mince Pie
Coffee
(Planned for 6)

LINE A DAY

PRATT



Saint Paul's Church, Edenton, North Carolina.

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 NO RAIN TODAY

Rain, I forbid you to rain,
Sun, I forbid you to shine.
Hide where the storm clouds abide
As they summon the infinite tide,
But remember—no rain.

2 Up in Vermont, it's still deep-dish apple pie when all other desserts get the brush-off. And don't get the idea that pie for breakfast is as common here as scrapple and fried eggs. It isn't. By the way, a deep-dish pie made with half apples and half winter pears is awfully good. With a slab of that incomparable sage cheese—full cream, you know.

3 A chicken croquette, properly made, with chicken and not leftover veal, is a rare treat. You might try putting a spoon of cranberry or currant jelly in each croquette before dipping in egg, crumbing and frying. It's a surprise item and worth going for.

4 This sounds strange, but try it. Chop 1 pound raw spinach, add 6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced, and about 1 teaspoon grated onion. Just before serving, toss in ⅓ cup mayonnaise. A spinach salad.

5 Soften 1 bouillon cube or 1 teaspoon meat paste with 1 tablespoon milk. Add to 1 package cream cheese and beat well. Then mix in a dash of Tabasco and ⅛ teaspoon Worcestershire. A fine spread or dip for crackers, potato chips.

6 Soup course coming up: To 3 parts strong clear chicken broth add 1 part canned tomato juice. Heat. Serve in cups, garnish with sour cream spiked with a whiff of curry powder.

7 Recommended to me by an excellent cook—one who cooks and doesn't groan when it's time to put on the teakettle: Just add a scratch of nutmeg to hot chicken soup. Hope you approve the result.

8 Forever and forever we look for something brand-new. Isn't it true? Orange-and-onion salad—who doesn't know about that? Well, cut up some peeled oranges and slice some Bermuda onions thin. Dress with French dressing, garnish with cottage- or cream-cheese balls rolled in paprika or pecans ground fine. Maybe you've tried this already, but it tastes fine.

9 *From an old cookbook:* "It is unfortunate that so many otherwise excellent cooks persist in *under*cooking vegetables. They should bear in mind that peas and corn, for example, should never be cooked less than one to two and a half hours and the water thrown out at once, as all so-called 'vegetable juices' are poisonous, and all vegetables therefore must be thoroughly rinsed after cooking." And what would our home-economics teachers say to that?

10 Pork chops are mighty good eating, if done right by. A good relish affair to go with them is made by mixing ½ cup sour cream with 1 tablespoon horseradish, 1 teaspoon mustard and a little salt. Beat it up and pass on the side.

11 This is called "Special Spinach"; but if *any* spinach can be special. I should like to see it. Anyway, spinach is a good sound vegetable, so, if there's a new slant, you should know it. Better try it too. It's very simple.

12 Cook a package of frozen spinach as the directions on the box tell you to. They know, so let them boss the job. Season it with ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, a very little pepper, ¼ teaspoon anchovy paste and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Heat and hurry.

13 An elegant sauce for hot cottage pudding is made by sweetening whipped cream, then adding instant coffee to taste.

14 To 1 cup cream-style canned corn add 3 slices bacon, broiled crisp and crumbled. Then add 4 eggs, beaten lightly, season to taste, and scramble as you would scramble eggs. This is known as Squaw Corn, and very good too.

15 You know where I stand on prunes. I really like them. Give this a try, once anyway, and then you'll go on as occasion requires.

16 Cook large "plum" prunes and carefully take out the stone or seed. Same thing, stone, seed. Stuff the prunes with a tart pickle relish and use as a garnish with ham or roast pork or pork chops. These are first rate. Incidentally, do you ever serve pitted, hot, cooked glazed prunes with meat? Very good.

17 For men only. Ladies will please think up something else for *their* parties. It's a sandwich. On rye. Or brown. Take ½ jar very sharp cheese spread. Add half a dozen slices cooked ham, chopped or minced. Mix well.

18 *Chapter 2.* Now season with 1 onion, minced, 4 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a few drops of Tabasco. Mix and there you are. And, ladies, don't taste more than necessary, or the men will have to settle for ham and Swiss on rye. Russian dressing—just mayonnaise and chili sauce.

19 For the morning after roast-chicken day: Sauté the chicken liver in butter or margarine. Cut into small pieces. Add to your scrambled-egg mixture and scramble!

20 Choose large shiny green peppers. Halve and get out all the seeds. If you don't, you'll wish you had! Cut the peppers into strips and fry slowly in bacon or salt-pork fat. Season with salt and pepper. Toss. Add cut-up tomatoes. Cook until the tomatoes go to pieces. Mix well. Serve with sausages or such.

21 Peanut brittle used to be dedicated to little boys' pockets and took the place of jam and molasses as face cream. But now things have changed. For one thing, roll the brittle well and stir into hot applesauce. It will make a dessert when Sophia and the Rev. call. Try it.

22 I'm pretty choosy about omelets. However, this is good enough to pass along: Chop fine a bunch of stemmed water cress and stir in a little sour cream. Fold in the omelet and serve quick as a lamb going over a stone wall.

23 I hold with straight melted butter with cold boiled or hot broiled lobster. But—converted, in a way, to mustard butter, I tried it. Only 1 teaspoon of prepared mustard to 3 tablespoons of melted butter. Depends on how addicted to mustard you are.

24 Hollow out some firm, tart apples. Leave a good "wall." Stuff with deviled ham or ground ham not related to the devil. Dot with butter or margarine. Sprinkle with brown or maple sugar and bake until tender, not too soft. Serve with griddlecakes or ham or bacon—and no hurry.

25 Now a Banbury tart is the best thing that ever came out of Banbury, and you can say that again. You know leftover mincemeat will serve as a quick filling for the pastry. Add lemon juice and raisins. And whatever is best. Get me?

26 An old lady told me this. I pass it on. In case. Put a cut apple in the cakebox to keep the cake from drying out. If it's the cake I *think* it is, you won't need it.

27 For a Sunday-night supper, cover slices of brown buttered toast with sliced sautéed mushrooms. Over these put a poached egg, sprinkled with paprika, salt and pepper. Cover the whole works with red-hot Welsh rarebit and serve instantly.

28 *Flavor tricks:* Add a drop or two of almond flavoring to canned cherries. . . . Sprinkle freshly ground black pepper over a tossed green salad. . . . And don't forget to add dry mustard to cheese sauce for macaroni.

29 Radishes, firm and red and tasting of the good earth, cut into thin slices and used as a garnish for soups. And it's a garnish that's eatable, that's the gimmick.

30 This summer I spent an all-too-short vacation in my native state. An old friend of earlier days gave me a little porcelain plate. Only a little piece with tiny wild flowers under the glaze. Only a hundred years old. Only a treasure treasured through a century of care and love. A little plate, coming to one who loves it and the giver of it. A century gone by. I shall hope that someone else will treasure it as I do when the giver and I are gone. And that it will be as lovely on its second-century birthday as it is now. Will it be so? Who knows?

Enjoy the Magic of Mushrooms

in Soup . . . in Sauce . . . in Cooking



Mushroom Scalloped Potatoes

Prepare scalloped potatoes as usual, using cream of mushroom soup as the cream sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake to a crusty brown.

Croquettes with Mushroom Cream Sauce

After making your favorite beef, ham, chicken, or turkey croquettes . . . serve them hot and golden brown with lots of mushroom cream sauce.

Cream of Mushroom, the Luxury Soup

Cultivated mushrooms . . . extra heavy cream! In my book, there's nothing better! Looks wonderful—and tastes it, too. The whole family will enjoy it!

ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

MUSHROOMS . . . I love them! That's why cream of mushroom soup makes any of my everyday meals a party. It dresses them up . . . really adds that special touch.

Not too many years ago cream of mushroom soup was classed as a luxury, something for entertaining or to be enjoyed at the finest restaurants. Now nearly everybody seems to serve this rich, creamy-smooth soup with lots of tender mushroom pieces . . . and they serve it often. It's so delicious, so easy on the budget.

If your "man and clan" tremendously enjoy it as a soup, then they're sure to rave about it as a sauce and cooking ingredient.

As a pour-on sauce with vegetables, chicken or turkey, it steps up their taste . . . gives a real lift to economy meat cuts.

Cream of mushroom soup is "dreamy" in soufflés. Any cheese dish is sparked by it. And as for potatoes or tuna, once you've scalloped them with cream of mushroom soup . . . you'll never do them any other way.

There's magic in cream of mushroom soup. It does so much for your reputation as a cook!

A clever cook keeps a full "Soup Shelf."

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!



Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

MY COUSIN RACHEL

(Continued from Page 39)

I was glad to see him go, because I did not reach the hedge in time.

I felt better afterward, though my teeth chattered, and I was very cold. Tom Jenkyn lost identity again. He was even a target for the stone I threw. Ashamed of my action, I sped off in search of Ambrose.

Well, that was all of eighteen years ago, and to the best of my recollection I have not thought much of it since. Until these last few days. It is strange how in moments of great crisis the mind whips back to childhood. Somehow I keep thinking of poor Tom. He killed his wife, so Ambrose said. And that was all. She was a scold, but that was no excuse for murder. Perhaps Tom staggered forth from the inn upon the quay, that winter's night, all lit with love and fever. He may have groped his way home to his cottage behind the church, and his wife lashed out at him for bringing his damp feet inside the door, which broke his dream, and so he killed her. That well might be his story.

If there is survival after death, as we are taught to believe, I shall seek out poor Tom and question him. We will dream in purgatory together. But he was a middle-aged man of some sixty years or more, and I am five and twenty. Our dreams would not be the same. So go back into your shadows, Tom, and leave me some measure of peace. I threw a stone at you in ignorance. Forgive me.

The point is, life has to be endured, and lived. But how to live it is the problem. The work of day by day presents no difficulties. I shall become a justice of the peace, as Ambrose was, and also be returned, one day, to Parliament. I shall continue to be honored and respected, like all my family before me. No one will ever guess the burden of blame I carry on my shoulders; nor will they know that every day, haunted still by doubt, I ask myself a question which I cannot answer. Was Rachel innocent or guilty? Maybe I shall learn that, too, when I go to purgatory.

The contrast between the popular estimate of my powers and achievements and the reality is simply grotesque. The consciousness of this extraordinary state of affairs would be unbearable but for one great consoling thought: it is a welcome symptom in an age which is commonly denounced as materialistic, that it makes heroes of men whose ambitions lie wholly in the intellectual and moral sphere.

—ALBERT EINSTEIN:
The World As I See It
(Philosophical Library).

How soft and gentle her name sounds when I whisper it. It lingers on the tongue, insidious and slow, almost like poison. Which is apt indeed. It passes from the tongue to the parched lips, and from the lips back to the heart. And the heart controls the body, and the mind also.

Shall I be free of it one day? In forty, in fifty years? Perhaps, when all is said and done, I shall have no wish to be free. As yet, I cannot tell.

I still have the house to cherish, which Ambrose would have me do. I have wondered lately if, when he died, his mind clouded and tortured by doubt and fear, his spirit left his body and came home here to mine, taking possession. So that he lived again in me, repeating his own mistakes. It may be so. All I know is that my likeness to him, of which I was so proud, proved my undoing.

HAD I been another man, agile and quick, with a deft tongue and a shrewd head for business, the past year would have been no more than another twelve months come and gone. I should be settling down to a brisk contented future. To marriage, possibly, and to a young family.

But I was none of these things, nor was Ambrose. We were dreamers, both of us, impractical, reserved. Disliking our fellow men, we craved affection; but shyness kept impulse dormant until the heart was touched. When that happened the heavens opened, and we felt, the pair of us, that we had the whole wealth of the universe to give. We would have both survived had we been other men.

Rachel would have come here just th same. Spent a night or two, and gone he way. Matters of business would have bee discussed, some settlement arranged, th will read formally with lawyers round table, and I—summing up the position in glance—given her an annuity for life, and s been quit of her.

It did not happen that way, because looked like Ambrose. It did not happen tha way, because I felt like Ambrose.

WHEN I went up to her room, that firs evening she arrived, and she got up from th chair where she had been sitting by the win dow and looked up at me, I should hav known then, from the glance of recognitio in her eyes, that it was not I she saw, bu Ambrose. Not Philip, but a phantom. Sh should have gone then. Packed up her trunks and left.

Did she, I wonder, when she saw me stanc ing there diffident and awkward, smartin with sullen resentment at her presence, ye hotly conscious of being host and master— did she, I wonder, think swiftly to hersel *Ambrose must have been thus when he wa young. I did not know him when he looked lik this*, and therefore stayed?

It was my godfather, Nick Kendall, wh in his bluff, straightforward fashion, said t me, on the eve of my twenty-fifth birthday— a few months ago only, yet how long i time—"There are some women, Philip, goo women very possibly, who through no fau of their own impel di aster. Whatever the touch somehow turn to tragedy. I don know why I say th to you, but I feel must." And then I witnessed my signatu on the document tha I had put before hin

No, there is no r turn. Tom Jenkyn, ba tered specimen of h manity, did you, a those years ago, sta after me in pity, as went running down th woods into the future Had I looked back, should not have seen you swinging in yo chains, but my own shadow.

I had no sense of foreboding when we s talking together that last evening, befo Ambrose set out on his final journey.

It was now the third autumn that the do tors had ordered him to winter abroad, an I had become used to his absence and looking after the estate while he was awa The first winter that he went I had been u at Oxford still, so his going had made ve little difference to me, but the second wint I came down for good and remained t whole time at home. I did not miss the ga garious life at Oxford; in fact, I was glad be quit of it. I never had any desire to be an where but home.

In fact, apart from my school days at Ha row, and afterward at Oxford, I had nev lived in any place but this house, where had come at the unremembered age of eigh een months after my young parents die Ambrose in his queer generous way bei seized with pity for his small orphaned cous and so bringing me up himself, as he mig have done a puppy, or a kitten, or any fr and lonely thing needing protection.

There could not be a man more fair, m just, more lovable, more full of understan ing. He taught me my alphabet in the si plest possible way by using the initial lett of every swear word—twenty-six of th took some finding—but he achieved it son how. And warned me at the same time n to use the words in company.

Although invariably courteous, he was s of women, and mistrustful too, saying th made mischief in a household, therefore

(Continued on Page 78)

Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.

HER VIVID INNER SELF richly warms Mrs. Gould's lovely face . . . telling everyone who sees her what a captivating, charming person she is. You, too, have a *special* beauty that is quite your own. Does it speak to others through *your* face . . . tell them *you* are lovely to know?

That special undiscovered self within you — can bring you new loveliness



Mrs. Gould has perfectly beautiful milk-white skin that is in exciting contrast to her dark hair, dark eyes. She is a devoted user of Pond's Cold Cream. "Pond's has always been *my* cream," she says.

MANY WOMEN are being *unjust* to themselves—sing to admit and cultivate the charm that *could* heirs.

et—no woman needs to lack charm. Within you, in every woman, is an exciting power that can ake you. This power grows out of the inter-ndence of your Outer Self and your Inner Self ne way you *look*, the way you *feel*.

is this power that lights you with a starry con-ice when you know you are attractive to see. —it dims and dispirits you when you do not *look* your best. That's why you need to be faithful *every day* to the routine essentials that do so much to keep you *outwardly lovely* and *inwardly at ease*.

You can so easily help your face say happy things about you. And you'll find this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream gives you *very special* help. It creams all skin-dulling dinginess right off. It adds a velvet quality of softness. Give your face this Pond's care *always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Hot Stimulation—give face a good splashing with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue *lightly*.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Literally, this face treatment works on *both* sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this Pond's treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Mrs. Gould says: "I think this face treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is *particularly good* for my skin."

Remember—it's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely, it banishes that bogy of self-consciousness—radiates you with a happy new confidence that brings others closer to the real Inner You.



You hear it everywhere—
"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"



New IVORY FLAKES
with Radiant Action
keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer

Now, your precious knit dresses and treasured sweaters can actually be worn more often, yet stay lovely for years! Gentle care with new Ivory Flakes will keep them fluffy and bright, fitting right, washing after washing!

And of course there's a reason why! Ivory Flakes, you see, has "Radiant Action"—an entirely new kind of beauty protection for fine washables. Now, when you wash your nice things gently with pure, mild Ivory Flakes, they'll keep their radiant, new beauty through more wearings and washings than you ever *dreamed possible.*

So don't take chances! You *know* your fine washables are safe in Ivory Flakes. It's the soap millions of mothers use for washing babies' clothes, when only the purest, mildest soap will do. It's the only flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too. Get a box today!

If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care



(Continued from Page 76)

would employ only menservants, and the tribe was controlled by old Seecombe, who had been my uncle's steward.

Eccentric perhaps, unorthodox, but, in spite of his individual opinions on women and the upbringing of small boys, Ambrose was no crank. He was liked and respected by his neighbors, and loved by his tenants. He shot and hunted in the winter before that rheumatism got a grip on him, fished in the summer from a small sailing boat he kept anchored in the estuary, dined out and entertained when he had the mind to do so, went twice to church of a Sunday.

I can see him now, half hunched, half sprawling in his chair—I caught the habit from him—shaking with silent laughter. I came to appreciate his qualities the more once I went to Harrow; the holidays passed all too swiftly, as I compared his manners and his company with the urchins who were my schoolmates, and the masters, stiff and sober, lacking to my mind all humanity.

"Never mind," he used to say, patting my shoulder. "It's just a training process, like breaking in a horse; we have to face it. Once your school days are behind, I will bring you home here for good, and train you myself."

"Train me for what?" I asked.

"Well, you're my heir, aren't you? That's a profession in itself."

He reckoned without his health, though, and when school and university lay behind me, it was then his turn to go.

"They tell me if I spend another winter being rained on every day I shall end my days crippled in a Bath chair," he said to me. "I must go off and search for the sun. The shores of Spain, of Egypt, anywhere where it is dry and warm. I don't particularly want to go, but on the other hand, I don't want to end a cripple. There is one advantage in the plan. I shall bring back plants that nobody else has got. We'll see how the demons thrive in Cornish soil."

THE first winter came and went, likewise the second. He enjoyed himself well enough, and I don't think he was lonely. He returned with heaven knows how many trees; shrubs, flowers, plants of every form and color. Camellias were his passion. We started a plantation for them alone, and they flourished from the first, and we lost none of them.

So the months passed, until the third winter. This time he had decided upon Italy. He wanted to see some of the gardens in Florence and in Rome. We talked late, that last evening, both of us with our long legs stretched out before the fire.

"I wish you were coming with me," h said suddenly.

"It won't take me long to pack," I an swered.

He shook his head and smiled. "No," h said, "I was joking. We can't both be awa for months at a time."

"I could travel with you down to Rome, I said, excited at the idea.

"No," he said slowly, "no, it was just whim. Forget it."

HE got up from his chair, and went ove to the window. He drew back the heavy cu tains, and stood for a few moments starin out across the grass.

"I'm glad we did away with the paths an brought the turf close to the house," he sai "It would look better still if the grass wer sloping right to the end there, by the pony paddock. One day you must cut away th undergrowth there, to give a view of th sea."

"How do you mean," I said, "*I* must do it Why not you?"

He did not answer at once. "Same thing, he said at last, "same thing. It makes r odds. Remember though."

My old retriever Don raised his head an looked across at him. He had seen the corde boxes in the hall, and sensed departure. Th clock in the belfry struck nine. From th servants' quarters I could hear Seecombe grumbling voice scolding the pantry boy.

"Ambrose," I said, "Ambrose, let n come with you."

"Don't be a fool, Philip, go to bed," h answered.

That was all. We did not discuss the ma ter any more.

Next morning at breakfast he gave m some last instructions about the sprin planting. It was a raw, damp morning. We lington brought the carriage to the door, an it was soon piled high with baggage. T horses were restless and eager to be off.

Ambrose turned to me, and laid his han upon my shoulder. "Take care of things he said. "Don't fail me."

"That's a hit below the belt," I answere "I've never failed you yet."

"You're very young," he said. "I put great deal on your shoulders. Anywa everything I have is yours, you know tha

I believe that if I had pressed the mat then he would have let me go with him. Bu said nothing. Seecombe and I put him in t carriage with his rugs and sticks, and smiled at us from the open window.

"All right, Wellington," he said. "Dr on." And they went away down the dr just as the rain began.



"That perfume I bought made her too irresistible—now she won't bother with me."

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for Good Mouthcare!



First thing in the morning
Pre-prepare for your day



Again in the evening
Before social engagements

Keep your mouth and throat clean all of the time!



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MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

...with our best regards for your mouth and throat

LAVORIS DOES A THOROUGH JOB SO PLEASANTLY

Tangy with Oils of Cinnamon and Cloves

Detaches and removes germ-harboring film

The weeks passed much as they had done during the two previous winters. I missed him as I always did, but there was plenty to occupy me. If I wished for company I rode over to visit my godfather, Nick Kendall, whose only daughter, Louise, was a few years younger than myself, and a playmate from childhood days. She was a stanch girl, with no fancy ways, and pretty enough. Ambrose used to jest at times and say she would make me a wife one day, but I confess I never thought of her as such.

It was mid-November when his first letter came. He was well, and in good spirits, and looked forward to the journey into Italy. He was not trusting himself to a diligence, which would have meant going up to Lyons anyway, but had hired himself horses and a conveyance, and proposed driving along the coast into Italy. The next letter came from Florence. I kept all his letters, and I have the bunch of them before me now. How often I read them during the next months; they were thumbed, and turned, and read again, as though by the very pressure of my hands upon them more could be gleaned from the pages than the words gave of themselves.

It was toward the close of this first letter from Florence that he first spoke of Cousin Rachel. He wrote:

I have made the acquaintance of a connection of ours. You have heard me talk about the Coryns, who used to have a place on the Tamar, now sold up, and changed to other hands. A Coryn married an Ashley two generations ago—you will find it on the family tree. A descendant of that branch was born and brought up in Italy, impecunious father, Italian mother, and married off at an early age to an Italian nobleman called Sangalletti, who departed this life by fighting a duel, it appears, when half-seas over, leaving his wife with a load of debts and a great empty villa. No children. The Contessa Sangalletti—or, as she insists on calling herself, my Cousin Rachel—is a sensible woman, and good company, and has taken it upon her shoulders to show me the gardens in Florence, and in Rome later, as we shall both be there at the same time.

I was glad that Ambrose had found a friend, and someone who could share his passion for gardens. Here was a person whose family had hailed from Cornwall, so they would have that in common too.

The next letter consisted almost entirely of a list of gardens which, though not at their best at this season in the year, seemed to have made a great impression upon Ambrose. As had our relative, twice or thrice removed.

I am beginning to have a real regard for our Cousin Rachel [wrote Ambrose, in early spring], and feel quite distressed to think what she must have suffered from that fellow Sangalletti. These Italians are treacherous blackguards, there's no denying it. She is just as English as you or I in her ways and outlook, and might have been living beside the Tamar yesterday. Can't hear enough about home, and all I have to tell her. She is extremely intelligent but, thank the Lord, knows when to hold her tongue. None of that endless yattering, so common in women. She has found me excellent rooms in Fiesole, not far from her own villa, and as the weather becomes milder I shall spend a good deal of my time at her place, sitting on the terrace or pottering in the gardens, which are famous, it seems, for their design, and for the statuary, which I don't know much about. How she exists I hardly know, but I gather she has had to sell much of the valuable stuff in the villa to pay off the husband's debts.

I asked my godfather, Nick Kendall, if he remembered the Coryns. He did, and had not much opinion of them.

"They were a feckless lot, when I was a boy," he said. "Gambled away their money, and estates, and the house now, on Tamarside, is nothing much more than a tumbled-down farm. This woman's father must have been Alexander Coryn. He was second son of a second son. Don't know what happened to him, though. Does Ambrose give this *contessa's* age?"

"No," I said. "He only told me she had been married very young. But he did not say how long ago. I suppose she is middle-aged."

"She must be very charming for Mr. Ashley to take notice of her," remarked Louise.



If you wash windows... bake... scrub... or polish silver

...you need the LOTION MADE FOR BUSY HANDS!

If, as with most people, yours are *working* hands, it's a problem to keep them from getting rough and dry. You may have tried many lotions without success. What you really need is Italian Balm.

Not an ordinary, "cosmetic-type" lotion, Italian Balm is made especially for *working* hands. It contains medically-proved ingredients that are good for your skin. Soothes and softens chapped, rough skin overnight. Then, like an "invisible glove," it constantly *protects* your skin—from work, weather and water—helps *keep* your hands smooth and attractive *no matter how hard you use them.*

From the moment you apply Italian Balm, your hands will feel better, work better, and look better. Easy, and economical too—one drop does it! —only 25¢, 50¢, 1.00. For men and children, too.

So simple: *Just use a drop of Balm after each exposure to work, weather or water, and at bedtime. Your hands will always feel smooth and comfortable.*

So good, one drop does it!



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Slip in 3 proportioned lengths, $6.95 Nightgown, $10.95 Panties to match, $3.00

Blue Horizon

Wonderthings of nylon tricot and nylon net

Night *or* day, asleep *or* awake, there's nothing like nylon next to your skin. Especially when it's so exquisitely styled, so artfully created by Van Raalte.

And, for all that look of gossamer, Van Raalte's *wonderthings* wear and wear, come up smiling and color-fresh wash after wash—and, of course, they *never* need ironing. In Blue Horizon, white and other lovely colors. At better stores.



—and Van Raalte is famous for gloves and hosiery, too!

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

"I have never heard him admire a woman yet."

"That's probably the secret," I said. "She's plain and homely, and he doesn't feel forced to pay her compliments."

One or two letters more came, scrappy, without much news. He was just back from dining with our Cousin Rachel, or on his way there to dinner. He said how few people there were in Florence among her friends who could really give her disinterested advice on her affairs. He flattered himself, he said, that he could do this. And she was so grateful.

"I feel I have accomplished something," he said, "besides acquiring hundreds of new plants to bring back home with me."

Then came a space of time. He had said nothing of the date of his return, but it was usually toward the end of April.

Winter had seemed long with us, and frost unexpectedly severe. Some of his young camellias had been affected by it, and I hoped he would not return too soon and find hard winds and driving rain were with us still.

Shortly after Easter his letter came:

Dear boy: You will wonder at my silence. The truth is, I never thought I should, one day, write such a letter to you. Providence works in strange ways. You have always been so close to me that possibly you have guessed something of the turmoil that has been going on in my mind during the past weeks. "Turmoil" is the wrong word. Perhaps I should say happy bewilderment, turning to certainty. I have made no quick decision. As you know, I am too much a man of habit to change my way of living for a whim. But I knew, some few weeks back, that no other course was possible. I had found something I had never found before, and did not think existed. Even now, I can hardly believe it has happened. My thoughts have gone to you very often, but somehow I have not felt calm and steady enough to write until today.

You must know that your Cousin Rachel and I were married a fortnight ago. We are now together in Naples, on our honeymoon, and intend returning to Florence shortly. Further than that I cannot say. We have made no plans, and neither of us has any wish, at the present time, to live beyond the moment.

One day, Philip, not too far distant I hope, you will know her. I could write much of personal description that would weary you, and of her goodness, too, her real and loving tenderness. These things you will see for yourself. Why she has chosen me of all men, a crusty, cynical woman hater if ever there was one, I cannot say. She teases me about it, and I admit defeat. To be defeated by someone like herself is, in a sense, a victory. I might call myself victor, not vanquished, if it were not so conceited a statement.

Break the news to everyone, give them all my blessings, and hers too, and remember, my dearest boy and pup, that this marriage, late in life, cannot belittle one jot my deep affection for you, rather it will increase it, and now that I think of myself as the happiest of men I shall endeavor to do more for you than ever before, and will have her to help me. Write soon, and if you can bring yourself to do so, add a word of welcome to your Cousin Rachel.

Always, your devoted
AMBROSE.

THE letter came about half past five, just after I had dined. Luckily, I was alone. Seecombe had brought in the post bag, and left it with me. I put the letter in my pocket, and walked out across the fields down to the sea. I climbed over the rocks to a narrow ledge, jutting into the little bay, where I used to swim in summer.

I sat down, and taking the letter from my pocket, read it again.

If I could have felt one spark of sympathy, of gladness, one single ray of warmth toward those two who were sharing happiness together down in Naples, it would have eased my conscience.

Ashamed of myself, bitterly angry at my selfishness, I could raise no feeling in my heart at all. I sat there, numb with misery, staring at the flat, calm sea.

I think what shamed me most was the delight of his friends, their real pleasure and true thought for his welfare. Congratulations were showered upon me, as a sort of messenger to Ambrose, and in the midst of it all I had to smile, and nod my head. I felt double faced, a traitor. Ambrose had so tutored me to hate falsity that suddenly to find myself pretending to be other than I was came near to agony.

"The best thing that could have happened." How often I heard the words and had to echo them. "When will they be coming home?"

For this there was one answer: "I do not know. Ambrose has not told me."

THERE would be much speculation upon the looks, age, the general appearance of his bride, to which I would reply, "She is a widow, and she shares his love for gardens."

Very suitable, the heads would nod, could not be better. And then would follow jocularity and much amusement at the breaking in of a confirmed bachelor to wedlock. That shrew, Mrs. Pascoe, the vicar's lady, ground away upon this subject.

"What a change there will be now, Miss Ashley," she said. "No more go-as-you-please for *your* household. And a very good thing too. I don't imagine Seecombe being too well pleased. He has had things his own way long enough."

In this she spoke the truth. I think Seecombe was my one ally, but I was careful not to side with him, and shut him up when he tried to feel his way with me.

MODERN ATTITUDE TOWARD WAR

The most important and characteristic trait of the times we live in is the universal, deeply rooted opposition to war.

War in past ages was accepted as a necessity. The warrior was surrounded with an aura of respect. The conqueror often received the tribute reserved for a god. Men recognized the horrors of war, but they also praised its glorious and heroic aspects. They also believed it was useful and profitable, because, up to a fairly recent past, there was no better way for a people to enrich itself than to make war on others and to plunder them. The idea that war does not pay is a modern idea. It could not have been thought of before our time because it is only in our time that this may have become true.

—RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES: The Making of Tomorrow (Harcourt, Brace and Company).

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Philip," he murmured, gloomy and resigned. "The mistress in the house will have everything upside down. I think the time has come for me to retire and give way to a younger man. Perhaps you had better mention the matter to Mr. Ambrose when you write."

I told him not to be a fool, and that Ambrose and I would be lost without him, but he shook his head and continued to go about the place with a long face, and never let an opportunity pass without making some sad allusion to the future, how the hours of the meals would no doubt be changed, the furniture altered, and an interminable cleaning be ordered from dawn till dusk with no repose for anybody, and even the poor dog destroyed.

This prophecy, uttered in sepulchral tones, brought back to me some measure of my own lost sense of humor, and I laughed for the first time since reading Ambrose's letter.

What a picture Seecombe painted! His gloom amused me, but when much the same thing was foretold by others, even by Louise Kendall, the remarks brought irritation.

"Thank goodness you will have free covers in the library," she said gaily. "The have gone quite gray with age and wear, but I dare say you never noticed it. The drawing room will come into its own at last. Mr Ashley will furnish it, no doubt, with books and pictures from her Italian villa."

She ran on and on until I lost patience with her, and said roughly, "For heaven's sake Louise, leave the subject alone. I'm sick and tired of it."

She stopped short then. "You aren't jealous, are you, by any chance?"

"Don't be a fool," I told her.

Does Dry Skin make you shun the bright lights?

Do you dread being caught in the bright lights of a theatre marquee? Or wonder how your complexion looks in dazzling sunlight?

It's a very insecure feeling—but you don't have to have it. For often it's just a dry skin that causes bright lights to be unflattering.

And now there is something you can do about that! For science makes miracles with a new wonder-working substance called Penaten. Available to you in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream—miraculous Penaten penetrates deeper into the important corneum layers of the skin. Carries the rich benefits of lanolin and 4 other skin softeners deeper than ever before!

Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream! See little dry skin lines and roughness seem to melt away. Your skin looks fresher, smoother, younger! The very first application shows results—the whole jar produces wonders! 25¢ to 97¢ plus tax.

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Eyes tired?

TWO DROPS

QUICK RELIEF!



Murine brings quick rest to tired eyes—a pleasant, cooling sensation of wide-awake refreshment. You can use Murine as often as you like, for its blend of 7 ingredients cleanses and soothes your eyes as gently as a tear. When your eyes feel good, you'll probably feel better—and Murine makes your eyes feel good.



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

It was an ugly thing to call her, but we knew each other so well that I thought of her as a younger sister. I noticed that when the well-worn theme came up again, she glanced across at me and tried to change it. I was grateful. And liked her the more.

It was my godfather and her father, Nick Kendall, who made the final thrust, unaware, of course, that he was doing so.

"Have you made any plans for the future, Philip?" he said to me one evening, after I had ridden over to take dinner with them.

"Plans, sir? No," I said, uncertain of his meaning.

"Early yet, of course," he answered, "and I suppose you cannot very well do so until Ambrose and his wife return home. I wondered whether you had considered looking around the neighborhood for some small property of your own."

I was slow to grasp his meaning. "Why should I do that?" I asked.

"Well, the position is somewhat changed, isn't it?" he said in matter-of-fact tones. "Ambrose and his wife will want most naturally to be together. And if there should be a family, a son, things won't be the same for you, will they? I am certain Ambrose won't let you suffer from the change, and will buy you any property you fancy."

He continued talking, mentioning places within twenty miles or so of home that I might care to own, and I was thankful that he did not seem to expect a reply to anything he said. The fact was my heart was too full to answer him. What he suggested was so new and unexpected that I could barely think straight, and shortly afterward made an excuse to go. Jealous, yes. Louise was right about that, I supposed. The jealousy of a child who must suddenly share the one person in his life with a stranger.

I can remember wandering about the house, when I came home from visiting the Kendalls, looking upon it with new eyes, and the dogs, seeing my restlessness, followed me, as uneasy as myself. My old nursery, uninhabited for so long, and now the room where Seecombe's niece came once a week to mend and sort the linen, took on new meaning. I saw it freshly painted, and my small cricket bat that still stood, cobweb-covered in a shelf among a pile of dusty books, thrown out as rubbish. I had not thought before what memories the room held for me. Now I wanted it for my own again.

HITHERTO, when I had thought of my Cousin Rachel—which I did but sparingly, brushing her name from my mind as one does all things unpleasant—I had pictured to myself a woman resembling Mrs. Pascoe, only more so. Large-featured, and angular, with a hawk's eye for dust as Seecombe prophesied, and far too loud a laugh when there was company for dinner, so that one winced for Ambrose. Now she took on new proportions. One moment middle-aged and forceful, the next simpering and younger than Louise, my Cousin Rachel had a dozen personalities or more, and each one more hateful than the last. I saw her forcing Ambrose to his knees to play at bears, the children astride his back, and Ambrose consenting with a humble grace, having lost all dignity.

Yet again, decked out in muslin, with a ribbon in her hair, I saw her pout and toss her curls, a curving mass of affectation, while Ambrose sat back in his chair surveying her, the bland smile of an idiot on his face.

When, in mid-May, the letter came saying that after all they had decided to remain abroad throughout the summer, my relief was so intense I could have shouted aloud.

Your Cousin Rachel is still so bothered by the tangle of business that must be settled before coming to England that we have decided, although with bitter disappointment, you may imagine, to defer our return home for the present. I do the best I can, but Italian law is one thing, and ours another, and it's the deuce of a job to reconcile the two. I seem to be spending a mint of money, but it's in a good cause, and I don't begrudge it. We talk of you often, dear boy, and I wish you could be with us.

And so on to inquiries about the work at home, the state of the gardens, with his usual



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fervor of interest so that it seemed to me I must be mad to have thought for a moment he could change. Disappointment was of course intense throughout the neighborhood that they would not be home this summer.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Pascoe, with a meaning smile, "Mrs. Ashley's state of health forbids her traveling?"

"As to that I cannot say," I answered. "Ambrose mentioned in his letter they had spent a week in Venice, and both of them came back with rheumatism."

Her face fell. "Rheumatism? His wife? How very unfortunate"; and then reflectively, "She must be older than I thought."

My spirits rose as the simpering bride gave place to the aging matron. The nursery receded, and I saw the drawing room become a lady's boudoir, hedged about with screens, huge fires burning even in midsummer. I took to singing once again when I went riding, urged the dogs after young rabbits, swam before breakfast, and teased Louise about the London fashions when she went to spend the season there. At twenty-three it takes very little to make the spirits soar.

Then, in the winter, the tone of his letters changed.

Imperceptible at first, I scarcely noticed it, yet on rereading his words I became aware of a sense of strain in all he said, some underlying note of anxiety creeping in upon him. A longing for his own country, and his own possessions, but above all a kind of loneliness that struck me as strange in a man but eight months married. "I was never one for headaches," he said, "but now I have them frequently. Almost blinding at times. I miss you more than I can say. So much to talk about difficult in a letter. My wife is in town today, hence my opportunity to write."

It was the first time that he had used the words "my wife." Always before he had said Rachel, or "your Cousin Rachel," and the words "my wife" looked formal to me, and cold.

In these winter letters there was no talk of coming home, but always a passionate desire to know the news.

Nothing came at Easter, and by Whitsun I grew worried. I told my godfather, who said no doubt the weather was holding up the mails. It was over a year now since Ambrose had been married, eighteen months since he had been home. My first relief at his absence after marriage turned to anxiety that he would not return at all.

In July a letter came, short and incoherent. Even his writing, usually so clear, sprawled across the page as if he had difficulty in holding his pen. He said:

> All is not well with me. You must have seen that when I wrote you last. Better keep silent, though. She watches me all the time. I have written to you several times, but there is no one I can trust, and unless I can get out myself to mail the letters they may not reach you. Since my illness I have not been able to go far. As for the doctors, I have no belief in any of them. They are liars, the whole bunch. The new one, recommended by Rainaldi, is a cutthroat, but then he would be, coming from that quarter. However, they've taken on a dangerous proposition with me, and I will beat them yet.

Then there was a gap, and something scratched out which I could not decipher, followed by his signature.

I had the groom saddle my horse and I rode over to my godfather to show him the letter. He was as much concerned as I was myself.

"Sounds like a mental breakdown," he said. "I don't like it at all. That's not the letter of a man in his right senses. I hope to heaven ——" He broke off, and pursed his lips.

"Hope what?" I said.

"Your Uncle Philip, Ambrose's father, died of a tumor on the brain; you know that, don't you?" he said shortly.

I had never heard it and told him so.

"Before you were born, of course," he said. "It was never a matter much discussed in the family. Whether these things are hereditary or not I can't say, nor can the doctors." He read the letter again. "There is of course another possibility, extremely unlikely, but what I would prefer."

"And that is?"

"That Ambrose was drunk when he wrote the letter."

If he had not been over sixty years, and my godfather, I would have hit him for the bare suggestion.

"I have never seen Ambrose drunk in my life," I told him.

"Nor I either," he said dryly. "I am merely trying to choose the best of two evils. I think you had better make up your mind to go to Italy."

"That," I remarked, "I had already decided upon before I came to see you," and I rode home again.

There was no vessel sailing from Plymouth that would help me. I was obliged to travel up to London, and thence to Dover, catch the packet to Boulogne, and then cross France into Italy by the usual diligence. I set forth for London on a fine morning in July, with the prospect of nearly three weeks' traveling ahead of me.

When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the world, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it comes off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers.
—O. W. HOLMES.

As the carriage turned onto the Bodmin road I saw the groom riding toward us with the post bag. I told Wellington to rein the horses, and the boy handed me the bag. The chance was one in a thousand that there would be a further letter from Ambrose, but it so happened that the chance was there. As Wellington whipped up the horses I drew out the scrap of paper and held it to the window for light.

The words were scrawled, almost illegible:

> For God's sake come to me quickly. She has done for me at last, Rachel my torment. If you delay, it may be too late. AMBROSE.

That was all. There was no date upon the paper, no mark upon the envelope, which was sealed with his own ring.

I sat in the carriage, the scrap of paper in my hand, knowing that no power in heaven or on earth could bring me to him before mid-August.

When the conveyance brought me and the other passengers to Florence and dumped us down at the hostelry beside the Arno, I felt I had been a lifetime upon the road. It was now the fifteenth of August. No traveler, setting his foot upon the continent of Europe for the first time, was ever less impressed than I.

My first instinct, on climbing from the coach in Florence, as the dusty baggage was unloaded and carried within the hostelry, was to cross the cobbled street and stand beside the river.

I was travel-stained and weary, covered from head to foot with dust. I stood watching the moving water, fascinated, and the sun beat down upon the bridge, and suddenly, from behind me in the city, a great bell chimed four o'clock.

A woman stood by my side, a whimpering child in her arms, another dragging at her torn skirt, and she stretched out her hand for alms. I gave her a coin and turned away. Later, when I had mounted to the room they showed me, and stood out upon the little balcony, I saw her creep away between the horses and the *carrozzas*, stealthy as a cat that slinks by night, its belly to the ground.

I washed, and changed my clothes with a strange apathy. Now that I had reached my journey's end, a sort of dullness came upon me, and the self who had set forth upon his journey, excited, keyed to a high pitch and ready for any battle, existed no longer. Excitement had long since vanished. Even the reality of the torn scrap of paper in my pocket had lost substance. It had been written many weeks ago; so much could have happened since.

(Continued on Page 85)

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1000 Generous-Size Sheets—Soft as old Linen

(Continued from Page 82)

I went downstairs, and out into the square. The *carrozzas* that had been waiting there had driven off. The siesta hour was over, and the streets were crowded. I plunged into them, and was lost at once. About me were dark courts and alleyways, tall houses touching one another, jutting balconies; and as I walked, faces peered at me from the doorways, passing figures paused and stared, all wearing that same age-old look of suffering and passion long since spent.

The church bells began to clamor once again, and I came to a great piazza where the people stood thickly, clustered together in groups, talking. I hailed a passing *carrozza*, and when I said to the driver doubtfully the words "Villa Sangalletti?" he answered something which I could not understand, but I caught the word "Fiesole" as he nodded and pointed with his whip. As we drove through the narrow crowded streets and he shouted to the horse, the reins jingling, the people falling back from us as we passed among them, the bells re-echoed in my ears, solemn, sonorous, tolling not for my mission, insignificant and small, nor for the lives of the people in the streets, but for the souls of men and women long since dead, and for eternity.

We climbed a long, twisting road toward the distant hills, and Florence lay behind us. The buildings fell away. It was peaceful, silent, and the hot staring sun that had beat down upon the city all the day, glazing the sky, turned gentle suddenly, and soft. Cypress trees, shrouded and still, turned inky green.

The driver drew up his *carrozza* before a closed gate set in a long, high wall. He turned in his seat, and looked down at me. "Villa Sangalletti," he said. The end of my journey.

I made signs to him to wait and, getting out, walked up to the gate and pulled at the bell that hung there on the wall. There was no sound from within and I rang the bell again. This time there was a muffled barking of a dog. The fretful cry of a child was hushed shrilly by a woman's voice, and I could hear footsteps approaching the gate.

There was a heavy dragging sound of bolts being withdrawn, and then the grind of the gate itself as it scraped the stone beneath and was opened. A peasant woman stood peering at me.

Advancing upon her, I said, "Villa Sangalletti. Signor Ashley?"

The dog, chained inside the lodge where the woman lived, barked more furiously than before. An avenue stretched in front of me, and at the far end I could see the villa itself, shuttered and lifeless. The woman made as though to shut the gate against me as the dog continued barking and the child cried.

I pushed past her through the gate and repeated the words, "Signor Ashley."

THIS time she started, as though for the first time she saw my features, and she began to talk rapidly, with a sort of nervous agitation. Then she turned swiftly, and called over her shoulder to the lodge. A man, presumably her husband, came to the open door, a child on his shoulder. He silenced the dog and came toward me.

"I speak a little English, *signore*," he said. "Can I help you?"

"I have come to see Mr. Ashley," I said. "Are he and Mrs. Ashley at the villa?"

The concern on his face became greater. He swallowed nervously. "You are Mr. Ashley's son, *signore?*" he said.

"No," I said impatiently, "his cousin. Are they home?"

HE shook his head, distressed. "You have come from England then, *signore*, and have not heard the news? What can I say? It is very sad. . . . The Signor Ashley, he died three weeks ago. Very sudden. Very sad. As soon as he is buried, the *contessa* she shut up the villa, she went away. Nearly two weeks she has been gone. We do not know if she will come back again."

The dog began to bark again; he turned to quieten it.

I felt all the color drain away from my face. I stood there, stunned. The man watched me in sympathy, and said something to his wife, who dragged forward a stool, and he placed it beside me.

"Sit, *signore*," he said. "I am sorry. So very sorry."

I shook my head. I could not speak. There was nothing I could say.

The man, distressed, spoke roughly to his wife to relieve his feelings, then turned again to me. "*Signore*," he said, "if you would like to go to the villa, I will open it for you. You can see where the Signor Ashley died."

I did not care where I went or what I did. My mind was still too numbed to concentrate. He began to walk up the drive, drawing some keys from his pocket, and I walked beside him. The woman and the child followed.

The cypress trees closed in upon us, and the shuttered villa, like a sepulcher, waited at the farther end. As we drew closer I saw that it was large, with many windows, all of them blank and closed.

The man opened the huge door with his key, and motioned me inside. The woman and the child came, too, and after the man had whispered instructions to his wife, the pair of them began to fling open the shutters, letting the daylight into the silent hall.

The rooms all led into each other, large and sparse, with frescoed ceilings and stone floors, and the air was heavy with a medieval musty smell. In some of the rooms the walls were plain, in others tapestried, and in one, darker and more oppressive than the rest, there was a long refectory table flanked about with carved monastic chairs, and great wrought-iron candlesticks stood at either end.

"The Villa Sangalletti very beautiful, *signore*, very old," said the man. "The Signor Ashley, this is where he would sit, when the sun was too strong for him outside. This was his chair." He pointed to a tall high-backed chair beside the table.

I watched him in a dream. None of this held reality. I could not see Ambrose in this house, or in this room. He could never have walked here with familiar tread, whistling, talking, throwing his stick down beside this chair, this table.

Relentlessly, monotonously, the pair went round the room, throwing wide the shutters. It gave upon a little court, open to the sky. In the center of the court stood a fountain,

(Continued on Page 87)

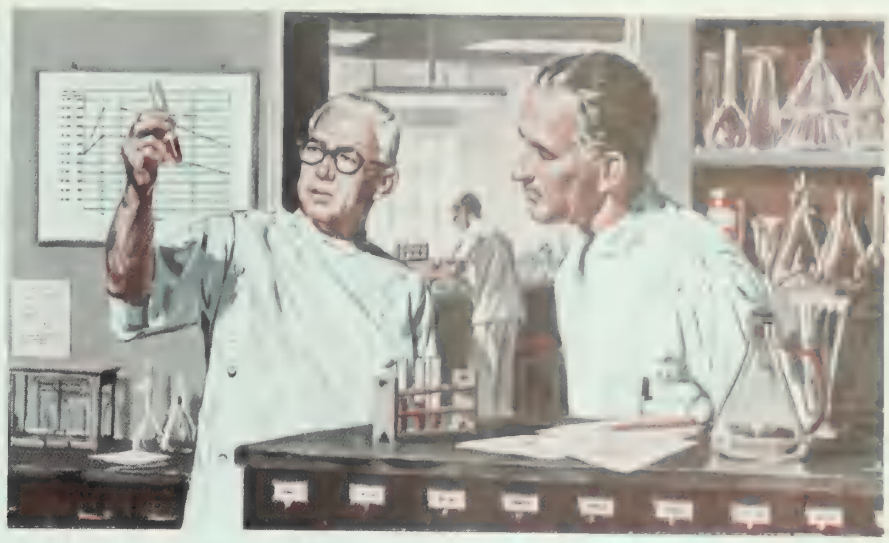
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Winter Lover

By Joan Story Wright

Come now; forget your April-bitten heart,
And try November's love. He's strong enough
To tear your frail, beribboned dreams apart
And make you scorn the tender for the rough
Sureness of his love-making. Come, be wise;
Put springtime's wistful fantasies away
And wipe the blatant rainbows from your eyes.
Rainbows will fade, but never the gusty gray
Of winter's bleak caress. Spring buds deceive;
Not so this bitter lover. Take his hand.
He offers frank commands for weak appeals
And he will trade cold truth for make-believe,
And, for rain's phantom fragrance, the demand
Of a little muttering wind to pluck your heels.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The Doctor looks at Diabetes

It is estimated that there are one million people in our country who have diabetes . . .

Their chances of living happy, useful lives are better today than ever before. In fact, life expectancy for the average diabetic is now double what it was before the discovery of insulin.

Moreover, the outlook for still further gains against this disease is good, as medical science is constantly improving the treatment for diabetes. New types of insulin, for example, have made possible better control of this condition. Hope for future progress lies in current research on insulin and on utilization of food by the body.

Doctors say, however, that the successful control of diabetes more than ever depends largely upon the diabetic himself, who must understand his disease in order to learn to live with it. Above all, he must cooperate closely and faithfully with his physician in keeping *insulin*, *diet*, and *exercise* in correct balance.

Today, the patient who carefully follows the doctor's instructions about these three essentials of treatment—as well as other measures to maintain good health—can usually look forward to many years of happy living.

However, there are a great many people in our country who have diabetes, but do not know it . . .

This is because the disease usually causes no obvious early symptoms. Yet detection is easier today than ever before. For instance, it is now possible for anyone to make a simple test at home to detect sugar in the urine—one of the signs of diabetes.

This test is also a routine part of most medical examinations. If the test is positive, the doctor can then make additional tests to determine whether the presence of sugar is due to diabetes or some other condition.

Authorities urge everyone—particularly those who are *middle-aged*, *overweight*, or *who have diabetes in the family*—to have a check-up for diabetes included in regular physical examinations. In this way, the disease can be discovered early when the chances of successful control are best—often by diet alone. It is especially important for those who are overweight to be on guard against this disease, as studies show that 85 percent of diabetics over age 40 were moderately or markedly overweight before the onset of the disease.

Doctors stress the importance of learning the symptoms of this disease. They are: *excessive hunger*, *excessive thirst*, *excessive urination*, *continual fatigue*, and *loss of weight*. Although these symptoms may indicate *well-established diabetes*, prompt and proper treatment can usually bring it under control. Indeed, many patients live as long with diabetes as they would be expected to live *without* it.

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(Continued from Page 85)

nd the bronze statue of a boy holding a shell in his two hands. Beyond the fountain a laburnum tree grew in its own soil between the paving stones, making its own canopy of shade.

The man whispered to the woman, and she went to a corner of the quadrangle and turned a handle. Slowly, gently, the water trickled from the shell between the bronze boy's hands. It fell down and splashed into the pool beneath.

"The Signor Ashley," said the man, "he sat here every day, watching the fountain. In summer, always they sit here. Signor Ashley and the *contessa*. They take their meals, they hear the fountain play. I wait upon them, you understand. I bring out trays, and set them here, on this table." He pointed to the stone table. "They take their tisane here, after dinner." He paused, and touched the chair with his hand.

A sense of oppression grew upon me. It was cool in the quadrangle, cold almost as a grave, and yet the air was stagnant like the shuttered rooms before he opened them.

I thought of Ambrose as he was at home. He would walk about the grounds in summertime without a coat, an old straw hat upon his head against the sun. I could see him, his shirt sleeves rolled above the elbow, standing in his boat, pointing at something far away at sea. I remembered how he would reach down with his long arms and pull me into the boat when I swam alongside.

"Yes," said the man, as though speaking to himself, "the Signor Ashley sat in the chair here. Do you wish to see the room where the *signore* died?"

Possessed with the same sense of unreality, I followed him up the wide stairway to the landing above. We passed through rooms more sparsely furnished than the apartments below, and one, looking northward over the avenue of cypress trees, was plain and bare like a monk's cell. A simple iron bedstead was pushed against the wall. There were a pitcher, a ewer, and a screen beside the bed. Tapestries hung over the fireplace, and in a niche in the wall was the small statuette of a kneeling madonna.

I looked at the bed. The blankets were folded neatly at the foot. Two pillows, stripped of their linen, were placed one on top of the other at the head.

"The end," said the man in a hushed voice, "came very sudden, you understand. He was weak, yes, very weak from the fever, but even the day before he had dragged himself down to sit by the fountain. 'No, no,' said the *contessa*, 'you will become more ill, you must rest,' but he is very obstinate, he will not listen to her. And there is coming and going all the time with the doctors. Signor Rainaldi, he is here too, talking, persuading, but never will he listen; he shouts, he is violent, and then, like a little child, falls silent. It was pitiful. To see a strong man so. Then, in the early morning, the *contessa* she comes to my room, calling for me. She says, her face white as the wall there, 'He is dying, Giuseppe, I know it, he is dying,' and I follow her to the *signore's* room, and there he is, lying in bed, his eyes closed, breathing still, but heavily. We send away for the doctor, but the Signor Ashley he never wakes again, it was the coma, the sleep of death. I myself lit the candles with the *contessa*, and when the nuns had been I came to look at him. The violence had all gone, he had a peaceful face. I wish you could have seen it, *signore*."

TEARS stood in the fellow's eyes. I looked away from him, back to the empty bed.

"What do you mean," I said, "by violence?"

"The violence that came with the fever," said the man. "Twice, three times I had to hold him down in bed, after his attacks. And" with the violence came the weakness insidere here." He pressed his hand against hi stomach. "He suffered much with pain. Andre when the pain went, he would be dazed and heavy, his mind wandering. I tell you *signore*, it was pitiful to see so large a manw helpless."

I turned away from that bare room lik an empty tomb, and I heard the man closid the shutters once again, and close the doored

"Why was nothing done?" I said. "Th doctors, could they not ease the pain? An I Mrs. Ashley, did she just let him die?" d.

He looked puzzled. "Please, *signore?*" He

"What was this illness, how long did ito last?" I asked.

"I have told you, at the end, very sud den," said the man. "But one, two attackne before then. And all winter the *signore* no so well, sad somehow, not himself. Ver?" different from the year before. When th Signor Ashley first come to the villa he wa happy, gay." en

He threw open more windows as he spokhe and we walked outside onto a great terrace at the far end of which ran a long stonlla balustrade. eft

WE crossed the terrace and stood by tlid. balustrade, looking down upon a low garden, clipped and formal, from which tl scent of roses came, and summer jasmirow

We looked westward toward the settines sun, and there was a glow upon the terraSell and the hushed garde The stone was stere warm under my hared. and a lizard ran awShe from a crevice aShe wriggled down onto trite wall below. e to

"I think," said the man slowly, "that the *contessa* will not co:hat back again. Too even for her. Signor Rainaeen told us that the vom, is to be let, possiuch sold." ted.

His words jerHerme back into realinal- "Who is Signor Fthis naldi?" I asked. my

The man turned back with me toward the villa. "The Signor Rainaldi he arrange was things for the *contessa*," he answerVhy "Matters of business, matters of mon He knows the *contessa* a long time." ake

He frowned, and waved his hand at ath wife who, with the child in her arms, not, walking on the terrace. She disappeasual within the villa and began fastening e in shutters. ain

"I want to see him, Signor Rainaldi,' ent said. Irs.

"I give you his address," he answerwas "He speak English very well." dis-

We went back into the villa, and aswas passed through the rooms to the hall tley shutters were closed, one by one, behind nnly I felt in my pockets for some money. his

"Thank you for all you did for M Ashley," I said, putting the coins into that fellow's hand. ese

Once again the tears came into his ey "I am so sorry, *signore*. So very sorryess, The last shutters were closed. The womble and the child stood beside us in the hame.

"What happened to his clothes?" I askdid "His belongings, his books, his papers; to

The man looked troubled. "*Signore*," said, "my wife gave some help to the cith-*tessa* when she went away. But she says ight *contessa* took everything. All the Sigwas Ashley's clothes were put in a big trunk,ame his books, everything was packed. Noth tors left behind."

I looked into both their eyes. They r of not falter. I knew they were speaking truth. "And you have no idea," I asksing "where Mrs. Ashley went?" , or

The man shook his head. "She has hich Florence, that is all we know. The day af the funeral, the *contessa* went away." . A

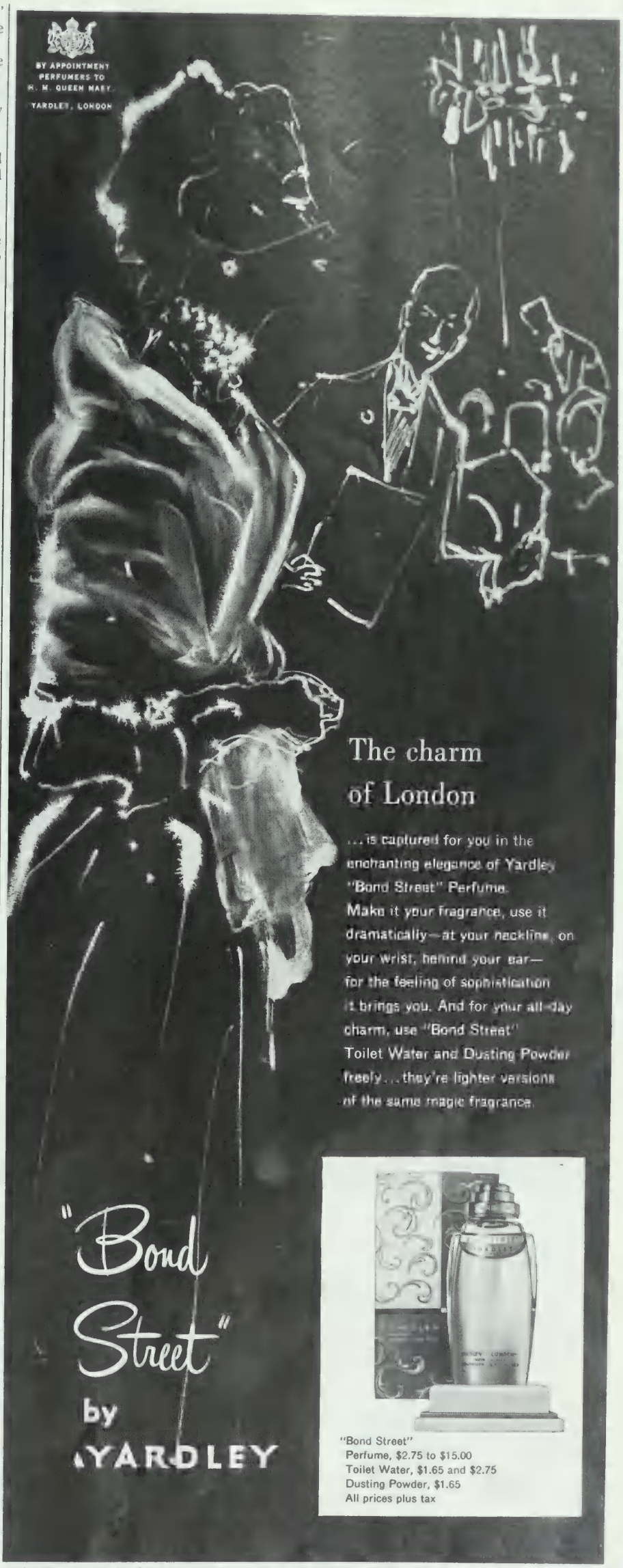
He opened the heavy front door, andwas stepped outside. hen

(Continued on Page 89)

HONEYMOON

There seems to have been a Teutonic custom of drinking wine mixed with honey during the wedding feast and for about a month (or moon) thereafter. The *moon* part of the term is supposed by some marital pessimists to refer to the waning of courtship after the fullness of happiness culminating in the wedding, but it probably actually refers to the period of thirty days after the wedding during which a couple "spent their honeymoon."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.



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SS . . . . *because*

(Continued from Page 87)

"Where is he buried?" I asked.

"In Florence, *signore*, in the new Protestant cemetery. Many English buried there. Signor Ashley, he is not alone."

It was as if he wished to reassure me that Ambrose would have company, and that in the dark world beyond the grave his own countrymen would bring him consolation.

I turned away, and as I did so I heard the woman exclaim suddenly to her husband, and before he had time to shut the door she had darted back into the villa. She came back carrying something in her hand, which she gave to her husband, and he in turn to me. His puckered face relaxed, broadening to relief.

"The *contessa*," he said, "one thing she has forgotten. Take it with you, *signore*, it is for you alone."

It was Ambrose's hat, wide-brimmed and bent. The hat that he used to wear at home against the sun. It would never fit any other man. It was too big.

I could feel their anxious eyes upon me, waiting for me to say something, as I turned the hat over and over in my hands.

I remember nothing of the return drive to Florence except that the sun had set, and it grew quickly dark. When we came into the city we lost the cooler, cleaner air of the surrounding hills, and it was hot once more. I paid off my driver in the piazza by the cathedral, and the sound of that great bell, compelling, insistent, rang like a challenge in the still and vapid air.

Scarcely aware of what I did, I passed into the cathedral and, straining my eyes into the gloom and the pallid light, stood for a brief moment. I still held Ambrose's hat in my hand, and as I stood there in the great cathedral, I realized suddenly and sharply the full measure of my loss. Ambrose was dead. I would never see him again. He was gone from me forever.

I turned and went out of the cathedral, and onto the piazza, and looking up at that great dome and the tower, remote and slender, carved against the sky, I remembered, with the sudden recollection that comes after great shock, that I had not eaten for the day.

I turned my thoughts away from the dead, back to the living; and having found a place to eat and drink, close to the cathedral, I went, with hunger satisfied, in search of Signor Rainaldi.

The good servant at the villa had written down his address for me, and after one or two inquiries, I found his house, over the bridge from my hostelry, on the left bank of the Arno.

A servant opened the door, and without inquiring my name led me upstairs, and along a passage and, knocking upon a door, showed me into a room.

I STOOD blinking at the sudden light, and saw a man seated in a chair beside a table, looking through a pile of papers. He rose as I came into the room, and stared at me. He was a little less than my own height, and of some forty years perhaps, with a pale, almost colorless face, and lean aquiline features. There was something proud, disdainful about his cast of countenance, like that of someone who would have small mercy for fools, or for his enemies; but I think I noticed most his eyes, dark and deep-set, which at first sight of me startled into a flash of recognition, which in one second vanished.

"Signor Rainaldi?" I said. "My name is Ashley. Philip Ashley."

"Yes," he said. "Will you sit down?" His voice had a cold, hard quality. He pushed forward a chair.

"You are surprised to see me, no doubt?" I said, watching him carefully. "You were not aware I was in Florence?"

"No," he answered. "No, I was not aware that you were here."

"You know who I am?" I asked.

"You are cousin, are you not, or nephew to the late Ambrose Ashley?"

"Cousin," I said, "and heir."

He took up a pen between his fingers, and tapped with it on the table, as if he played for time or for distraction.

"I have been to the Villa Sangalletti," I said. "I have seen the room where he died. The servant Giuseppe was very helpful. He gave me all the details, but referred me to you."

WAS it my fancy, or did a veiled look come over those dark eyes?

"How long have you been in Florence?" he asked.

"A few hours. Since afternoon."

"You have only arrived today? Then your Cousin Rachel has not seen you." The hand that held the pen relaxed.

"No," I said. "The servant at the villa gave me to understand that she had left Florence, the day after the funeral."

"She left the Villa Sangalletti," he said. "She did not leave Florence."

"Is she still here, in the city?"

"No. She has now gone away. She wishes me to let the villa. Sell it, possibly."

"Do you know where she is now?" I asked.

"I am afraid not. She left very suddenly. She told me she would write when she had come to some decision about the future."

I had the feeling that only today, or even yesterday, she had been with him in this room, that he knew much more than he admitted.

"You will understand, Signor Rainaldi," I said, "that this sudden hearing of my cousin's death, from the lips of servants, was a very great shock. What happened? Why was I not informed that he was ill?"

He watched me carefully, he did not take his eyes from my face. "Your cousin's death was sudden too. He had been ill, yes, but not, we thought, dangerously so. The usual fever that attacks many foreigners here in the summer had brought about a certain weakness, and he complained, too, of violent headache. The *contessa*—I should say Mrs. Ashley—was much concerned, but he was not an easy patient. He took an instant dislike to our doctors, for what reason it was hard to discover. Every day Mrs. Ashley hoped for some improvement, and certainly she had no desire to make you and his friends in England anxious."

"But we were anxious," I said. "That was why I came to Florence. I received these letters from him."

It was a bold move, perhaps, and reckless, but I did not care. I handed across the table the two last letters Ambrose had written me. He read them carefully. His expression did not change. Then he passed them back to me.

"Yes," he said, his voice quite calm, without surprise, "Mrs. Ashley feared he might have written something of the sort. It was not until those last weeks, when he became so secretive and strange, that the doctors feared the worst, and warned her."

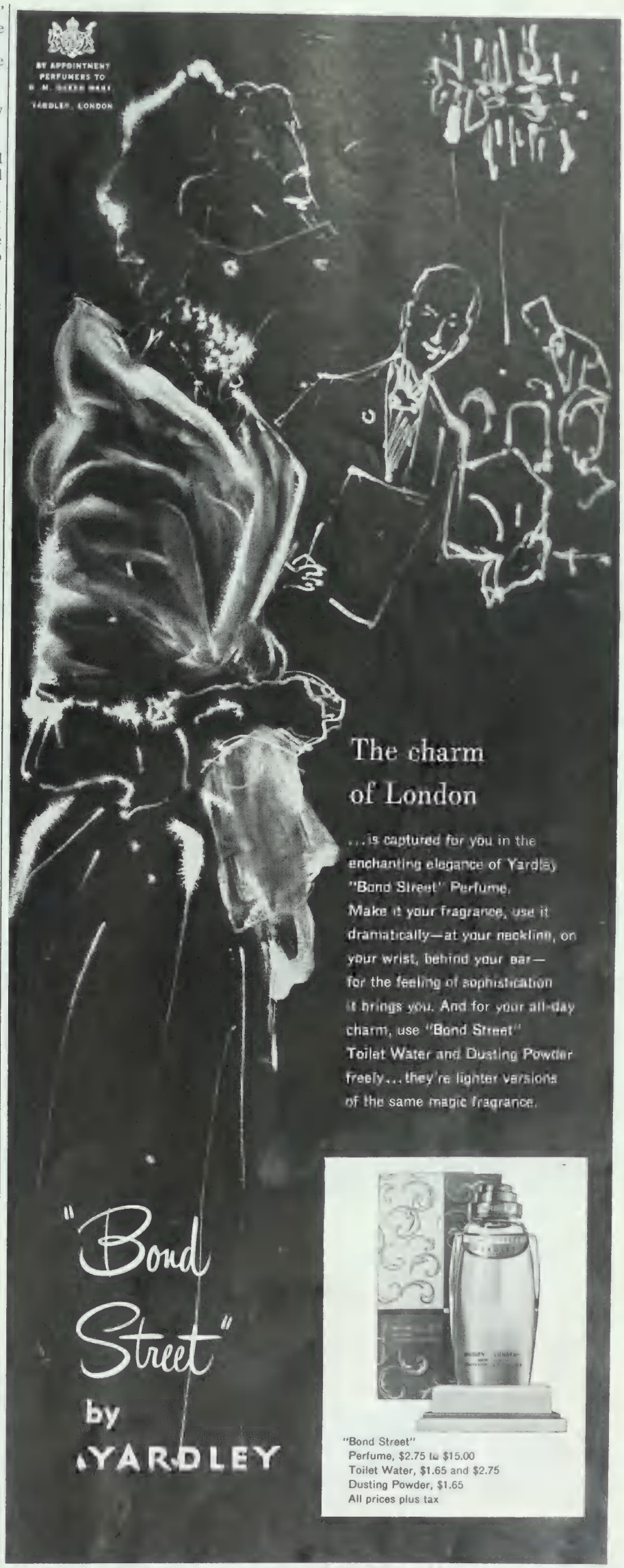
"Warned her?" I said. "Warned her of what?"

"That there might be something pressing on his brain," he answered. "A tumor, or growth, of rapidly increasing size, which would account for his condition."

A blank lost feeling came over me. A tumor? Then my godfather's surmise was right after all. First Uncle Philip, and then

(Continued on Page 91)

Any mother knows the racket and unrest that inevitably accompany bad-weather days—days when the kids try to amuse themselves indoors. And all the modern psychological toys put together can't compete with a homely solution used by at least one maternal genius along about the turn of the century. One of her grandsons told me about it; it works. When she'd had enough from one of her brood she picked him up, popped him in his high chair, smeared his hands with molasses and presented him with a feather. It's messy and it's amusing to watch, but trying to get rid of that feather and licking at the molasses at the same time keeps the small fry preoccupied for a couple of hours.



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(Continued from Page 89)

Ambrose. And yet . . . why did this Italian watch my eyes?

"Did the doctors say that it was a tumor that killed him?"

"Unquestionably," he answered. "That, and a certain flare-up of after-fever weakness. There were two doctors present. I can send for them, and you can ask any question you care to put."

"No," I said slowly, "no, it isn't necessary."

He opened a drawer, and pulled out a piece of paper. "I have here a copy of the certificate of death," he said, "signed by them both. Read it. One copy has already been posted to you in Cornwall, and a second to the trustee of your cousin's will, Mr. Nicholas Kendall."

I looked down at the certificate. I did not bother to read it. "How did you know," I asked, "that Nicholas Kendall was trustee of my cousin's will?"

"Because your Cousin Ambrose had a copy of the will with him," replied Signor Rainaldi. "I read it many times."

"You read my cousin's will?" I asked, incredulous.

"Naturally," he replied. "As trustee myself for the *contessa*, for Mrs. Ashley, it was my business to see her husband's will. I have a copy of it, in fact. But it is not my business to show it to you. It is the business of your guardian, Mr. Kendall. No doubt he will do so, on your return home."

He knew my godfather was my guardian also, which was more than I did. Unless he spoke in error. Surely no man past twenty-one possessed a guardian, and I was twenty-four. This did not matter, though. What mattered was Ambrose, and his illness. Ambrose, and his death.

"These two letters," I said stubbornly, "are not the letters of a sick man. They are the letters of a man who has enemies, who is surrounded by people whom he cannot trust."

Signor Rainaldi watched me steadily. "These are the letters of a man who was sick in mind, Mr. Ashley," he answered me. "Forgive my bluntness, but I saw him those last weeks, and you did not. The experience was not a pleasant one for any of us, least of all for his wife. You see what he says in that first letter there, that she did not leave him. I can vouch for that. Another woman would have had nuns to tend him. She nursed him alone, she spared herself nothing."

"Yet it did not help him," I said. "Look at the letters, and this last line, 'She has done one for me at last, Rachel my torment.' What do you make of that?"

I SUPPOSE I had raised my voice in my excitement. He got up from his chair, and went over to the side of the room where books lined the wall, and took down a volume.

"Are you any sort of a student of medical history, Mr. Ashley?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"You will find it here," he said, "the sort of information you are seeking, or you can question those doctors, whose address I am only too willing to give you. There is a particular affliction of the brain, present above all when there is a growth, or tumor, when the sufferer becomes troubled by delusions. The fancies, for instance, that he is being watched. That the person nearest to him, such as a wife, has either turned against him, is unfaithful, or seeks to take his money. No amount of love or persuasion can allay this suspicion, once it takes hold. If you don't believe me, or the doctors here, ask your own countrymen, or read this book."

How plausible he was, how cold, how confident. Whether he was right or wrong I did not know. All I knew was that I hated Rainaldi. "Why didn't she send for me?" I asked. "If Ambrose had lost faith in her, why not send for me? I knew him best."

Rainaldi closed the book with a snap, and replaced it on the shelf. "You are very young, aren't you, Mr. Ashley?" he said.

I stared at him. "What do you mean by that?"

"A woman of feeling does not easily give way," he said. "You may call it pride, or tenacity, call it what you will. In spite of all evidence to the contrary, their emotions are more primitive than ours. They hold to the thing they want, and never surrender. We have our wars and battles, Mr. Ashley. But women can fight too."

He looked at me with his cold, deep-set eyes, and I knew I had no more to say to him.

"If I had been here," I said, "he would not have died."

I ROSE from my chair, and went toward the door. Rainaldi pulled the bell, and the servant came to show me out.

"I have written," he said, "to your guardian, Mr. Kendall. I have explained to him everything that has happened. Is there anything more I can do for you? Will you be staying long in Florence?"

"No," I said. "Why should I stay? There is nothing to keep me."

"If you wish to see the grave," he said, "I will give you a note to the guardian, in the Protestant cemetery. The site is quite simple and plain. No stone, as yet, of course." He turned to the table, and scribbled a note which he gave me.

"What will be written on the stone?" I said.

He paused a moment, as though reflecting. "I believe," he said, "that my instructions were to put 'In Memory of Ambrose Ashley, beloved husband of Rachel Coryn Ashley,' and then of course the date."

I knew then that I did not want to go to the cemetery, or visit the grave. They could put up the stone, and later take flowers there if they wished, but Ambrose would never know, and never care. He would be with me in the west country, under his own soil, in his own land.

"When Mrs. Ashley returns," I said slowly, "tell her that I came to Florence. That I went to the Villa Sangalletti, and that I saw where Ambrose died. You can tell her, too, about the letters Ambrose wrote."

He held out his hand to me, cold and hard like himself, and still he watched me with those veiled, deep-set eyes.

"Your cousin Rachel is a woman of impulse," he said. "When she left Florence she took all her possessions with her. I very much fear that she will never return."

I left the house and went out into the dark street. It was almost as if his eyes still followed me from behind his shuttered windows.

I walked back along the cobbled street, and crossed the bridge, and before turning into the hostelry to seek what sleep I could before the morning, I made a vow that whatever it had cost Ambrose in pain and suffering before he died, I would return it, in full measure, upon the woman who had caused it. Because I did not believe Rainaldi's story.

I believed in the truth of those two letters that I held in my right hand. The last Ambrose had ever written to me.

Someday, somehow, I would repay my Cousin Rachel.

I arrived home the first week in September. The news had preceded me. The Italian had not lied when he told me he had written to Nick Kendall. My godfather had broken the news to the servants and to the tenants on the estate. Wellington was waiting for me at Bodmin with the carriage. The horses were decked in crape, he and the groom also; their faces were long and solemn.

"A sad home-coming, Mr. Philip," said Wellington, and when I asked after Seecombe and the household he shook his head and told me that they and all the tenants were sorely grieved. The whole neighborhood,

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he said, had talked of nothing else since the news became known.

The church had been draped in black all Sunday, likewise the chapel on the estate, but the greatest blow of all, Wellington said, was when Mr. Kendall told them that the master had been buried in Italy, and would not be brought home to lie in the vault among his family.

"It doesn't seem right to any of us, Mr. Philip," he said, "and we don't think Mr. Ashley would have liked it either."

There was nothing I could say in answer. I got into the carriage and let them drive me home.

It was strange how the emotion and the fatigue of the past weeks vanished at sight of the house. All sense of strain left me, and in spite of the long hours on the road I felt rested and at peace.

It was afternoon, and the sun shone on the windows of the west wing and on the gray walls as the carriage passed through the second gate, up the slope to the house. The dogs were there, waiting to greet me, and poor Seecombe, wearing a crape band on his arm like the rest of the servants, broke down when I wrung him by the hand.

"It's been so long, Mr. Philip," he said. "And how were we to know that you might not take the fever, too, like Mr. Ashley?"

He waited upon me while I dined, solicitous, anxious for my welfare, and I was thankful that he did not press me with questions about my journey, or about his master's illness and death. All his words were punctuated with a new formality of address. I was "Mr." Philip. No longer "Master" Philip. I had noticed the same with the coachman and the groom.

It was unexpected, yet strangely warming to the heart. When I had dined I went up to my room and looked about me, and then down into the library, and so out into the grounds, and I was filled with a queer feeling of happiness that I had not thought ever to possess with Ambrose dead; for when I left Florence I had reached the lowest ebb of loneliness, and hoped for nothing.

Now, on returning home, my bitterness went too. Ambrose was with me once again, and he was not tortured, he no longer suffered. It was as though he had died here, in his own home, and lay buried with his father and his mother and my own parents. My grief was now something I could overcome; sorrow was with me still, but not tragedy. I, too, was back where I belonged.

I went out across the fields, and the men were harvesting. The shocks of grain were being lifted into the wagons. They ceased work at the sight of me, and I went and spoke to all of them. Old Billy Rowe, who had been tenant of the Barton ever since I could remember and had never called me anything but "Master Philip," touched his forehead.

"We've missed you, sir," he said. "It hasn't seemed right to start carrying the grain without you. We're glad you're home."

A YEAR ago I would have rolled up my sleeves like the rest of the hinds, and seized a fork, but something stayed me now. A realization that they would not think it fit.

"I'm glad to be home," I said. "Mr. Ashley's death has been a great sadness to me, and to you too, but now we all have to carry on as he would have wished us to do."

"Yes, sir," he said, and touched his forelock once again.

I stayed a few moments talking, then called to the dogs and went my way. When I came to the pony's paddock, midway between the house and the sloping fields, I paused, and looked back over the sunk fence. The wagons were silhouetted on t farther hill, and the waiting horses and t moving figures black dots on the sky lir The shocks of grain were golden in the la rays of the sun. The sea was very blue, most purple where it covered the rocl Back at home the house was in shadow, or the weather vane on the top of the clo tower catching a loose shaft of light. walked slowly across the grass to the op door.

The windows were still unshuttered, Se combe had not yet sent the servants to clo them down. There was something welcor in the sight of those raised sashes, with t curtains softly moving, and the thought all the rooms behind the windows, known me and loved.

IT came upon me strongly and with for and for the first time since I had learned Ambrose's death, that everything I nc saw and looked upon belonged to me. T grass beneath my feet, the trees surroundi me, the hills behind me, the meadow, t woods, even the men and women farming t land yonder, were all part of my inheritanc they all belonged.

I went indoors and stood in the librar my back to the open fireplace, my hands my pockets. The dogs came in as was the custom, and lay down at my feet. Seecom came to ask me if there were any orders f Wellington, for t morning. Did I wa the horses and the ca riage, or should he sa dle Gypsy for me? N I told him, I would gi no orders tonight. would see Wellingt myself after breakfas I wished to be call at my usual time. H answered, "Yes, sir and left the roor Master Philip had gor forever. Mr. Ashley ha come home. It was strange feeling. In sense it made me hun ble, and at the sam time oddly proud.

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it, either in ourselves or in others.

—SIDNEY SMITH.

My godfather, Nic Kendall, came over th following day, bringir Louise with him. There were no close relative to summon, and aside from bequests to Se combe and the other servants, with the cu tomary donations to the poor in the parisl the widows and the orphans, the whole of h estate and property was left to me. Nic Kendall read the will alone to me, in the brary. Louise took herself off for a walk in th grounds. In spite of the legal language, th business seemed simple and straightforwar Except for one thing. The Italian Rainaldi ha been right. Nick Kendall *was* appointed m guardian, because the estate did not becom completely mine until I was twenty-fiv

"It was a belief of Ambrose's," said m godfather, taking off his spectacles, as h handed me the document to read again fo myself, "that no young man knows his ow mind until he turns twenty-five. In point fact, it won't affect you, except that you wi have to call upon me for money, as you a ways have done, for the estate accounts, an for your personal use, for a further seve months. Your birthday is in April, isn't it?

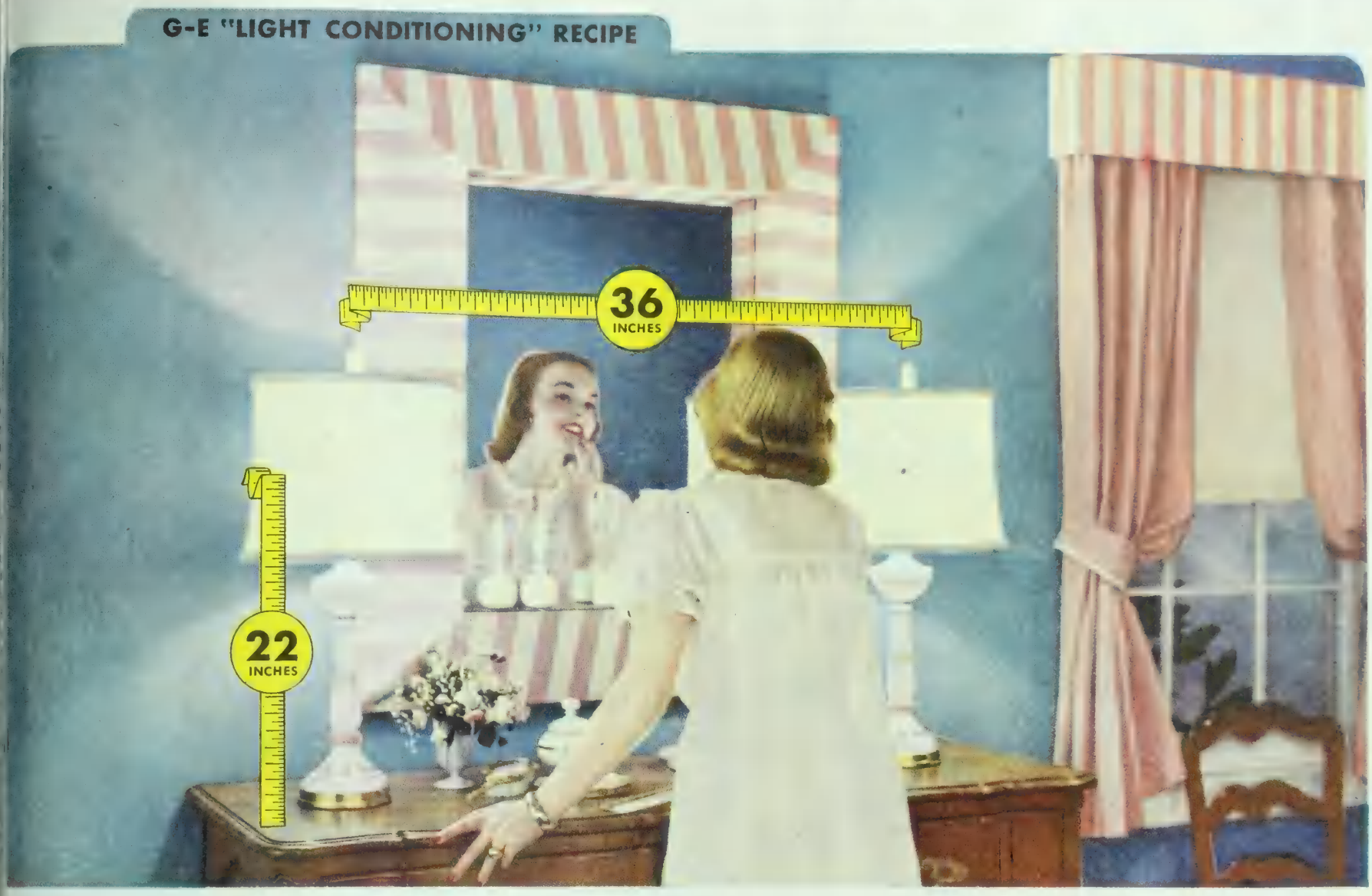
"You should know," I said, "you wer my sponsor."

"A funny little worm you were, too," h said with a smile, "staring with puzzled eye at the parson. Ever felt the lack of parent Philip? It's been hard on you, I often think without your mother."

"I don't know," I said. "I've neve thought about it much. I never wanted any one but Ambrose."

"It was wrong, all the same," he said. " used to tell Ambrose so, but he never lis tened to me. There should have been some one in the house—a housekeeper, a distan relative, anyone. You have grown up ig norant of women, and if you ever marry will be hard on your wife. I was saying so t

(Continued on Page 97)



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Pensacola — Marston & Quina, Inc.
Pensacola — Rhodes, Inc.
Sarasota — Mather of Sarasota
St. Augustine — Willis, Inc.
St. Petersburg — Dew Furn. Co.
St. Petersburg — Lester Bros. Furn.
St. Petersburg — Mather of St. Petersburg
Tallahassee — Cox Furn. Co.
Tampa — Friday O'Neal Furn. Co.
Tampa — Haverty Furn. Co.
Tampa — Home Furn. Co.
Tampa — Maas Bros.
Tampa — O'Neal Furn. Co.
Tampa — Seminole Furn. Co.
Tampa — Walker-Hood Furn.
Vero Beach — Tropical Furn. Co.
West Palm Beach — Mather of Palm Beach
West Palm Beach — Rhodes, Inc.
Wintergarden — W. T. Ziegler Furn.
Winter Haven — Lamb Furn. Co.
Ybor City — D. Stein Furn. Co.
Ybor City — Ybor Furn. Co.

GEORGIA

Albany — Callaway's Inc.
Atlanta — Haverty Furn. Co.
Atlanta — Rhodes, Inc.
Atlanta — Sterchi Bros.
Augusta — Haverty Furn. Co.
Augusta — Maxwell Bros.
Augusta — Rhodes, Inc.
Brunswick — Singleton Furn. Co.
Columbus — Maxwell Bros.
Dublin — Brown Furn. Co.
Macon — Rhodes, Inc.
Macon — Sterchi Bros.
Rome — Maxwell & Garnett Furn. Co.
Savannah — I. C. Helmley Furn. Co.
Savannah — Maxwell Bros.
Thomasville — W. Feinberg & Son
Thomasville — Rhodes, Inc.

HAWAII

Honolulu — Oahu Furn. Co.

IDAHO

Kellogg — Thornhill Co.

ILLINOIS

Alton — C. J. Jacoby & Co.
Aurora — B & M Furn. Co.
Belleville — Knapp Furn. Co.
Cairo — Rhodes-Burford
Canton — Reynolds Furn. Store
Carbondale — Rhodes-Burford
Champaign — Keck Furn. Co.
Collinsville — Leo Hiken Furn. Co.
Danville — Rhodes-Burford
Decatur — Arthur's Furn. Co.
Earlville — Arthur C. Hill
E. St. Louis — Rhodes-Burford
Elgin — Rauschenberger Furn. Co.
Freeport — Don Smith Furn.
Jerseyville — Jacoby Bros.
Lawrenceville — Teegarden Furn. Co.
Lincoln — Harwick's Furn.
Mattoon — Paul Harris Furn. Co.
Pana — Tex Brothers
Peoria — Cohen Furn. Co.
Peoria — Loewenstein's Inc.
Rockford — Ingrassia Bros. Inc.
Taylorville — Tex Furn. Co.
Waukegan — Morrison Globe Co.

INDIANA

Alexandria — Broyles Furn. Store
Attica — Coffing & Robinson Co.
Aurora — Green & Schwier Co.
Bluffton — Linn & Saurer
Corydon — Conrad & Son Piano Co.
Decatur — W. H. Zwick & Son
Evansville — Gem Furn. Co.
Ft. Wayne — Earl Groth & Co.
Ft. Wayne — Homestead Furn. Co.
Ft. Wayne — Rialto Furn. Co.
Goshen — Stiver's Furn. Co.
Greensburg — Schultz Furn. Co.
Jeffersonville — United Home Furn.
Kokomo — Shirley's Home Furn'g Co.
Lafayette — Reifers Furn. Co.
Lawrenceburg — The Junker Store
Madison — Gans Furn. Store
Milan — W. H. Stute
Mishawaka — Beiger Furn. Co.
New Albany — Reisz Furn. Co.
Princeton — Scull Furn. Co.
Rushville — Taff Furn. Co.
Shelbyville — Ben Piatt Furn. Co.
South Bend — Sailors Home Furn.
Terre Haute — Root Dry Goods Co.
Terre Haute — Silverstein Bros.
Wabash — Sterling Furn. Co.

IOWA

Cedar Rapids — Leibsohn's Furn. Co.
Davenport — Huebotter Furn. Co.
Keokuk — Lindquist Bros.
Ottumwa — Kipple DePrenger Furn.

KANSAS

Chanute — Johnson Bros. Furn. Co.
McPherson — Green Furn. Co.
Wichita — Hinkel's

KENTUCKY

Barbourville — Miller-Yancey Furn.
Berea — Finnell Furn. Co.
Central City — Villines Furn. Co.
Covington — J. E. Brock Furn. Co.
Covington — A. J. Ostrow Inc.
Covington — Tillman's Furn. & Apl.
Danville — Baugh & Garner Furn. Co.
Elizabethtown — Hardin Furn. Co.
Frankfort — Marcus Furn. Co.
Harrodsburg — Lay-Lawson Furn. Co.
Hazard — Bullard Home & Off. Supply
Hazard — Hazard Furn. Co.
Hopkinsville — Keach Furn. Co.
Lexington — Baugh & Garner
Lexington — Leet Bros.
Lexington — H. H. Leet Furn. Co.
Lexington — Montgomery-Ward & Co.
Lexington — The Purcell Co.
Lexington — L. L. Roberts Furn. Co.
Lexington — Standard Furn. Co.
Lexington — Wheeler Furn. Co.
Louisville — American Home Supply
Louisville — Central Furn. Co.
Louisville — Delaney Furn. Co.
Louisville — James Greene Furn. Co.
Louisville — Kaufman-Straus Co.
Louisville — Rhodes-Burford
Louisville — United Furn. Co.
Madisonville — Utley Furn. Co.
Maysville — C. L. Mains & Son
Newport — Kentucky Sales & Service
Pineville — Pineville Furn. Co.
Richmond — W. F. Higgins Furn. Co.
Somerset — A. Goldenberg
Winchester — Ratliff Furn. Co.

LOUISIANA

Alexandria — Clark, Dunbar & Dunn
Alexandria — Hemenway-Johnson
Alexandria — United Furn. Co.
Baton Rouge — Kornmeyer's
Lake Charles — Hemenway-Johnson
Lake Charles — Home Furn. Co.
Lake Charles — Milford Furn. Co.
Lake Charles — Southern Furn. Co.
Monroe — Durrett Hdw. & Furn. Co.
Monroe — Monroe Furn. Co.
New Orleans — Max Barnett Furn. Co.
New Orleans — Beach Bros. Furn.
New Orleans — Bradford's, Inc.
New Orleans — Doerr Furn. Co.
New Orleans — Haverty Furn. Stores
New Orleans — D. H. Holmes Co.
New Orleans — Morris Kirschman
New Orleans — LaFayette Furn. Co.
New Orleans — Jeff D. Mathews Furn.
New Orleans — Mintz Furn. Co.
New Orleans — Nu-Idea Furn. Co.
New Orleans — H. Rosenberg & Sons
New Orleans — Weiner's Inc.
Opelousas — Abdallas Furn. Store
Shreveport — American Furn. Co.
Shreveport — Bewley Furn. Co.
Shreveport — Haverty Furn. Co.
Shreveport — Hemenway-Johnson

MAINE

Biddeford — Potter's
Portland — Potter's

MARYLAND

Baltimore — Gassinger Bros. Inc.
Baltimore — Gomprecht & Benesch
Baltimore — Highland Furn. Co.
Baltimore — Howard Furn. Co.
Baltimore — Sam Shaivitz Furn.
Baltimore — A. Sindler
Cambridge — Nathan's
Cumberland — B. Beneman & Son
Cumberland — L. Bernstein Furn. Co.
Cumberland — E. V. Coyle Furn. Co.
Cumberland — Wolf Furn. Co.
Dundalk — Dundalk Furn. Co.
Elkton — Rubenstone's
Frostburg — Frostburg Furn. Co.
Hagerstown — Jacob Miller Inc.
Salisbury — Nathan's
Salisbury — R E Powell & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Arnold — W. R. Gott
Beverly — Kransberg Furn. Co.
Beverly — C. F. Tompkins
Boston — Frank Ferdinand Inc.
Boston — Moller's
Brockton — Atherton Furn. Co.
Fall River — Charlmor Furn. Co.
Fall River — Kaplan Bros. Furn. Co.
Fall River — Mason Furn. Co.
Fall River — Travis Furn. Co.
Framington — Anderson Furn. Co.
Gloucester — Metropolitan Furn. Co.
Holyoke — Adaskin-Tilley Furn. Co.
Holyoke — The Kane Co.
Hudson — Boston Furn. Co.
Lawrence — Michael J. Sullivan Inc.
Lowell — Household Furn. Co.
Lowell — Moller's Inc.
Lynn — W. B. Gifford
Lynn — Hill & Welch
Lynn — Metropolitan Furn. Co.
Malden — Gorman Furn. Co.
Marlboro — Anderson Furn. Co.
New Bedford — Alpert's
New Bedford — Bettencourt Furn Co.
New Bedford — Mason Furn. Co.
North Adams — National Furn. Co.
Northampton — Ruby's Furn. Stores
Norwood — Norwood Furn. Co.
Peabody — McGivern's Furn. House
Pittsfield — Pontoosus Wayside Furn.
Pittsfield — Union-Fern Co.
Salem — Metropolitan Furn. Co.
Salem — C. F. Tompkins
Springfield — The Kane Co.
Waltham — Clarkson Furn. Co.
West Springfield — Sam Salem Inc.
Worcester — Singer's Furn. Sh'rooms

MICHIGAN

Adrian — Traster Furn. Co.
Alma — Alma Furn. Co.
Alpena — Alpena Furn. Co.
Ann Arbor — Barrett Furn. Inc.
Bay City — C. E. Rosebury & Sons
Benton Harbor — House of Furniture
Benton Harbor — W. Newland & Son
Birmingham — Har-Trom Hiway Mart
Buchanan — Sexton's Furn.
Clare — Clare Furn. Co.
Coldwater — Mac's Furn. Home
Dearborn — Calvin Furn. Co.
Dearborn — Crown Furn. Co. No. 6
Detroit — Baer Furn. Co.
Detroit — Crown Furn. Co. No. 5
Detroit — Fenster & Co.
Detroit — Irvings Furn. Co.
Detroit — Roberts Furn. Co.
Detroit — United Outfitting Co.
Detroit — Westown Furn. Co.
Dexter — Webers Furn. Store
Flint — Quality Htg. Co.
Flint — Smith-Bridgman & Co.
Hamtramck — Worker's Furn. Exchg.
Hillsdale — H. J. Gelzer & Son
Ithaca — Beebe Furn. Co.
Kalamazoo — Central Furn. Co.
Lincoln Park — Eder Furn. Co.
Ludington — P. C. Hansen Furn Co.
Marquette — Tonella & Rupp
Mt. Clemens — Mt. Clemens Furn. Co.
Mt. Pleasant — Superior Furn. Co.
Muskegon Hgts. — Vandervelde's
N. Adams — North Adams Furn. Mart
Owosso — D. M. Christian Co.
Owosso — Robbins Furn. Co.
Perry — P. J. Aldrich Stores
Pontiac — Miller Furn. Co.
Romeo — Wilbur's
Sparta — Sherry's Furn. Store
Sturgis — Mac's Furn. Store
Wayne — W. L. Gates Furn. Co.
Wyandotte — F. W. Ginzel Co.
Wyandotte — Lynch & Sullivan

MISSISSIPPI

Biloxi — Hayley-Clower Furn.
Brookhaven — John B. Perkin Furn.
Gulfport — J. C. Clower Furn. Co.
Gulfport — Rhodes, Inc.
Jackson — Batte Furn. Co.
Jackson — Mississippi Moving & Stg.
Jackson — Rhodes, Inc.

MISSOURI

Cambridge — Nathan's Furn. Stores
Joplin — Joplin Furn. Co.
Kansas City — Jones Store Co.
St. Louis — Dau the House Furnisher
St. Louis — Ideal Home Furnishers

MONTANA

Billings — Billings Hdwe. Co.

NEBRASKA

Omaha — Davidson Furn. Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester — A. A. Mooney Furn. Co.
Nashua — C. H. Avery Co.
Portsmouth — Atherton Furn. Co.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park — Banker's Furn. Co.
Asbury Park — Steinbach & Co.
Atlantic City — M. E. Blatt Co.
Atlantic City — Dungan, Fry & Spence
Atlantic City — Hurley-Jones Co.
Atlantic City — Rosengard & Ginsburg
Bayonne — Cohen Furn. House
Belmar — Clayton J. Newman
Bridgeton — I. W. Goldberg
Bridgeton — Dorr Furn.
Bridgeton — Hurley's
Camden — Hurley's
Camden — Naden Store
Clifton — David Sussman
Dover — S. T. Bryant
Elizabeth — Hudson Furn. Co.
Elizabeth — Levy Bros.
Elizabeth — McManus Bros.
Egg Harbor — Weiler & Co.
Elmer — Carl Harz
Freehold — Silvert's Furn.
Hackensack — Union Furn. Co.
Hoboken — Washington Furn. Co.
Irvington — Wayne Furn. Co.
Jersey City — Foye Furn. Co.
Jersey City — Goodman Furn. Co.
Jersey City — Gray's Inc.
Jersey City — Kunath Furn. Co.
Jersey City — John Mullins & Co.
Millville — Dorr Furn. Co.
Morristown — Grand Rapids Furn. Co.
Newark — Hoffman Furn. Co.
Newark — Rockford Furn. Co.
Newark — Sheitleman Furn. Co.
Newark — W. Wilderotter
New Brunswick — Built Right Furn.
New Brunswick — Rice & Co.
New Brunswick — Schwartz Furn. Co.
New Brunswick — J. Schwartz Inc.
North Bergen — Castle Furn. Co.
North Bergen — Union Furn. Co.
No. Hackensack — Huffman & Boyle
Parsippany — Parsippany Furn.
Passaic — American Furn.
Passaic — Gang & Gang
Passaic — Grand Rapids Furn. Co.
Passaic — Locker Bros.
Passaic — Stark & Son
Paterson — Keystone Furn. Co.
Paterson — Select Furn. Co.
Pennsgrove — Hurley's
Pennsgrove — Weinberg's
Perth Amboy — Irwin's Fine Furn.
Perth Amboy — Albert Leon & Son
Plainfield — Watchung Furn. Co.
Pompton Lakes — Larans Inc.
Rahway — Koos Bros.
Red Bank — Acme Furn. Co.
Riverside — Hurley's
Salem — Goldberg's Furn. Store
Salem — Hitchner's Furn. Store
Salem — Kline's Furn.
Somerville — R. Granetz
South River — S. Shayevitz
Succasunna — Suburban Furn. Co.
Summit — Doyle Furn. Co.
Trenton — Goldberg's Corp.
Trenton — Hurley-Tobin
Trenton — Swern & Co.
Ventnor — Ventnor Furn. Co.
Vineland — Blom Bros.
Vineland — Vineland Home Supply
W. New York — Public Furn. Co. Inc.
W. New York — Royal Furn. Co.
W. New York — Stanley Furn. Co.
Westwood — Parkview Furn. Co.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque — American Furn. Co.
Artesia — Boyd Barnett Furn.

NEW YORK

Albany — John B. Hauf
Albany — Union-Fern Co.
Albany — A. Wildove
Amsterdam — Union-Fern Co.
Astoria — H. Bogen & Sons
Brooklyn — D. Berlinger & Son
Brooklyn — C. & M. Furn. Co.
Brooklyn — N. Deutsch
Brooklyn — George Hummel & Sons
Brooklyn — Knickerbocker Furn. Co.
Brooklyn — Paul Nielsen, Inc.
Brooklyn — Pawgan Bros.
Buffalo — Victor's
Catskill — A. Oren & Sons Inc.
Endicott — Coury Bros.
Flushing — Abramson's
Glens Falls — Union-Fern, Inc.
Gloversville — Union-Fern, Inc.
Greenport — S. B. Horton Co.
Hempstead — Franklin Shops Inc.
Hempstead — George's Fine Furn.
Hempstead — H. Plotsky & Sons
Herkimer — Markson's Furn. Stores
Huntington — Knight Bros.
Jamaica — Ruby's Furn. Exchg.
Kingston — Union-Fern, Inc.
Kirkland — Harrison Furn.
Latham — Sharlet's
Mechanicsville — Union-Fern, Inc.
Middletown — J. H. Hait Furn.
Middle Village — Arion Furn. House
Newburgh — Burger's Furn. Store
New York — Eckhardt-Berman Corp.
New York — Harris Cohen & Sons
New York — Royal Furn. Co.
New York — Weil & Co.
Oneonta — Markson's Furn. Stores
Ossining — Cartoon's Furn. Store
Ossining — A. L. Myers Inc.
Peekskill — Voughts Furn. Co.
Plattsburg — Ames Furn. Co.
Port Chester — Jos. Cohen & Sons
Poughkeepsie — Perlmutter's
Poughkeepsie — Wallace's
Queens Village — J. A. Bellafiore
Riverhead — S. Harding & Sons
Rochester — E. W. Edwards & Son
Rochester — Harry T. Mangurian's
Rochester — Reliable Furn. Co.
Saratoga — Union-Fern, Inc.
Schenectady — Union-Fern, Inc.
Schenectady — Wallace's
Stapleton, S. I. — Ace Furn. Co.
Syracuse — E. W. Edwards & Son
Syracuse — Fleischman's
Syracuse — Kieffer Bros. Inc.
Tarrytown — Cartoon's
Troy — Wm. H. Frear & Co.
Troy — Standard Furn. Co.
Troy — Union-Fern, Inc.
Utica — Markson's Furn. Stores
Utica — Union-Fern, Inc.
Valley Stream — Roman Co.
Waverly — Knapp's Dept. Store
Whitehall — Scott Furn. Co.
White Plains — Mazur Bros.
Yonkers — Chachkes Furn. Co.
Yonkers — Main Furn. Corp.
Yonkers — T. Whalen

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte — Perry-Mincey Furn. Co.
Dunn — Dunn Furn. Co.
Durham — Rhodes, Inc.
Fayetteville — Highland Furn. Co.
Fayetteville — Market Furn. Co.
Gastonia — Rankin-Armstrong Co.
Gibsonville — Boone Furn. Store
Greensboro — Burtner Furn. Co.
Greensboro — Miller Furn. Co.
Greensboro — Rhodes, Inc.
High Point — Burtner Furn. Co.
Lawrinburg — Market Furn. Co.
Lumberton — Biggs Furn. Store
Murphy — Peyton G. Ivie
Raleigh — W. E. Cooper Furn. Co.
Rockingham — Hallum Furn. Co.
Salisbury — R. W. Norman Co.
Sanford — Dossenbach Furn. Co.
Spencer — Stoudemire Furn. Co.
Washington — Phillips-Wright Furn.
Whiteville — Todd Furn. Co.
Wilmington — Pender Furn. Co.
Wilmington — People's Furn. Co.
Wilmington — Todd Furn. Co.
Wilmington — Rhodes, Inc.

OHIO

Akron — M. O'Neal Co.
Akron — The Yeager Co.
Barberton — Weigand Furn. Co.
Bellefontaine — L. M. Stupp Furn.
Camden — Caskey, Vernon Co.
Chillicothe — H. W. Cruitt
Cincinnati — A & N Furn. & Apl. Co.
Cincinnati — Alms & Doepke
Cincinnati — P. L. Barth Co.
Cincinnati — D. Davis Furn. Co.
Cincinnati — Ernst Furn. & Apl. Co.
Cincinnati — E & S Furn. & Apl. Co.
Cincinnati — The McAplin Co.
Cincinnati — Leo S. Mode & Sons Co.
Cincinnati — The A. Nielen Co.
Cincinnati — L. L. Redman Co.
Cincinnati — The John Shillito Co.
Cincinnati — Solway's Furn. Co.
Cincinnati — Jake Tennenbaum Co.
Cincinnati — Julius Tennenbaum
Cleveland — Cassidy Furn. Co.
Cleveland — Kronheim Furn.
Cleveland — The May Co.
College Corner — The Furn. House
Columbus — Good Hsksg. Shop
Columbus — White Furn. Co.
Dayton — R. L. Norris
Dayton — Westside Furn. Co.
East Liverpool — Moore Furn. Co.
Hamilton — Hamilton Furn. Co.
Hamilton — Max Joffe Furn. Co.
Hamilton — George Krebs' Sons
Hamilton — Lowenstein Furn. Co.
Laura — Roark Furn. Co.
Lima — Armstrong & Son
Lockland — Schuman Furn. Co.
Marion — Scherff Wayside Furn. Store
Miamisburg — Gebhardt & Schmidt
Middletown — F. Cappel Furn. Co.
Middletown — Max Joffe Furn. Co.
Milford — Mack's Furn. & Apls.
Norwood — Norwood Apl. & Furn. Co.
Piqua — The Elliott Furn. Co.
Portsmouth — Gemperline Furn. Co.
Reading — Farr's Trade Mart
St. Marys — John's Furn. Co.
Springfield — The Cappel Htg. Co.
Springfield — The Hadley Co.
Toledo — Tiedtke's
Washington C. H. — Wm. E. Dale
Wilmington — G. M. Rice
Xenia — The Adair Co

OKLAHOMA

Ardmore — Collier Bros. Furn. Co.
Bartlesville — Bartlesville Furn. Co.
Durant — Durant Furn. Co.
El Reno — Jones Furn. Co.
Lawton — Lacy Furn. Co.
Oklahoma City — Harbour-Longmire
Oklahoma City — O. K. Furn. & Rug
Oklahoma City — Sneed Furn. Co.
Oklahoma City — A. F. Williams Furn.
Sand Springs — Mule Skin Brown
Sapulpa — Rule-Reel Furn. Co.
Seminole — Collier Bros. Furn. Co.
Tulsa — Dickason-Goodman Furn.
Tulsa — Hanna Furn. Co.
Tulsa — Shannon's Furn. Co.
Wewoka — Moore Furn. Co.
Woodward — Young Furn. Co.

OREGON

Astoria — Greenberg's Furn.
Beaverton — Gales Furn. Co.
Enterprise — Ratcliff Furn. Co.
Eugene — Lyon's Furn. Co.
Portland — Director Furn. Co.
Portland — Powers Furn. Co.
Portland — Star Furn. Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown — Benesch's
Allentown — Miller Furn. Co.
Altoona — Wolf Furn. Co.
Ambler — Ambler Furn. Co.
Barnesboro — Wolf Furn. Co.
Bellefonte — Wolf Furn. Co.
Bethlehem — H. Coleman & Sons
Bethlehem — Miller Furn. Co.
Carlisle — Meyers Furn. Co.
Chambersburg — Jacob Miller Inc.
Chester — M. J. Freed
Chester — L. A. Hackett
Chester — Stanley Furn. Co.
Chester — Tollin's
Clearfield — Leitzinger Bros.
Clearfield — Wolf Furn. Co.
Coalport — Rupp Furn. & Apl. Co.
Coatesville — Braunstein's Inc.
Coatesville — Lipkin's
Darby — Martin's of Darby
Darby — M. Weiner & Co.
Dillsburg — Knaub-Clemens
E. Greenville — Robt. E. Ritter & Son
Easton — Lipkin's
Emporium — Coppersmith's
Galeton — Lush Bros. Inc.
Grove City — Clarkson Furn.
Harrisburg — N. B. Liebman & Co.
Harrisburg — Jacob Miller Inc.
Harrisburg — Gamburg Furn. Co.
Hatboro — DeLite Sales Co.
Hazelton — Wolf Furn. Co.
Huntingdon — H. J. Brown
Hyde — Jas. S. Balthaser
Hyde Villa — Block Bros.
Jenkintown — Stewart Furn. Co.
Jersey Shore — Rick Furn. Stores
Kane — J. W. Bentz Furn. Co.
Lancaster — Harold Furn. Co.
Lancaster — Heinitsh Furn. Co.
Lansdale — Kauffman's
Lansford — N. & J. Greenberger Co.
Lebanon — N. B. Liebman & Co.
Lewisburg — Donahoe Furn. & Apl.
Marcus Hook — C. L. Morris Inc.
Meadville — H. L. Marquette Co.
Media — George Bloom
Mount Carmel — Guinan's Dept. Store
Norristown — B. E. Block & Bros.
Norristown — Stern Furn. Co.
Oxford — Eagle Dept. Store
Palmerton — Silver Furn. Co.
Philadelphia — Charles Barwis
Philadelphia — Block's
Philadelphia — Brody's
Philadelphia — Cohen Bros. Inc.
Philadelphia — Geo. B. Davis Co.
Philadelphia — J. Diegel & Sons
Philadelphia — J. Finkel Co.
Philadelphia — Fuld Furn. Co.
Philadelphia — Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia — M. Grass & Son
Philadelphia — J. B. Liebman Co.
Philadelphia — Lit Bros.
Philadelphia — McGinnity & Murta
Philadelphia — John A. Moore's Sons
Philadelphia — Nelson's Furn. Inc.
Philadelphia — Pennsylvania Furn.
Philadelphia — Penway Furnishers
Philadelphia — Morris Schiff Co.
Philadelphia — Northeast Home Furn.
Philadelphia — J. Schwartz & Co.
Philadelphia — Shuman Bros.
Philadelphia — Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia — Tioga Elec. & Furn. Co.
Philadelphia — Unity Furn. Co.
Philadelphia — Samuel Waldman
Philadelphia — Walnut Home Equip.
Philadelphia — M. Weiss Son
Philadelphia — West End Furn. Co.
Philadelphia — J. Wolf Furn.
Philipsburg — Martin Furn. Co.
Phoenixville — A. C. Bishop Store
Phoenixville — McCarraher Bros.
Port Alleghany — G. L. Gallup & Son
Pottstown — Block Bros.
Pottstown — Wilkie Furn. Co.
Pottsville — Hummel's Good Furn.
Pottsville — N. B. Liebman & Co.
Reading — Bloom Furn. Co.
Reading — Harold Furn. Co.
Reading — Kaufman Furn. Co.
Sayre — Wolf Furn. Co.
Selinsgrove — Burns Furn. Co.
Shamokin — Guinan's Dept. Store
Somerset — Lohr's
Souderton — Fisher's Furn. Store
Sunbury — Miller's Furn. Store
Tamaqua — Scheid's Dept. Store
Tyrone — Wolf Furn. Co.
Upper Darby — Geo. B. Davis Co.
Upper Darby — Lit Bros.
Warren — Blomquist Shop
Warren — Waxman's & Son
Waynesboro — Jacob Miller Inc.
West Chester — Kauffman's
Williamsport — Neyhart Inc.

PUERTO RICO

San Juan — Gonzalez Padin

RHODE ISLAND

Pawtucket — Shartenberg's Inc.
Providence — The Boston Store

SOUTH CAROLINA

Abbeville — Maxwell-Benson & Bolen
Chester — Peoples Furn. Co.
Charleston — Haverty Furn. Co.
Charleston — Maxwell Bros. & Hall
Charleston — Rhodes, Inc.
Charleston — Southern Furn. Co.
Columbia — Haverty Furn. Co.
Columbia — Lawrence Furn. Co.
Columbia — Rosewood Furn. Co.
Florence — W. M. Waters Co.
Georgetown — Sampit Furn. Co.
Greenville — League's Inc.
Greenville — Maxwell Bros.
Greenville — McDuffie-Parker
Greenville — Rhodes, Inc.
Lauren — Maxwell Bros. & Kenard
Orangeburg — Wannamaker Smoak
Prosperity — Prosperity Furn. Co.
Rock Hill — Allen Furn. Co.
Rock Hill — Moore Furn. Co.
Spartanburg — Hammond-Brown-Jennings
Spartanburg — Maxwell Bros.
Spartanburg — Rhodes, Inc.
Sumter — Hurst-Sexton Furn. Co.
Sumter — Maxwell Bros. & Blackwell
Travellers Rest — Garrett's Inc.
W. Columbia — Hamm & Wise Furn.

TENNESSEE

Bristol — Bristol Furn. Co.
Chattanooga — Haverty Furn. Co.
Clarksville — Brenner Furn. Co. Inc.
Johnson City — Sterchi Bros. Stores
Kingsport — Homeland
Knoxville — Fowler Bros. Co.
Knoxville — J. F. Walker Co.
Nashville — Harley-Holt Co.
Nashville — National Furn. Store
Nashville — Rhodes, Inc.

TEXAS

Abilene — Thornton Dept. Store
Alice — Brunston Furn. Co.
Angleton — Hudeck Bros. Furn. Co.
Austin — Bridges Furn. Co.
Austin — Cabaniss-Brown Inc.
Austin — Karotkin Furn. Co.
Austin — Shanks-Meyer Furn. Co
Beaumont — Dallas-Williams Furn.
Beaumont — Phoenix Furn. Co.
Beaumont — Thompson Furn. Co.
Belton — Household Furn. Co.
Borger — Frank Jennings Furn. Co.
Brady — Lee Adams Furn. Co.
Childress — John's Furn. Co.
Cleveland — Thomas Furn. Co.
Conroe — Conroe Furn. Co.
Corpus Christi — Modern House
Corpus Christi — Nueces Furn. Co.
Dallas — Duffey's Furn. Stores
Dallas — Fakes & Co.
Dallas — Hart Furn. Co.
Dallas — Rick Furn. Stores
Dallas — Sanger Bros.
Edinburg — Star Furn. Co.
Ft. Worth — Ellison Furn. & Cpt. Co.
Ft. Worth — Kemble Bros. Furn. Co.
Ft. Worth — Ladd Furn. & Cpt. Co.
Ft. Worth — Modern Furn. Co.
Ft. Worth — Phoenix Furn. Co.
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(Continued from Page 92)

Louise at breakfast." He broke off then, looking—if my godfather could look such a thing—a little uncomfortable, as if he had said more than he meant.

"That's all right," I said. "My wife can take care of all the difficulties when the time comes. If it ever does come. Which is unlikely. I think I am too much like Ambrose, and I know now what marriage must have done to him."

My godfather was silent. I then told him of my visit to the villa, of my meeting with Rainaldi, and he showed in turn the letter that the Italian had written him. It was much as I expected, giving in cold, stilted words his story of Ambrose's illness and death, and of the grief to the widow, who was, according to Rainaldi, inconsolable.

"So inconsolable," I said to my godfather, "that the day after the funeral she goes off, like a thief, taking all Ambrose's possessions with her, except his old hat, which she forgot. Because, no doubt, it had no value."

My godfather coughed. "Surely," he said, "you don't begrudge her the books and clothes? Hang it all, Philip, it's all she has."

"How do you mean, it's all she has?"

"Well, I've read the will to you," he answered, "and there it is, before you. It's the same will that I drew up ten years ago. No codicil, you know, upon his marriage. There is no provision in it for a wife. All this past year I rather expected word from him, about a settlement at least. I am a little surprised that this Italian, Signor Rainaldi, whom you seem so much to dislike, makes no mention of any sort of claim on the part of Mrs. Ashley."

"Claim?" I said. "You talk of a claim, when we know perfectly well she drove him to his death?"

"We don't know anything of the sort," returned my godfather, "and if that is the way you are going to talk about your cousin's widow, I don't care to listen." He got up, and began to put his papers together.

"So you believe the story of the tumor?"

"Naturally I believe it," he replied. "Here is the letter from this Italian, Rainaldi, and the death certificate, signed by two doctors. I remember your Uncle Philip's death, which you do not. The symptoms were very similar. It is exactly what I feared, when the letter came from Ambrose and you left for Florence. The fact that you arrived too late to be of any assistance is one of those calamities that nobody can help. It is possible, now I think of it, that it was not a calamity after all, but a mercy. You would not have wished to see him suffer."

I could have hit him, the old fool, for being so obstinate, so blind. "You never saw the second letter," I said, "the note that came the morning I went away. Look at this." I gave it to him. He put on his spectacles again, and read it.

"I'm sorry, Philip," he said, "but even that poor heartbreak of a scribble cannot alter my opinion. You must face facts. You loved Ambrose, so did I. When he died I lost my greatest friend. I am equally distressed with you, when I think of his mental suffering—perhaps even more so, because I have seen it in another. He was mentally and physically sick, and not responsible for what he wrote or said."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"You mean you won't believe it," said my godfather, "in which case there is nothing more to be said. But for Ambrose's sake, I must ask you not to spread your views to others. It would cause distress and pain to all of them, and if such a whisper ever got to his widow, she would be well within her rights to bring a case against you for slander."

I had never heard my godfather speak with such force. He was right in saying there was no more to be said on the subject. I had learned my lesson. I would not broach it again.

"Shall we call Louise?" I said pointedly. "I think she has been wandering about the gardens long enough. You had both better stay and dine with me."

My godfather was silent during dinner. I could tell he was still shocked by what I had said to him. Louise questioned me about my travels. She was quick-witted, though, and saw something was wrong. And after dinner, when my godfather summoned Seecombe and the servants to tell them of the various bequests, I went and sat with her in the drawing room.

"My godfather is displeased with me," I said, and told her the story.

She watched me in that rather critical inquiring way she always had, her head a little on one side, her chin lifted.

"You know," she said, when I had finished, "I think you are probably right. I dare say poor Mr. Ashley and his wife were not happy, and he was too proud to write and tell you so, before he fell ill. What did

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

New England Was the Bible

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Small New England Yankee boys
  Grew straight when I was young,
For they saw prophets, captains, kings
  Through every gate they swung.

David raised barred Plymouth Rocks,
  Wise Solomon, good hay,
Sunburnt Maine Disciples caught
  Herring in the bay.

Tubal plowed, and Jubal struck
  Sparks from horses' shoes,
And Moses had long sun horns on
  His hair in evening dews.

Isaac herded Yankee cows,
  Rebecca put up jam,
A boy came on nations of sheep
  Herded by Abraham.

A boy could sit on Joshua's knees
  And hear of Shiloh's battle,
Elijahs sang small boys to sleep,
  Jacobs drove home their cattle.

Noahs made the small boys boats,
  Tall bearded patriarchs
Carried them home upon their backs
  Through the fireflies' sparks.

New England was the Bible then,
  Bible men were around,
And every farm with cows and sheep
  Made a Bible sound.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

those servants say about her? Was she young, was she old?"

"I never asked," I said. "I don't see that it matters. The only thing that matters is that he did not trust her when he died."

She nodded. "That was terrible," she agreed. "He must have felt so lonely."

My heart warmed to Louise. Perhaps it was because she was young, my own age, that she seemed to have so much more perception than her father.

"You should have asked that Italian, Rainaldi, what she looked like," said Louise. "And what happened to the count, her first husband. Didn't you tell me once he had been killed, in a duel? That speaks badly for her too. She probably had several lovers."

This aspect of my Cousin Rachel had not occurred to me. "At any rate," I said, "whether that woman had a hundred lovers or not doesn't concern me. She can lie low in Rome or Naples or wherever she is, for the present. But one day I'll hunt her out, and she'll be sorry for it."

At that moment my godfather came to find us, and I said no more. He seemed in a better humor. No doubt Seecombe and Wellington and the others had been grateful for their little bequests, and he, in benign fashion, felt himself in part the author of them.

"Ride over and see me soon," I told Louise, as I helped her into the dogcart beside her father, "you're good for me. I like your company."

She flushed again, silly girl, glancing up at her father to see how he would take it, as though we had not ridden backward and forward visiting each other before, times without number. Perhaps she also was impressed by my new status. I went back into the house, smiling at the idea of Louise Kendall, whose hair I used to pull only a few years back, now looking upon me with respect. The next instant I forgot her, and my godfather as well, for on coming home there was much to do after two months' absence.

I did not think to see my godfather again for at least a fortnight, what with the harvest and other things upon my hands, but scarcely a week had passed before his groom rode over one morning, soon after midday, with an oral message from his master, asking me to go and see him; he was unable to come himself, he was confined to the house with a slight chill, but he had news for me.

The following afternoon I rode to see him. I found him in his study, alone. I could see he was disturbed.

"Well," he said, "now something has got to be done, and you have to decide exactly what, and when. She has arrived by boat in Plymouth."

"Who has arrived?" I asked.

He showed me a piece of paper in his hand. "I have a letter here," he said, "from your Cousin Rachel." He gave me the letter. "She does not appear to know that we have heard the news," said my godfather. "She must have left Florence before Signor Rainaldi wrote his letter. Well, see what you make of it."

I opened up the letter. It was dated from a hostelry in Plymouth, on the thirteenth of September.

Dear Mr. Kendall: When Ambrose spoke of you, as he so often did, I little thought my first communication with you would be fraught with so much sadness. I arrived in Plymouth, from Genoa, this morning, in a state of great distress and, alas, alone.

My dear one died in Florence on the twentieth of July, after a short illness but violent in its attack; everything was done that could be done, but the best doctors I could summon were not able to save him.

There was a recurrence of some fever that had seized him earlier in the spring, but the last was due to pressure on the brain which the doctors think had lain dormant for some months, then rapidly increased its hold upon him. He lies in the Protestant cemetery in Florence, in a site chosen by myself, quiet, and a little apart from the other English graves, with trees surrounding it, which is what he would have wished. Of my personal sorrow and great emptiness I will say nothing; you do not know me, and I have no desire to inflict it upon you.

My first thought has been for Philip, whom Ambrose loved so dearly, and whose grief will be equal to my own. My good friend and counselor, Signor Rainaldi, of Florence, assured me that he would write to you and break the news, so that you in turn could tell Philip, but I had little faith in those mails from Italy to England, and was fearful either that the news should come to you by hearsay, through a stranger, or not at all. Hence my arrival in this country. I have brought with me all Ambrose's possessions; his books, his clothes, everything that Philip would wish to have and keep, and which now, by right, belong to him. If you will tell me what to do with them, how to send them, and whether or not I should write to Philip myself, I will be deeply grateful. I left Florence very suddenly, on impulse, and without regret. I could not bear to stay with Ambrose gone. As to further plans, I have none. After so great a shock time for reflection is, I think, most necessary. I had hoped to be in England before this, but was held up at Genoa; the ship that brought me was not ready to sail.

I believe I still have members of my own family, the Coryns, scattered about Cornwall, but knowing none of them, I have no wish to intrude upon them. I would much prefer to be alone. Possibly, after I have rested here a little,

(Continued on Page 99)



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Greater Absorption — Their thirsty surgical weave assures maximum absorption.

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— says Mrs. Earl H. Merritt of New Augusta, Indiana



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Why has this family been so loyal to Maytag for three generations? This is the way Mrs. Earl H. Merritt, second generation, explains it: "When my daughter, Ann, shopped for her new washer, it *had* to be a Maytag. She knew how clean my Maytag washes clothes. And Ann's grandmother is still using a Maytag made in 1923. Imagine . . . it's been washing clothes clean for almost thirty years!"

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(Continued from Page 97)

I may travel up to London, and then make fur-
t ıer plans.

I will await instruction from you what to do
ith my husband's possessions.

Most sincerely yours,
RACHEL ASHLEY.

I read the letter once, twice, perhaps three
t mes, then gave it back to my godfather.
] did not say a word.

"You see," he said at length, "that after
ll she has kept nothing. Not so much as one
ook or a pair of gloves. They are all for
ou."

I did not answer.

"She does not even ask to see the house,"
e went on, "the house that would have been
er home had Ambrose lived. I'm sorry,
hilip. I know your views. But as Ambrose's
iend, as his trustee, I cannot sit here and
o nothing, when his widow arrives alone
nd friendless in this country. We have a
uest room in this house. She is welcome to
until her plans are formed."

I went and stood by the window. "Why
hould you imagine I don't wish to see her?"
asked. "I do wish to see her, very much.
When you write to Plymouth, say that
hilip Ashley has already heard the news of
mbrose's death. That he went to Florence,
n receipt of two letters; went to the Villa
angalletti, saw her servants, saw her friend
nd adviser, Signor Rainaldi, and that Philip
shley is now returned. Say that he is a
lain man, and is little
sed to the society of
omen, or indeed of
nyone. If, however,
he wishes to see him,
nd her late husband's
ome, Philip Ashley's
ouse is at the dis-
osal of his Cousin Ra-
hel, when she cares
o visit it." And I placed
ıy hand upon my
eart, and bowed.

"I never thought,"
aid my godfather
lowly, "to see you
row so hard. What's
appened to you?"

"Nothing has hap-
ened to me, except,
ke a young war horse, I smell blood. Have
ou forgotten my father was a soldier?"

Then I went out into the garden to find
ouise. Her concern at the news was greater
han my own.

"Your house isn't fit to receive anyone,"
he said, "let alone a woman like the
ontessa—like Mrs. Ashley. Why, Philip,
here hasn't been a woman staying there for
wenty years. What room will you put her
n? And think of the dust! Not only upstairs,
ut in the drawing room too. I noticed it
ast week."

"None of that matters," I said impa-
iently. "She can dust the place herself, if
he minds so much."

"Oh, but you're wrong," exclaimed Louise.
You don't want to seem a boor, an igno-
amus. That would be putting yourself at a
isadvantage before you even speak to her.
he is certain to have brought a quantity of
lothes, and jewels too perhaps, besides Mr.
shley's things. She will have heard so much
bout the house from him, she will expect
omething very fine, like her own villa. And
o have it all untidy, dusty, smelling like a
ennel—why, you would not want her to
nd it so, Philip, for his sake, surely!"

I was angry. "What do you mean," I
aid, "by my house smelling like a kennel?"

SHE had the grace to look contrite, if not
shamed. "I'm sorry," she said. "I did not
ıean to offend you. You know I love your
ouse. I have a great affection for it and al-
ways will. But I can't help saying what I
hink, as to the way it's kept—well, lacking
omfort, if you'll forgive that too."

"All right," I said, "forget my lack of com-
ort. It suited Ambrose, and it suits me, and
or the space of a few days it can suit my
Cousin Rachel too."

Louise shook her head at me. "If Mrs.
shley is the woman I believe her to be she
will take one look at the house and then seek refuge in St. Austell. Or with us."

"You're very welcome," I replied, "when I have done with her."

Louise looked at me curiously. "Will you really dare to question her?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I can't say until I have seen her. She'll try to bluster her way out, I have no doubt. Or maybe swoon, and have hysterics. That won't worry me. I shall watch her, and enjoy it."

"I don't think she will bluster, nor have hysterics. She will merely sweep into the house and take command. Don't forget, she must be used to giving orders."

"She won't give them in my house."

"POOR Seecombe! What I would give to see his face. She will throw things at him, if he fails to come when she pulls her bell. Italians are very passionate, you know, very quick-tempered. I have always heard so."

"She's only half Italian," I reminded her. "And I think Seecombe is well able to take care of himself. Perhaps it will rain for three days, and she will be confined to bed with rheumatism."

We laughed together, like a pair of children, but I was not so light of heart as I pretended. The invitation had been flung onto the air like a challenge, and already I think that I had regretted it, though I did not say so to Louise. I regretted it more when I went home and looked about me.

What in the world was I to do with that woman in my house? What indeed should I say to her, what action should I take? If Rainaldi had been plausible, she would be ten times more so. Direct attack might not succeed, and what was it the Italian had said anyway about tenacity, and women fighting battles? If she should be loud-mouthed, vulgar, I think I knew how to shut her up. But sugary, insidious, with heaving bosom and sheep's eyes—the siren Louise had suggested, with many lovers—could I deal with that? I believed so. I had met with some of these in Oxford, and I always found extreme bluntness of speech, amounting to brutality, sent them back to their holes in the ground with no bones broken. No, all things considered, I was pretty cocksure, pretty confident, that when I had actual speech with my Cousin Rachel I should find my tongue. But preparations for the visit, that was the deuce.

To my great surprise, Seecombe received the idea without dismay. I told him that Mrs. Ashley had arrived in England, bringing with her Mr. Ambrose's effects, and that it was possible she would arrive for a short visit, within the week.

"Yes, sir," he said, "very right, and very proper. We shall all be glad to welcome Mrs. Ashley."

I glanced at him over my pipe, amused at his pomposity. "I thought," I said, "you were like me, and did not care for women in the house. You sang a different tune when I told you Mr. Ambrose had been married, and she would be mistress here."

He looked shocked. "That was not the same, sir. There has been tragedy since then. The poor lady is widowed. Mr. Ambrose would have wished us to do what we can for her, especially as it seems"—he coughed discreetly—"that Mrs. Ashley has not benefited in any way from the decease."

I wondered how he knew that, and asked him.

"It's common talk, sir," he said, "all around the place. Everything left to you, Mr. Philip, nothing to the widow. It is not usual, you see. In every family, big or small, there is always provision for the widow."

"I'm surprised at you, Seecombe," I said, "lending your ear to gossip."

(Continued on Page 101)

Richard Aldington tells that, "An American friend of mine was then editing the Outlook, and asked me to write an article telling his readers about young writers and picking out those I thought would make a name. I made a choice which I modestly think wasn't bad for 1919: James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley and Marcel Proust. I received a letter from the editor in these terms:

"'For God's sake, Richard, can't you think of somebody who has been heard of or is ever likely to be heard of?'"



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(Continued from Page 99)

"Not gossip, sir," he said with dignity. "What concerns the Ashley family concerns us all."

I had a vision of him sitting out at the back there, in his room, and coming in to chat and drink a glass of bitter with him would be Wellington, and the old coachman, and Tamlyn, the head gardener, and the first woodman—none of the young servants, of course, they would not be permitted—and the affairs of the will I had thought most secret would be discussed with pursed lips and shaking heads.

"That's all, Seecombe," I said. "I will let you know if Mrs. Ashley decides to visit us. I don't know about a room. I leave that side of the business to you."

"Why surely, Mr. Philip, sir," said Seecombe, "it will be correct to put Mrs. Ashley into Mr. Ashley's own room?"

I stared at him, shocked into sudden silence. Then fearing my feelings showed in my face, I turned away. "No," I said, "that won't be possible. I shall be moving into Mr. Ashley's room myself. I meant to tell you so before." It was a lie. I had not thought of such a thing until that moment.

"Very well, sir," he said. "In that case the blue room and the dressing room will be more suitable for Mrs. Ashley." And he left the room.

To put that woman into Ambrose's room, I thought, what sacrilege! I flung myself down in my chair, biting the stem of my pipe. I felt angry, unsettled, sick of the whole affair. What had I let myself in for? That idiot, Seecombe, with his ideas of what was right and what was wrong.

The invitation was accepted. She wrote a letter back to my godfather, not to me. She would be ready, she said, whenever it was convenient to send for her, or if not convenient, she would come by post chaise.

I sent word back, again through my godfather, that I would send the carriage for her on the Friday. And that was that.

Friday came all too soon. A moody, fitful sort of day, with gusts of wind. We often had them thus, the third week in September, with the big tides of the year. The clouds were low, scudding across the sky from the southwest, threatening rain before the evening. I hoped it would rain. One of our true downpours, with maybe a gale thrown in for good measure. I had sent Wellington off with the horses the day before. He would stay overnight in Plymouth, and then return with her.

EVER since I had told the servants that Mrs. Ashley was expected, a sort of unrest had come upon the house. Even the dogs were aware of it; they followed me about from room to room.

Seecombe moved about, mysterious and solemn, with hushed footsteps—he had even bought himself a pair of soft-soled slippers—and bits of silver I had never seen in my life before were borne into the dining room and placed on the table, and upon the sideboard. Relics, I supposed, of my Uncle Philip's day. Great candlesticks, sugar casters, goblets; a silver bowl filled—great Joshua!—with roses, placed as a centerpiece.

"Since when," I said to him, "have you turned acolyte? What about the incense, and the holy water?"

He did not move a muscle of his face. "I have asked Tamlyn to bring in flowers from the walled garden," he said. "The boys are sorting them now. We shall need flowers in the drawing room, and in the blue bedroom, and the dressing room, and boudoir."

The dogs gazed up at me, dejected. One of them crept and hid under the settle in the hall. I went upstairs.

Heaven knows when last I had trespassed into the blue room. I had a dim recollection that Ambrose had once said it was Aunt Phoebe's room, and Aunt Phoebe had gone away to live in Kent, and later died.

No trace of her remained today. The servants, under Seecombe's direction, had worked hard, and Aunt Phoebe had been swept away with the dust of years. The windows were open, looking out on the garden grounds, and the morning sun shone on the well-brushed rugs. Fresh linen of a quality unknown to me, had been put upon the bed. Had that washstand and ewer always been there, I wondered, in the dressing room adjoining? Did that easy chair belong?

THE third room, under the arch, making up the suite had been Aunt Phoebe's boudoir. This, too, had been dusted, and the windows opened. There was a portrait of Ambrose hanging on the wall above the fireplace, painted when he was a young man. I did not even know of its existence.

It was painted three-quarter length, and he had his gun under his arm, and carried a dead partridge in his left hand. The eyes stared ahead, into my eyes, and the mouth smiled a little. His hair was longer than I remembered it. There was nothing very striking in the portrait, or in the face. Only one thing. It was strangely like myself. I looked in the mirror, and back again to the portrait, and the only difference lay in the slant of his eyes, somewhat narrower than mine, and in his darker coloring of hair. We could be brothers though, almost twin brothers, that young man in the portrait and myself. This sudden realization of our likeness gave an uplift to my spirits. It was as if the young Ambrose were smiling at me, saying, "I am with you." And the older Ambrose, too, felt very close.

I shut the door behind me and went downstairs. I heard the sound of wheels out on the drive. It was Louise, in the dogcart, and she had great bunches of Michaelmas daisies and dahlias on the seat.

"For the drawing room," she called. "I thought Seecombe might be glad of them."

Seecombe, passing that moment through the hall with his drove of minions, looked offended. "You should not have troubled, Miss Louise," he said. "I had made all arrangements with Tamlyn. Sufficient flowers were brought in from the walled garden."

"I can arrange them, then," said Louise. "Your men will only break the vases. I suppose you have vases. Or have they been cramming the flowers into jam pots?"

Seecombe's face was a study in pained dignity. I pushed Louise into the library hurriedly, and shut the door.

"I wondered," said Louise, in an undertone, "whether you would have liked me to stay and see to things, and be here when Mrs. Ashley comes. Father would have accompanied me, but he is still rather unwell. Shall I stay? These flowers were only an excuse."

I felt vaguely irritated that both she and my godfather should think me so incapable, and poor old Seecombe, too, who had worked like a slave driver for the past three days.

"Good of you to suggest it," I said, "but quite unnecessary. We can manage very well."

She looked disappointed. She was evidently afire with curiosity to see my visitor.

"You can go upstairs if you like, and see the blue room," I told her, as a sop to disappointment.

"The blue room?" said Louise. "That's the one facing east, isn't it? Then you have not put her in Mr. Ashley's room?"

"I haven't," I said. "I use Ambrose's room myself."

This insistence that she, and everybody else, should put upon the placing of Ambrose's room at the disposal of his widow added fresh fuel to my rising irritation.

"If you really wish to arrange the flowers, ask Seecombe for some vases," I said, going toward the door. "I have a mass of things

If I had my life to live over again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week: for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature. —DARWIN.

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to do outside, and shall be away about the estate most of the day."

She picked up the flowers, glancing at me as she did so. "I believe you're nervous," she said.

"I am not nervous," I said. "I merely want to be alone."

She flushed, and turned away, and I felt the prick of conscience that always came to me after wounding anyone.

"Sorry, Louise," I said, patting her shoulder. "Don't take any notice of me. And bless you for coming, and bringing the flowers, and for offering to stay."

"When shall I see you again," she asked, "to hear about Mrs. Ashley? You know I shall be longing to hear everything. I shall be thinking, and wondering ——"

"Wondering what?" I said. "If I have thrown my Cousin Rachel over the headland? Listen; just to satisfy you, I will ride over tomorrow afternoon to Pelyn, and I will paint a vivid picture for you. Does that content you?"

"That will do very well," she answered, smiling, and went off to find the vases.

I was out all morning, and returned about two, hungry and thirsty after my ride, and had some cold meat and a glass of ale. Louise had gone. Seecombe and the servants were in their own quarters, sitting down to midday dinner. I stood alone in the library, munching my sandwich of meat and bread. *Alone*, I thought, *for the last time*. Tonight she would be here, either in this room or in the drawing room, an unknown hostile presence, stamping her personality upon my rooms, my house. She came as an intruder to my home.

Creation of woman from the rib of man: "She was not made out of his head, to top him; nor out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected; and near his heart, to be beloved."
—MATHEW HENRY.

I looked about the room, almost in farewell; and then went out of the house and plunged into the woods.

I judged that Wellington would be home with the carriage not earlier than five o'clock, therefore I determined to remain without until after six. They could wait dinner for me. Seecombe already had his instructions. If she was hungry, she must hold her hunger until the master of the house returned. It gave me satisfaction to think of her sitting alone in the drawing room, dressed to the nines, full of self-importance, and no one to receive her.

I went on walking in the wind and rain. Up the avenue to where the four roads met, and eastward to the boundary of our land; then back through the woods again and northward to the outlying farms, where I made a point of dallying, and talking with the tenants. Home at last just as it grew dark. I was wet nearly to the skin, but I did not care.

I opened the hall door, and went into the house. I expected to see the signs of arrival, boxes, and trunks, travel rugs and baskets; but all was as usual, there was nothing there.

A fire was burning in the library, but the room was empty. In the dining room a place was laid for one.

I pulled the bell for Seecombe. "Well?" I said.

He wore his new-found look of self-importance, and his voice was hushed. "Madam has come," he said.

"So I would suppose," I answered. "It must be nearly seven. Did she bring luggage? What have you done with it?"

"Madam brought little of her own," he said. "The boxes and trunks belonged to Mr. Ambrose. They have all been put in your old room, sir."

"Oh," I said. I walked over to the fire and kicked a log. I would not have him notice for the world that my hands were trembling. "Where is Mrs. Ashley now?" I said.

"Madam has gone to her room, sir," he said. "She seemed tired, and she asked you to excuse her for dinner. I had a tray taken up to her about an hour ago."

His words came as a relief. Yet, in a sense, it was an anticlimax.

"You're very wet, sir," said Seecombe. "Better change your things, or you'll take cold."

"I will directly," I answered. Then, glancing about the room, "Where are the dogs?"

"I think they followed Madam upstairs," he said. "At least old Don did. I am not certain of the others."

I went on warming my legs before the fire. Seecombe still hovered by the door, as if expecting me to draw him in conversation.

"All right," I said, "I'll bathe, and change; tell one of the boys to take up the hot water. And I'll dine in half an hour."

I sat down that evening alone to my dinner before the newly polished candlesticks, and the silver rose bowl. Seecombe stood behind my chair, but we did not speak. Silence must have been torture to him, for I knew how much he longed to comment on the new arrival. Well, he could bide his time.

Just as I finished dinner, John came into the room and whispered to him. Seecombe came and bent over my shoulder.

"Madam has sent word that if you should wish to see her, when you have dined, she will be pleased to receive you," he said.

"Thank you, Seecombe."

When they had left the room I did something that I very rarely did—only after extreme exhaustion, after riding perhaps, or a hard day's shoot, or buffeting about in a summer gale in the sailing boat with Ambrose: I went to the sideboard and poured myself a glass of brandy. Then I went upstairs, and knocked upon the door of the little boudoir.

(To be Continued)

THANKSGIVING 1951

(Continued from Page 72)

Youth must be served. So many times I've described and discussed the old-time Thanksgiving dinner, paying tribute in my way to its oyster stew, pumpkin pie and plum pudding, not to mention other eatables of the time. But this time we have a 1951 version of the feast. Only the older, more "set in their ways," have to get out the roaster and go at the turkey, stuff and prepare to the last traditional step the bird that for so many years has come to hold the center of the stage for Thanksgiving Day—the home-coming and gathering together of family and friends. Home to Thanksgiving. That's the theme song we may never forget whether there's turkey or not.

• • •

Let us look forward. This year we've added a new leaf to our collection of traditions. This year the younger set are taking over. And here's how they're starting to do their stuff. We who are older can stick to the old ways—but you never know. We may be converted yet. Let us see. Let's look into what we're up to and start with a shrimp cocktail at its magnificent best. One where caviar noses in to the delight and satisfaction of all.

SHRIMP COCKTAIL—CAVIAR SAUCE

Cook 2 pounds raw shrimp in water enough to cover, adding celery tops, sprigs of parsley, 2 slices lemon, salt and pepper. Simmer until tender—about 20 minutes. Shell and clean shrimp when cool. You may buy frozen cooked and cleaned shrimp, and they will do a first-rate job for you. For the sauce, mix ¼ cup chili sauce, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon minced dill pickle and 5 teaspoons red caviar. This is really only salmon roe, so don't let the name scare you. Add a

(Continued on Page 104)

The more TROPIC FLAVOR *— the merrier*

In this gay gathering of five DEL MONTE Pineapple styles, you'll find a special lift, a better flavor for any meal.

That's to be expected. Only DEL MONTE grows these exclusive strains of magnificent pineapple. And DEL MONTE packs them only when natural tartness and sweetness balance perfectly—which means pineapple at its tropic best.

You've discovered that DEL MONTE knows how to pack other fruits just the way you like them. Let DEL MONTE show you just how good pineapple can be, too. How about tonight?

Del Monte Pineapple

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–the brand that puts flavor first



CHICKEN RICE BOWL

- 1 cup raw rice
- [illegible] tbsps. salad oil
- 1¼ cups chicken broth or bouillon
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1½ to [illegible] cups thinly sliced well-chilled uncooked chicken, cut in small strips*
- 2 cups sliced celery
- 1 cup coarsely chopped onions
- ½ cup coarsely chopped green pepper
- 1 chicken bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup hot syrup from pineapple
- 1 tbsp. soy [illegible]
- 1 #2½ can DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple

Brown rice in 1 tbsp. of the oil. Turn into 2-qt. shallow casserole; stir in broth, salt. Cover; bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hr. (add more broth if rice gets too dry). Brown chicken in remaining 2 tbsps. oil, hot. Stir in vegetables, syrup-bouillon, soy sauce. Cover; simmer 5 min. Mix into rice, top with pineapple slices, return to oven until pineapple is heated. Serves 6 to 8.

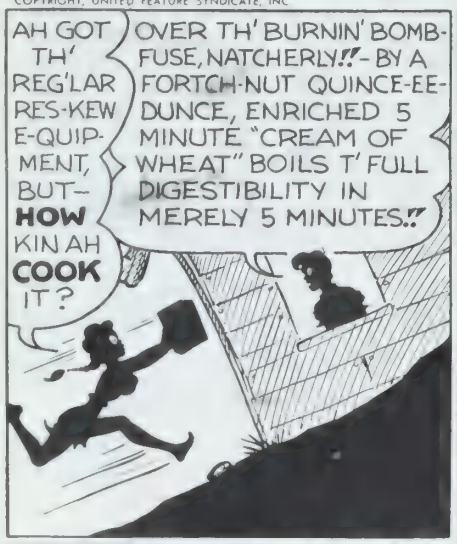
**Cooked chicken may be used, but flavor and character of dish is even better with uncooked.*

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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GET THAT CREAM OF WHEAT® FEELING!





(Continued from Page 102)

dash of Tabasco, a little salt and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Arrange the chilled shrimp on a few greens or a little chopped lettuce in glasses set in ice. Pour the sauce over them.

• • •

Try a turkey broiler for size. There's a lot to be said for broiled turkey. You can have as much or as little as you want. The preparation is simple and you don't even have to have a roaster. And you can have turkey stuffing—that I insist on and this is how we manage it.

TURKEY BROILER WITH PECAN STUFFING

Pick out a fine young turkey broiler weighing about 6 pounds. Have the turkey split in half lengthwise. Clean, remove the pinfeathers and cut off the wing tips. In short, fix up the bird as if he were a 20-pounder. Tuck ends of wings under back. Skewer the legs to the body. Brush well with melted butter or margarine. Season each half with ¼ teaspoon salt and a sprinkling of pepper. Rub a little poultry seasoning on the inside. That's the trick that makes a broiler taste like a roast turkey. Put the turkey stuffing in the broiler pan and cover with the broiler rack. Put the turkey halves over the stuffing on the rack, skin side down. Place in the broiler 7" from the heat. Cook slowly for 1 hour under medium broiler heat. Turn and brush with melted butter or margarine several times during the 1-hour cooking period. Cook until the thickest part of the drumstick is very tender when tried with a fork, and there is no pink visible inside.

• • •

Nuts in the stuffing. I was always one to like nuts in stuffing, even in old-fashioned sage stuffing. Now I have fixed you a wonderful stuffing. (Don't call it "dressing." You stuff a turkey or a chicken, don't you? You *don't* dress it. It knows nothing of a dress, morning or afternoon or evening.) So get hold of plenty of those big, fat, handsome pecans, and follow along with all the savories and herbs you like best. (Don't skimp on the sage. Sage was made for turkey. Sage, the herb that Pliny loved and caressed with words as soft as the velvet leaves of that incomparable plant. I hope you've grown some and don't be stingy with it. Don't skimp.)

The best time for you to hold your tongue is the time you feel like you must say something or bust.

—JOSH BILLINGS.

PECAN STUFFING

Sauté 2 medium onions, chopped (they'll come to around ¾ cup), in ¼ cup butter or margarine until the onions are transparent. Mix with 1 loaf white bread (not too fresh) which has been crumbled and lightly toasted and no crusts. The best way is to buy unsliced, day-old bread, cut off end slice and pull the crumbs from the center of the loaf. Add ½ cup finely chopped pecans, 1 tablespoon sage, ¾ cup chopped celery, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ cup canned chicken broth. Mix thoroughly.

• • •

What is turkey sans gravy? There's something lacking in any turkey dinner without gravy, seasoned to a queen's taste—that is, if the queen is a gourmet. And this is how you can achieve gravy with your turkey:

TURKEY GRAVY

Sometime during the day—don't wait until you're ready to broil the turkey—cut off the neck (you have the wing tips too) and put these in a saucepan with the giblets. Brown them well in 1 tablespoon hot shortening, stirring frequently. Add 1 can chicken broth and ¾ cup water, 1 onion, chopped, and a little salt. Cover and simmer until giblets are tender. Strain. Discard neck and wing tips. Chop giblets fine. Add to the strained broth. Thicken with 1½ tablespoons flour, made smooth with 2 tablespoons water. Season to taste. If gravy has cooked down, you may have to add a little more chicken broth after you thicken it. If giblets are very fatty, you may have to skim broth before thickening. Reheat when ready to serve.

Streamlined vegetables. There was a time when practically all members of the fall vegetable family were represented at the Thanksgiving feast. Now we settle for two and, for those who like bread sauce, we have combined the traditional onions with the sauce and made a dish that is so good it's a natural for many dinners to come.

ONIONS IN BREAD SAUCE

Peel about 2 pounds small white onions and cook in boiling salted water until tender. While they are cooking, heat 1 quart milk with 1 onion in which 8 cloves have been stuck, 1¼ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 2 cups fine stale bread crumbs. Cook over boiling water for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove the onion and cloves. Drain the boiled onions and add to the sauce with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Turn into a casserole, top with 1 cup bread crumbs that have been sautéed in butter or margarine until lightly browned. Sprinkle with paprika, dot with butter or margarine and run under the broiler until the top is crisp. This dish may be made up ahead and reheated. In fact, it's improved if the onions and sauce stand together awhile.

BROCCOLI WITH BLACK BUTTER

Cook broccoli as usual. Heat 6 tablespoons butter in a small frying pan until well browned. Add the juice of 1 lemon and pour over the broccoli just before serving.

• • •

If salad is indispensable. Personally, I would just as soon skip the salad and take a second helping of turkey and stuffing. But, if there is to be a salad, it should provide an interlude in the meal and create a change of mood. Foot-loose and fancy free, here is such a salad for this meal or almost any other you may have in mind:

APPLE-ASPIC SALAD

Peel and core 6 small apples. Have ready a pan large enough to hold the apples without crowding. Cook the apples until tender in 2 cups water, 1 cup sirup drained from canned, crushed pineapple, 1 cup sugar and a little red coloring. Be careful that the apples do not lose their shape. Drain and cool. Put each apple into an individual mold and fill the center loosely with drained, crushed, canned pineapple. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add to 1½ cups hot liquid from cooking apples, plus ¼ cup lemon juice. Mix thoroughly. Pour the gelatin mixture over the apples, covering them well. Chill. To serve, unmold each aspic on lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise.

• • •

The pumpkin and the mince. It doesn't take a day's baking to achieve the pies for this Thanksgiving dinner. You make only one crust instead of four, and yet you have both pumpkin and mince and keep faith with tradition. What could be better than that?

COMBINATION PUMPKIN-MINCE PIE

Line a 9" pie plate with pastry. Crimp the edges. Spread 2 cups mincemeat over the bottom. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 15 minutes. While this bakes, mix together ⅓ cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ginger and ¼ teaspoon cloves. Mix spice mixture with 1 cup canned strained pumpkin. Beat 2 eggs slightly and add to ¾ cup evaporated milk or cream. Stir into pumpkin mixture. Mix thoroughly. Set oven temperature regulator to moderate—350°F. Let the oven cool slightly. Pour the pumpkin mixture over the mincemeat. Bake in a moderate oven until the pumpkin custard is set—takes about 35 minutes. Serve with good old sage cheese—if you've been by that country store up Westor way in the hills of old Vermont.

• • •

Have a happy Thanksgiving. The best of holidays to all of you. May your favorite football boys win. And remember that things may *sound* a bit strange but turn out to be like egrets as against a crow's wing. You keep this in mind. *I'm* going to. THE END



Problem child...or child problem?

MANY TIMES THE CHILD WHO HAS TROUBLE IN SCHOOL NEEDS DIET CORRECTION — NOT DISCIPLINE!

[any children who are thought to be "well-fed" ay in fact be "subclinically undernourished"— ot really sick but not quite well. They may get ts of food but not always enough of the *right nd*. Such children obviously need special care the selection of the foods they eat.

A mother should remember that a child needs, roportionately, 2 to 3 times as much of certain od elements as an adult. These food elements clude protein, calcium, iron, vitamins B_1, C, acin and riboflavin. These may be called the spark plugs" of robust health. A child needs ts of them. A lack of one or more *can* cause a ump. And—please note this—they are the very es in which meals are most apt to be deficient.

In *theory*—one can provide an adequate family et by serving a wide variety of carefully se- cted foods and thereby obtain all the essential ements. And this every mother should strive do.

In *practice*, however—this often is hard to do, ecause of the many problems of food buying, asonal shortages, storing and cooking, and the ide differences in individual tastes and require- ents within the family.

And so, today—busy, intelligent mothers employ a sound and simple method in approaching this problem. They use a *supplementary food* like Ovaltine.

Ovaltine is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes that may occur in otherwise "good" meals. Ovaltine, mixed with milk, contains practically all the vitamins and minerals necessary to bring such meals up to the full requirements of a growing child. It also provides an extra supplement of high quality proteins.

So why don't you join the host of other mothers in this health promoting program through better nutrition. Give 2 to 3 glasses of Ovaltine daily in addition to regular meals. Then you can be sure *you* have taken a logical step toward insuring proper nutrition for your child.

NOTE: *Ovaltine has a remarkable appeal for children who refuse to drink plain milk, and it is especially processed for easy digestion.*

OVALTINE

THE PROTECTING SUPPLEMENTARY FOOD-DRINK

READ WHAT FOOD-VALUES

YOU GET IN OVALTINE

MIXED WITH MILK

HIGH-QUALITY PROTEIN—essential in building body and nerve cells.

HIGH-ENERGY FOOD—needed for keen vitality.

IRON—necessary to maintain good red blood.

VITAMIN B_1—required for good appetite, digestion and healthy nerves.

VITAMIN C—necessary for healthy gums and all connective tissue throughout the body.

VITAMIN D, CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS—all needed for straight, strong bones, good teeth.

VITAMIN A—necessary for normal growth—and to avoid night blindness.

NIACIN—for normal functioning of nervous system and digestive tract.

VITAMIN G (Riboflavin)—essential to normal growth —and health of eyes and skin.

Have 'em for lunch... for supper... for guests!

Velveeta Harvest Delights



What a helper you have in handy Velveeta!

So nutritious . . . so good so many different ways!

When folks drop in, you're all set for "refreshments" with Velveeta on hand. Or when the youngsters demand a hand-out, again to your rescue comes Velveeta (chock-full of fine food values *from milk!*). What a helper you have in this *finest* of cheese foods.

For guests or the family try these open-face sandwiches. Spread toast slices (crusts trimmed) with Kraft Mayonnaise. Cover with Velveeta slices. Top with apple rings (which have been brushed with butter or Parkay Margarine, sprinkled with brown sugar and broiled). Add 2 strips of partially broiled bacon to each sandwich. Place in 350° oven until Velveeta is melted and bacon crisp. Serve hot.







Luncheon Special. Melt ½ lb. of Velveeta in top of double boiler. Stir in ¼ c. milk. Pour that rich (and nutritious!) cheese sauce over toast points topped with hard-cooked egg halves. Garnish with pimento.

Enjoy the KRAFT TV THEATR Brilliant drama every Wednesday evening, NBC-TV.

GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

- VELVEETA IS DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF!
- RICH IN FOOD VALUES FROM MILK THAT THE WHOLE FAMILY NEEDS.
- PROTECTED! From fresh milk to sealed package this pasteurized process cheese food is protected every step of the way by strict Kraft Quality Control.

VELVEETA IS THE QUALITY CHEESE FOOD . . . MADE ONLY BY KRAFT

OUR OWN YOUNG MARRIEDS

(Continued from Page 48)

ones, the Morrises suggest: make them yourself from oak stair treads. Stair treads in 3′, 3½′ and 4′ lengths can be purchased already sanded from any building-supply company for anywhere from $3 to $4, in hard woods like pine and oak, so they make firm, practically warp-proof bookshelves. Here's how: you'll need, along with the treads, 3 x 10's for supports between the shelves; have the lengths cut according to whatever distance you'll want between the shelves (11″ will accommodate all but giant books). You'll need flat angle irons to reinforce the support, two at each end, one part screwed to the 3 x 10 and the other to the underside of the stair tread. Used stair treads, if you can find them—from an old house that's being torn down, for instance—would be equally as good as new ones, and cost much less, or maybe nothing. The stair treads with their rounded ends and solid look give a really handsome effect, and you can do as you like about finish—wax them or lacquer them, or rub in paint to bring out the grain of the wood. (This same combination, incidentally, of stair treads and 3 x 10's makes excellent benches for a child's playroom. Reinforcing with the angle irons is also indicated here, of course.)

Another of the Morrises' inventions, providing an easy, inexpensive substitute for a break-the-budget item: a dining table made from a flush door—which, because it has no molding, provides a perfectly plain, straight table surface. For about $15 you can get from any building-supply company a hollow flush door in gumwood made from two pieces of plywood (30″ x 7′ is standard size) glued to a solid honeycomb frame inside along all four sides. A completely solid flush door costs a little more. This table couldn't be easier to make. You'll need, besides the door, two 30″ wooden sawhorses with iron legs—about $6 a pair in department stores. Rest the ends of the flush door on the sawhorses, do a paint or lacquering job, and there you are. It is usually unnecessary to fasten the flush door to the sawhorses, as the flush doors are quite heavy. If you are planning to paint your table, gumwood is a good choice of wood, and least expensive. Flush doors are also available in birch and oak plywood for about $25. Whether your table is to be painted and/or waxed, Dele Morris suggests a coat of water- and alcohol-resistant lacquer as insurance against wet-glass rings, cigarette ash and other such household hazards.

We should behave toward our country as women behave toward the men they love. A loving wife will do anything for her husband except stop criticizing and trying to improve him. We should cast the same affectionate but sharp glance at our country. We should love it, but also insist upon telling it all its faults. The noisy, empty "patriot," not the critic, is the dangerous citizen.

—J. B. PRIESTLEY.

Dele and John also made one of the handsomest coffee tables you can imagine from a large chopping board. These can be purchased from butcher- and bakery-supply houses for about $10. They are usually maple, one of the hardest, densest close-grained woods. The legs: four strips of strap metal purchased from a blacksmith for $2—each bent by him into a V shape, then screwed by you into the chopping board to form, as you can see in the photograph on Page 48, a set of sturdy V-shaped legs. Total cost: under $12.

In the same photograph, you can see another of the Morrises' prize innovations: their version of the new light-control draperies that admit plenty of light but eliminate glare. Most of the fabrics one reads about are expensive, especially if your windows require much yardage. But one fabric has all the advantages without the drawback—old-fashioned fishermen's minnow net. You can buy it through your local sporting-goods store or through a ship-chandler-supply company for about 65 cents a yard (without the bobs and sinkers) in 4′ widths. It comes in natural and a good reddish-brown color; sometimes you can find it in a dark aqua. It is, of course, washable; not hand-tied, but done by a patented process that prevents the mesh from slipping. Don't let the limited color choice deter you, because you can always have it dyed or dye it yourself in a color of your own choosing. Another nice thing about it is that minnow net doesn't look a bit "fishy" or nautical because the squares measure only ¼″. Total cost for floor-to-ceiling draperies for a 6′ window: about $6 for 9 yards of material. The easiest way to make these draperies is to gather the net onto a band of solidly woven tape, shirring it as you go; hem it at the bottom, then attach it to a curtain rod or traverse track with drapery hooks.

Felt is an old stand-by for quick-and-easy decorating with Nora and John Smith. It lasts forever and needs only an occasional cleaning; comes in bright purples, orange, flamboyant greens and reds. As you can see in the photograph on Page 49, a Victorian corner, for canasta, or dinner for two, grows simply out of a secondhand round table (secondhand restaurant tables, for instance, can be had for as little as $2 or $3), covered with a felt table cover lavishly fringed at floor level. Felt comes in 72″ widths for about $4.95 a yard and the edges, once they're cut, need no finishing. A table cover like the Smiths' would require about 2 yards of material. Bent-wire ice-cream-parlor chairs (you can get revivals for about $5 apiece, originals for $2), painted white and given seat covers in bright felt, complete the picture, and the Smiths are delighted with the effect of their curved, intricate backs outlined in white against the walls. Incidentally, ice-cream-parlor chairs are extremely comfortable, too, as past generations of soda sippers will be glad to tell you.

Helen and Joe O'Donnell started housekeeping in a very small apartment with many books, phonograph records and wedding-present china—decided to co-ordinate them in a beautiful cherry-wood break-front cabinet inherited from Joe's grandmother's parlor. Joe, who is a spare-time as well as a full-time engineer, fitted it out with their old radio and phonograph in the bottom sections, leaving the rest free for their books, records and "best" dishes. He claims the new arrangement gives the machine the volume of a cabinet-combination, and Helen is happy because the break-front-phonograph gives her living room focus, spotlights attention on her most prideful piece of furniture, as well as providing her with badly needed storage space.

Ellie and John Simmons have a practical and unusual idea for space saving in a kitchen: buying secondhand a couple of flat-armed student chairs (the Simmonses' chairs cost $3 apiece) and using them for breakfasting in their small kitchen. They painted theirs, and equipped them with bright seat covers—that's all the fixing necessary, and would be a good idea for any midget kitchen too small to hold a breakfast table and chairs.

Another of the Simmonses' brainstorms: a dining table made from two sections of curlicued iron fence, bought at a junk shop for $2 apiece, with a marble top, purchased from a stonecutter for $25. The Simmonses had two sturdy 5′ iron bars attached to the two sections of fence—any blacksmith or metalworker will do this for under $10. The marble top, cut to fit, rests on top, and is heavy enough so that no further reinforcement is needed. Total cost: $39. With this table, the Simmonses use folding canvas director's chairs with a special touch—the arms and chair backs outlined by Ellie in heavy white cotton fringe.

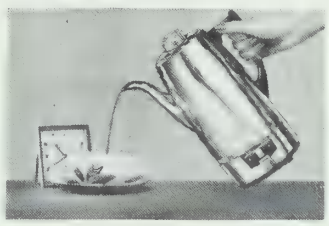
THE END





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The budget menu with a party face

lamb *rouladen*, buttered peas,

beet-and-cauliflower salad.

For dessert: apricot-banana sh

conversation piece



By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

FROM Thanksgiving through the New Year the party mood is epidemic—it's a time of year that makes for conviviality. But this same period puts a strain on the pocketbook, what with Christmas, that season of lavishness, in the offing. A dinner-party menu that goes light on the budget department is, therefore, a handy thing to have around the house, and I'm about to come up with one such. I don't say it is inexpensive—that word has lost the comforting, old-fashioned meaning it used to have—but it is comparatively economical without letting down any gourmet standards.

We'll begin with a hot hors d'oeuvre, which is always nice, winter or summer. But most of them demand last-minute watching in the broiler, and this time we'll escape that chore. A concoction of clam and cheese can be brought to the living room in a small chafing dish or little casserole set over a heating

(Continued on Page 110)

STUART



Hot hors d'oeuvres—too much trouble? Try clam and cheese served from a chafing dish.

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FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

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● **Much more often than you'd imagine,** cake failures may be due to the pans they're baked *in,* rather than to the recipes they're baked *by.* Most recipes and ready-mixes are prepared for certain *sizes* of pans. If you have had to use too-large pans . . . or too-small pans . . . the results aren't apt to be as picture-pretty, or as good to eat, as you had hoped.

New MIRRO Standard Size Pans have the correct, *standard* sizes, just right for home recipes or prepared mixes, clearly stamped on their bottoms, to help you avoid making this *common* baking mistake.

The Right Finish Is Important, Too!

Another frequent cause of baking disappointment is the use of utensils that aren't properly *finished* for the purpose. In baking cakes, for instance, you're wise to select shiny, bright-surfaced aluminum, like the MIRRO Standard Size Cake Pans. These pans s-p-r-e-a-d the heat evenly, for uniform baking. For breads and pies . . . things that want crisp or flaky crusts . . . the MIRRO Alumilite finish that has a dull, heat-absorbent surface, is ideal.

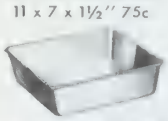
So, next time things don't go just right, don't be too quick to blame your skill, your recipe, or your ready-mix. Instead, measure the *size* of the pan you're using and notice whether its *finish* is shiny or dull. You might find that old pans are the cause of it all.


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(Continued from Page 108)

unit, and served there on rounds of Melba toast or squares of pumpernickel. The mixture will be thick enough not to run and it will remain hot until everyone has had his fill—all the advantages of a hot hors d'oeuvre without the fuss and bother.

The meat will be lamb *rouladen.* It is made of breast of lamb, one of the cheapest cuts of meat you can buy, but prepared in the way I'll describe, it is glorified into a real party dish. The breasts are boned, spread with a succulent stuffing, rolled up and tied in cheesecloth before they are cooked. With the *rouladen* there will be a fine sauce made from the broth in which the lamb is cooked and, of course, mint jelly. For a hot vegetable we could do no better than plain buttered peas, which make a suitable companion to any lamb dish.

The salad will be undercooked flowerets of cauliflower, marinated in French dressing, julienne beets and chopped raw onion, marinated in French dressing, and salad greens. This is an extra-good combination of tastes and textures; and however it is arranged, it is sure to look pretty. Icebox potato rolls will give an added touch of perfection to the menu. You may want to buy rolls instead of making them yourself, but for the small amount of effort involved I don't know anything that is more appreciated than home-made rolls or bread.

For dessert we'll have apricot-banana sherbet. The only ingredients in this sherbet are dried apricots, bananas and sugar, but it is so smooth and delicious that it tastes as if it were made by some elaborate and difficult formula. Doesn't this sound pretty special?

These recipes will serve six or eight:

HOT CLAM-AND-CHEESE SPREAD

In the top of a double boiler melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, add 1 small onion, finely chopped, and ½ green or red sweet pepper, finely chopped, and sauté over direct heat 3 minutes. Add one 10½-ounce can minced clams, drained, ¼ pound processed cheese, cut into small pieces, 4 tablespoons catchup, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon milk (or sherry, if you prefer) and ¼ teaspoon cayenne or Nepal pepper. Cook in double boiler until cheese has melted, stirring often. Make this the day before if you like. To serve, transfer to a chafing dish or a small casserole placed over a heating device—it must be kept hot all the time. Besides Melba toast and squares of buttered pumpernickel, have some paper-thin slices of garlic dill pickle on the table. A piece of pickle on the toast or bread before the hot spread is added makes it even better.

LAMB ROULADEN

In ordering the lamb breasts, it's a good idea to consult with your butcher in advance. Tell him what you're going to do with the lamb and ask him to save you two breasts that are as nearly oblong in shape as possible. Ask him to remove all bones, tough cartilage and any excess fat.

For the stuffing you will need ¾ pound finely ground raw smoked ham, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1⅓ cups finely chopped onion, 1 cup blanched almonds cut into fairly small pieces, 1 cup chopped parsley, 1 cup bread crumbs, two 4-ounce cans chopped mushrooms (stems and pieces are fine for this), 3 raw eggs, ½ cup water and 2 small cloves garlic finely minced. (There's a wonderful gadget on the market now for mincing garlic. It's like a tiny potato ricer and it does the job much better than anything I've tried). Mix these ingredients thoroughly and add salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Be cautious about the salt, because the ham may be extra salty.

Spread lamb breasts flat on a board and have one last hunt for cartilage. A hard piece left in will interfere with slicing the roll neatly. Put half the stuffing on each slab of meat and pat it down firmly so that it covers the entire surface. Starting at the straggly end, roll firmly into a cylinder and tie with cord in five or six places. When finished it resembles a small rolled roast of beef. If some of the stuffing oozes out, scrape it off. Wrap each roll in cheesecloth and tie firmly.

Put rolls in a pot big enough to accommodate both and barely cover with water. Add 6 carrots, cut into chunks, 1 large onion, chopped coarsely, and salt and pepper. Bring to a boil, lower heat to simmer and cook, covered, until meat is tender—about 2½ hours. Turn rolls over occasionally during cooking. When done, transfer rolls to another pan or baking dish, spoon on a little of the broth and keep hot in a very low oven until ready to serve.

Three or three and one-half cups of gravy should be enough, and if you have more broth than this reduce quantity by boiling uncovered. Press through a sieve or vegetable-purée machine. Add salt and pepper if needed, and thicken with cornstarch mixed with water. The gravy should be fairly thin.

As to the timing of the various operations involved in making the *rouladen,* you can suit yourself. I have done all the cooking, even the gravy, the day before; I have prepared the *rouladen* for cooking in advance; and I've done the whole job the day it was to be eaten.

Shortly before serving time, remove cheesecloth from lamb rolls and with a very sharp thin-bladed knife cut into slices an inch or a little more thick. Pull off strings as you go along. Transfer slices to a heated platter, cover with aluminum foil or heavy paper and keep hot in a barely turned-on oven or on a hot plate. Before serving, garnish with lots of parsley.

The first and last slices won't be as perfect as the center ones, but with two rolls to work with you'll have plenty of perfect ones and what is left will be fine for a future meal. If you have a home freezer, wrap any leftover *rouladen* in aluminum foil, laying the slices side by side, not stacked, and freeze. When you are ready to use them, let them thaw and heat, still wrapped in foil, in a low oven. They will be moist and as good as new.

HOT BUTTERED PEAS

Use frozen, fresh or canned peas. Cook with a large lettuce leaf broken into pieces and 1 envelope or cube chicken bouillon dissolved in the water. At the last add a generous lump of butter or margarine and salt and pepper.

I think the double-boiler method is good for cooking peas—you can use less water and there's no danger of burning.

BEET-AND-CAULIFLOWER SALAD

The day before, drain juice from 1 large can julienne beets, or cook fresh beets and cut them into julienne strips. Add 1 medium onion, chopped, or sliced thinly and separated into rings. I like red onions for this dish because they are so delicate and juicy. Add ½ cup salad oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Separate a head of cauliflower into flowerets and cook in salted water until just past the hard stage—about 5 minutes. Drain and add ½ cup salad oil, ¼ cup vinegar, and salt to taste. Toss vegetables well and store in refrigerator. The beets will quickly absorb the taste of the dressing, but the cauliflower should be tossed several times more. Wash salad greens—Boston lettuce, romaine, water cress; whatever the market has to offer—drain thoroughly and store in vegetable compartment of refrigerator.

When you are ready to arrange the salad, rub a wooden bowl well with garlic, add greens and French dressing and toss gently until each leaf is coated. A three-compartment dish is nice for serving the salad—greens in the middle and cauliflower and beets at either end. If you use a large round platter, it could be most attractively arranged with some greens in the center, a ring of cauliflower next, then beets and a border of greens. Or you could toss all three vegetables together in the wooden bowl. The

(Continued on Page 113)

Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great.

—LUKE 6:35.

Time for Ideas— *a timely service from the meat industry*



You can serve this one up homey or "high style." It's an impressive dish in all but cost, and the recipe is on the other side of this page.

"Dinner Party" Stew

Easy reputation builder



Mrs. L. D. Parotte of Memphis, Tennessee, says, "I like to make budget-stretching stews —and my family likes them— because you can get so many different-tasting variations with such simple variations in the recipe."

One of the most praiseworthy things about a woman is her ability to take simple, modest things and put new sparkle and appeal into them.

Here is an example of what *you* can do with stew. (Haven't you noticed that many a dish that goes by fancy names in the finest restaurants is simply a stew to which an *idea* has been added?)

In these days of inflated dollars, every *new* idea for turning budget-priced cuts into eye-appealing and appetite-provoking main dishes helps you spread your meat money over more of the week's meals. That is why the meat industry is using these pages each month to pass along ideas (like this one) that are helping women meet the challenge of the times with typical feminine ingenuity.

There's as much protein in a pound of stew meat as there is in a pound of sirloin steak

All meat furnishes *complete*, high-quality protein —the *right kind* of protein with all of the essential building blocks needed for growth . . . for tissue repair . . . for blood regeneration . . . to build resistance to infection and to aid in recovery from illness. That is why meat is called "a yardstick of protein foods"; why it is a key element in the modern reducing diet.

Meat is also an excellent source of essential B vitamins, including B_{12}, the newly discovered vitamin you've been hearing so much about.

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Idea with Stew—

or, how to turn a few pieces of meat into a dish that's worth its weight in compliments!

New glamour for an old stand-by...

"Dinner Party" Stew

As a main dish should, this Dinner Party Stew is always good for quite a bit of appreciative table talk, whether you serve it to the family or to guests. To see how good it will look on your table, look at the full-color photo on the other side of this page. To find out how easy it is to make, just try the kitchen-tested recipe below . . . real soon.



Basic Secret

If there's one secret of success for a stew, it's long, slow cooking. Many stews require as much as three hours' cooking time. The pan should be covered and the liquid should *simmer* (bubble very slowly). The stew is done when the meat cubes are tender when pierced with a fork.

Another important pointer is to add a relatively small amount of liquid at the beginning of the cooking period rather than "drowning" the meat. Two to three cups—enough to barely cover the meat—usually is sufficient. More may be added during the cooking.

Meat stock used in place of water gives a richer flavor. A good quick stock can be easily made by dissolving bouillon cubes or a few teaspoons of meat extract in water.

Onions add a lot to a stew, too. Use plenty of them.

Endless Variations

If there's one good reason for the popularity of stew, it's the many easy variations that can make it a something-different dish every time you serve it. For example:

Vary the meat—you can make your stew with beef, veal, lamb or pork.



Vary the vegetables—there is an infinite number of combinations of vegetables you can use. Besides the familiar potato-carrot-onion trio, use tomatoes, baby lima beans, green peas, celery, leeks. Just go easy on such highly flavored vegetables as parsnips and turnips.



Vary the seasonings—the judicious use of seasonings points up the flavor of the stew and gives it individuality. A few suggestions are garlic, caraway seeds, paprika, Worcestershire sauce, a bay leaf, or a pinch of marjoram, thyme, curry powder or chili powder.

What you serve with it can give a new slant to stew and, at the same time, stretch the good flavor of meat further in the meal. Serve your stew with rice, with noodles, with dumplings, in individual casseroles, as meat pies, as a "meat shortcake" over biscuits.



A meal to remember

Dinner Party Stew on Fluffy Rice
Buttered Green Beans
Jellied Raw Carrot Salad
Crusty Rolls
Ice Cream or Prune Whip
Coffee or Tea

Clip this recipe for your collection of budget-stretching meat dishes

"Dinner Party" Stew

an old-country favorite brought up to date and made easy for modern homemakers

- 1 pound lean beef chuck, cut into thin strips 2 inches long, or small cubes
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper
- 3 medium onions, sliced
- 3 tablespoons fat
- ½ cup tomato juice
- 1¾ cups meat stock*
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ cup sour cream
- 1 small can mushrooms (optional)

*or 1¾ cups hot water in which three bouillon cubes or 2 teaspoons beef extract have been dissolved.



1. *Roll* strips or cubes of beef in flour mixed with salt and pepper. Brown meat and onions in hot fat 10 to 15 minutes.



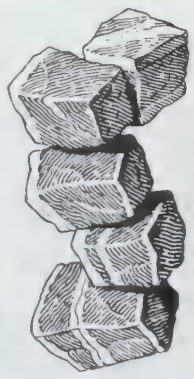
2. *Add* tomato juice, meat stock and sugar. Bring to boil, then *reduce heat, cover pan* and *simmer gently* 1½ hours, or until tender.



3. When meat is tender, *blend in* sour cream and mushrooms. *Stir* well as you bring stew to a boil. Add salt and pepper to suit taste.



4. *Serve* in a rice ring or simply on cooked rice. (Another good complement for this dish would be buttered noodles.)



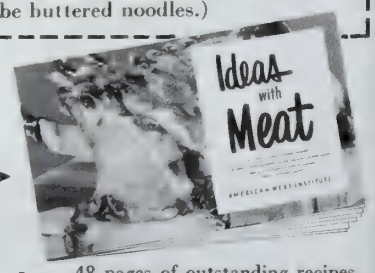
Shopping for Stew Meat

Most good cooks agree that, whether it's beef stew, lamb stew or veal stew, the ideal meat for stewing comes from the shoulder, which, fortunately, is one of the most economical cuts. Since we're talking about beef stew here, that means chuck (your meat-man's name for beef shoulder).

Stew meat should be reasonably lean but not *all* lean.

One pound of boneless meat made into stew serves four people for one meal, but since stew tastes as good reheated as it does fresh-cooked, you may want to make enough for a second day.

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48 pages of outstanding recipes, buying, cooking and serving ideas that help you put new eye appeal and taste appeal in your meat meals—help you serve meat more often on your present meat budget. For your copy, send 15¢ to American Meat Institute, Dept. J-10, Box 1133, Chicago 77, Ill.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE *Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.*

(Continued from Page 110)

important thing is to be sure the salad is ice cold when served.

POTATO ICEBOX ROLLS

The dough for the rolls should be made at least 24 hours in advance. I've kept it under refrigeration for more than a week before it was baked and had perfect results. Boil ¾ pound mealy potatoes with jackets on. Remove skin and press through ricer. Dissolve 1 cake compressed yeast or 1 package quick dry yeast in ½ cup lukewarm water. Scald 1 cup milk with ½ cup shortening and cool to lukewarm. Beat 2 eggs in a bowl with 3 tablespoons sugar and 2½ teaspoons salt and beat with rotary beater. Add yeast, milk and melted shortening and riced potatoes and again beat with rotary beater. Sift before measuring 5½ cups flour, and beat flour into liquids until too stiff to handle with a spoon. Knead in the rest of the flour either on a board or in the bowl. Work dough into a ball, transfer to a large greased bowl and spread top with softened shortening. Put on bowl cover that has an elastic band, cover with a heavy plate and store in refrigerator for at least 24 hours.

> To know is nothing at all; to imagine is everything.
> —ANATOLE FRANCE.

About 2½ hours before baking time, remove covers and cut through dough with a knife in all directions to reduce bubbles. Grease muffin tins and fill ⅓ full of dough. This can be done with a spoon, or you can grease your hands, gouge out a little hunk of dough and roll it into more or less round shape. Cover the pans with towels, put them in a warm place and let rise until double in bulk—2 to 2½ hours. Bake in a hot—425° F.—oven for 20 minutes or a little less. If you bake them ahead of time, which is a convenient way to do it, put rolls in a large paper sack, crimp the opening together and fasten with a string or rubber band and reheat in a hot—450° F.—oven for 6 or 7 minutes before serving.

This recipe makes 3 dozen or more rolls, depending on size. The unused dough can be kept in the refrigerator and baked a week or more later, or it can be frozen and used much later.

APRICOT-BANANA SHERBET

Cover 1 pound dried apricots with 3½ cups water. Boil briskly 10 minutes, uncovered, cover and simmer 15 minutes. A minute before they are done, stir in ¾ cup sugar. Press through a fine sieve and cool. Press 1½ ripe bananas through a potato ricer, then through a fine sieve, and blend with apricots. If you have an electric blender, the puréeing is a cinch. Let apricots cool to lukewarm, slice the bananas into them and about a minute's buzzing for each containerful will be sufficient.

Freeze in refrigerator or home freezer. After the first hour scrape sides and bottom of freezing tray and beat sherbet to even consistency. Repeat scraping and beating at the end of the second hour. It will take about 4 hours' freezing time in all. If sherbet becomes too hard, remove from freezer and let stand in refrigerator for a while.

To serve, heap sherbet in a bowl or in individual compotes and arrange a border of sliced bananas around it. The bananas can be cut in half and each half sliced into slender sticks, or they can be sliced in rounds.

Service. Some arrangement should be made for eating this meal at a table or tables. Though the lamb *rouladen* are tender, you do need a knife to cut them, and when a knife is involved I automatically eliminate anything approaching plate juggling. Not that I have anything against buffet service, where you fill your plate and carry it wherever you like—in fact, for parties of more than eight I follow this pattern most of the time. But the food must be planned for it, or comfort, that prime essential to the enjoyment of a good meal, is sacrificed. So far as your own comfort is concerned in producing this menu—kitchen and servicewise—I can't see any problems ahead, so I might as well wish you a good Thanksgiving and close up my typewriter.

"WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF TOWN?"

(Continued from Page 51)

the rubbish, pushing dilapidated baby carriages which were their trade-mark, and in which they carried their gleanings. She had to wheel Suzanne's carriage around one of those now-familiar figures sprawled on the sidewalk. A policeman was on the corner; he paid no attention. *What impression must such sights make on visitors from all over the world!* pondered Connie for the hundredth time.

It was always a relief to pass into the little park with its trees and swings, the East River for its outlook. Connie wheeled Suzanne's carriage to a bench where she could watch boats plying up and down the river. She felt no obligation to get all the enjoyment she could from the park, for it was soon to be taken away. The city was proposing to erect a crosswalk on 51st Street above East River Drive. Big pillars would cut the little park in two and practically obliterate the portion where the children played.

It seemed so senseless. Connie knew that the United Nations had offered the city $2,000 to build a pedestrian walk over the East River Drive. But there was already a crosswalk just up three blocks at 54th Street.

A committee of mothers had been working for more than a year, urging that this be enlarged, thereby saving the city money, and preserving the park. They had held mass meetings, had presented petitions to the mayor, had enlisted the help of city officials, all to no avail.

"It must be politics," the mothers had agreed.

The most they had been able to achieve was a promise that the park would not be torn up until fall. After that, the children of the neighborhood would have to play in the rum-infested streets. The derelicts were always of intense interest to youngsters. Connie had a momentary picture of Suzanne, giggling at the antics of the miserable men as the other children did, or being subjected to their attentions.

On her way home, she found herself walking behind a man who was panhandling on the street. In an attempt to ingratiate himself, he leaned over Suzanne, made clucking noises at her and complimented her fulsomely. Connie remembered the men she had seen with their heads buried in garbage cans, and felt almost nauseated. She jerked the carriage away, and left him behind quickly. But the picture of that filthy figure hovering over her baby stayed with her.

Until now Connie had thought of the homeless men as somebody else's problem. It was her nature to make a quick, decisive, competent attack upon any job she considered hers. But she was feminine too—this was part of her attraction for the highly competent, masculine Dick. She had an instinct against intruding upon what she considered male prerogatives. However, safeguarding her baby is a mother's job, and Connie suddenly saw this clearly.

The minute she got home, she called the 51st Street police station, and was connected with a man who announced rather gruffly that he was Lieutenant Green. After giving her name and address, Connie explained that in the last few months she had been on the streets nearly every day with her baby, and had become aware of the homeless men and their ever-increasing number.

"Their language, their habits and their actions are revolting," she told him. "My daughter is a baby now, but in the not too distant future she will be old enough to be out by herself and I would be just sick if she ever had any contact with these men."



See III Cover for the Wallace Sterling Silver patterns in "Third Dimension Beauty."
Wallace Silversmiths at Wallingford, Connecticut since 1835. © 1951

New! Sensationally different Lace Cookies

So good "you can't stop eating them!"



No wonder these unusual LACE COOKIES won first prize in a recent recipe contest! They're so delicious! Enjoy them next time you have people in for bridge or television—and watch how, after one mouth-watering bite, folks reach for *more!*

With tea, coffee or milk, with ice cream or fruit, here's something sensationally *new*—and *marvelously* good. But to get the *flavor* that makes them so outstanding, be sure to use Brer Rabbit Molasses. As the New England housewife who originated them says: "Brer Rabbit has a character all its own."

FREE! Send your name and address to PENICK & FORD, Dept. H-2, New Orleans 7, La. —for a colorfully illustrated cookbook of 124 *grand* Brer Rabbit Molasses recipes.

Molasses Lace Cookies

- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup BRER RABBIT New Orleans MOLASSES*
- ⅓ cup water
- ¾ cup butter (or margarine)
- 1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1¼ teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 cup chopped pecans (or walnuts)

Combine sugar, molasses, water and butter in saucepan and heat until it just begins to boil. Remove from heat, stir until butter melts. Sift together flour, baking powder and cinnamon, add. Fold in nut meats. Drop by teaspoonfuls on cookie sheets about 3 inches apart. Bake in a slow oven, 325° F., about 12 minutes. Let cool about 1 minute, then remove with spatula before they harden, and place on waxed paper. Yield: about 4 dozen.

(Note: Part of batter may be stored, tightly covered, in refrigerator)



***Gold Label Brer Rabbit** is light, mild.

Green Label, dark, full-flavored.

Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses

Made by the makers of My-T-Fine Desserts and Vermont Maid Syrup

©1951 Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.

At first Lieutenant Green merely grunted, but as Connie went on, his voice became pleasant and sympathetic. He told her that he himself had been very much aware of all this, but doubted that the problem would ever be brought under control.

"The trouble is, the police in New York are so undermanned right now that a patrolman who ordinarily should be assigned to one or two blocks has six or seven blocks to cover. He can't spend the time looking after derelicts, since his job is controlling crime. Of the eight million people in New York City, we ought to put away more than we do, but we just haven't the men."

"But isn't there *something* that can be done about these men?" Connie asked.

"Yes, there is," answered the lieutenant. "We picked up sixteen just last night and locked them up."

"Fine," said Connie. "I can point out sixteen more right now from my front window."

Said Lieutenant Green, "We'll pick them up and the same thing will happen that happened to the sixteen we picked up last night. They were released this morning by the court!"

A short time after her call, Connie saw a patrol wagon pick up nine men in her block. But it was to little avail if the men were to be released the next day.

Connie had an intellectual curiosity which kept her mind working on the problem. Lieutenant Green had sounded nice and human. Next day she asked a neighbor to stay with Suzanne a little while. A bit timidly, for this kind of thing was a new venture, Connie walked to the narrow, soot-blackened building that was the 51st Street station.

Men standing at the entrance of the firehouse next door looked at her curiously as she went up the steps and into a rather small room with walls painted light green. At her right was a high desk, with switchboard beyond it. A man in uniform was operating the switchboard, another sat on a platform behind the desk, several officers were standing about, talking. No one paid any attention to Connie, but a sign on the desk directed visitors to state their business, so she asked the man behind the desk for Lieutenant Green.

"I'm Lieutenant Green," he replied, "What can I do for you?"

As soon as Lieutenant Green identified her as the woman who had talked to him over the phone, he left the desk and took her to a corner of the room where they could talk more privately.

Lieutenant Green was about thirty-five, and well built for his height of five feet ten or so. Connie thought he had the bluest eyes she had ever seen. They were searching eyes, and Connie felt they were honest ones too. Lieutenant Green, on his part, saw a simply dressed girl with well-modeled features, dark hair drawn back and tied with a bow at the back of her neck, face framed by curly tendrils. Her gray eyes met his candidly—a type of young woman seldom seen in police stations! His manner toward her was deferential, he answered her questions with every appearance of frankness.

WHEN she asked where the men came from, he told her, "Some come up from the Bowery. That's their regular stamping ground. Some live in cheap flophouses nearby. Others more or less just exist, sleeping where they fall. When I was a patrolman in the Chinatown area, we would pick up from forty to fifty every night, book them, and they would be out the next morning, right back where they were picked up. Some of these men have been booked as many as seventy-five times. They don't care whether they are picked up or not. If they are, it means sleeping quarters for the night, and in the winter they are glad of it. You are right in feeling they are a threat to society. Of course the greater percentage of them are sick, and many could be helped if they were taken in hand. But we just don't have the facilities to do that."

"Lieutenant Green, are you a father?" Connie said.

"I certainly am. I have two girls."

"Do you live in Manhattan?"

"Indeed I do not! I live as far out i Queens as I can get. My advice to you is t get out of Manhattan, too, just as soon a you can."

"But we can't right now. Would it help if were to take this problem to someone highe up?" Connie made a final effort.

"I don't believe you would get anywher with it," Lieutenant Green replied. "I sug gest that you just shut your eyes to the whol thing, and make tracks out of Manhattan a the first opportunity. Don't hesitate, though to call me if you are ever bothered personall by a bum. We'll pick up the man, and we'll b of service whenever we can."

CONNIE came away with mixed feelings The situation with regard to the bum seemed hopeless, but she felt that Lieutenan Green was a person of fine caliber. It was re assuring to know that there was a man of th type to whom she could go in an emergency

For two days after that, the streets wer pretty well clear of bums. Her visit to th station had accomplished something afte all! Then after the little interlude they wer back in full force. On Sunday morning, whe she and Dick went to church, they foun another telltale puddle in their entrance hal

That night Dick and Connie talked th situation over. They felt it was a police prob lem, and that there should be something th police could do. But they felt it was a huma problem too. They wondered why these me had appeared on the streets so suddenly—i the three or four years tha Dick had lived in the v cinity before his marriag he had not been aware o them. They agreed that was criminally negligen on the part of the autho ities to let emotionally sic men wander the streets, a possible menac to women and children. Wasn't this a matte for the Welfare Department?

> **Live only for today, and you ruin tomorrow.**
> —CHARLES SIMMONS.

Their reflections were interrupted by phone call from one of the mothers who ha been fighting to save the park. A final dem onstration was to be held on May twenty third. Connie was one of hundreds of mother who thronged to the 51st Street school wit their baby carriages just as school let ou Connie thought the demonstration a bi success. The police were co-operative, ther were newspaper reporters and photographer all over the place. But the next day when sh went through the papers, only in the World Telegram could she find any mention of th baby-carriage barricade. She called one of th mothers on the committee to ask what ha happened.

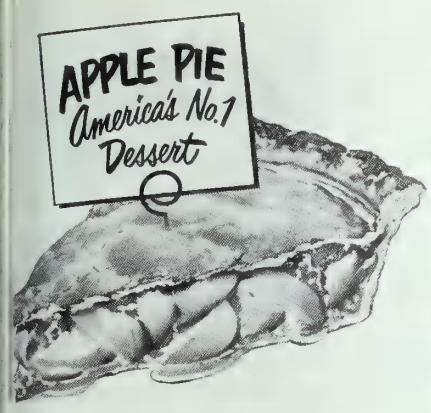
"The story must have been killed," Mr Powers replied.

Mrs. Powers added that her committe had talked with Mr. Wagner, the Boroug President, and with Mr. Hand, who wa Commissioner of Borough Works. Both ha been pleasant, but had said the crosswalk wa definitely going through at 51st Street. M Hand did say he would do everything in h power to delay the work until fall. With tha small satisfaction they would have to b content.

Then one morning Connie looked out he window and saw that Second Avenue wa flooded with policemen! There were two a each intersection, and several in between. A first she thought her appeals had been an swered. Then she saw that the policemen wer there because of the new traffic rule whic had changed Second Avenue to a one-wa street. After a few days the extra officer vanished.

Pondered Connie, *If New York City ca produce all these extra men when it is a questio of traffic, why can't there be more patrolmen?*

However, there seemed nothing more to b done about the police. Connie decided to fo low the idea she and Dick had had of explo ing the welfare angle. Calling the Communit Service Society, she was referred to a ca worker at the branch in Yorkville. Conn again left Suzanne with a friendly neighb and made the long trip to Yorkville. The ca worker was nice, but seemed to know noth



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ing whatever about the problem of the bums. She agreed that it was not very pleasant to come in constant contact with these people, but she did not think there was anything Connie could do about it.

"My advice to you is to get out of Manhattan" was the best she could offer. *Just like Lieutenant Green*, thought Connie. However, the case worker did suggest that Connie should get in touch with her local political club or party group if she wished to go on with the matter. She also promised to investigate and let Connie know if there was an agency or society which handled this problem.

Now Connie's fighting blood was aroused. She and Dick would like to get out of Manhattan, in common with many New Yorkers who had children. But she didn't propose to be driven out by bums and derelicts. Would it do any good to work through political channels, as the case worker had suggested? Connie rather doubted it after the experience of the mothers' committee. Nevertheless she wouldn't know until she had tried.

Activity along political lines was a new thought for Connie. A Republican herself, though Dick was a Democrat, the only part she had played in politics hitherto was to vote in the general elections. She didn't even know what a political club was, but Dick proved to be a fount of information.

SINCE Dick had a speaking acquaintance with the local Democratic boss, Bill Connolly, the Democratic Club would be the one, and it was only a block away. Mr. Connolly owned the bar at the corner of 52nd and Second Avenue which was a hangout for political figures in the neighborhood. Mr. Connolly himself was the district leader. Dick would make an appointment for her to see Connolly, just like that!

And in fact, Connolly did call Connie, soon after Dick had left a message at the bar requesting that he do so. They made an appointment to meet at his bar the following Saturday afternoon.

Connie went, but Mr. Connolly didn't appear. It was a very clean, quiet, well-conducted bar, a neighborhood gathering place rather than a saloon. Connie didn't mind waiting there, but she thought Mr. Connolly might have sent her a message if he couldn't come.

Dick was rather crestfallen, but fell in with Connie's suggestion that they give the club a try. From the bartender Dick learned that there was a meeting every Thursday night. The following Thursday, Dick and Connie went through the door which said on the outside "Tammany Club, Democratic Party Organization," and climbed to the clubroom on the second floor.

They entered a huge, low-ceilinged room. At the back, several offices were partitioned off. Rows of folding chairs had been set up on the window side. Connie was a little surprised to find that there were no flags, no bunting or other decorations. A tall, well-built, well-dressed, middle-aged man was talking to a small group. Dick told Connie that that was Connolly.

By the time the meeting began, half an hour later, about seventy-five people were there. It proceeded like any other meeting, with the reading of minutes and reports of members who were ill and of those who had recovered from illness. A woman whom Connie later found out to be Miss Marion Curry, codistrict leader with Connolly, then arose and thanked the members for their fine co-operation throughout the year. She was a short, stocky woman with a capable, nonsense air about her.

Next Mr. Connolly got up and announced that this would be the last meeting until fall. He said the club, however, would stay open six days a week throughout the summer with someone always in attendance, and anyone who had a problem or trouble was welcome to come.

Connolly was the first political boss that Connie had ever seen. She studied him with interest. He was far from resembling the coarse, big-stomached politician of the cartoons. Nevertheless, the practiced smooth-

(Continued on Page 117)



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Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures

FOR NOVEMBER: Corn Oyster Chowder, Bridge Party Chop Suey, Ready-to-Serve Holiday Dessert





Pilgrims' pride in a Tureen!

Here we are again in the month for celebrating Thanksgiving and the courage of our Pilgrim forefathers. Thanksgiving always makes me think of the golden Indian corn which was so important to those early settlers. And of a recipe which uses both corn and oysters —two of the foods the Pilgrims liked so well. It's a warming, hearty dish I think you and your family will enjoy.

Corn Oyster Chowder

- ½ cup Meadow Gold Butter
- ½ cup finely diced onion
- 1 cup oysters
- 5 cups Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk, scalded
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Pepper
- Dash cayenne
- 2 cups cooked diced potatoes
- 1⅔ cups cooked whole kernel corn
- 1 teaspoon LaChoy Soy Sauce

Cook onions and oysters in butter until edges of oysters begin to curl. Add hot milk, seasonings, potatoes, corn and soy sauce to chowder. Serve hot. Makes 6 servings.

For this recipe I hope you can get MEADOW GOLD MILK because I know how Meadow Gold is cared for. It's put under refrigeration within an hour of its production and is pasteurized and bottled in plants as sparkling clean as your own kitchen. And the same is true for churn-fresh MEADOW GOLD BUTTER. Every pound of rich, delicate MEADOW GOLD BUTTER is made in creameries so clean that even the *air* is filtered! And it's made by the people whose fifty years in the business have taught them every butter-making secret. You'll like MEADOW GOLD BUTTER and MILK. Won't you try them soon?



The squaws would never know this squash!

Squash is another really American dish for which we can thank the friendly Indians of Pilgrim days. But here's a way to serve the humble vegetable that gives a melt-in-the-mouth goodness the Indians could never imagine!

Cheese Stuffed Squash

- 3 acorn squash
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- ⅓ cup Meadow Gold Butter, melted
- 2 cups grated Meadow Gold American Process Cheese
- 3 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. salt ⅛ tsp. pepper
- 4 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled

Cut squash in half; remove seeds. Brush with melted butter; place cut side down on greased pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 30 minutes. Scoop out centers, mash and combine with remaining ingredients. Refill squash shells; return to oven and bake 25 minutes. Serves 6.

You never thought of cheese with squash? Well, I rather imagine you'll never think of squash without cheese once you taste this. Especially if you're sure to use MEADOW GOLD CHEESE! For MEADOW GOLD has the finest natural cheese flavor combined with a blending quality that just can't be topped. And MEADOW GOLD PROCESSED AMERICAN CHEESE is made to melt smoothly with no stringing. So be sure that your cheese is MEADOW GOLD, won't you?

An Oriental answer to a bridge party problem

I guess most of us have wondered frantically at some time or other what in the world we could serve for a bridge club luncheon. We want something that will excite comment for its tastiness. But we want it easy to prepare. And here I have the answer to that problem!

Bridge Party Chop Suey or Chow Mein

- ¾ cup Meadow Gold Butter
- 2½ lbs. lean pork or chicken —uncooked, cut in thin strips
- 3 cups onions, cut fine
- 1 tbsp. salt ½ tsp. pepper
- 6 cups celery, cut fine
- 3½ cups hot water or stock
- 3 cans LaChoy Mixed Chinese Vegetables (drained well)

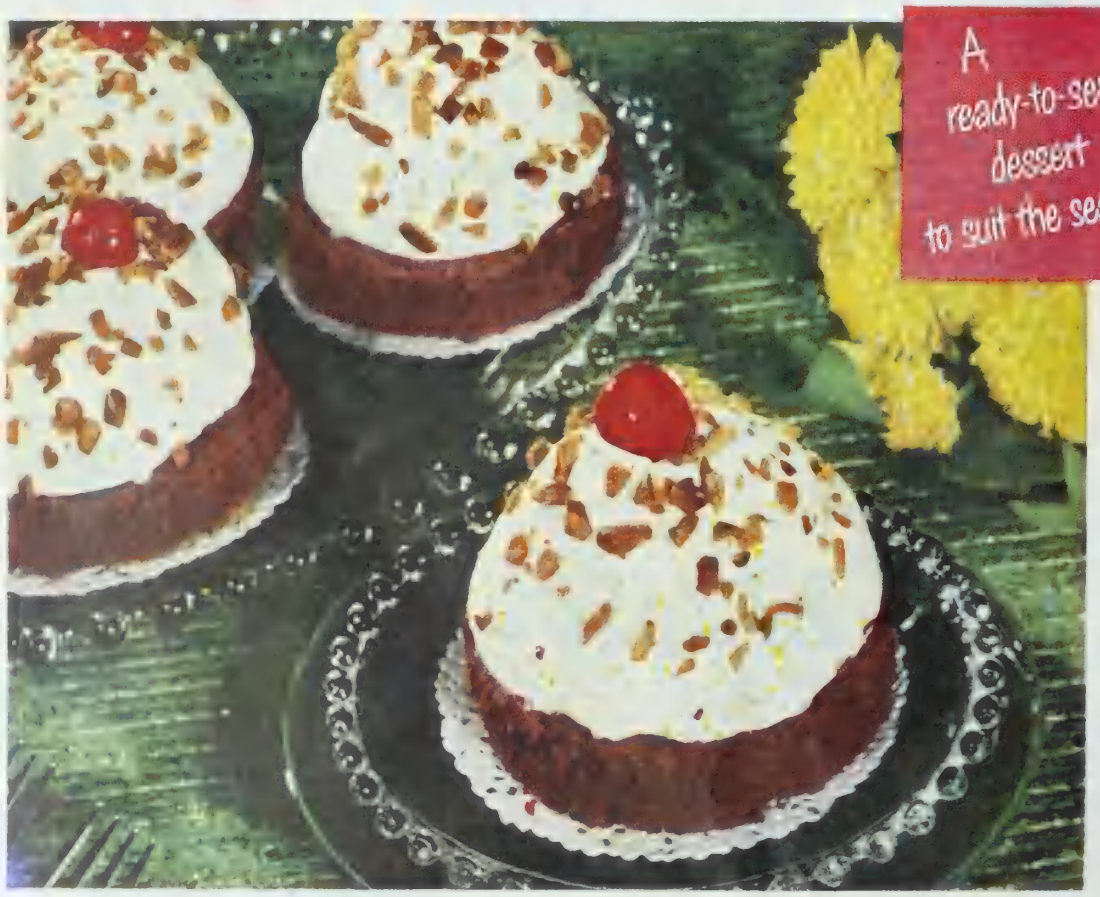
for flavoring, thickening:

- ⅓ cup cold water
- 6 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons LaChoy Soy Sauce
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 3 tablespoons of LaChoy Brown Gravy Sauce, if Chop Suey is desired

Melt butter in hot skillet. Add meat, stir and sear quickly (without browning or burning), add onions and fry for five minutes. Add celery, salt and pepper and hot water. Cover and cook for ten minutes. Add drained LaChoy Mixed Chinese Vegetables. Mix thoroughly and heat to boiling point. Combine and add flavoring and thickening ingredients. Stir lightly and cook for two minutes. Serve piping hot with LaChoy Noodles for Chow Mein or cooked rice for Chop Suey. Flavor individual dishes to taste with LaChoy Soy Sauce.

With those wonderful, dependable LaChoy products you have an exotic dish to serve 12 people in 25 minutes. Every full-packed can of LA CHOY CHINESE VEGETABLES contains crispy-textured water chestnuts, bean sprouts, bamboo shoots, mushrooms and pimientos—ingredients for a made-in-Chinatown taste! I've actually seen these foods prepared in spotless American kitchens so I *know* they're *good*.

FREE BOOK
24 oriental recipes. Write Dept. J-23, LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, O.



Don't forget to write for my ten new ice cream dessert recipes. They're free!

THE holiday season means a busy time for home-makers doesn't it? Often we simply haven't the time to fuss. We here's a luscious dessert that really suits the season and is ready to serve the moment you take it from the carton MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM CAKE A LA MODE! Family and guests alike will "oh" and "ah" over these cakes. Each dessert offers a generous serving of creamy-rich MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM nestled on a chocolate sponge cake. It's sprinkled with crispy nuts and topped with a maraschino cherry to provide a really pretty picture. You can buy MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM CAKE A LA MODE where you buy MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM . . . and you're sure to love the

And here's another Meadow Gold idea that you'll find a real help—the new *plastic-lined, re-usable* carton for MEADOW GOLD "bulk-style" ICE CREAM! When the ice cream is gone, just rinse out the carton and use it for storing other foods in your freezer or the freezer part of your refrigerator. It's a new packaging idea put out for *you* by your friends, the Beatrice Foods people! It's sanitary, moisture-proof, easily wiped clean, and it won't retain food tastes or odors, thanks to the heavy plastic coating on the inside. Look for it in your neighborhood grocery and drug stores.



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(Continued from Page 115)

ness of his manner gave Connie the feeling that she could have picked him out as being a politician.

The only mention of politics came when Connolly told the group that he was meeting opposition in the coming primary election. Mr. Dufficy, at one time an active member of the club, was running for district leader. Mr. Connolly seemed hurt and upset that a one-time friend and coworker should be against him. He asked for the complete support of all members and urged everyone to work doubly hard this summer. The meeting lasted only half an hour, then refreshments were served. No one spoke to the Sycafooses or came near them during the whole time they were there. Connie figured up her score to date in working along political lines. Two tries, two brush-offs—zero!

And the men in the streets were more numerous and annoying than ever. Connie saw a woman leave a donation at the door of the Salvation Army depot across the street, closed for the noon hour. A minute later, a bum had made off with the bundle. A neighbor reported that her cleaning woman had found two bums sleeping in the hallway. When she ordered them out, one had struck her with a bottle, but she had routed them with her mop. Another neighbor learned that a dinner guest, upon arriving, had found a drunken man stretched out in the vestibule and had been afraid to come in.

"Why didn't you call the police?" asked Connie.

"What good would it do? The other night I saw a man fall flat on his face across the street. After he had been there an hour I thought he might be dead and called the police. They said they would send a car immediately to pick him up. I watched for an hour and a half and they hadn't come. Then I gave up and went to bed. The next morning he was gone, so I suppose he was alive. If he hadn't been, I imagine he would be there yet!"

That set Connie thinking about the police again. It had been drilled into her from her years in business that if you want to get something accomplished, you should go to the person at the top. Thomas F. Murphy, then Police Commissioner, had been very much in the news as the fearless and dogged prosecutor of the top communists. He had been made Police Commissioner of New York City for the express purpose of cleaning up the city. She wrote to Commissioner Murphy, setting forth strongly but courteously her experiences both with the bums and with police protection in the neighborhood. Days went by. No answer came, not even an acknowledgment.

CONNIE's mind kept working on the problem just the same. Lieutenant Green had told her that the hands of police were tied as long as the men committed no crimes. But wasn't it a crime, or at least a misdemeanor, to loiter about streets, to litter walks and gutters with garbage, to lie on the sidewalk in a state of intoxication? She called the City Clerk's office and asked to be directed to someone who could tell her about laws covering vagrancy. She was switched to the City Council, where she was told that there was no one at City Hall who could give her such information.

Connie refused to give up. Next day she took the subway down to Centre Street. A hunt through the maze of big buildings that house New York City's municipal affairs finally brought her to a Mr. Burns, who proved to be a detective, and who assured her that there were indeed vagrancy laws. All she had to do was to call the nearest police station and they would pick the men up. When Connie related her experiences with the 51st Street station, Mr. Burns agreed that there was a shortage of policemen at the time, but said he would contact the 51st Street station himself and see if more couldn't be done. Her letter to Commissioner Murphy, he suggested, had probably been sent to the 51st Street station for them to act upon. Connie had begun with the 51st Street station. Now she found herself back exactly where she had started.

NEXT morning Mrs. Shulman, of the Mothers' Park Committee, called Connie. Early visitors to the park had found the gate locked, and bulldozers tearing up the surface! The mothers had counted on the use of the park until fall, and here it was only June seventh! They were getting up a demonstration for that afternoon. Would Connie bring Suzanne in her buggy, and would she call as many other mothers as she could? Connie spent the rest of the morning and the early afternoon on the phone. At three o'clock several hundred mothers were there, but not a single reporter or photographer showed up. The committee members were sure they had been stopped by city officials. A group went to the mayor's office, but did not succeed in seeing His Honor. They returned, tired and mad.

"We'll demonstrate again tomorrow," they said, "and keep demonstrating until the papers pay attention!"

A much smaller group showed up the next day, but this time reporters were there, and at the request of one of them, Connie tried to wheel baby Suzanne's buggy into the park. All the paving had been removed except for one small area, and nothing was left but cinders, rocks and mud. Suzanne's buggy bogged down promptly. Older children began pelting one another with mud and dirt. Those with tricycles found it impossible to ride them.

Rumors were flying about: that a city official was present, but wouldn't talk; that tearing up the park had been a mistake, and it was all to be put in order again until fall.

Oh, yeah? thought Connie to herself. Like the other mothers, she was both furious and heartsick. What kind of city government was it that permitted derelicts to take over the streets, and deliberately tore up the one place where children could play?

That night a Democratic Party worker came by with a petition for Connolly. Connie shot questions at him, first about the petition. It was for the coming Democratic primary. Connolly was running for re-election as leader of the 8th Assembly District, one of sixteen Assembly districts in Manhattan. District committeemen were to be elected, also, and party candidates would be nominated for the general election in November. The worker didn't seem to know much about them, though, or to be interested in anything except getting Connolly re-elected.

Connie asked why Mr. Dufficy was challenging Connolly's leadership. The worker said he understood it was because Mr. Dufficy, a lawyer, had thought he deserved a municipal judgeship, and Connolly had recommended another man. The worker invited Dick and Connie to come to the club any time they had a problem. That was what "Bill and Marion," as he called Connolly and Miss Curry, were there for. It seemed to Dick and Connie, however, that the party troubled itself about them only when they could be of use to Connolly. After their cool reception at

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Rosamond's Pie

By Berenice Thorpe

I made a little pie so fine,
Hey deigh, a deigh, a deigh!
I made it all in such a way
With a crisscross here and a pretty line;
I made it of apples and sugar and spice,
All for love of a man so nice,
Who'll taste it and eat it and probably cry:
What a queer little, dear little bit of a pie!
Hey deigh, a deigh, a deigh—
At least that's what I hope he'll say!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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the club, they were not inclined to go back there again.

A few days later the Sycafooses departed for their vacation at Dick's home in West Virginia. The West Virginia valley, folded among the hills, seemed a heaven in contrast to New York, so cool, so beautiful, so peaceful that Dick and Connie wished they could stay there forever. But Dick's work and school were in New York City, their future lay there, at least for the present.

They returned on a hot, humid Sunday. That afternoon Connie wheeled Suzanne over to the park. It was completely restored, even in better shape than before! Connie could hardly believe her eyes.

Still another pleasant surprise was in store. That evening the buzzer rang at the front door. It was a policeman, who explained that he had come in reference to her letter to Commissioner Murphy and had been here several times before.

Like Lieutenant Green, he seemed a man of high caliber and went over the problem of the vagrants with Connie at length. He said this was something the police had been working on for years, but he doubted if it would ever be brought under control. Every so often they would have a big campaign and clean out one section or another, but the bums would just go to another section and gradually work their way back. They got liquor in low-class stores which would cater to them. They existed on the money they could get from selling what they found in scavenging.

Connie learned one other thing she hadn't known before. Every time a policeman picked up a bum, he had to appear in court with him. Since hearings often came on off hours, the officer said that in most cases this had to be done on the patrolman's own time. She could understand that patrolmen would not wish to get too deeply involved with derelicts under these circumstances.

> The whole of government consists in the art of being honest. —THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Their visitor couldn't have been nicer, and he promised to see that two plain-clothes men were assigned to the area of the apartment. At least someone was paying attention!

The next day Connie received a letter from the case worker of the welfare agency, asking Connie to call her. She had ascertained that there was a rehabilitation center on Hart Island, though it could care for only 250 men at a time and they must come voluntarily. It had been set up under the auspices of the Welfare Council, and the worker suggested the council as a good source of information.

Now came a letter from Mr. Connolly and Miss Curry (signed chummily "Bill and Marion"), asking for the support of the Sycafooses in the coming primary election. It recalled to Connie the suggestion of the woman at the welfare agency that she should work through political channels. By this time Connie could see that the problem of the bums was in truth a political matter, going to the core of the city's government. About this she knew nothing except what she had picked up at the Tammany Club and from the party worker. Dick, it developed, knew little more than she did. Wouldn't she be able to function more intelligently if she knew what the party mechanism was? For the moment Connie decided to pursue this angle.

Many phone calls and trips to the library were required, but it was well worth the effort. New York City's political history under the world-renowned Tammany Hall had been colorful, and was the subject of many books. Each night when Dick came home, Connie had some new titbit for him from her reading. Dick was delighted that Connie was getting such a kick out of this new interest.

Connie learned that the party structure was as clearly defined as that of an army, with as direct a line of command. In New York City, election-district captains were responsible to district leaders like Connolly, and they in turn were responsible to the higher officials.

Dick and Connie were surprised to find that the slates submitted at the general elections were made up by the party bosses, and simply blueprinted by the tiny handful of the faithful who turned out to vote in the primary. Even Supreme Court justices and high state officials, nominated in conventions by delegates, were picked by the bosses, because the bosses chose the delegates. City magistrates and assistants to the district attorney were appointed from recommendations made by the district leaders. Connie thought she had a better understanding of the fuss between Connolly and Dufficy.

In the light of her new store of knowledge, Connie surveyed the situation again. She realized that the district leader was a much more powerful figure than they had known, and had access to the inner circles of the city government. It seemed to Connie that the fight between Connolly and Dufficy might sharpen the ears of the respective candidates to grievances of voters. She felt a very practical politician indeed as she plotted a campaign—to sound out both candidates on the subject of the bums, and see which one seemed more inclined to do something effective about them.

Connie knew that she would not be able to vote for either man herself. In the first place, the New York law required one to register the previous October in order to vote in the August primary, and that particular October, Connie had been in the hospital having Suzanne. In the second place, in New York State only persons registered as Democrats can vote in the Democratic primary, and Connie had always been Republican. She had found nothing in the law, however, that would keep her from talking to Democratic mothers in the neighborhood, and she didn't think the Democrats would mind.

She decided to see Connolly first. Again Dick and Connie climbed the steps to the big clubroom. This time "Marion" approached them as soon as they entered and asked if she could help them. While they waited to see Mr. Connolly, they chatted with her about Connolly's chances in the primary. Marion said that Dufficy was not well known in the district and could not possibly get anywhere. Connie was impressed by her directness and her air of competence.

When Connolly emerged from his office, he apologized profusely for having kept them waiting. He remembered Connie's previous appointment with him, and said he had counted on the bartender to tell her that he had been called to Tammany Hall on important business. He apologized for that too.

They were interrupted frequently. Connolly explained that he was at the club six nights a week and usually saw about twenty people each time. It was part of his job, he said, to act as intermediary for people with small problems; as when rents had been raised, or a landlord would not carry out his obligations. When people in his district were forced to go into court, he would get a lawyer for them if they wanted him to. He also acted as a liaison between the people of his district and the higher-ups. It sounded to Connie as though she had come to the right place.

He listened attentively while Connie went through her story, then said that he had been very much aware of the problem himself, and had tried to do something about it.

"Up until five years or so ago, you never saw this kind of thing around here. In La Guardia's day there were hospitals to which the men could be sent for treatment and rehabilitation. They did a lot of good too. A great many men were put back on their feet. But after La Guardia, the hospitals were all closed for lack of funds.

"Just last week I talked to the patrolman on the beat about the bums and he said he couldn't do anything about them at all. If he called the station, they laughed at him. If he threatened the men, they sassed him back and told him to go ahead and lock them up, they'd get a square meal and a night's lodging.

"The only thing I can suggest—and I've done a lot of thinking about this—would be

(Continued on Page 121)

LOOK INSIDE





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(Continued from Page 118)

to arouse public interest by having someone like Arthur Godfrey or Ed Sullivan give it publicity on his radio program. If people know what is going on and will send in even a dollar apiece, we might get the money to do something about these men.

"Anyway, we can't do much now, because people are away and everything dies down in the summer. But if you still want to do something about this when September comes, come and see me and I'll do all I can."

When they left, Connie said to Dick, "I have a better feeling about Connolly now than I did the last time I was here. He is the first person I have encountered who seems willing to try to do anything. I felt he was sincere in his offer to help." But when Connie repeated this reaction to a neighbor, the reply was a cynical, "Politicians are never sincere. They are just politic!" Connie wondered whether she might have been naive in accepting Connolly's statements at their face value.

The next Saturday an incident occurred that raised Connie's long-simmering indignation to boiling anger. As she came home from the park, a drunken derelict lost his balance and started to fall into Suzanne's carriage. At the last second he righted himself, but Connie found herself shaking with fright and rage. She couldn't get Suzanne back quickly enough to the safety of the apartment, thanking her stars that this was Saturday afternoon and Dick was at home. Later, when she went out to buy groceries, she saw the same derelict stretched out on the sidewalk at the corner of 51st and Second Avenue. Children were standing around him, pointing and laughing. Connie interrupted her shopping to go back home and call the 51st Street station. She was told that Lieutenant Green was off duty, but a patrolman said they would send a man right over. It was then 4:15. Dick and Connie watched out the window.

Half an hour later the man was still on the sidewalk, although two patrol cars had gone by in the meantime. At 4:50, they saw a patrolman go up to the derelict and poke him with his stick. The derelict finally staggered to his feet and went weaving off down the street. That made Connie so mad that she called the station again. The man at the desk said they had sent a patrolman over.

"I saw the patrolman arrive, and all he did was get the man on his feet and let him go. Why wasn't the man picked up?" demanded Connie.

"Unless you charge the man with misconduct, there is nothing we can arrest him for."

"But I told you he was so drunk he couldn't stand up, and all but fell on top of my baby!" said Connie, getting madder and madder. "I've talked to Lieutenant Green about this situation. He said that if I was ever bothered, I should call your station and the man would be picked up."

"Lady, I can't help that. If you want to come over to the station and prefer charges against this man, we'll arrest him. Of course. Then you'll have to appear in court."

Connie slammed up the phone. "I am certainly getting nowhere fast!" she sputtered to Dick. "I think one trouble is that the police are too good to these men. They ought to put them on bread and water for a first offense and at hard labor for the second. Lots of the men are able to work. I'll bet they would if they had to. The only thing to do is to get men into office who have enough civic pride to see that the police handle this matter!"

Connie was so exercised that the following Monday she went to the 51st Street station to talk to Lieutenant Green, only to find that he was on vacation and would be away for several weeks. She realized then that her confidence in police protection had been pinned upon Lieutenant Green. So far as the department itself was concerned, she had accomplished nothing.

Once more Dick and Connie talked things over. From the gossip he heard around the neighborhood, Dick thought Marion was right in saying Dufficy's candidacy stood little chance. They decided it was no use to sound him out, particularly as Connolly had shown as co-operative a spirit as they could have asked for.

"I think I ought to get out and work for Connolly's re-election on a no-more-bums ticket," Connie declared. "I ought to stir up all the feeling in the district that I can."

The next Thursday night Dick and Connie went to the club for the third time and had an even more cordial reception from Mr. Connolly. Connie told him about her experience of the preceding Saturday. He said he was not surprised, because the 51st Street station didn't have a wagon. "I know those people over there and they are lovely people. But if the patrolman had picked up the derelict and taken him in, he would have had to throw him over his shoulder. When they want a wagon, they have to call another precinct."

Connolly did not think the police department was understaffed. "Both O'Dwyer and Impellitteri have worked to increase the police force, and now it has twenty-one thousand men. There were policemen enough and money enough to keep the bums under control in La Guardia's day. What is really needed is more money allocated to the police, so they can have better equipment. And the hospitals for derelicts should be set up again."

Connolly was most appreciative of Connie's offer to help in his campaign. At the end of July and early in August there would be plenty to do, he said, addressing envelopes or canvassing. He promised to let her know when there would be a job for her.

However, no call came, although Connie, meeting Marion Curry on the street, again expressed her desire to be of help. Then the Friday before the Tuesday primary, things began to happen.

A broadside from Dufficy arrived in the mail, charging Connolly with association with Frank Costello, the racketeer widely publicized by the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee. Connie was horrified; she

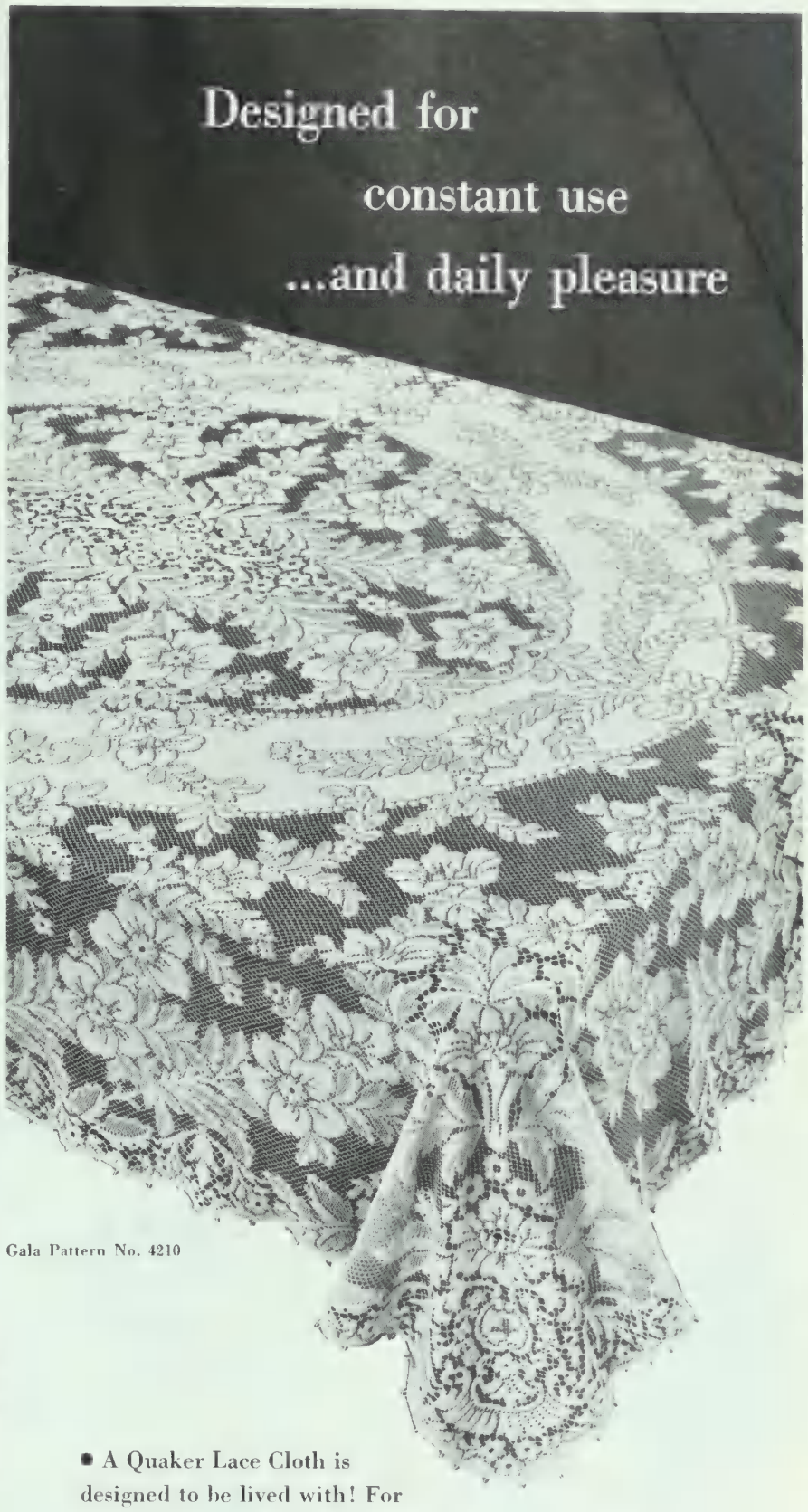
(Continued on Page 123)

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 56 and 57

Vogue Design No. 7533. "Easy-to-Make" coat: 12 to 20, 30 to 46. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7529. "Easy-to-Make" suit-dress: 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7543. One-piece dress: 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
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7533 7529 7543 7542



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(Continued from Page 121)

had watched some of the television broadcasts of the Kefauver hearings, and thinking it over now, she realized that her original indifference to big-city politics had deepened to distrust as she watched those broadcasts demonstrating again and again the link between organized crime and city government. And now Connolly, whose manner had persuaded her of his sincerity, was described as an associate of Costello! How naïve could you be?

"I wouldn't vote for him on a bet," Connie told Dick that night. "I guess politics is no place for me."

Dick, though, took a calmer view. A politician comes into contact with all kinds of people, he said, and anyway, last-minute charges weren't going to change his mind. He still felt Connolly was sincere and he still intended to vote for him.

In Sunday's paper, Connie puzzled over a newspaper story which informed her of something she hadn't realized before—that the local Connolly-Dufficy contest was part of a city-wide factional fight for control of the Democratic Party organization. The charges against Connolly seemed less damaging when she read that each side was accusing the other of Costelloism. Maybe it was no more than a political maneuver, as Dick had said.

But the details of the story, as she told Dick, were all difficult for her. "I'm so mixed up, maybe it's just as well nobody's asked me to do anything in this primary!" Even so, she wanted to get some impartial facts about the two men, as a measure of her personal judgment, and as a guide for the future.

So on Monday she called the Citizens' Union and the League of Women Voters, to see whether these organizations had investigated the candidates for party offices. Neither had, though the Citizens' Union said this was something that should be done, and wished they had the staff to do it. The League said that if any investigation is made it is through the party.

Back to the party again! After dinner that night—the eve of the primaries—Connie and Dick set out once more, to see both Mr. Connolly and Mr. Dufficy. Connolly met them with open arms, and when Connie told him frankly why she had come, said he was awfully glad she'd brought it up.

He said that many years before, while working for Mike Jacobs, a sports promoter, he'd "naturally met Mr. Costello but never associated with him other than to sell him tickets." Several years later he again met Mr. Costello at a dinner at the Waldorf, but hardly recognized him. "Actually if you were in Macy's or Gimbel's the same time Costello was there it's no reason for people to suspect you are intimate with him."

After hearing Connolly's side of the story, Connie felt again that he personally was a pretty good guy, and her opinion was not altered by anything Mr. Dufficy said, when she and Dick found him at headquarters. She felt that she was too new to politics to judge whether the contest between Connolly and Dufficy was simply a fight for power, or was really a matter of principle.

Would Connolly do anything about the bums, Connie wondered, when she read in Wednesday's paper that he'd won? Perhaps organized protest from other mothers in the neighborhood would help, though that method apparently hadn't saved the park. For in the afternoon, when she took Suzanne out for her airing, she encountered surveyors mapping out the crosswalk, which they said would be started in the fall. So much for the mothers' efforts.

"Well, Curly, what do you think about politics?" Dick asked her that night.

"I'm confused and baffled and disappointed. I think I could read about it for ten years and still not know what's going on!"

The trouble was, Connie realized, too many people like herself and Dick had withdrawn entirely from politics in New York. They had left things to the "party" or to the "machine" or to their "elected representatives." They hadn't given as much thought to politics, many of them, as they had to keeping their windows clean, for instance. Yet how much more it affected every moment of their lives. What wonder that politicians had formed a closed corporation, paying lip service to the public, actually trying to keep the public out. Just one sporadic personal effort couldn't break through a system like that.

In a smaller place, Dick pointed out, it wouldn't be so difficult, for you'd have a better chance to know the candidates for office and to judge their qualifications. In a city, the average citizen would have to take a lot of time and trouble even to be an informed voter. But in a way, their neighborhood was a community within a community, and maybe the community approach was the right one. "Anyway, what else is there to do—'get out of town'?"

"Not everybody can get out of town, and neither can we, right now," said Connie. "The trouble is, most people stay away from politics because they don't think they can do anything. Maybe one ordinary citizen can't—but a lot of ordinary citizens can. If enough people like us got busy and worked in the party, maybe we'd get something done—right here in our own back yard." **THE END**

MAKE YOUR START

Qualify as a Voter. *Registration* is usually required. Ask at the city hall or county seat for date and place. In some states you must *reregister* before a presidential election or when you fail to vote; and always when you move to another precinct or change your name.

Study Your Government. Find out what the people do who get elected or appointed. Who represents you in Washington, at the state capital, the city hall? The League of Women Voters will help you; or get a group of friends to study together. It is more fun that way.

Choose Your Political Party. When you vote at a primary election you declare your party choice. Just ordinary citizens—you and I—can have their say about what they want done in government and who does it through political parties. The local precinct is your base of operations.

Have a Voice in Party Affairs. Before the primary election, workers talk over people for precinct workers, committeemen and convention delegates. These meetings are called caucuses. If you do not find a newspaper notice, ask your committee man or woman (their names are filed at the city hall or county seat) to let you know the place and time of the next caucus meeting.

Work for Your Party. Both before and after elections. Find out what party leaders do and offer your services. Help get out the vote by telephone, doorbell ringing, writing letters.

Vote Intelligently. Many school and local elections are nonpartisan. At general elections you may vote a straight ticket or a split ticket. To do so you will use a secret ballot or voting machine.

If you are disabled or must be out of town, apply for absentee ballot at city or county clerk's office.

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Comes the day when you have no time to cook supper, a nourishing men-and-children-pleasing Country Salad is in order. Half an hour in the morning does it easily.

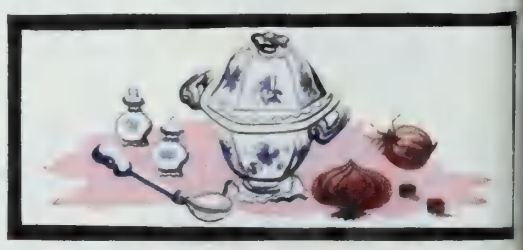
But remember that with a cold main-dish salad, your family is entitled to a hot beginning to set the gastric juices flowing. Like a cup of steaming soup made from 2 parts clear chicken broth to 1 part tomato juice, with a quick squeeze of lemon juice to zip it up. Heat slowly and thoroughly.

A fine thing, especially for the man of the family, would be to end this meal on another hot note with a deep-dish pie. If he is amenable to suggestions, try an apple-and-cranberry combination, with just a thought of grated orange rind and a next-to-nothing of ground cloves and cinnamon added to the filling, the whole topped by a wrinkle-soothing, thin, flaky crust to mop up the juices. Make your crust in the morning, or the night before, store it in the refrigerator. Have your filling ready, and bake your pie while you're prettying yourself for supper. Serve it with the steam gently rising and a little jug of chilled cream to go along with it, for to watch the cream trickle in with the crimson of the fruit is a pretty sight.

Country Salad (99c)

Cut into cubes 4 cold boiled potatoes and 1 (12 ounce) can luncheon meat. Neat cubes, please, for a salad is only as pretty as it is orderly. Next, dice celery not too small to make 1 cupful. Mix potatoes and meat with celery, 1 cup cauliflowerets and ¼ cup chopped walnuts or peanuts. Stir in ¾ cup mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ¼ cup light cream and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. If you have run out of Worcestershire, a pinch of curry powder will not be amiss. Give the whole a good toss with a fork, but be careful not to break your salad into mushy pieces. Chill until you're ready to serve it. Then, and only then, for crispness' sake, bed it on lettuce leaves, with maybe a few slices of cucumber, a thinly sliced tomato and even thinner onion rings for garnish. And bring on the rye bread and butter to round up the flavors.

French Onion Soup
Bowl of Celery and Water Cress with French Dressing
Cold Cuts
Vanilla Ice Cream or Cold Baked Custard



A great soup that will make men swoon at your feet.

French Onion Soup, a great soup and one that will make men swoon at your feet and bring you mink or candy, according to type. Onion soup can be stirred up in very little time indeed, it's made from stuff that you're bound to have in the house, it's inexpensive. It's not only good, it's soup of blessed memories.

Experience proves that folks don't eat much after a bowl or two of French Onion Soup. So don't let's fuss. A bowl of celery and water cress with French dressing on the side for dunking, a few cold cuts that have been lurking in the refrigerator, a few pickles will be all you need for contentment.

Plain vanilla ice cream, with a simple sauce, if you must, or a nutmeg-flavored custard, with a thin, crisp butter cooky on the side, are my own tried-and-proved suggestions for a perfect ending to this meal.

French Onion Soup (50c)

Melt ½ to ¾ cup butter or margarine, or half and half, in soup pot, taking care not to brown it. Add 1 to 2 pounds onions, which should be sliced into as thin slices as you can make (depending on whether you like a thinner or thicker soup). Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until onions are soft and golden and translucent. And don't forget that onions are cussed things, with a tendency to brown and scorch without warning. Now sprinkle 1 to 2 tablespoons flour on the onions, to give the soup a little body. Add 1 quart hot consommé or stock made from 4 bouillon cubes. Stir well,



STUART

Easy Fish Bake, potato nuggets, and Limas with mushrooms—simple, inexpensive, and good.

but gently, so as not to break the onion rings. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Simmer quietly for half an hour to an hour.

Serve with fried croutons and grated Parmesan or Italian-type cheese, which is the method I prefer.



Scotch Eggs
Casserole of Celery and Carrots
Lettuce-Grapefruit Salad
Baked Stuffed Pears

Thrifty Scotch Eggs, staying and good as the friendship of Highlanders.

Our main dish today is thrifty Scotch Eggs, staying and good as the friendship of the Highland folk who stayed our hunger with them as we honeymooned on a lonely Scottish moor. Now, twenty years later, Scotch Eggs are still with us, beloved by friends and family alike.

With them we will have celery and carrots in cream-of-mushroom soup, spiced with a whiff of nutmeg, instead of white sauce.

For dessert, have stuffed pears, baked in a medium sugar sirup. Peel the pears thinly, scoop out the cores and fill the hollows with chopped dates or figs or raisins or a mixture of all three. Place in a baking dish, pour the sugar sirup over them, and bake in medium oven until tender, basting occasionally. Chill and serve with top milk or cream.

Scotch Eggs (90c)

Hard-cook 3 eggs and, when cold, peel them. Meantime, season $\frac{1}{2}$ pound hamburger with 1 tablespoon catchup and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, or, instead of the latter, with 4 fillets of anchovy chopped fine. Season with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. All this seasoning may seem excessive, but believe me, it isn't. Taste the meat, and if you think it's too highly seasoned, it will be right. Why? Because you're going to eat a mixture of meat and hard-cooked eggs, than which there is nothing blander. The eggs can't be seasoned, so the hamburger must carry the burden.

Make the hamburger into a thin layer, as if you were rolling out piecrust. Divide into 3 parts, each sufficient to cover an egg. Wrap each egg with meat, and don't let any bald spots peer through. Beat 1 egg slightly. Dip Scotch Eggs into it, and then into bread crumbs. Fry gently in hot fat (enough to reach halfway up the eggs) until nicely browned and crisp on all sides, but be careful—you don't want meat and eggs to divorce each other.

Cut each Scotch Egg in half lengthwise, dish up cut side upward, and serve with a garnish of cut tomatoes or water cress or sprigs of parsley. Since the eggs are on the dry side, you'll want either a tart tomato sauce with them, or a vegetable casserole—one on the thin-sauce side—to supply the necessary moisture.

Fruit Cup
Kidney Hash
Mashed Potatoes and a Green Vegetable
Cottage-Cheese Dessert Soufflé



Unfortunate souls who don't like kidneys will be converts to kidney hash.

Kidney Hash is a good way to convert kidney haters who won't suspect your motive. Mashed potatoes and a plain green vegetable are best with it. String beans, peas, broccoli, any green vegetable that's around.

A fruit cup at the beginning would be good. And for dessert, a cottage-cheese soufflé.

Kidney Hash (81.37)

Trim 2 medium or 3 small beef kidneys (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds) of most of the fat and soak in cold water for about 15 minutes—this is to remove much of the strong flavor. Cook in very little water in a covered

(Continued on Page 127)

What's your dish? **omelets?**

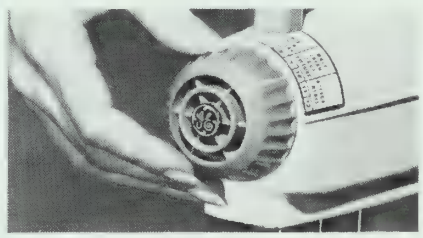
Light desserts? Waffles? Soufflés?



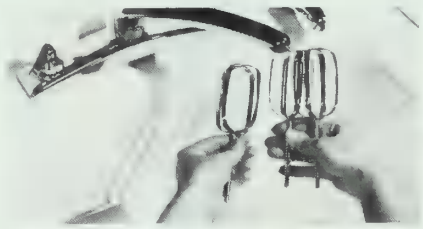
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G-E Triple-Whip Mixer!

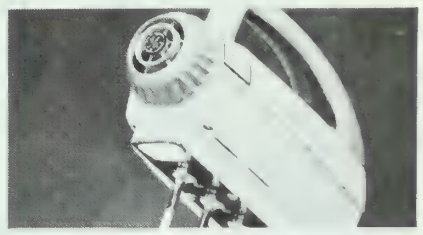
It makes light work of the most strenuous whipping jobs. And what a lift the G-E Triple-Whip Mixer gives to your everyday meals! So convenient and easy to use, you'll keep it humming all the time. Look:



New, improved speed selector is out front and easy to see. A simple twist of the dial gives you the exact power for the job at hand!



Three beaters give complete mixing action by beating from center to side of bowl. And the beaters have no center shafts—so they're easy to clean!



Built-in light shines right into bowl . . . spotlighting the jobs that need special attention. You get a 2-quart and 4-quart bowl—and a wonderful juicer—with every mixer!

Whip Tip for November:

Top your pumpkin pie with whipped cream and sprinkle with toasted coconut. It makes a delightful difference!

Write for the exciting Triple-Whip Recipe Book. Address General Electric Company, Box L11, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

See The New G-E Garry Moore TV program Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons, CBS—TV.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



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Starlac is milk with only the water and fat removed. You just replace the water, mix and chill. Then pour tall, cool glasses of wonderful-tasting Starlac. *Starlac tastes so good, Starlac is so good*—you'll serve it every day. Remember you can make a cup, a pint or 5 full quarts at a time!

Marvelous for Cooking and Whipping!



When you think of the low, low price of Starlac—you'll know why smart homemakers are using this new nonfat milk for cooking, baking and on cereals. Starlac whips, too! (See directions on package.) To make it extra-*convenient*, Starlac package stays fresh on your pantry shelf.

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Starlac has all the nourishment of the finest milk, except the fat that has been removed. Every drop of Starlac gives you all the body-building *proteins*, *minerals*, *valuable B vitamins* and energy-giving *lactose* of the highest-quality milk. Get Starlac at your grocer's today!

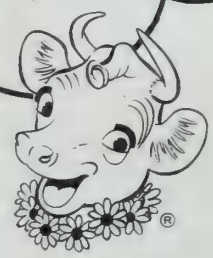
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*Slightly higher in some areas

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(Continued from Page 125)

ucepan until just tender. When done, move kidneys from the pan and let them nd till cold. Then remove every bit of t and membrane and chop kidneys fine. Make a sauce from 3 tablespoons butter margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, and 1½ ps hot stock made with 3 bouillon cubes. uce may have to be increased somewhat, cording to the amount of kidneys. Add opped kidneys, and season to taste. Heat oroughly, without boiling. When hot, add ablespoons lemon juice. Onto the serving sh, a fluff of paprika, and so to the folks o'll eat and ask for more.

Cottage-Cheese Dessert Soufflé

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, d take pan off the range. Blend in 3 olespoons flour and ½ teaspoon salt. adually add 1 cup milk, stirring into a ooth paste. Cook over low heat, stirring nstantly, until thick and as smooth as n be. Take off heat, but keep warm. Sepate 3 eggs; beat the yolks until thick and non-colored—it'll take about 4 minutes. adually beat in ½ cup sugar and 2 teaons grated orange or lemon rind. Add ½ p raisins, 1 cup (½ pound) cottage cheese d the white sauce. Blend everything into smooth, delectable mixture. Beat the 3 g whites until they are stiff and in peaks, t not dry. Fold into cheese mixture. Pour o a well-greased 1½-quart baking dish ne that's pretty enough to come to the ble and that's been sprinkled with fine ead crumbs). Place in a shallow pan of t water and bake in a moderate oven 50°F.) about 50 minutes, or until the top your soufflé is pleasantly brown and the ole thing looks set. Serve warm from the h, with a fruit sauce. This wonderful ssert is really easy to make.

★ ★ ★

Easy Fish Bake
Potato Nuggets
Limas With Mushrooms
Crustless Apple Pie

Why must our fish stand-bys, like cod and haddock, and the other heartier fish, almost invariably be fried? I bake mine, with a few trimmings. As you'll see, my way is a tasty one of using a food that is nourishing, wholesome and inexpensive.

With fish, simple vegetables are the best. Little nuggets of potatoes. Limas with mushrooms go well with my fish. A small can of mushrooms, or a quarter pound of fresh ones, sliced thin, will do for a package of frozen Limas or two cups of canned Limas. Sauté either kind quickly in a tablespoon of butter or margarine, and mix with your cooked Limas. Season and serve hot.

To end up this dinner, crustless apple pie is an invigorating sort of dessert, and well suited to follow the fish's blandness, especially when the apples are tart.

Easy Fish Bake (77c)

You can make this dish out of any kind of fish, but whereas a pound of fish fillets will feed four people, one one-pound split whole fish might not.

Wash your fish gently, pat it dry with a paper towel. Grease a shallow baking pan, one that's fit to come to the table. Place your fish in it, and dress it with ½ teaspoon salt and a good sprinkle of pepper. Now squeeze with some grated onion. Next, put 2 cups peeled and diced tomatoes on top of the fish. Dot with little pats of butter or margarine, and put your pan under medium broiler heat. Cook until fish will flake slightly, which depends on the kind of fish you're using and the thickness of steak or fillet. It should never be more than 20 minutes. Overcooking fish is one of the easiest things to do. Now put ½ cup grated cheese on the cooked fish and return it to the broiler for the time it will take the cheese to melt. The cheese may seem strange to you, but it does wonders for the taste of the dish.

Crustless Apple Pie

Since apples vary in size, I'm going to ask you to fill a 1½-quart glass baking dish with apples that you've peeled, cored and sliced thin. Don't fill right up to the brim, because you've got to put the delicious topping on it. Again depending on the apples, you may have to add a little water to them. Go easy on it, however, or you'll have applesauce instead of a filling of pie consistency.

Sprinkle the apples with cinnamon and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, as well as with the juice of 1 large or 2 small lemons. Of course, if your apples are very tart, you'll need less lemon juice.

Now mix together ½ cup sifted flour, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, ½ cup butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon salt. I am sorry, but you can't make this delightful goody with one kind of sugar only, so don't be tempted. If you are out of brown sugar, postpone it till the day when you have stocked up again. Mix the ingredients well into as smooth a paste as you know how. Spread over the apples evenly—that's all. And into a hot (425° F.) oven with it, for 40 minutes or until the apples are tender. The sugars, butter and flour will have blended into an infinitely delicious crisp topping. Serve hot or warm. And if you want added glory, serve your Crustless Apple Pie with cinnamon-flecked thin cream, or a little thin custard. Ah-h-h-h!

★ ★ ★

The "Best Sandwich"
Stewed Tomatoes
Orange, Onion and Apple Salad
Cookies

Looks as if, nowadays, we housewives get most of our exercise keeping the wolf from the door. You think you've outwitted the beast—then you turn around and he stares you in the face from that corner. But if you've got to wolf-dodge, dodge gracefully. After all, what else did our grandmothers do? Their old-fashioned recipes were originally evolved as the best way to keep the wolf in the woods where he belongs.

Dodging the wolf with a few ballet steps rather than a heavy-footed traipse means that you can have food that's interesting and good, though inexpensive. Such as today's main-dish sandwich, as hot and delicious a number for lunch or supper as ever whizzed out of a frying pan.

Our Best Sandwich is a beautifully dry one, and we serve stewed tomatoes with it. For flavor, we like a pinch of orégano flicked in.

The salad may seem an odd one at first glance. Since apples and oranges are fond of each other, and the onion a friend to both, this triangle is a happy one. The proportions are simple: each apple and orange require two slices of a medium sweet onion. Cut the peeled orange crosswise, removing each section of pulp with a sharp-pointed knife. Cut the apple and onion into small pieces, but don't peel the apple. Dress with not-too-tart French dressing, and scatter a whiff of paprika over the whole for looks. Serve in a bowl, surrounded by lettuce leaves.

Since this is a quick meal, let's not spoil it with a slow dessert. Cookies I vote for, with coffee for the grownups and a glass of milk for the young ones.

Best Sandwich ($1.00)

Spread 8 slices of bread with softened butter or margarine. Trim 4 slices boiled ham or 8 thin slices canned luncheon meat to bread size. Then make 4 sandwiches in this order: bread, 1 thin slice Swiss cheese, 1 slice ham or luncheon meat, 1 more slice of cheese, finishing off with a slice of bread, natch. Cut each sandwich in half. Take a fairly heavy skillet and place ¼ cup butter or margarine in it and heat until hot but *not brown*. Put your sandwiches into it, taking care not to crowd them. Fry them until they are richly golden brown on either side. Serve very hot, on hot plates. THE END



EXTRA FLAVOR—EVEN FOR INEXPENSIVE DISHES!

BinB Mushrooms breathe new life into leftover meats and vegetables—bring out their finest, fullest taste. These tender hothouse beauties are *the* mushrooms already broiled in pure creamery butter till they're golden brown—then packed in their own delicious, butter-rich broth.

PACKED IN 3 CONVENIENT STYLES!

WHOLE CROWNS for mouth-melting goodness on steaks, chops, meat patties.
SLICED MUSHROOMS for new taste-appeal in leftovers, chicken à la king and other casserole dishes.
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ANOTHER FINE FOOD BY
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Blemishes.* "Since I've been following the Noxzema Home Facial, I'm no longer troubled by the *externally-caused blemishes I used to have," says Pat Franklin of Rutherford, N. J. "My skin feels softer, smoother and so much *cleaner*, too!"

Look Lovelier in 10 Days with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema Skin Cream—you can help your problem skin look softer, and smoother, so much fresher and clearer, too!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Home Facial described at the right . . . the beauty routine developed by a doctor, to help you use Noxzema most effectively. In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier—in 2 weeks and less!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give your skin the all day protection of a *greaseless* powder base that helps heal blemishes*—helps soften and smooth skin. No "smeary" face or messy pillow, when you use Noxzema as a night cream. Start to follow Noxzema's new Home Facial—today!

Your money back! Get Noxzema *today*—at any drug or cosmetic counter. If the doctor's Home Facial doesn't help your skin in 10 days, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—money back.

**externally-caused blemishes*

This Noxzema Home Facial helps you look lovelier!



Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would with soap and water. When you "creamwash" your skin there's no dry, drawn feeling. Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. Greaseless Noxzema not only holds make-up beautifully but also helps protect your skin *all day!*





Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks. How fresh it feels! Wash away make-up, the day's dirt—without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften and smooth. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Medicated Noxzema is a *greaseless* overnight cream. No "smeary" face or messy pillow with Noxzema.



Special Offer!

BIG 85¢ JAR NOXZEMA skin cream

now only **59¢** plus tax

Limited Time Only

TRYOUT

(Continued from Page 46)

As for Crimson Velvet, she had read it a year before, when it had been produced in London. Or rather, Angela read it to her, and at the end Miss Lovelace said, "You pipe it, Angela. You pipe it and gasp it, when it should boom, like the sea. Like this." And after demonstrating she said, "There is only one actress in America to play it." Meaning, of course, herself.

The simple truth was that she craved this part as she had not craved a part in twenty years. It was what Juliet had been to her when she was younger, or Lady Macbeth somewhat later—or what King Lear would be to her now, if she were a man.

But this was not the only reason she said to Angela now, "He seems well disposed, does he?"

"Oh, yes, very."

"Good." She patted Angela's sleeve. "Perhaps we'll be able to buy you a new dress." She smiled, as she thought that the poor little wraith would be sure to choose something gray and fashionless, that would hang on her frame like an old stretched sweater. She always had.

But Angela waved the suggestion away. "Oh, Miss Lovelace, dear, you're not to worry about that. There are other things," and her glance stole to the escritoire in the corner where the bills and the letters of gentle but unmistakable pressure were piled.

"I haven't forgotten," said Miss Lovelace.

But, of course, none of this could she tell Mr. Marshall. His invitation had made her understand very clearly the kind of evening he wanted it to be—entirely and falsely social, with mention of Crimson Velvet avoided as though neither of them had ever heard of it. Orchids, dinner, the theater; bright superficial conversation—and watchful eyes above his gentlemanly smile, while he looked her over and asked himself, *Is she too old? Is she in full possession of her faculties? Can she still get around?*

Of course there were moments when Miss Lovelace resented this impending inspection; even moments of arrogance, when she reminded herself that not since her second year in the theater had she submitted to a tryout or an audition. From then on, it had never been a question of "Could she?"—but only and always, "Would she?"

But these were no longer the days of success; and the pride that clings to privilege, she knew, could turn into a boomerang. Moreover, she had the truer pride of utter self-assurance. She would show him. In a hundred different oblique ways, she would show him tonight that she was the actress for Crimson Velvet.

She rose, saying, "I've kept him waiting long enough."

"Oh, Miss Lovelace," said Angela, retreating a step, "you look beautiful!"

"Thank you. I hope he thinks so."

She breathed once deeply, swept the ermine coat with its shiny-ribboned orchids from the bed, took the little evening bag from Angela's hands and started for the door. But on a second thought she stopped. One of the ways to show him had just occurred to her.

"Where are my glasses, Angela?"

"Why, in your bag, Miss Lovelace. I never forget them."

"Take them out."

"Out!"

"I shall leave them behind."

Angela gasped, and Miss Lovelace could feel, rather than see, how shocked she was—as though she were saying, "It's quite proper for you to be without your glasses when I'm there, but *alone!*" And of course she was right. Angela had been her eyes these many years. Without her glasses Miss Lovelace could see a blur; even with them she saw precious little.

"I know, I know, dear Angela," she said. "But tonight I shan't use them."

Angela, looking like a frightened mouse, obeyed. Miss Lovelace turned in the door way then and smiled at her.

"After all," she whispered, "we don't want him to think that I'm an old lady, do we?"

In the other room, Vincent Marshall, looking rather like a prosperous young banker with his smooth light hair and conservative dinner jacket, was standing before the mantelpiece, thoughtfully gazing up at the portrait by Augustus John of Jessica Lovelace as a long-ago Rosalind.

The green parrot, from its perch on the fire screen, had been scrutinizing him askance with bright malignant eyes. Now it fractured the silence with a yawp that made him jump a little and wheel around. On the bare floor of the vestibule outside there was a scuttle of dachshunds, which turned into a patter like sudden heavy rain as they reached the carpet and rushed toward him self-importantly. He saw that they were outriders for Miss Jessica Lovelace herself, who now advanced to meet him, erect and smiling.

CONTRARIWISE

They say a child is willful—
We have one that's won'tful.
She's wonderfully gay
Whenever at play,
But at
Dinnertime
Bedtime
Washtime
Dresstime
Any interrupt time,
Her will isn't willful,
It's woefully no-full.

—K. WEST MILLER.

He all but stood at attention. Though he was here to inspect her as she had guessed and though he had earned a reputation as one of the most brilliant and ruthless of the newer producers, he was basically a stage-struck young man, who was sentimental about the theatrical past he had not known. Accordingly, he loved old actresses almost as dearly as he loved young ones.

"This *is* a pleasure, Miss Lovelace," he said, and she replied with hand outstretched:

"What beautiful orchids—and how charming of you to bring them to me, Mr. Vincent."

He corrected her with a smile. "Mr. Marshall."

But the bland way in which she said, "Of course—Mr. Marshall," made it sound as though she were forgiving him gently for an error of his own.

He was not altogether surprised to find that the sheer massive magnificence of her presence had made his heart begin to pound. She stood before him in cloth of silver—slightly tarnished, but that was no matter—with a filigree of garnets at her throat. Grotesque and sibylline and strangely beautiful, she was seventy if she was a day. She had blue-black hair, and thick paint glistened on her mobile lips. She might even have looked a little evil, he thought, but for her heavy eyes, which seemed through long gazing at sorrow to be no longer capable of astonishment, and her dauntless manner which said in effect, "The only sin is loss of hope."

"Would you like a cocktail?" she asked as she enthroned herself by the fireplace.

"Would you?"

"I allow myself only one," she said, "and I shall have it at dinner."

If this was true, it answered a question he could not directly ask. Drunkenness was not unknown among these divinities.

"Then I'll wait, too," he said.

But this she would not allow, and calling "Angela!" intoned his order in the sombre contralto that had stirred the English-speaking world for two generations.

He thought of the history—romantic as well as theatrical—which she had made decades before he was born. It had all con

(Continued on Page 130)



Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really stops perspiration.** Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated . . . and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**



Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness...bathe with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing miracle odor-preventing Hexachlorophene to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!





(Continued from Page 128)

to him down the years, in rumors and legends, out of old reminiscences and patched clippings: the poor young composer who had won her by the heartbreaking beauty of his love songs; the statesman who had sacrificed his career for her; the secret tunnel to her house from the palace of a prince. This very room he sat in now was a museum of her long, triumphant story.

But she parried charmingly all his attempts to induce her to talk of the past. She seemed at pains to make it clear that she was of the present too. She hated to prattle of her memories; she went to all the new plays and to concerts and opera, and she talked with relish of driving fast, and flying, and radio, and even television.

Then, stroking the parrot's green head with her forefinger, she told Vincent Marshall the story of its life—a conversation piece, he realized, that had become automatic through many repetitions.

"Poor Poppy," she said, in a kind of imperial baby talk, "he comes from deep in the Amazon jungles, and now he leads a lonesome life because we haven't been able to find him a lady friend. Have we?"

"No," said the bird, distinctly—dolefully. And Miss Lovelace sat back, beaming.

Then Angela tiptoed in with the cocktail on a silver tray. Marshall raised his glass to Miss Lovelace, inclining his head. It was a mere automatic ceremony, but she acknowledged it with such a unique and grateful smile that, quite suddenly, it had become a tribute of deference and even of affection.

It took an effort of the will to remind himself of his purpose here, and even then his first thought was, *How perfect she'll be in Crimson Velvet!* He had said to the author the day he signed the contract, "You've written a virtual impossibility, you know . . . this combination of great lady and water-front bawd—majestic, earthy, strident and tragic, all in one old woman. She has to be one of those dominating, larger-than-life personalities, and they don't happen in these days of microphones and close-ups. In fact, the pattern was thrown away years ago."

Unless people are on a very intimate footing they should never say things that are true; there is always a splendid selection of untrue remarks to be made.

—L. DOUGALL

Together, on the fingers of one hand, they had ticked off the actresses who fitted this description, and found them all dead or in Hollywood. All but Jessica Lovelace—and when Marshall mentioned her, they just looked at each other in sudden, excited silence. At last the author shook his head.

"I see what you mean—she'd be wonderful," he told Marshall. "Just what I wrote. But can she? She's been in retirement for years. Can she still get around? Can she remember lines?"

It was the answer to these questions that Marshall was here to seek. The pitfalls, he knew, were legion. Whoever finally played Crimson Velvet would be on the stage—and at the center of it—for all but ten minutes of each performance. She would make her first entrance down a long flight of steps. She would have to be as sensitive as a violin and as strong as a dray horse.

And from past experience with elderly actors, Marshall knew that Miss Lovelace, if he engaged her, might very well start rehearsals with gusto and authority, only to prove unequal to the task too late. He tried to imagine her descending the stairs, rising, sitting, moving about, and wondered if she would become overtired, hysterical, or actually ill. And then he thought of the script, black with long speeches. Could she learn them and retain them, or would she play the opening night giving antiphonal responses to an all-too-audible prompter?

He asked himself how he could ever be sure. He hoped against doubt that she would pass muster, but he knew that it would not be to her discredit if the decision went against her.

He put down his glass and looked at his watch.

"Is it time?" she asked.

He hurried forward to help her rise, but she said "Thank you," and, using her arms only a little for leverage, rose beautifully by herself.

She flashed him a smile. "Shall we go?"

"Yes, let's."

He draped the ermine wrap around her shoulders. She patted the orchids, said "How really gala!" then turned to the parrot and the dogs. "Now good night, children!" she cried. "Behave yourselves, do you hear?"

By a quarter to ten that night, as the gay first act of the new musical drew to a close, Vincent Marshall had come festively to a great decision. He had been watching Miss Lovelace closely. He had noted the vitality that never waned; he had observed the way she got into and out of taxis; and he had listened to the flow of her conversation, increasingly beguiled. It was true that the question of her memory remained unanswered, but she had slipped only once, at the beginning of the evening when she had confused his first name with his last, and that could hardly be held against her. In any case, now he had concluded that his search was over. He would offer her the stellar role in Crimson Velvet.

It was on the tip of his tongue to speak of it as they moved up the crowded aisle for an intermission cigarette. He knew how pleased she would be; and this made him additionally fond of her, as the warmth of imminent charity expanded inside him. But he was delayed for a moment by greeting an acquaintance, and when he looked around, Miss Lovelace was no longer at his side. The slow momentum of her majestic progress had carried her ahead, just out of earshot.

Miss Lovelace herself was unaware of this separation. She sailed on up the aisle, with the habitual, imperial tilt to her head, automatically obeying the instruction an old actor had given her fifty years before—"Never look down at your feet, my dear. It spoils the line." And the crowd, unconscious of its own obeisance, made way for her, as it always had, like river craft before a liner. By the time she reached the front of the theater, she was ahead and alone, with Vincent Marshall in her wake, close behind.

She knew she had made a success with him, and suspected he was about to offer her the part, so in the grandeur of her advance there was a certain gaiety, too, which raised her chin still higher and made her perhaps a trifle careless.

But in the end it was her vanity that undid her. Her eyes sparkled, but she had left her glasses home. And now, as she approached the doorway with its curtains pulled back, she could not read—and did not even see—the warning sign that said "Lounge—One Flight Below." She neither stumbled nor tripped. No one pushed her. She just stepped off into air and fell headlong.

Vincent Marshall heard a scream that froze his blood, and saw her clutch for support that was not there as she swooped out of sight like an ungainly silver bird. In two strides he reached the top of the steps and looked down. She lay, a toppled statue, on the landing halfway below—disheveled, prone and motionless.

For an instant horror paralyzed him. Then, shouting "Get the house doctor!" he plunged down the stairs, while the thought that he was to blame for this overwhelmed him. She was ancient and brittle, and he should have looked after her better. He felt like a careless grandson who has shirked his responsibility. On the landing he leaned over her, calling "Miss Lovelace—Miss Lovelace—are you badly hurt? Can you tell me?" But she did not answer.

Automatically he reached for her wrist and exhaled with relief when he felt her pulse. Helpful superfluous people crowded the stairs above him, asking what they could do or get. And in this very moment of panic, as

(Continued on Page 133)

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Tuck your Angel Face in your handbag Now Angel Face goes *everywhere* with you in its slim new ivory-and-golden Mirror Case! A puff, a mirror, and Angel Face—to take with you for quick pretty-ups anywhere, anytime! "I'd no sooner go out without my Angel Face than without my lipstick!" Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. says. Six delicate shades, $1.

(Continued from Page 130)

He crouched there uncertain if she would ever walk again, he realized, with a sense of shock at his own callousness, that he had changed his mind about offering her the part in Crimson Velvet. The decision had come sudden and complete, buttressed with unanswerable reasons. It would be fatal to depend on an equilibrium so precarious. If her eyes were so bad and her footing so unsure, then her memory was doubtless dim as well. He looked down at her in sorrow and pity, but he knew it could not be helped. He had found out what he had come to learn.

He did not know it, but Miss Lovelace was conscious. She heard him calling her name again and asking if the house doctor had come yet; she heard the people on the stairs exchanging whispered theories as to how the accident had happened and who she was. But still she did not answer. She was afraid that if she opened her mouth she would cry. Not in pain, though there was enough of that; she would cry in anger and desolation because she had lost forever the chance to be a star again.

The words *Too old . . . too old*, on the hundred tongues of her own despair, pounded in her ear. But she had always been impatient of despair, and soon she began to think that it was self-indulgence to lie here, that she was making a scene and causing trouble, and that, after all, there was nothing serious the matter with her. Finally, the same vanity that had caused her to fall now goaded her to rise. "This position is ridiculous," she said. "Help me up."

"Miss Lovelace, dear," said Angela a few hours later, pausing at the bedroom door, "I just wanted you to know . . . I'm going to pray tonight."

Aching in bed, Miss Lovelace merely nodded gratefully. But a moment afterward, when Angela had turned off the light and closed the door, she said to herself aloud, with some surprise, "Why, so, I think, shall I."

But praying appeared to have no effect whatever. She felt dreadful the next morning, even though her own physician, summoned late the night before, had confirmed the house doctor's diagnosis. "Miraculously unhurt," he had said. "A little bruised and shaken up, but just stay in bed for a week and you'll feel as good as new."

It was true that flowers arrived from Vincent Marshall in the afternoon; but when Angela began to speculate as to what this gesture might mean, Miss Lovelace interrupted her. "It means he has good manners and a sweet nature, and nothing else at all," she said.

LAST night when he had brought her home from the theater his solicitude had been touching. He had delivered her anxiously to Angela's care, and would have waited for the doctor to arrive if Miss Lovelace had not managed to dissuade him by her repeated lie that she felt wonderful, really wonderful. Finally, departing, he had asked if he might telephone her soon. And even as she smiled and said, "Yes, do," Miss Lovelace had been sure that he had no intention of ever telephoning her again.

"He's a gentleman," she said now, "but about the play, his mind is made up."

She seemed to be right. Ten days later Angela brought in a newspaper with Miss Lovelace's breakfast tray, and read aloud a list of the celebrities who had been seen at a recent theatrical ball.

"Vincent Marshall," she read, in the tone one naming a traitor, "with the distinguished star of twenty years ago, Ida Gray ——"

Up to this point, Miss Lovelace had not begun to feel in the least new, in spite of the prophecies of the doctors. Now, however, she tossed back the covers and got out of bed.

"The young man's a fool!" she snorted. "Ida Gray was never a star, and it's preposterous of her to pretend she was."

She swept back and forth in her negligee like an angry empress. "A pleasant-enough woman with a pretty little talent," she went on. "But she lacks stature. She lacks magnificence." And then, the final condemnation—"She displaces no air when she enters a room!"

Suddenly she said, "Angela, dial Eileen Shively for me."

WHEN Angela had reached the agent, Miss Lovelace took the telephone and spoke of inconsequential matters. At last she said, "What a charming young man Mr. Marshall is!" And waited.

"Oh, he's so upset," the agent answered, after a pause. "He wanted you so badly for the play ——"

"The play? I thought that was all forgotten."

"Frankly, he keeps looking at other women, and then comes back to you."

Miss Lovelace smiled. So much for Ida Gray and the part in Crimson Velvet.

"But he's worried," Eileen Shively went on "I can't find out exactly why—something about —" She hesitated.

"Yes, Eileen?"

"Well—he told me about your fall." And then, on cue, solicitude oozed over the wire. "By the way, dear, are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. He saw that I was all right."

"But he told me there was a sign there. He—he decided your sight might make it difficult for you ——"

"My sight?" Miss Lovelace boomed and reached for her glasses. "What do you mean?"

Eileen Shively rushed on. "The entrance in the play is down a flight of stairs, you know. And then there's the reading at rehearsals, and all that. He thought it might be too taxing."

"I wonder how he ever got such an idea," Miss Lovelace said, and hung up. Then, avoiding Angela's wide anxious eyes, she said quietly, "It was only a play, after all—and it was simply not to be. We must resign ourselves."

"Yes, Miss Lovelace," whispered Angela obediently.

But for Miss Lovelace, even though she had suggested it, the habit of lowering her flag was hard to come by. She had always thought that resignation was merely a cheerful synonym for defeat; the end of all hope, really.

Suddenly she straightened her back and raised her chin in rejection.

"Angela," she said grimly, "light me a cigarette."

Now she waved the dachshunds away when they clamored for her lap. She refused to answer, or even notice, the wheedling cacophonies of the parrot. She took long, thoughtful inhalations on the cigarette, and Angela, watchful, moved silently around the apartment. She had seen Miss Lovelace like this before. She would brood for several hours, utterly still, looking more like a seeress than ever; and it would be impossible to know what she was thinking, or working out, or planning.

Hours later, Angela heard her name called.

"Yes, Miss Lovelace?" She put her head in at the door.

Miss Lovelace was not looking at her. She was sitting forward, leaning with her elbow on her knees, tapping a rolled newspaper against the palm of her hand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Navaho Rain Song

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

High upon the mountaintop
Old Woman Wind
Works at her loom.
High upon the blue mountaintop
Works at her loom, the sky,
Weaving clouds into old designs,
Beautiful with meaning.
Weaving clouds into patterns of
rain,
Beautiful beyond all others!

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For that neat, natural look rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, at temples.

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"Angela," she said, and her voice was very deep, "we shall be fantastic and audacious. Get me Mr. Marshall on the telephone."

Somewhat warily, two days later, Vincent Marshall appeared at Miss Lovelace's apartment for tea. He was sure it would be an embarrassing and difficult couple of hours, and he had not really wanted to come at all. But neither did he want to hurt her feelings, and he was curious about just why she wished to see him.

At least, he thought, there would no longer be a point at issue between them, because he had very nearly decided to abandon his production of Crimson Velvet. That morning he had said to the author, "It's a beautiful play, but you wrote it ten years too late for the only actress who could have played it."

But when the only actress greeted him, arrayed this afternoon in a topaz satin tea gown with fur bands around the drooping sleeves, he was immediately beguiled again.

"How delightful to see you, dear Mr. Marshall," she said, and he felt as though she had knighted him.

"Are you all recovered now?" he asked.

She belittled the question with a shrug. "Oh, it was nothing. The very next day I felt splendid." She smiled. "You know, stairs mean nothing to me. And I must have been in that theater a hundred times, so I knew very well those steps were there. Just at that moment, though, they slipped my mind."

Exactly, he thought. They had slipped her mind. Just as his own name had slipped her mind, at the very moment when she was first greeting him. Just as whole speeches and stage business and entrance cues would have slipped her mind on an opening night, and later. He had known that it was not a question of the stairs on the set—they could easily have been changed. But he had been right to worry about her memory, right to dismiss her from his plans.

But this, he found as she led him into the drawing room, in no way altered the peculiar potency of her effect on him, or the reverence, even the fondness, of his feeling for her—half gallantry, half nostalgia, pervaded with a sense of pity because she was no longer what she had been.

She gestured him into a chair, and as she seated herself he watched her arrange the satin folds of her tea gown, with all the appearance of accident, for their best effect.

Looking around him, he observed gratefully that the dachshunds had been banished. The parrot sat as usual, brilliant and baleful, on the fire screen; but there was something hushed about the room this afternoon that even the parrot did not violate—a sense of being in a quiet refuge, outside of time, outside the pressures of ambition and struggle.

MISS LOVELACE, facing him over the elaborate silver of the tea service, was composed, charming and smilingly unhurried. There was clearly nothing special on her mind. And as he sat there, Vincent Marshall, little by little, put aside the wariness with which he had arrived. It was engulfed in her relaxation; and at last he relaxed, too, concluding with some astonishment that she had asked him here only for his company, with no ulterior motive whatever.

Last time he had observed her unwillingness to talk of the past, so now he was careful to ask her no direct questions about it, much as he wanted to. But as he finished his first cup of tea, he was delighted to discover that quite without prompting she was talking freely of her youth and middle years—being reminded of one name by another, rambling easily up and down the corridors of time, from Shakespeare to Bernard Shaw, from David Garrick to Booth and Sothern and finally the Barrymore "boys." These and other shining presences she evoked in the muted room by the casual, familiar, almost affectionate way she mentioned them.

And somehow they all seemed contemporaries of one another as well as of herself. But of those who were still alive she was for the most part discreetly vague. Marshall could not tell which had been only acquaintances, and which ones friends or even lovers. Sometimes, however, in connection with men who had long since died, she allowed herself to be more explicit. Then a transitory smile would soften her features, as though a remembered witticism had flitted into her mind and out again. She lowered her eyes, entirely without coquetry, and said softly, of this one or that one, "I was engaged to him for three years."

SHE mentioned a young hero of the Boer War who had returned to London just as she was completing her first season there as a star. "There was a lovely article about him in last month's Athenaeum," she said. "Did you happen to see it?"

"No," said Marshall. "I don't often read the English monthlies."

After a small search she found the magazine in the rack next to her chair, then hesitated. "I don't want to bore you."

"No danger," he assured her.

She held the magazine well away and, narrowing her eyes a little, began to read, easily and quietly. Once or twice she looked up at him with an interrogative sort of smile, as if to say, "Am I still not boring you?" And of course she was not, though after a while the young military hero began to settle into a middle age of rather monotonous distinction, and only one early sentence had mentioned her: "At this time, he vied with all the most brilliant in the world of society and the arts in the adulation of the beautiful young American actress, Jessica Lovelace, who was perhaps more frequently to be seen escorted by him than any other."

Religion is not something foreign, not something superadded to the fundamental nature of the soul. It has to do rather with the whole process of self-development and with the building of those ideals by which we live. —RUFUS M. JONES: Finding the Trail of Life (The Macmillan Company, 1950).

But Vincent Marshall found that it did not really matter what she read; even the list of all the Empire's honors which had been conferred upon this dazzling suitor of hers became something of a song, because of the sheer deep enchantment of her voice.

He listened, too, in amazement. Because now after she had turned over several pages, it had dawned on him at last. He leaned forward and stared at her. There she sat, without glasses, *reading!*

Miss Lovelace was aware of his sudden shift of position. She did not look up again, but her voice swelled, louder and richer. She had come to the fourth page now. She must be careful not to let the pounding of her heart become audible in her voice. She must remember to hold the magazine at arm's length, for verisimilitude, and to pucker her eyes and move them back and forth like a typewriter carriage. With her free hand she pushed herself out of the chair, and all the time her voice rolled on.

Now she was standing by the mantelpiece where she could hear the parrot rustling its way closer to her along the fire screen. Mr. Marshall had risen, too, and she could tell by his listening silence that he was all but not breathing.

She finished the article. She looked at him and saw his smile, from which astonishment had not quite vanished. Yes, he was convinced. Success had so clearly rewarded her bold and subtle strategy that this was where she should have stopped, leaving well enough alone. But now in the flush of victory she overplayed her hand.

As acting, it was as brilliant as all that had gone before. She put the magazine down. She said, "Another cup of tea?" and when he thanked her and refused, she moved casually from table to table, turning on the lamps to make the room glow goldenly. She maneuvered it so she was back where she had started and could appear to pick up the magazine again as an afterthought. She could not resist this last satisfaction of her triumph this final vindication of her eyesight. She had to show him how small the type was.

(Continued on Page 137)

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Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

It's surprising how much can be written on a little

Slip of Paper

CLAIRE BRYANT managed to look quite composed as she finally walked into the reception room. She had stood outside for a full minute, studying with great satisfaction the name on the door: Burton & Bryant, Attorneys-at-Law.

Suddenly the door at the left swung open, and a tall young man with a big grin filled the doorway.

"Hello, Mom!"

Together they walked into his office with its view of the tall buildings, the river, and the harbor out beyond. She looked and approved, then looked again and approved some more. She sat in the deep leather chair by the window and smiled back at her boy.

"Jack," she said, "for years people have been warning me not to dote on you too much. I took their advice seriously. I have tried hard not to spoil you. But today I'm bound to say I'm proud as a peacock of you—and as satisfied with myself and with life as I can be!"

"I'm happy, too, Mom. It was wonderful of Mr. Burton to take me in as a partner so soon. By the way—I've had Dad's big walnut desk moved up here. It fits in swell!"

"I noticed that," said Claire Bryant. "I wish he could see you now."

The young man grinned that nice, slow grin of his. "Just before you came in," he said, "I found something in the top drawer of the desk." He pulled a fragile, time-yellowed piece of paper out of his pocket. "That's Dad's writing, all right. But what the deuce does it mean?"

Claire took the piece of paper. Her face softened as she looked at it. "Yes . . . it's his writing. He was always writing himself notes in a sort of private shorthand he had. Can't you figure out what it means?"

The young man read the note again. "6-7-23—see R. W. re more ins."

"Who is R. W.?" he asked.

"That gives it away," she smiled. "R. W. is Robert Wilson . . ."

"You mean the agent who took care of Dad's insurance?"

"That's right—he was with the New York Life. Notice the date . . ."

"Six-seven-twenty-three—June seventh, 1923—why, that's the day I was born!"

His mother smiled. "Your father had a thousand plans for you. And being a lawyer, he never liked to put things off." She looked at the note again. "You see, your father got hold of Robert Wilson, whose advice he respected, and took out more insurance. That's why when your father died, everything—including your law education—was provided for."

The grin again relieved the serious expression on the young man's face, "I suppose you don't frame a thing like this," he mused, looking at the piece of paper. He dropped it into the top drawer of the old walnut desk. "But I guess I'll keep it here handy—to remind me how I got off to a wonderful start . . . yes, before I even knew it!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 134)

"Here," she said. "Here's a photograph
him when we were engaged."
And even then it might have worked if she
l handed the magazine over to Marshall.
t she held it, and he had to come beside
to look at the page she had opened to.
"There," she said. "Handsome, wasn't
"

But the expected acquiescence did not
ne immediately. Instead there was a small
nce. When she looked around at him, he
s frowning. Then he smiled at her in a
npathetic way—gently, quizzically. He
k the magazine from her, turned it right
up, and put it back in her hands.
"Yes, very handsome," he said, sounding
m and amused. "Particularly when he's
standing on his head."
he peered down at the blur she was hold-
then, horrified, understood. Putting the
gazine down with a slap, she turned away
kly to hide her face.
Don't be upset," he said.
He was being too gentle, making her feel
netic, and she hated that. She thought of
story he could tell, and the guffaws that
ld accompany it. Closing her eyes, she
yed a little in humiliation. *Go away*, she
ght. *Please, please, go away.*
I expect you're very busy," she said in a
nesslike tone, with her face still averted.
"I mustn't keep you. Thank you for coming to see me again."

"Miss Lovelace," he said softly, "you recited that whole article without stumbling once. Your memory must be prodigious!"

With a desolate laugh she turned to face him. "My dear young man, I have been on the stage for fifty-two years, and I have never stumbled in all that time!"

He crossed the room quickly and led her back to her chair. "Please," he said, "I've got to talk to you. I've just bought a play that has a most magnificent part for you. It's called Crimson Velvet."

It was the first time that name had been spoken aloud, and she had to force control on the muscles of her face. If she let go now, she would laugh like a fool—she could feel the laughter rising in her throat. Or was it tears—or both? She permitted herself only a fleeting exultant thought or two: the new dress she would buy for Angela, the theater marquee twinkling her name toward Broadway once again, the critics writing "Miss Jessica Lovelace returned to grace the New York stage last night. . . ."

It was not the years of the past that counted after all, she thought. It was now, and what was to come.

"Crimson Velvet?" she said, and her voice was very serene and quiet. "What an intriguing title. Do tell me all about it."

ARE WOMEN DIFFERENT?

(Continued from Page 14)

n to pasture, or if a new hired hand
es on, or if, near the milking barn, a noisy
hine is set up, milk production *always*
In summer our cows are in pasture ex-
at milking time, and in the haying
on hay is blown into the mow above the
barn by a motor-operated chopper. But
uch operations must halt while the cows
n the barn, for the noise diminishes the
of milk.
rgo, the female requires "peace and
t" to perform the nurturing part of her
ogical function. Hens even require peace
gg production. Every time a pen of them
oved they lay in diminished proportion.
s are even more sensitive. If a herd of
p is frightened, pregnant ewes will mis-
y. The female *needs* peace more than the
, in order to *be* female.

dairy herds one sometimes has a "mav-
" cow. We have just sent such a one
he hooks"—a young, healthy, purebred
greed Jersey, worth,
r papers, two or three
red dollars in any
auction, but a total
ity in a herd. Belle
her sisters in a con-
state of turmoil,
g them from one graz-
eld to another, lead-
em over fences into the forest, difficult
eed and absolutely indifferent to the
he bore, not even cleaning it up with
ngue, as normal cow mothers do, a bad
r whose presence lowered the milk pro-
on of all the others—so that when she
d in the freezer (where her meat proved
tender than her heart) the milk checks
diately went up.
modern woman, Belle! One of the flag
rs! In human society she would probably
been a "born leader" and maybe have
ne the first woman general!
ws don't appreciate such leadership.
part of the curse on modern women is
they apparently do—they admire in
n what is actually at variance with
own natures, considering the unnatural
the "advanced" and "superior." They
I am convinced, have the unconscious
of inferiority of a long-suppressed race.
do not assert their *own* experience, af-
heir *own* instincts, believe in their *own*
m, or struggle for their *own* values.
herefore, they do not release for society
nique power which is in them.
Instead of supplementing and modifying
asculine experience and urge, they be-
rivals and emulators, pleased as peacocks if anyone tells them that they "have the brains of a man"—as though the brain were detachable from the whole physical and emotional apparatus, from biological and psychological functions. Their biological function is not masculine, their sexuality is not masculine, and their social function, which cannot be divorced from these, is also not masculine.

But they are afraid to express their instinct: to express, for instance, in immense power, their implacable opposition to war—even when war, for propaganda purposes, comes disguised as "peace." They are afraid to express it precisely because it is natural, maternal and instinctive, and therefore—they warn themselves—inferior. They fall in with the notion of peace as punishment, though the role of women, even in the family, is not that of punisher but of intercessor.

Saying this is in part a confession, in part an analysis of myself, and therefore, perhaps, of no generalizable value.

But I think that I am a quite representative woman of my times. I find myself now, in my late middle age, re-evaluating—and regretting—many attitudes I have taken *against* my instincts. As I look back on my life and work, furthermore, I find that events have proved me oftenest right when I permitted myself to follow immediate, powerful and thoroughly feminine "hunches," and then submit them, of course, to intellectual analysis. Such hunches have even been found eventually to have the sounder basis in logic. For we all know a great deal more than we are able to think; experiences and observations unrecorded in the catalogue system of the brain are being made continually. The poets and the mystics, who are able to draw upon that vast reservoir of unconscious knowledge, are always the best judges. For they judge, as Walt Whitman said, "not as the lawyer judges, but as light judges, falling around a helpless thing." And it was this same poet who, in his testament to Americans, advised them to "spend much time with the mothers of small children." Women will, I think, have fulfilled the woman's revolution when they are not only equal in external status, but when they dare to be equal in real power—in the power generated in their wombs, their nerves, their maternal experiences, and not only in their heads. Then they will contribute to bring humanity into equilibrium, which is harmony, and peace.

THE END

Most quarrels are inevitable at the time, incredible afterwards. —E. M. FOSTER, Howard's End.



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TOO YOUNG TO MARRY

(Continued from Page 43)

a continual series of personal crises. Yet her charm is not even suggestive of the withered and grasping shrew which desire is supposed to breed. On the contrary, she is young-looking for a woman of fifty. Her brown hair is only slightly gray; she has a very straight nose, and gray eyes which are lively enough to remind you of a pair of elves dancing together.

Elsie is often as gay as her elfish eyes. She has a lovable, ridiculous sense of humor. When she is tired, she laughs uproariously; if she could draw, she would be in demand as a cartoonist, for she is expert at exaggerating people's habits to make them seem absurd.

One hot afternoon I returned from the hospital to find my mother on the living-room sofa, laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks. Elsie was standing in the middle of the room. Her gray eyes were screwed up to look small and bright. One lock of gray-brown hair was hung over her forehead, and her mouth was pulled down into a sad, querulous droop. Elsie hunched up her back and took faltering steps to the nearest chair, into which she dropped her weight, in the manner of old people. Then she said "Aah" in a quavering, masculine voice. She looked at my mother and said vindictively, "Young lady, I always *worked* for my living. Let me tell you that. If young people nowadays would work like I did, they wouldn't always be trying to borrow money from me." The smile under Elsie's characterization burst upon her face. She joined mother in hearty laughter.

"Uncle Roger to a T!" cried my mother.

When I saw such nonsense, I thought, *How wonderful to have Elsie in the house!* It was wonderful, too, for another reason. Aunt Elsie could play the piano with the true, delicate touch of a real artist. Every day we were treated to the beauty of her music, which came from the keys with perfect timing and rich sweetness. Usually she would sit down at the piano and play through a half dozen of the pieces she knew.

BUT one day when I came home from the hospital I heard her playing something with which I was not familiar. It was a short passage—a trill and a run breaking into a vigorous waltz—and she played it over and over, changing it a little with each rendition. I came into the living room and found Elsie bending over the piano, making notes on a piece of music paper. She was leaning over the paper in such absorbed concentration that she did not hear me enter. Her striped cotton dress was wrinkled and opened at the neck with unusual casualness. As she wrote, her left hand kept pushing back from her forehead little damp strands of hair. She had evidently been hard at work a long time. Now she stuck her pencil between her teeth and looked thoughtfully into space.

"Why, hello there," she said suddenly.

I stood transfixed with curiosity. "What are you doing?"

Aunt Elsie's thin-chiseled lips broadened into a happy smile. "I'm having the best time!" she announced exuberantly. "I'm writing a sonata. I've been at it since early this morning, and I'm going to work at it until it's good. Then I'm going to get it published."

She looked down again at the piano and began to play over the same run in waltz tune. She had already forgotten all about me, and she was frowning meditatively. Stunned by her announcement, I went upstairs to put away my uniform, the gay waltz following me into my room. Elsie had never before composed one line of music! Now I found her creating a sonata with an interest worthy of Chopin or Brahms.

I WAS more surprised than I should have been. I have since learned that Elsie never does anything without doing it intensely. If she cares about a thing at all, it matters very much to her, at least for the moment. This is a quality she inherited from her mother's family, the Scribners. Mary Scribner, true to family tradition, used to try very hard to do everything well. After she married Grandfather Sturges he adopted a pet rer for her benefit. He would smile at her and say, as if it were a new thought, "You k the reason you're different is that everyt *matters* so muc you."

Grandmo Sturges all again! I tho with amazemer I listened to notes lilting up the living roon

All afternoo sie kept at he nata. She wo with the abs speed of an e two hours befo deadline. At thirty mother i rupted her to i her into the b fast room for and cake. I frowned and no, she couldn't the time. He was brought t and placed o piano where newly disco composer coul it from time to She worked as inspiration, p no attention t

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THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME

By RUTH CHANDLER MOORE

Complete
in the December JOURNAL

of us. At six-thirty, however, we were to persuade her to stop work long er to have dinner. My father had phoned he would be at his office until late, so w gan to eat without him.

Elsie was very gay. She looked fro to the other of us and said, "I'm devel the second theme now. I can't imagine I haven't started composing before. W was at the School of Music, Doctor K told me I'd be good at it." She toye sently with her fork and gazed through my mother. "He was a wond man," Elsie said. "I'll never forget wh gave me my diploma. He shook my and said, right out before everyone, Sturges, you have a record to be pro You have received the best grades ever at the Juilliard School of Music.'"

There was a slight silence while we flected upon the glory of that occasion. Lu asked her mother, "What made yo cide so suddenly to start writing musi

"Yes," laughed mother. "For hea sake, explain this spur of ambition!"

Elsie was quiet for a minute. "We about time somebody in our family little ambition," she finally answered fully. "You know your father doesn't d thing but shut himself up in his har store, Lu. And even that he doesn't tak ously. It's more his retreat from life his business. I guess one of us has to b bitious!" Elsie's voice had lost a lot

(Continued on Page 140)

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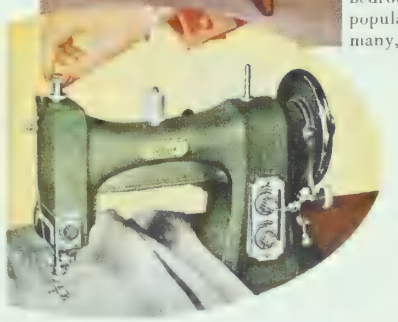






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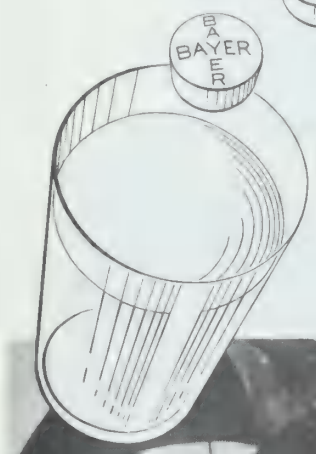
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(Continued from Page 138)

jubilance, and her brow contracted into a frown. I suspected she was thinking of the handsome man she had married and comparing him with the person who was now her husband, the person whose good looks had disappeared along with his hair and with the advent of wrinkles and a gold tooth. "If your father weren't quite so easygoing ——" Aunt Elsie told Lu, her voice sad and plaintive. "He won't even listen to my ideas. I've told him I want to move to Florida!"

Poor, charming Uncle Richmond, I thought. His sincere, unhurried manner has won him firm friends. Long ago, soon after he began work in Hillside, people started to call him by the fond nickname, "Cap," because, as the boy who helped him at the store said, "You look like nothin' ever bothers you. You're captain of the situation!" Yet the same unhurried manner that had won Richmond friends had lost him his wife. Elsie calls his idea that the world was made for relaxation and enjoyment a lack of ambition. *And now, after being married to him for twenty-four years, she decides to stifle her misery by composing music.*

From our places in the dining room we felt a sharp, cool summer breeze start up and sweep in the open door from the back terrace. Mother glanced out the window at the dark clouds gathering over the peonies in the back yard. "H'm, a summer shower!" she said. All at once we heard a great, swooshing sound from the living room, and the sound of papers being carried abreast of a strong wind. Then came soft, clopping sounds as the papers landed on the floor and the furniture about the room. I heard our Scotty bark out short, staccato, gleeful sounds, and the patter of his feet jumping about.

"My music!" cried Aunt Elsie. Clutching her napkin, she rose from her chair and hurried into the living room.

> **It is difficult not to exaggerate the happiness which one is not enjoying.**
> —STENDHAL.

We all followed her, and there we found pandemonium supreme. Sheet music was scattered in pieces all around the living room and even in the front hall—beneath the piano, on father's pipe rack, on top of the music stand and all over the middle of the floor. We saw Mickey's furry little black figure racing around in circles of delight in the excitement. His wagging tail was a dark blur of happiness. In his mouth he held two large sheets of music. They were the papers with Elsie's notes upon them!

Aunt Elsie lunged at Mickey and shouted frantically, "Drop it, Mickey, drop it!"

But Mickey's bounding around the room only became more ecstatic. He pretended that the papers were an animal at which he was very angry. Dropping the papers for a minute, he would eye them and growl. Then, just as Elsie darted forward to rescue them, he would snatch them up and race to the other side of the room. Finally he realized that Aunt Elsie did not want to play. With a puzzled look on his little black face, he laid down the papers for good and slunk away, subdued. But the music paper he left behind was in shreds. The soft-penciled notes over which Elsie had labored were blurred and unreadable, and the sheets were gashed and ripped from corner to corner.

ELSIE knelt by the wreckage with the air of a first-aider at an emergency accident. There was a shot of silence as she examined the music. Then she cried out, "My work! A whole day's work ruined by that dog!" She stood up, holding out the mangled papers for our examination. Her cheeks were flushed. "Look, just look at this mess!"

Lu said quietly, "I guess you'll just have to do it over again."

"Over again!" cried Elsie. "As if I could ever again get it the same way I had it this afternoon. Why, it was practically perfect." She collapsed on the sofa behind her. "I might as well give up right now and scrap the whole thing," she said.

Mother had begun to pick up the music scattered in odd places about the room. When she heard Elsie's last remark, she stopped and said, "I wouldn't do that, Elsie. It sounded very well this afternoon. Any music that's worth bothering about is worth more than a day's work."

"But there's no use my going on," Elsie moaned. "Nobody cares about what I do. I struggle to get along, and I get no help at all. Something's always bound to destroy my work. It's just fate, that's all!" She flung herself out of the sofa and said, "I'm going upstairs and lie down. I don't feel well."

As Aunt Elsie went up to her room, even the petulant way she lifted her feet expressed her angry mood.

I COULD not help but think of her cousin, Hamilton Scribner. When I was fourteen, mother and father took me with them on a trip East. On our way through Cambridge we stopped to visit Ham at Harvard, where he was in college. When we came upon him in his apartment, he was slouched in an old chair, intent on reading the works of Robert Herrick. To my idealizing eyes he appeared very handsome, tall and lean with azure eyes. I saw him only once, but I shall always remember him slouched in his muddy-colored chair, reading, an iced drink in his right hand. I shall always remember that he would not say one word to me. When we left him that afternoon, I was near to tears because he had not noticed me. Mother consoled me by confiding that Ham was a little eccentric. He was a person of moods: very quiet some of the time, and brilliantly gay the rest. Two months later he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and the week after he received his key we heard the news of his death: he killed himself by deliberately walking into the path of a mammoth bus.

I think no one ever told Aunt Elsie how much she is like Hamilton.

Fifteen minutes after Elsie had stormed upstairs she came down again. She had on a light raincoat and was starting out the front door.

"Where are you going, Elsie?" my mother asked a little sharply.

Elsie stopped and looked at us. She was obviously still upset. She put her hand to her forehead and said, "I've got a terrific headache, and there's a lump the size of an Easter egg swelling up on my left ankle. I feel rotten, and I'm going to catch John before he leaves and have him look me over."

Mother asked Elsie if she were certain something was the matter with her. My father would be annoyed at being kept at his office any later than necessary.

But Elsie replied testily, "Of course I'm sure. You know I'm sick. I've been sick ever since I married Richmond and ruined my health working in that hardware store. Now I've got a lump on my ankle. Tonight it'll be worse." With these words as a parting shot Elsie left the house.

A half hour later father and Elsie returned together. She looked cowed. She was declaring meekly but firmly that she would never compose another note and that she was really critically ill. Father, in turn, was very angry. He replied that Elsie should never set foot inside his office again.

"Not," he shouted, "unless you're on the verge of collapse. A lump the size of an Easter egg!"

It followed naturally that mother was upset because father was angry. Beneath her distress, however, she was amused. "A lump the size of an Easter egg *would* have been an intriguing phenomenon," she remarked.

While Elsie demanded constant medical attention from my father, she also insisted upon all kinds of attention from mother. She had arrived in Glencoe with her clothes in pitiful condition. Mother could not bear to see her own sister anything but well dressed, so she and Elsie spent long, hot days in Chicago shopping. Once they spent two hours hunting for one pair of shoes. Elsie wanted comfort and style in a triple width with a built-in arch. They brought the pairs home on approval and returned both

(Continued on Page 143)

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Such incidents meant that having Aunt Elsie at the house all summer was a serious strain on peaceful relations. Elsie thinks every luxury is her right. She has always thought mother's life was ideal, because mother had a large home, money for the luxuries of expensive clothes and education, and a circle of rather distinguished friends. When Elsie visits us, she tries to forget Uncle Richmond, the modest white cottage, and the hardware store in Hillside. She loses herself in our house, with its mahogany furniture and shining china. This is the life to which she is entitled; this luxury belongs to her. If, by some stroke of fate, she does not have it, it is the responsibility of us who enjoy it to give it to her. "Share and share alike" is her Communistic cry.

One day in August I returned home from the hospital to find my mother and Lucille waiting for me on the station platform. I noticed with surprise that Aunt Elsie, who usually came along for the ride, was not with them. Lu was smiling broadly, and she looked gay and lovely. There was something childish in the uncontrolled way she placed her feet and carried herself, for she was still very young. She was much younger than many girls of eighteen, who had been matured by long association with young men. Those girls wore clothes with a dash and talked with a finesse carefully designed to attract the wary male. Lu had always dressed casually and talked only when she had something to say. I looked at her as she stood beside a baggage cart and waved at me, and it occurred to me that her disarming eagerness and naïveté had romantic possibilities. She is tall and slender and has blue eyes. Her skin is a delicate reminder of cameos, fair and fragile.

As I stepped from the train she shouted, "Hi, Florence Nightingale!"

I said hello to her and kissed mother. Then, as we walked across the little parking lot, I asked, "Where's Aunt Elsie?"

Lu was quiet and glanced quickly at mother. My mother looked thoughtful. "Elsie's been in bed sleeping all afternoon."

When we arrived at the house, mother came with me to my room. She closed the door quietly and sat down on my bed.

(Continued on Page 145)

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By Nora O'Leary

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(Continued from Page 143)

"Well, Ann, we've been having trouble with Elsie and your father. He swears he won't live in the same house with her for another forty-eight hours, and, if she uses the ticket she bought the other day, she won't leave for another ten days. Today at lunch he was very brusque with her."

Mother sighed and leaned back on my pillow. I knew how she felt. When my father is brusque, he can be very alarming. Of medium height, his compact body assumes hasty, precise movements, and he barks out his words. When he is brusque, his gentleness changes to suppressed, dynamic fury.

"What's causing the trouble?" I asked in cautious anticipation.

Mother's gray-green eyes clouded with thought. "He found out about what Elsie did two days ago."

"What did she do?" I began to expect nothing short of theft or blackmail, for mother's attitude was loaded with tragic suspense. Suddenly her eyes began to shoot sparks and she sat up straight on the bed.

"Elsie does some of the silliest things I've ever heard of. She took the day off and went in town to see a fortuneteller. Some woman on West Jackson Boulevard who calls herself Mara Rameau."

Fortunetelling had always seemed quite harmless to me, and good fun too. I asked, "Why should dad interest himself in that, or even care what Elsie does?"

"He wouldn't care at all, I'm afraid," sighed mother, "but the whole trip cost ten dollars, and it was his money she spent. He found out about it last night. It gave him a good reason for wanting her to go home."

I asked whether Elsie were conscious of the way my father felt. Mother replied that she thought there was not much that goes on which Aunt Elsie does not at least sense.

May you live all the days of your life. —SWIFT.

"You know, your father and Elsie have never got along well. I only hope John can behave himself for another ten days."

That did not seem possible. I know my father. He is a person of decided tastes, and he has a temper like an old volcano—dormant most of the time, but violent on occasion. There was sufficient reason to worry about the possibility of an explosion.

Fortunately, at dinner that evening everything went smoothly. Aunt Elsie came downstairs dressed in a modest pale blue print dress. She had a rose in her hair to make her feel young. Her face was carefully made up, and she was feeling gay and chipper. We had an amusing, leisurely dinner.

Afterward, the family sat in the library and talked about everyday things. This room had been a drab, dingy catchall before we redecorated it. Now it is the family's favorite meeting place. A window covers the wall overlooking the back lawn, so that it is always very light in the daytime. A second wall is covered with books and, when at night the curtains are drawn and lamps light up my father's medical library in the dark-stained bookcases, it is a cozy and attractive place to be. Tonight I was happy to be home.

MOTHER and Aunt Elsie were discussing clothes. They had spent the entire previous afternoon hunting for a dressy winter coat for Elsie and had been forced to look in almost every Chicago shop from Randolph Street down to the Drake Hotel. Finally they had brought two home to consider. Aunt Elsie was uncertain as to which would be the wiser choice.

"I don't want to look like a dowager," she said. "Which makes me look the younger?"

My father was comfortably settled in a big chair the color of pine needles. He had been reading the Daily News. Now he looked up.

"Do you mean, Louise, that after your morning at Red Cross you spent all afternoon yesterday tracking over the city?"

"Why, yes, John. You see, Elsie has to have a coat, and she'll be leaving soon."

"Does it take two to look for a coat? I always buy my own clothes."

Aunt Elsie turned around on the sofa to face John. She smiled. "You forget what it's like to live in the sticks of sad Montana. Louise knows where to go for clothes better than I do. Besides, she has such wonderful taste. I often think I wouldn't buy anything without her help."

"I'll say you wouldn't," muttered my father. I glanced at him to see whether he was being facetious, but he was frowning.

"John!" my mother warned.

"Well, she wouldn't." My father sat up straight and laid down the newspaper. His voice was a little louder and more urgent. "And I think it's very bad for you to be wearing yourself out in Chicago for no good reason. It's bad for your health."

"Yes, it really is, dear. You haven't been looking at all fresh lately," said Elsie sympathetically.

"NOW, take a look at Elsie. She looks fresh, because she has spent this afternoon in bed. How well she looks out for herself!" he said, standing up and jamming his hands into his pockets. Then he came over to my mother and put his arm around her shoulders. "My dear, you are too helpful to others. You must consider yourself. You must be careful not to strain that heart of yours."

Then an urgent voice interrupted them. "John, I was meaning to tell you about this afternoon," said Elsie. "I had a very bad time." Lu and I had been sitting on the floor, having a quiet game of chess. The catch in Elsie's voice forced us to look up at her. She had a startlingly serious look in spite of her print dress and the ridiculous red rose tucked into her hair. She leaned forward slowly and spoke in slow tones. "I was sitting on the front porch about two o'clock," she told him, "when suddenly I had an attack."

My father sat down heavily in his chair and gazed at Elsie. "What kind of an attack?" he asked after a minute.

"I got another headache and my ears began to hum. That's why I went to bed. What do you think it could be?"

"I can't imagine," said father. "Your physical exam of a week and a half ago showed you as an A-one physical specimen. Nothing serious could have developed since then."

Aunt Elsie spoke faster and laid her hand on my father's knee for emphasis. "Oh, I'm not sure, John. I think something has. Why don't you get your little instrument with the light on it and look in my ear? That's where a lot of the trouble is."

It was Lu's turn to move a chessman. She had seemed to be deep in concentration on the black and white figures on the board. Suddenly, however, she jumped up from the floor and looked at her mother.

"If there's going to be another session with the medical profession," she declared, "I'm going to write a letter." Then, frowning, she left the room.

Father knocked the ashes from his pipe. Then he sat with his hands between his knees and looked at Elsie. I saw the expression of distaste in his blue eyes and thought of the volcano.

He said to her, "I'll do what you want me to, but right now my bag is in my car."

Mother got up quickly and said, "I'll go get it," and before we could stop her she had left the room.

When she had gone father said, "But before I do it, I want to ask you a few things about yourself. Do you realize that Louise has worked very hard for you this summer? Do you know that she is seven years older than you and looks fourteen? Do you know that she has a weak heart?"

"Of course I know," said Elsie. Her voice was soft and affectionate, and its tones stroked the air with their smoothness. "I've often worried about her condition. There is no one in this world more kind and generous than Louise. She is always helping others. We all love her."

(Continued on Page 147)

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(Continued from Page 145)

My father got up and walked swiftly across the room. One of his most outstanding traits is frankness, and Aunt Elsie's silky voice had irritated him. He was oblivious of anyone in the room except Elsie.

"Of course you love her. She's so generous. She does so many things for you. That's why you love her. It's nice to have someone to worry about you, isn't it?" The volcano had been teased too long. It was beginning to erupt.

"There is nothing I want less to do than to cause trouble for Louise." Aunt Elsie was sincere and her eyes were troubled.

"Then the best thing for you to do is to go home. That way she only worries about you whenever the mail arrives." Father went over and sat down on the couch, facing Aunt Elsie. His voice was clipped and tense. "Look here, this business has got to stop. You come for the summer and shift all your troubles to us. You remind us of the mortgage on your house, you tell us about your cars. Next it will be your heart, your neck and your legs. You tell us how poor you are, you envy us everything we have. You're not sick. There are many others who aren't as well off as you are. Stand on your own feet. And for heaven's sake, go home."

Aunt Elsie has known my father for many years. She was not amazed; she was simply curious. She stood up and faced him squarely. "What makes you think that I enjoy bringing my troubles to you?" she said. "It makes me sick that I never can depend on Richmond. Even though it *is* your duty as next of kin to look after me, I hate coming to you. You're so begrudging."

"Begrudging!" shouted Father. "I like your two girls. They may come here any time and stay as long as they want to. Glad to have them. And I don't mind buying things for you. But month after month we've been bothered with your inadequacies. You've preyed on us year after year, and now I'm fed up."

Aunt Elsie moved toward the door. She clasped her hands, and her nervous, defiant eyes all at once seemed the most prominent feature in her face. "I have some pride, after all. You cannot talk to me in that tone and expect me to forget it. I will never forgive you. Never! I can assure you I'll leave tomorrow if possible."

For a minute neither of them spoke. I remember how I sat in a chair in the corner, afraid to talk, listening to silence thunder by. Then my father said in a quieter way: "I don't want to cause any permanent trouble. You are welcome to visit us again in the future. Only leave as quickly as possible now, and hereafter never stay for more than a week at a time."

Two days later Aunt Elsie and Peggy did leave. In the interim word had been received from Northwestern University that Lu had been accepted there on scholarship. It was what she had been longing for. A girl never existed who yearned to live a gay, bright life more than did Lucille. Her primary fear was that she would be forced to go to a tiny college in her home state. Chicago offered all the glamour that Hillside lacked. When mother suggested, just before Aunt Elsie's departure, that Lu might as well stay in Glencoe during the three weeks before she started college, thus saving train-fare between Chicago and Montana, Lu said, "Oh, yes. That would be neat!" Aunt Elsie was not so enthusiastic about the plan. Ever since Peggy was born twelve years ago, she had paid little attention to Lu. They both love music and laughter, but these are the only tastes upon which they agree. Nevertheless, now that Lu was to be away from home almost permanently, Aunt Elsie became sad at the prospect of their parting.

Yet it was apparent that mother's suggestion was the most economical one, so, on the afternoon Aunt Elsie and Peggy left, Lu stood with mother and me on the station platform and watched the train pull out. I do not think Lu was sorry to see Elsie leave.

Every true woman is both a capitalist and an optimist from birth. —ROBERT S. HERRICK.

She loves her mother only when she consciously thinks about it. Their desires are like two identical ions which repel each other because of their very similarity. Lu knew, even if unconsciously, that she was about to get the clothes, the excitement and the security her mother wanted. Aunt Elsie knew it too. She must have been thinking of it as her train pulled away that day.

Only a week later I started working at a new job. It was an exciting one, revising the news flashes that come in hourly to the Chicago Daily News. Soon summer began to slip into the past and seem like long ago. Aunt Elsie, however, remained an individual to be thought of in the present, for she sent her wistful letters to my mother with intense regularity. Between Lu and herself, we remained very conscious of the Meyer family. In fact, Lu represented mother's main activity during the month of September. She required many new clothes to make a respectable showing at the university.

MOTHER scheduled the first big shopping expedition for a Saturday afternoon, because Lu claimed she wanted me present to represent the opinion of the younger generation. I met them at noon in the misses' dress section of Field's. Lu was wearing a tailored cotton dress and an awkward piqué hat which looked like 1928. I began to fulfill my capacity as adviser by suggesting she remove the hat. Then we captured a saleslady who showed us wool dresses. She would hold each one out daintily, as though it were fit for a princess, and say, "Thees leetle wan ees veree cheec!" Lu was overawed by the French accent and the *gentil* manner. She was enchanted with the dresses. She sat forward to feel them and drink in their bright colors. She said, "Ooh, isn't that cute!" many times during the afternoon. She was completely happy. By five-thirty we had been to three stores and encountered five saleswomen, three of whom had French accents. We had been in every section from the moderate-priced ones to the ones which specialized in Schiaparelli originals, for my mother said, "College days are the most formative days of a girl's life. It is important for her to dress well then if she's ever going to." We came home bearing a sun-colored wool dress, a soft red wool suit and a formal dress. Lu was most excited about the formal. It was black velvet with lace set into the shoulders and the skirt. Lu said, "It's so pretty, it gives me chills. Now I'm just waiting for the right person to impress."

When we reached home a letter from Elsie was waiting for us. We collapsed on the sofa and mother read it to Lu and me:

"Dear Louise: I got back to find the house in a mess. It looks as if Richmond had no one to clean it all summer long. That's the way he is—oblivious of his surroundings. If I were that way, too, we would get along together better.

"I have started in to wash all the windows and scrub the floors, and have got along fairly well. But this high altitude has a bad effect on my heart after being in Chicago, and it pounds against my ribs like a bird in a cage. Not conducive to good window washing!

"I know you must be getting Lucille all ready for college. She is very lucky, and Richmond and I both appreciate it. I think a wool dress is what she'll need most. It's what I need too—a wool dress in a warm, fally color to wear to the little concerts here in Hillside. Love, Elsie.

"P.S. Don't let Lucille excite herself."

It was hard to keep volatile Lu from getting excited. When she moved into Northwestern's Willard Hall, she was awed by the building's beauty, its convenience. The first week of school she received invitations from four sororities to come to teas. As soon as she saw the little white printed cards, she telephoned me to report the good news. Her voice was happy. "The girls tell me that Pi Phi and Kappa are the two best. Here's hoping they like me! Wish me luck, friend!"

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I soon saw that Lu did not need the help of my good wishes. We all watched her progress in college with admiration. She knew what must happen to her, and she would see that it did happen. At first the only thing Lu cared about was becoming a member of one of the best sororities. She had almost decided to join Kappa when that group dropped her. Lu did not care. She quickly switched her allegiance to Pi Phi and became a member of their exclusive, café-society clique.

Just after her initiation, Lu came out to Glencoe to have dinner with us and tell us everything that had happened to her. She was wearing the new red suit mother had bought for her, and her hair was combed in a sleek new way, completely alien to the manner in which she used to let it hang. Classes had begun, and she was intensely interested in them all. The Pi Phis, she stated, were wonderful girls—a combination of beauty, brains and good humor.

"It's a mystery why they wanted to have me, a weird character from the wild West!" said Lu, her blue eyes wide with complete sincerity. She was sitting carefully in a chair by the secretary. Her legs were crossed with a newly discovered femininity. In her excitement, she talked and talked. "One of my best friends is Lee Saunders," she said proudly. "Her father owns a lot of real estate in Chicago, and a lot of other stuff too. She's a knockout on looks, and she's neat to me. Maybe someday I'll learn to be sophisticated, the way she is. Her home is only a few blocks from campus, and we go over there all the time." Lu paused and added softly, "Last week end I had a date. It was a blind date with a Sigma Chi named Paul Lantz. We went double with Lee, and she took us sailing on Lake Michigan. It was heavenly! I liked Paul a lot. He's got more on the ball than anyone I've met."

Two weeks later Lu showed me a letter Aunt Elsie had written to her. She had added her own amused postscript on the back of the letter, saying, "This is to show that I have great possibilities, and therefore shouldn't go out after dark." The letter Elsie had written was a unique blend of sincere motherly concern with yearning for her own younger days:

My Darling Daughter: The two letters that I've received from you recently sound gay and intriguing. I wish you had told me more about this Lantz boy you have been dating. He must have money if he can afford to take you places like the Panther Room and the Stevens. Very elegant!

The things that amuse young people nowadays are different from the things I enjoyed my year at the Juilliard School of Music. We never thought of going to night clubs. Our supreme entertainment was the theater. In the one year I was there I saw Maude Adams in Legend of Leonora, Wallace Eddinger in Seven Keys to Baldpate and John Drew in Much Ado About Nothing.

I shall never forget New York as it was that winter. I think that was the happiest year of my life. I would like to do it all over again now. West Point was only a short journey away, and I knew the most dashing instructor there! His name was Gerald Cross. I've never known such manly grace combined with such a keen brain. He was a brilliant mathematician. We had an unreasonable amount of fun. On warm Sundays we'd take long strolls on Flirtation Walk and look at the river. And in cold weather we'd spend Sunday afternoon skating in the arena. I think for a while I might have been infatuated with Gerald. He used to say I was the only pretty femme with brains he'd ever met. But he was really too old for me! I'm sure your father is a more suitable age.

Gerry and I used to visit the historic sights of the city instead of going night clubbing, the way you do. It is much easier for a pretty girl to be led astray today with all this drinking and going about than in my day. I hope, Lu, that you will never drink or smoke, and I trust that you will always be very discreet in your conduct with men. You must save yourself and get the most out of all those advantages which I am unable to enjoy in this crazy town. Be sweet and pure. You were born under the sign of Libra, you know, and your stars say that you may become an inspiring influence in the world as a famous musician or painter. They also say that you are capable of a chaste and constant love beneath your restless exterior. Save this love for a worthy object, study and enjoy life. I wish I were a student with you. But your father and I do not begrudge you your luck, despite the fact that Hillside is such a wretched place to live. The altitude still makes me dizzy and now the house is hard to heat.

Louise writes that she is having her old fur coat remade for you. A good idea! How cold is it in Chicago now? Such a coat would feel good in Montana.

Love,
MOTHER.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Autumn Morning

By Jessamyn West

Only this morning did I see
What holds our world together:
Spiders had spent the night
Weaving a cobweb tether.

No others had throughout the night
Such love for earth displayed:
I looked upon their binding webs
And, "God bless spiders" prayed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Aunt Elsie could warn Lu again and again to be discreet, but she could not keep her from having a good time. Within six weeks after Lu arrived at Northwestern she had accepted Paul Lantz's fraternity pin. She had, in fact, fallen very much in love with him. Aunt Elsie wrote anxious inquiries to her daughter. She wanted to know the usual things—what was his training, what was he like, and, above all, what did all this *mean.* Lu wrote to her mother that Paul had been to Exeter and was now studying at Northwestern as a pre-law student. She said he was brilliant, but not handsome, and that she was not engaged to him, even unofficially. Beyond this Lu did not take the time to tell Aunt Elsie about anything in detail. She only mentioned places she had been—the Pump Room, Barney's, the Commodore Arms—and interesting people she had met. These affected Aunt Elsie like a small bucket of water thrown to thirsty desert sands. She longed to hear more of the glitter upon which her daughter was thriving, and she wrote to my mother inquiring concerning Paul's looks, his manner, his family.

These letters would have two parts: questions about Lu, and details of her own life at home. She would hitch the two topics together in such a way as this:

Lu writes me that Paul took her to the symphony one afternoon recently. That reminds me that when I first came to Hillside as a bride, I was invited to play the piano with the town orchestra. Those were the days when a woman had to give teas on two consecutive afternoons to invite everyone in town. But now everything is quite different and, in a way, not as nice. Now, when they can get one, they insist upon a concert pianist with their orchestra. Pretty highfalutin ideas for a water hole like this. It was more fun the other way, but probably the orchestra is better off without me. You must encourage Lucille to go to the symphony.

In November Elsie all at once stopped writing to my mother. She did not write for five weeks. Mother must have felt as worried and puzzled as a sparrow whose fledgling has flown the nest and gone she knows not where. The workaday world was not its regular old self without letters from Elsie. Mother was quite sure that she had offended her sister or that Elsie was actually sick. No reply to mother's letters was sent, nor were any explanations given. At last, in great perplexity, mother wrote to Richmond inquiring about Aunt Elsie's health. Straightway she received a reply, not from Uncle Richmond, but from Elsie herself:

Dear Louise: It amuses me that you would ask Richmond how I am. Skip it! It has been at least three years since he looked at a doctor's

(Continued on Page 150)

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(Continued from Page 148)

report or inquired into how I felt. Let's have no more of such inquiries. I have not written because I have not felt like it. I think I'll have a bunch of teeth yanked out and see if that relieves me any. I am still pretty spunky in spite of my discomfort and think perhaps I'll be able to work out something for myself, so please stop worrying. I'll be living at least twenty more years.

I have also not written because I have been too busy. I seldom hear from Lu. She is too excited over Northwestern to be interested in life out in this country. But I have been looking after her welfare. My disability does not prevent me from that.

Elsie left mother to guess the manner in which she had been looking out for Lu's welfare. It was, indeed, not until a year later, when important business brought Elsie to Chicago, that we discovered the nature of this welfare which had so mysteriously silenced her for five weeks. Then Aunt Elsie confessed that she had been meeting three times weekly with a fortuneteller of the town. The woman charged very highly for her supernatural services, and Aunt Elsie had been raising the necessary sum by giving piano lessons. There were two reasons for her not writing us at this time. One was that she lived in dread that my father might find out about the foolish way in which she was spending her money. The other was that she had become completely absorbed with the mysterious allure of the supernatural. For perhaps the only time in her life she became so intensely interested in one thing that all other objects and ideas were of secondary importance. Her active mind and emotional, high-strung heart were completely won over to the investigation of the future, that ribbon which God holds in His hand and lets out bit by bit to man. The future had charmed her.

Aunt Elsie has told me enough about her afternoons with the wonderful fortuneteller in Hillside for me to imagine the complete picture of their hours together. She first called on the woman in response to a tiny advertisement in a bottom corner of the Hillside Herald. It had stated, "You can forestall catastrophe if you have your fortune told by Althea Northam." Once when Elsie was with my entire family she had laughed a high, sharp laugh and said, "I was just being silly when I called on her. Just having a little fun!" Another time she told mother very seriously that she had called on Mrs. Northam to discover what would happen to Lu. I know, however, that Aunt Elsie could not have spent all those afternoons talking about Lu. Fortunetelling is Aunt Elsie's personal opium, the cure-all she depends upon to predict things to come, miraculous things which have nothing to do with Hillside and will waft her into the rich, green fields of the unobtainable.

When Elsie read Mrs. Northam's advertisement, she recalled that she had met a woman of the same name who lived in an ordinary brick bungalow just two blocks away from her own house. That must be the woman! Elsie was intrigued by the thought that Mrs. Northam could be a fortuneteller. She looked so extraordinarily commonplace to be dealing with a subject so unusual as the future. She had muddy blond hair, very deep-set, intense brown eyes and thick lips. More incongruous yet, she did not bother with glass balls, dim lights and gypsy dress. She was happiest when attired in a baggy checked-tweed suit.

When Aunt Elsie paid her first visit to this plain-looking prognostic, Mrs. Northam peered at her kindly, invited her into the living room and asked her to be seated. The living room was not unusual. It contained off-white walls, overstuffed furniture, a few worn-looking Oriental rugs and two large modern paintings. It was not arty or abstract; it was simply poor taste. Aunt Elsie explained that she had come to have her fortune told.

"Well, of course, my dear, I can't tell it today," said Mrs. Northam, her deep-set brown eyes inspecting Elsie closely. "I must get to know you better. My fortunetelling is always done in a series of sittings. It takes

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2 cups milk
2 cups grated cheese

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ree afternoons in succession for me to know
u well enough to tell what the vibrations
your mind predict."

"Three afternoons!" said Aunt Elsie. She
d imagined the whole story would be told
d done with a flourish in an hour's time.

"And then at least two more for me to
l you what I discover about you."

"That makes five?"

"And more if you wish. Once I become
ept at reading your mind, I can tell you
very great deal about yourself."

Aunt Elsie could not resist the temptation
discover whether this matter-of-fact
man could reveal secrets of life. She
reed to come and, poor as she is, she paid
e exorbitant price of six dollars a sitting.
her it was worth the price to spend the
ernoons sitting in Mrs. Northam's living
om hearing encouragement for the future.
e always stayed there until shadows fell
oss the Oriental rugs and turned them
ack, and the sun, dropping straight as a
mmet, sank down behind Swan Range.
Aunt Elsie would never tell us all that
rs. Northam revealed to her. When we
ked her, she would laugh and say, "Why
into it? You'd say the idea of somebody
ling your future by sitting across from you
a living-room sofa is ridiculous anyway."
But she did tell us about the last time she
w Mrs. Northam, during that Christmas
ek. Mrs. Northam had greeted her by
ing she had been thinking about Elsie
nstantly since their last visit. After they
re seated, Mrs. Northam leaned forward
d said, "My dear, I am sorry you are so
happy in Hillside."

Elsie was no longer surprised by Mrs.
rtham's perspicacity. She said, "Yes,
it's true. I am unhappy
e."

"Try to be happy. After
you and your husband
respected in the town.
u must try to be happy."

"Why should I?" asked
nt Elsie. "I have been
king to Richmond about
ving. I want to go to Florida. It would
ee with my health."

"But you never will move," said Mrs.
rtham. She seemed very sure of what she
ke. "I can tell you that you will always
e right here in Hillside. You can never get
ur husband to move."

"No. That can't be true! I never was
ant to stay in this little town."

"But you will. Your daughter will marry
hin a year, and she will travel many
ces. You will stay here."

"Who will she marry? Is his name Lantz?"

"Oh, no. Paul is a brilliant boy, but he's
iled. He's not the one. Her husband will
less brilliant, but fine." Mrs. Northam
ked sharply at Aunt Elsie. She scolded,
ut now you are not listening to me. You
still thinking about moving, and you are
nking about the pain in the back of your
k. Well, I will tell you one thing. There is
ital trouble ahead for you. You may have
ave some teeth pulled. But the main thing
u must overcome is your desire to move
m Hillside. Your daughter will move away,
you will live here, and you will be poor.
ur life will be uneventful."

E dusk had fallen, robbing the room of
set colors and turning it dark. Shadows
de leaf patterns on the walls and the rug.
nt Elsie rose to go. I suppose she had
rd the first really bad news Mrs. Northam
l told her, for she did not make an ap-
ntment to return. The future had caught
and held her captive; it had chilled her.
at evening she wrote to my mother:

Richmond is so tired that he has already
ed me on the forehead and gone to bed. He
sleeps in the attic. It's his retreat from the
ld, and it's his retreat from me. Not that I
e. Why should I care for a man who won't
himself to get a decent job and give his
ily some kind of life? I'd give anything to
oing life over again. I'd manage much bet-
I hope Lucille knows how lucky she is.
metimes now I wish that I could stop the
ting of this frail heart right now and rest in
ce.

The five-fifteen train had been crowded with businessmen in bulky black and brown overcoats. It had been messy with newspapers and reeking of cigar smoke, and little pools of melted December snow had mixed with the mud in the aisle. It had been just the way I have remembered it since I was able to remember, and it gave me the false, secure feeling that nothing ever changes. I opened my own front door feeling as if I had been giving that quick twist to the doorknob since I had been two. That also gave me the dull, comfortable feeling that nothing will happen that has not happened already.

"Hello, everybody," I shouted.

"Hello, yourself," said a soft voice on my right. Lu had come to see us! She had come on a Monday night! She was sprawled in front of a tremendous fire, resting her chin in her hands. Her foot was tapping absent-mindedly on the Oriental rug, for all her attention was concentrated upon the excitement in her eyes. She said "Hello" again, very softly and slowly, and her eyes sent me code signals which read, "Something has happened. Something unusual! Wait till you hear about it!"

MOTHER came in through the swinging door from the kitchen. She kissed me on the cheek and suggested that Lu and I string the beans. That could come a little later. Lu had news which demanded telling.

"First I want to show Lu my new black wool dress," I said. I looked at her and, as we started upstairs, Lu grinned at me, closing one eye in a college-bred wink.

When we had reached the privacy of my room, Lu closed the door and leaned back on it. She tilted up her chin, and a luminous look of happiness shot from her eyes. "Ann," she said, "I'm in love. Can you imagine that! Me, in love!" She spoke very quickly, as if the joy inside her was a wonderful pain that could be relieved only by sharing it with others. She went over to the bed and threw herself upon it, bringing her knees up to her chin and hugging them.

The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows where he is going.
—DAVID STARR JORDAN

"So Paul has really made a hit and become the man of the hour," I said. "Do you expect me to be surprised?"

Lu straightened out slowly. "Paul?" she asked, as if being recalled from another world. "Oh, Paul Lantz! But he's not the one. This one's name is Arthur." She sat up on the edge of the bed. "Arthur! He's five years older than I am. Twenty-three. Most people wouldn't call him good-looking exactly. He's tall and dark and thin, and he has a long face, a little like Jimmy Stewart's, and big brown eyes."

Lu had gone to a party at Lee Saunders' house with Paul Lantz the evening before. There she met a certain Arthur Ventnor, who had come alone. He wore a dark tweed suit and his thin fingers clutched a pipe. She discovered that he had been a Beta at Northwestern. He was doing promising work in the experimental laboratory of a big electric corporation. When Lu entered the room he had noticed her at once and had come over without waiting to be introduced. He spent the evening with her, talking first seriously and then half jokingly. He talked about physics, modern educational methods, Shakespeare and sex. He had thought a great deal about all these subjects, and, as he talked about them, he would cock his head to one side and peer speculatively into space, as if demanding to know why the universe had been created. Lu knew when she first talked to him that she loved him.

"He's very ambitious," she said happily.

Very ambitious! The words reminded me of the time last summer when Elsie had tried to write a sonata. She had said, "One of us has to be ambitious!" Now here was Lu, in love with an ambitious man. I wondered whether it was possible to fall in love with the ambition instead of the man. Elsie had always wanted an ambitious man and had suffered bitterly because she did not have one. Now Lu saw that she might have



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more than her mother. *Can love be true,* I asked myself, *if it is for the quality instead of the man?* And yet what is a man but the sum of his qualities? I saw Lu watching me to discern what I thought about all this. In my capacity as the elder of us, I realized that I should give her some words of advice, so I reminded her:

"Last week you were in love with Paul. What happened to him? And what makes you think you won't fall in love with a third man next week?"

Lu sat up quickly to defend herself. "Don't be silly," she said. "I only tried to make myself think I loved Paul. I knew it wasn't the real thing. Paul was too young for me."

"He was two years older," I reminded her.

"But a boy of twenty isn't even grown up. Paul had years of schooling ahead of him. It's different with Art. He knows a lot, and he's been through a lot. I'm sure about Art."

"Well, all right then," I said, shrugging my shoulders. "The deluge is on. But from my long experience with affairs of the heart, I advise you not to rush into anything." There! I had done it. My duty was complete. I would make no mention of how Elsie might react to this.

"Oh, it's all right about Art. I can trust him." Lu leaned back on the pillow. She closed her eyes for a minute. Then she opened them wide. "You know what?" she said. "Art's father owns half of River Forest."

From that day on it was difficult to understand how Lu managed to remain in college. Her studies were wedged into odd, unimportant hours—a little after lunch, a page or two of reading before breakfast. In the evenings she was always out with Art. He took her to all the plays, they went to countless dances, they spent many hours in the cheap collegiate taverns of Howard Street, talking.

Lu came to see us often and talked continually about Art. She did not often, however, go to the trouble of writing to her mother. Elsie received most of the news about Art from my mother, who felt it her duty as Lu's guardian to inform Elsie of everything that occurred.

Elsie was not surprised at her daughter's sudden romance. She wrote to my mother, "God told me from the first that Lu was not serious about that Lantz boy! Pooh! I knew she'd start going with someone else soon." But although Aunt Elsie was not surprised, she exhibited a curious intense interest in Art Ventnor. It was very different from the vicarious enjoyment she had received from Lu's dates with Paul. It was a more serious, more deeply concerned interest. She wrote mother saying, "You tell me that Art is an unusual boy—very intelligent and ambitious. Lu tells me his father is a well-to-do merchant. This is all fine, but I want Lu to understand that she is far too young to consider anyone seriously. Let the boy find someone else nearer his own age. Lu is too young to fall in love. The boy is obviously too mature for her." And, in closing, Elsie added a strange question: "Tell me, does Art like to travel? Has he ever been to the East Coast—to Virginia or to Florida?"

A little later Elsie wrote to Lu in her new intent way and said, "Nobody knows better than your mother how we all want security, something to cling to. Nobody knows that better than I do, dear. I have been looking for it too long. But you are too young to possess it now, or even to desire it. Remember this when you go out with the Ventnor boy." Lu paid slight attention to these letters from her mother. If I was present, she would laugh and hand them to me. After reading them over once casually, she would flick them into the wastepaper basket beside her desk. But Elsie continued to throw out little remarks betraying the deepest part of her heart's desires. On pale, cheap stationery, she wrote, "Mr. Ventnor is well known, isn't he?" and "Lu tells me Art's work is exceedingly important in electrical research." Most often she would write, "Lu must not consider this boy seriously." But as Lu became increasingly interested in Art and kept her interest a secret from no one, Elsie came to mention him less and less. Two months passed. By the beginning of February Elsie's letters sounded as if she had forgotten about Lu and Art. They sounded as if she did not care to remember.

Art had been planning for some time to take Lu out on Valentine's Day to dine her properly in token of the occasion. An ensign friend of mine had come home to Glencoe on leave, and the four of us were going out together. The day itself was promising. As I walked to the train that morning I felt the sun shining brightly, so that the snow in all the front yards on our street glistened with little twisted rivulets of water. By the time I returned that evening most of the snow had sunk into the soft, wet ground and spring was in the air.

Lu and Art drove up in front of the house forty-five minutes earlier than we had expected them. My ensign had not yet arrived, and I was barely dressed. I hurried downstairs and found them standing in the doorway, looking quiet and tentative. Art was poised and polite, shaking hands and reassuring mother as to the condition of the roads. His black chesterfield and white scarf made him look very thin and dignified. Lu had on a soft green coat with a mink collar which seemed to nestle close to her neck to set off the petal-and-peach colors of her pale skin. One look at her convinced me that it was really Valentine's Day. For her

(Continued on Page 154)



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(Continued from Page 152)

there had never been a Valentine's Day before this one. They came inside and, as they had done often before, Art retired to the living room to have a talk with my father while Lu drew me upstairs. I supposed she wanted to have a few minutes of feminine chatter over the dressing table.

In my room, she closed the door and came over to where I stood. "Ann," she breathed softly. "Ann." I looked around at her. She stood with her hands behind her back. She was very erect, and her feet were placed wide apart, like a man's. She had an eager half-smile on her lips. "Art gave me a present today," she stated. "Guess what it is."

"A fraternity pin," I answered. I knew it must be something exciting.

"Oh, no!" said Lu. She stood silent for a minute, letting my thoughts dangle into uncertainty. Then she whispered, "Look!"

She fluttered her left hand in front of my eyes, and there was a diamond. A large oval jewel surrounded on two sides by rare, tiny stones caught the light and flashed fire from her slender fingers. It was cut into many facets, and it gathered in the harsh electric light, transformed it and sent it forth in all colors—ruby, emerald, pale yellow and sapphire. For a second neither of us said a word. We gazed at the diamond.

Then I regained enough poise to gasp out a few trite words. "Why, Lu! How wonderful! You're engaged!"

Lu had always been my personal "man Friday." It had never occurred to me, or to any of us except Elsie, that she would get married for a long time. It had been a quick romance of less than three months' acquaintance. Lu had seen what she wanted and had lost no time in getting it.

I had been told that Aunt Elsie had known Uncle Richmond six years before she married him. Perhaps if she could have married a man like Art she would not have spent so much time about it, for Elsie is, basically, as emotional and sentimental as Lu could ever be.

"Have you told your mother?"

"No," she said, "but I will. There'll be plenty of time to hear her talk about it!"

Just then my mother, who never liked to be left out of anything, came into the room. Lu did the simplest thing. She merely held out her left hand and waited for the inevitable exclamations of surprise. Mother was very satisfactorily amazed. After a second of shocked silence, she kissed Lu and wished her happiness. But I could tell that beneath the surface of her friendly gray eyes there was worry. Here was her sister's child, a mere youngster, engaged! Mother knew Aunt Elsie would be furious and would come to her to ask, "How did this happen?" It had all occurred so fast that mother could not explain it. Although her wishes for Lu's happiness were sincere, her manner was a little hesitant. She must have felt as strange as if she had seen a mirage materialize before her eyes; but it was a formidable mountain instead of a green oasis.

We went downstairs to tell my father of the current event. Lu laughed brightly on the way down, and she clung tightly to the banister. She has always been slightly overawed by her uncle. He looked harmless enough now as he slumped in a big flowered chair listening to Art talk. There were lines in his forehead from frowning, but they were noticeable now only because he was tired. Art was sitting on the blue sofa, his arms folded, his long fingers tapping nervously.

Mother came over to father and said, "John, Lu and Art are engaged."

In a second my father had sat up very straight and was carefully examining the diamond-bedecked hand Lu proffered for his inspection. None of us said a word. Stillness echoed through the house with a deafening thunder. Then father got up and stood before the fireplace.

"Oh, my God," he said. He said it softly, quickly and definitely.

That broke the spell of anxious silence, and we all began to talk at once. Father and mother asked Lu and Art if they were sure that this was what they wanted. They could not be persuaded to think they had made a mistake. The wedding would be in June at the university where they had met. Art said the Ventnors had known about the engagement two weeks ago and could not have been happier about it. They already loved Lu as their own daughter. Lu would wear a long white dress and carry orchids down a candle-lit aisle.

My father asked, "Lu, have you told Elsie about this yet?"

Lu tossed her fair hair and murmured no. "But I'll do it right away," she promised. "Every sane person will be happy to know what a prize I'm winning." She smiled up at Art, beside her on the sofa.

The next time I saw Lu we met for luncheon in the Walnut Room at Field's. She had spent the morning browsing in the glassware and china departments, and she was becoming momentarily more enthusiastic at the prospect of housekeeping. After she had laid her purse down and pulled off her gloves, she announced that she had found the china pattern she must have. It was Spode, a delicate cream color with two wide bands of plain gold around the edge. Lu opened her purse, fumbled for her glasses and whipped them on, the better to describe the china.

"It's different from anything we've ever had," she said. "Mother has a little Wedgwood, but nothing like this. We never could afford anything like this."

"It must be exquisite," I agreed. "Exquisite—and expensive."

Lu hesitated a minute. "Expensive?" she asked, as if to discover the meaning of the word. "Oh, yes, it is," she said regretfully. "It's ten dollars a plate." She paused while I rapidly calculated the price of a dozen complete settings. "But I think one should have what one really wants, don't you?" she asked, leaning forward eagerly. "After all, I'm going to use this all my life. Mother never did have exactly what she wanted." At the mention of Elsie, Lu sobered. She stared at her water glass with a fathomless expression, resembling a scientist peering through his microscope at a new puzzle. Then she looked up quickly and said, "By the way, I heard from mother this morning." It was the first letter Elsie had written to Lu since the news of the engagement. I did not ask to hear what Elsie had written. Lu's half-parted lips and serious eyes were obviously about to reveal something. What she told me was not in harmony with her grave air. It was like expecting cough medicine and being fed crème de menthe. "Mother's letter was magnificent," Lu said. "It was all I could have asked for. She says she is glad I am so happy."

"Is that all she said?" I asked. I could hardly believe it.

"That's all of importance. It was all good," Lu answered. I could see by the expression of surprise in her serious blue eyes that she, too, was almost incredulous. It was as though we had suddenly found ourselves with a heap of gold nuggets, and we could not decide whether they were real. Then Lu added in a curious low voice, "But, you know, something in the tone of mother's letter implies that she thinks I'm kidding about this. Mother said 'If you are quite sure' just as if she was certain I am not sure. Underneath it all, she doesn't sound excited."

This was very true. Aunt Elsie seemed unusually calm about the engagement. She wrote continually saying that she was happy about it. "I want to be sure Lu has all that I have missed," she would say. But she never seemed to recognize the finality of the event. Week followed week, and throughout the spring her attitude was as generous and loving as a mother's could be; but she never mentioned the fact that engagement is followed by marriage, and that after marriage there is no romance except with one person. I wondered what would happen when the cold waters of reality awakened Elsie to the

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fact that Lu was actually going to get married. Finally, a month before the wedding, we received a telegram from Aunt Elsie.

PEGGY AND I ARRIVE TOMORROW 10:30 A.M. TO MEET ART. RICHMOND TO JOIN US LATER.

Father's one-week limit to Elsie's visits was, of necessity, broken with the advent of the wedding. Mother and I persuaded him that, for Lu's sake, he should allow Elsie to remain in the house until after the wedding. She would be with us four weeks.

The night of her arrival we were all invited to the Ventnors' home for dinner. Although they had met my family several times, they had done no more than exchange letters with Aunt Elsie. This was to be a grand meeting of the two clans of Ventnor and Meyer, with the Russells thrown in.

Aunt Elsie had made haste to install herself in a suite of rooms on the third floor, because she claimed that was the only place in the house quiet enough to sleep. She had spent all night in the chair car and she was exhausted. Consequently, she had been stretched out on a big double bed sleeping soundly since two-thirty.

At five o'clock, when the household was in a frenzy of preparation, someone suggested that it would be nice for me to wake Aunt Elsie. When I reached her room, I was greeted by two enormous old suitcases gaping open in the middle of the floor. Piles of summer dresses weighted down the chairs. The dressing table was covered with powder, and the sheets were piled in disarray on the bed from which Elsie had just risen. Attired in a white satin slip, she moved calmly among all this pandemonium. She looked as though she had never been tired in her life.

"Hello, Annie Russell, my love," she said. She picked up a powder puff to pat her young-looking skin, and she ran a comb through her dark hair.

Downstairs, dressing had been accomplished in a more orderly fashion. None of us, except perhaps Lu and Peggy, possesses Aunt Elsie's clairvoyant ability to locate the slightest small object in an upset room. The second floor looked as it usually did. The only signs of activity were the *bzzz* of my father's shaver in the bathroom, and the sound of my mother moving around in her dressing room. For the most part, stillness reigned. It was the stillness that presages a big event. It was like the calm on a beach an hour before the rush of high tide.

At six-thirty our car pulled up before the Ventnor residence. It was a massive, red-brick house landscaped with carefully placed evergreens. At the door was a small concrete landing fronted by an iron railing, around which, on either side, steps curved down to the walk. Mrs. Ventnor, dressed in cool white silk to accentuate the white in her hair, stood just inside to greet us. I remembered again that she had never met Aunt Elsie, never even heard anything about her except that she was Lu's mother. Mrs. Ventnor must have been expecting Elsie to be a mother like most mothers—happy at the prospect of a wedding, eager for her daughter's welfare. She stood at the door now, utterly calm, as if it had never occurred to her that plans could be less than perfect. Her brown eyes were warm as she kissed Lu, and they were friendly as she shook hands for the first time with Aunt Elsie. Elsie was dressed in sweet Alice blue, and, thinking it made her look young, she had stuck a rose over her right ear. She had a pseudo-cheerful expression which stamped her as ill-at-ease.

It was impossible, however, to be ill-at-ease with Mr. William Ventnor. He stood by the stairway, his right arm extended in greeting, enormous in a tan gabardine suit. "Welcome be the in-laws!" he shouted, shaking Elsie's arm vigorously up and down. "Welcome to our happy home. Who wouldn't be happy," he added, "to welcome this beautiful maiden into the family!"

Beside him stood Art, at ease, smoking a cigarette. Long warm days in the laboratory had made his skin pale to the point of transparency. He looked very tall as he bent over Aunt Elsie. He said what anyone would

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have said—"I'm so very glad to meet you"—but his quiet, slow voice was sincere.

The rest of the Ventnor family was scattered about the living room. There was David, a successful lawyer of thirty-two, sitting with arms folded on a gold-brocade couch. Beside him was Jane, his wife, fair and plump. Little David, Jr., plunked on the floor playing with an empty squirt gun, wore glasses and was like his father, dark and tall for his age. Across the room was John, part owner and director of a large Chicago aluminum plant. He was the tallest of the Ventnors and, like a tree bent under the weight of too much snow, he stooped over so that, at times, he seemed almost hunchbacked.

In front of the fireplace a pretty, red-haired woman sat in a green-damask chair. She was Sally, John's wife, and she stepped forward to greet us.

Aunt Elsie sat on the sofa looking bewildered. Mrs. Ventnor leaned her chin on a carefully manicured hand and smiled at Elsie. "You must have had a wretched time getting here," she sympathized. "Pullman reservations are so difficult to get."

Before Elsie could reply, Peggy's guileless young voice broke in. "We didn't come on a Pullman. We came in the chair car."

Everyone looked over in the corner of the room. Peggy, pretty in blue organdy, had installed herself on a small stool. Her blue eyes were wide with the honest desire to have us understand everything.

"They were that difficult to get!" exclaimed Jane. "Well, that must have been a hard trip!"

"Oh," said Peggy quickly, "we always ride in the chair car. I've never been in a Pullman."

No one had a reply to this. The trustful frankness of her revelation had disarmed us all. Aunt Elsie crossed her legs and smiled painfully into the silence. She looked miserable. Suddenly I felt sorry for her; I felt immensely sorry for this woman who had never learned that lack of money is nothing of which to be ashamed. *Why*, I thought, *hasn't someone told Elsie to admit her hardships openly, instead of making herself an object of perplexity by hiding them?*

Then Art was taken with a fit of coughing. He said, "Well," pushed his hands into his pockets and leaned against the fireplace, "chair car's the best way to travel."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Ventnor, "it is a shame that your husband couldn't have come with you. But I know the demands of his business must be very pressing. Sometimes William sits up studying business matters until two and three in the morning. He owns a string of men's-clothing stores, you know—twelve throughout the city and suburbs—and his junior executives keep him very busy indeed."

Elsie laughed as if she understood. She kept running her hand slowly over the gold-brocade couch, as if to evaluate the quality of its material. Richmond, she said brightly, found it difficult to get enough help and, consequently, had to work overtime.

THIS seemed to interest Art. He straightened up and lighted a cigarette from the end of the one he had just finished. "We've had the same difficulty with the men at the plant," he said. "It takes about nine hundred and fifty men to keep that electrical plant working at full production," he stated, pointing with his cigarette to emphasize the importance of his words. "And you'd be surprised to know that, even in such an important industry as ours, it's all we can do to keep eight hundred and fifty on the job." He paused, and his dark eyes smiled at Aunt Elsie. "Lu tells me Mr. Meyer is in the hardware business. It takes fifteen men to run some of the large ones in Chicago. How many does Mr. Meyer employ?"

Elsie did not reply for a minute. She had a right to be taken aback by this question, for it showed that Lu had told her fiancé almost nothing about her family, her father or the way they lived.

Elsie finally murmured, "We employ just one," and added, "One and a girl. It's a small hardware store."

She was still running her hand up and down the couch and smiling. I couldn't help but think of our Scotty, Mickey, who wags his tail furiously to prevent being reproached. Elsie was not herself; she was not witty and charming. At other parties her inbred love for a good time had put her at ease. Now some sense of deficiency bothered her; something sad and self-inflicted stood between her and these friendly people.

SOON afterward we went into the dining room to a long mahogany table set with a sparkling-white damask cloth. On this were service plates with wide green borders which matched the shaded greens of the wall murals depicting satyrs chasing dryads across mountains. I watched Elsie study the wallpaper as she was seated. Then I saw her take a drink of water, eying her crystal goblet speculatively. She did not miss a detail.

Dinnertime passed quickly with Mr. Ventnor at the head of the table to amuse us while he carved the turkey. Elsie sat at his right and laughed a lot. Sometimes she seemed to be having fun, and the candlelight, outlining her mouth and nose, made her look almost pretty. Art sat across from her so that she could get to know him better. The flickering light made him look even thinner than usual, but he cocked his head to one side in his characteristic way and concentrated on entertaining Elsie.

Soon the talk was all about the wedding. Mother revealed that she and Lu had selected the wedding dress some time ago, and I described at length the rose-chiffon dresses all the bridesmaids would be wearing.

Mr. Ventnor wagged his head and said in mock seriousness, "Look here, people. Let's not all get too excited about this show. After all, the beautiful girl isn't married yet. She may decide she'd rather have her freedom."

We all laughed; or, to be exact, we all laughed except Elsie.

By the time we said good-by to the Ventnors that evening, we all felt we knew one another well. They stood in the lighted doorway waving au revoir as we piled into the car. Lu was humming softly to herself, and my father was lighting his pipe, a sign of well-being.

On the drive home, mother told Elsie all she knew about the Ventnors. She revealed that Mr. Ventnor had spent $25,000 sending his children to the best schools, that the eldest son, David, was a Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard, and that John Ventnor owned a large group of apartments on the South Side of Chicago. Elsie was quiet. She sat in the back seat and looked out the window. A strong wind swept over Sheridan Road and shook the oaks which stood, dark and tossing, against the high old houses. By the time we reached Glencoe the storm had overtaken us. The rain was beating down noisily on the pavements, and the black sky was shot with flashes of crimson.

I have found that most families react to violent evening storms by taking to their beds. It gives them a sense of security to be able to pull the covers over their heads and shut out the noise of the thunder. Consequently, as soon as we reached home, we retired to our rooms with little ceremony. I have, however, never known thunder to quench my curiosity. When the house was growing still I went to my mother's room to ask her, in all confidence, what she thought about the Ventnor party. She was still sitting in front of her dressing table creaming her face, so I threw myself down upon her chaise longue to talk.

Mother was a unique combination of idealism and practicality. She was sure that Lu was very much in love with Art. That being the case, she said, Lu was extremely lucky to be marrying into a well-educated, well-bred family which would take care of her every need. I told her Art is not the type

The one thing that most men can do better than anybody else is to read their own writing. —ANON.



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of man I could love. I prefer a man who has more vitality of action. But Lu adored him from the minute she saw him.

"It is a fortunate match," mother concluded.

The door opened and Aunt Elsie walked in, wearing a jersey dressing gown with a panel of brilliant green down the front. The belt dragged, loose and untied, and she waved a comb in her right hand. Her hair hung loose and awry about her face, which, without make-up, suddenly looked lined and old. Her eyes were wide with a kind of terror.

"Louise," she whispered, "I must talk to you about this ridiculous affair." She approached us slowly for a few steps and then stopped. "This thing can't go on, you know. I won't have it. Why wasn't I consulted about this earlier?"

Mother faced Elsie, her hands clutching the dresser behind her. She looked surprised and matter-of-fact as she beckoned Elsie to be seated. She spoke to her quietly. She had, she said, told Elsie everything she knew about Art from the first date he had with Lu until this very minute. Elsie had been free to fly to Chicago three months ago when the engagement was first announced.

"Why should I have come? Just why?" asked Elsie accusingly. "It's not as if I, of all people, have the money to come to Chicago at every whipstitch. Oh no, not I! I've always trusted your judgment, Louise. This time I forgot that you could not care for Lu as if she were your own child."

Mother sat down beside me on the chaise longue. Her movements were slow. Her eyes held the same expression I had seen in them as a child, when she would reason with me about right and wrong.

"That is unfair, Elsie," she said firmly. "I have had enough interest in her to send her to college and to buy her everything she has needed. She is as well cared for as Ann, my own child."

"Then how could you have permitted her to do this? How?" Elsie leaned over the footrail of the bed. Her eyes blazed. This evening for the first time she had seen Lu and Art together, and she had met Art's family. Now, faced with reality instead of letters, she was forced to admit a fact she had been evading for months. Lu was getting married; she was slipping away from Aunt Elsie's tiny world to live her own free, happy life. But Aunt Elsie could not afford to have a person escape from her world; already it held too few. She felt that her family, one by one, was being picked up by a rescue boat, while she alone remained stranded on a raft in the middle of the ocean. "You know as well as I do that that boy's not right for Lu," Elsie said, tossing her head. "Why, he'll be dead by the time he's thirty-five. You saw how pale he was, and how thin. He works too hard. Lu'll be a widow before she's a mother."

"Better to work too hard than too little," mother said a little acidly. "As for being thin, I myself weighed only ninety-eight pounds when I was married, and I'm *still* alive."

AUNT ELSIE flung herself off the bed and paced over to stare out the window at the rain. "Don't make excuses. The Ventnors know that Art's dying from overwork. They know it, and they think they can buy Lu for him with all their money. Just look at that tremendous diamond! I never even had one. I can tell her what it's like not to have one. It's better than bribery." Elsie's voice was harsh and bitter. It seemed directed at the darkness outside, and the rain which splashed against the windowpane in regular, monotonous rhythm. "Of course they want Lu. Who wouldn't? My poor darling's sweet and smart." Elsie paused and turned to face us. "But she's never had anything, never anything until she came here. They think they can take her away from me because they have a large house and a smart son and I don't have anything."

We reasoned with Elsie. Mother talked until she began to clench her fist with every sentence she spoke, and the lines around her mouth and eyes looked weary with the lateness of the hour. There was no foundation

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for what Elsie believed. With characteristic self-deceit, she had convinced herself that for Lu's own sake the wedding should be broken off. She was persuaded that Art Ventnor's health had been broken by hard work. His family, she insisted, were buying him a wife by a display of their happy home life and their fortune. It was a display which made Elsie miserable.

Mother tried to show Elsie the truth. "Lu is lucky to be marrying into such a nice family," she said.

"Pooh!" snorted Elsie. She paced over to a chest of drawers and back again. Dismay was in her reddened eyes as she looked at us. "You've been taken in too! You, of all people! You've been taken in, fooled!" Her pale, plump fingers wound around the bedpost and clutched it for support. "Well, let me tell you, there's one person who guesses the truth about that anemic genius who wants to be my son-in-law. I'm going to rip this whole situation wide open and lay bare all the rottenness in it. You'll see! I can take matters into my own hands."

Elsie directed her torrent of violent words at my mother. It was a matter between the two sisters. I suddenly realized that I was intruding. Aunt Elsie would rather not have me there to listen and criticize. I was only a niece, not responsible for any of the trouble. I got up and went to the door. As I went out, I saw Aunt Elsie facing my mother like a caged lioness. Through the jersey of her robe I could see her shoulder muscles work tensely, and I heard her tight voice say:

"I don't care what anybody thinks. My daughter is not going to be taken in and bought like a slave girl."

I went to my room, got in bed and turned off the light. Then I lay there for what seemed like an hour or two, listening to the rain, heavy and monotonous outside, listening to the voices in the next room rise and fall and rise again in a rhythm of clipped staccatoes mediated by slow, regular tones. I fell asleep, listening to the rain and the voices.

THE next day was Sunday. My subconscious mind, deceitful master of dreams, whispered that I had had a nightmare, but as I woke and forced myself to consciousness, I knew I had not dreamed at all. I looked outside. The damp pavements were still two shades darker than usual, but the dripping trees were a bright green, and the sun turned the raindrops on the spring grass into slivers of quicksilver. I slipped on a housecoat and ran downstairs, where I found Elsie in the kitchen squeezing oranges.

"Tiri-liri-li," she sang to herself. Then she broke off and started to hum. When she heard me, she turned around and smiled. "Hello, Annie, my sweet. Would you like some orange juice?" I said that I would, thank you, and sat down at the table.

Soon Aunt Elsie joined me, and we sipped our orange juice together. "This is a day for the song of larks and the fluty music of thrushes," she announced solemnly.

Lu walked in, her hair in bobby pins, a woolly robe wrapped about her. Aunt Elsie took her hand and kissed her tenderly on the forehead. Then she pressed Lu into a chair and went to bring her some orange juice.

"My word," exclaimed Lu. "I can get it myself. Don't I always?"

Ignoring this remark, Elsie returned with the glass of fruit juice, sat down and asked, "Did you sleep well last night, dear?" Lu acknowledged that she had slept soundly. "Well, unfortunately, I did not," said Elsie, stroking her chin thoughtfully. "The rain bothered me, and I lay awake thinking about you."

"What about me?" asked Lu a little dryly. She was intent upon helping herself to a strip of bacon.

Aunt Elsie studied the blue spruce outside the window. "Well, I was thinking wouldn't it be nicer to postpone the wedding for a little. I don't understand the necessity for all this rush."

"Where is there any rush?" asked Lu. "I've been engaged since February. I don't see that four months is doing things in a rush."

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"But, dear, you've been working hard in ollege all that time, and you're tired. I ant you and Art to have time to rest before he wedding. You both look worn-out."

Lu stuck out her lower lip and stared at er bacon as she cut it. Then she looked up nd said, "I'm all right now, and so is Art."

Here was the opening for which Aunt Elsie ad been waiting. She leaned forward to Lu nd said quickly, "How do you know he is? le looks awfully thin to me. I'd want to ake sure."

Lu leaned back in her chair and gazed eculatively at her mother. "Thinness is no iterion for health," she said. She had the ace not to mention that Elsie, more than easingly plump, is the victim of constant ackaches and migraine headaches. "He just as a little asthma."

"Asthma!" Elsie's voice was laden with arm. "Asthma!" she repeated. "There. hat did I tell you! Asthma is very serious."

"For goodness' sake!" Lu pushed back her air and stood up. "People can have asthma r years and live perfectly normal, healthy es. Don't get so excited."

"Lu, dear, please lower your voice," said sie gently. "I'm not getting excited. I'm ly trying to help you. All that I am saying that Art is not well. He works himself too rd. The whole family looks thin, all except r. Ventnor. That little boy, who couldn't over five, is already wearing glasses with ick lenses. I'll bet all their children are emic and have weak eyes."

"There aren't any other children," said t. She leaned against the pantry shelf. Her ung blue eyes were wide and steely.

"Well, that in itself is indication of some- ng." Elsie picked up her hes and started for the chen. On her way, she pped and added, "The ole family is old enough have quite a bunch of all children by this ne."

There are two ways of spreading light: to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it.
—EDITH WHARTON: Vesalius in Zante.

I saw Lu wince under the insinuation be- d this remark. A flush of red swept over face, and her eyes narrowed to little s. She quickly followed her mother into kitchen and announced, "Well, there more than one. There is. David's wife, e, has a second child, a little girl."

SIE scraped some dishes by the sink. For a inute all we could hear was the chilling nd of a knife grating across the plates. n she said, "You weren't keeping it a et, were you? Why didn't they bring her to he party last night?"

She's too small to be taken out," said Lu. They could have left her upstairs in bed."

u sat down on the kitchen stool and lied her nails. She did believe that her mother's only concern was for her. She and e were seldom congenial, but Lu could deceive her mother. They understood h other too well for deceit. Besides, Lu's k temper is balanced by an honest mind matches her frank face.

he looked up slowly and said, "Jane never s the baby out. You see, the little girl . deaf. She has been since birth."

he sound of the knife grating across the es stopped. For a minute they were t, each waiting for the other to speak. I d the song of a bird outside. *And she it's a day for the fluty music of thrushes,* I ght ironically.

unt Elsie turned from the sink and came to Lu. Her eyes held almost the same ession of terror and dismay I had seen in n last night. "And you expect me to let marry into a family like that! A family works themselves sick to get rich. A ly which buys you with big engagement s!"

Don't be ridiculous, mother." Lu's voice knifelike, into Elsie's excitement. "The has nothing hereditary. The doctor said It will be all right. You should see it." voice softened. "It's an adorable baby."

unt Elsie sniffed and turned away. At moment mother came in. One glance at ace convinced me that she, in truth, had een asleep last night. She had become old, and tired, and wrinkled, because she felt responsible for Lu's engagement, the engagement Elsie considered so disastrous. I looked at her worn face and then studied Elsie, young for her age. Who was to be the more pitied? Mother, whose happy life was worn away by care, or Elsie, who had never had a happy life? Mother was the one I loved. Elsie was the one for whom I felt sorry. I would not care to have her unusual faculty for self-inflicted suffering. She has a shrewd ability to observe a perfectly normal family and find a flaw in them. She twists it and exaggerates it all out of proportion. Then she presents it proudly, saying, "Look what I have found!"

We heard my father returning from his morning golf foursome. He was hanging up his coat in the closet off the front hall.

Elsie looked significantly at my mother. "Now," she said firmly, "we'll get some sound opinion on this matter." She went to beckon my father into the room. "John," she called, "may we talk to you a minute, please?" When he came in, she folded her arms and said, "I want you to tell Lu just what you, as a medical man, think of her marrying into a family which has a baby deaf from birth. Tell her what you think of marrying a man who is half sick with asthma, someone she'll have to coddle and nurse all her life."

FATHER knew he had just happened upon a time bomb. He went over and kissed mother methodically. Then he took off his glasses, held them up to the light and polished them carefully. He told Elsie that he had known about Art's asthma ever since he had first met him. He had written Elsie about it, but she must have forgotten it until now.

"Asthma is something Art will have to take care of. That's true," said my father in a professional tone. "It might be wise for him to give up smoking and perhaps, later, to live in the West, say California. It's a good idea for asthmatics to travel and see what climate suits them best. But asthma is nothing that, under ordinary circumstances, would prevent him from leading a normal life and living to a ripe old age. As for the child," he continued, "that is unfortunate, but it is nothing to concern yourself about. It was probably caused by pressure on the child's nerves as she lay in an irregular position in the womb. It might have happened to anyone."

Aunt Elsie looked as if she had been cheated. The obvious reaction to such reassuring advice was to be calm, but Elsie did not want to be calm. "Well," she said in a righteous, excited voice, "that may be true, but the least Art can do is to have a thorough physical examination. I want proof. I want to examine medical findings." She paused for a minute and looked at all of us. When she spoke again, her voice was high and tense, and her hand fluttered to her throat. "You may think I'm not a sensible person. You've always implied I'm not sensible. Well, I may not have much, and I may not have been many places, but when the life of my child is at stake, I can be good and sensible." She turned her back on us and swung open the door to the dining room.

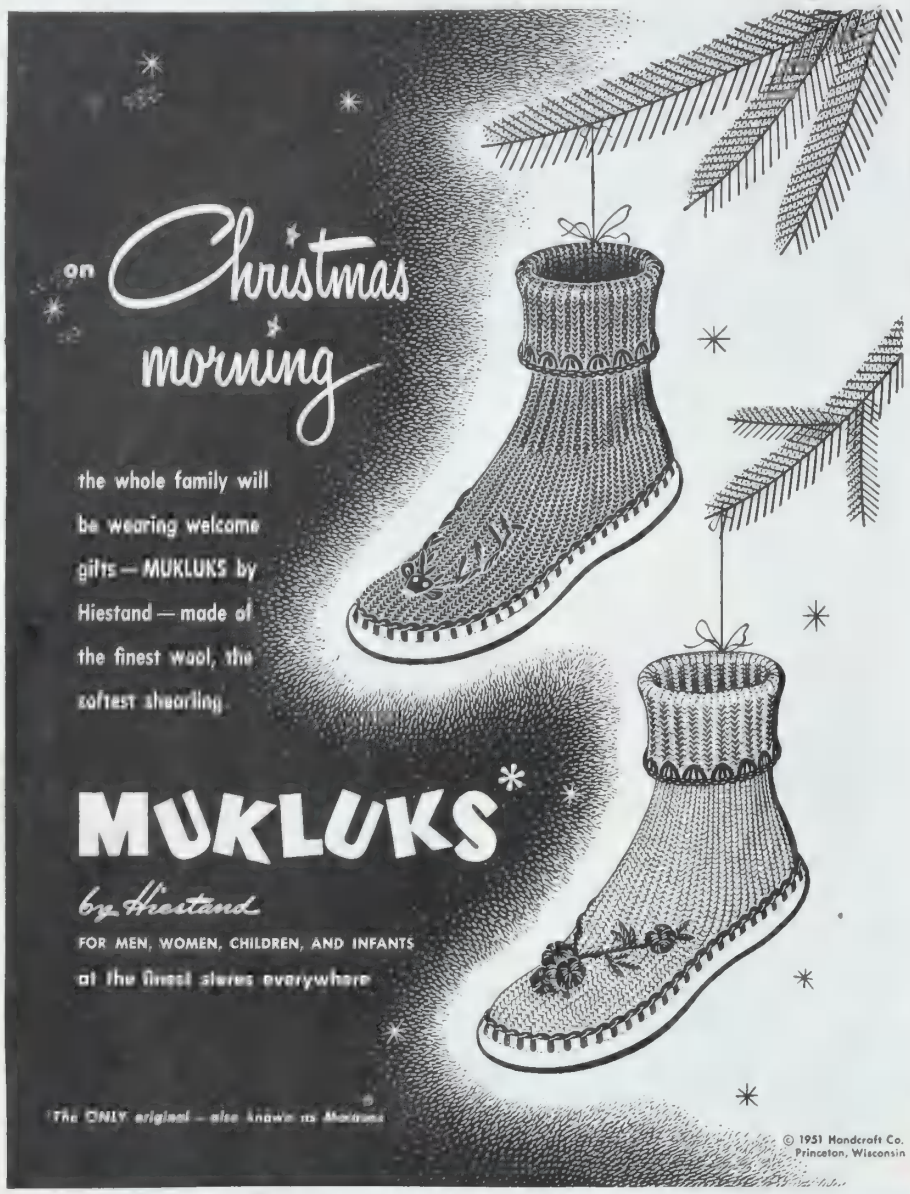
"Where are you going?" cried Lu and mother together.

"I'm going to call up the Ventnors and have this thing out. Tell them what I think of the whole thing. I'm going to tell Art to have a physical exam. If nobody else around here will take any action, I will."

She went out, letting the door swing to and fro after her. Mother ran after her. Lu sobbed and dashed upstairs. Father and I simply sat in the kitchen and listened to Elsie give a number to the operator. We knew it was useless to stop her. Ill-health was the weapon upon which she had seized to stop the wedding. We would have to wait for that weapon to melt in her hands.

We did not have to wait long. The net result of that unpleasant telephone call was





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that Art had a thorough physical examination the very next day at the Presbyterian Hospital. The doctor in charge of his case reported to us that he would have been an A-1 physical specimen, had it not been for asthma and a slight case of heat rash on his left instep. Lu had returned to college. When she was told the news, via telephone, she was jubilant.

In the face of these indisputable facts, Aunt Elsie seemed inclined to be reasonable. She smiled and raised her left eyebrow and said, "That relieves my mind on one score!" I wondered what the other still unsettled score was. Elsie would never be content simply to call off the battle of wits she had started with Lu. She told Lu that she wanted to have a final talk with her about Art, a final settlement of ideas. She had a few important things to say to Lu, and the wedding plans could not proceed until she had said them.

Time was growing short, and there were many preparations which demanded attention before the wedding on June sixth. By cutting two classes Lu was able to come to Glencoe the next morning to talk with her mother—to settle the score.

Early in the day Elsie and Peggy got up to prepare breakfast. I think Elsie was very conscious of my father's appraising eye upon her, for she made a great effort to be helpful about the house. When the breakfast dishes were done, she took off her apron, wiped her hands, and said, "Come on, Peggy-weggy. Let's go for a walk." I watched them as they went, hand in hand and half skipping, down the walk into the May sunshine. They had the gayness and unconscious congeniality of two children, not that of mother and daughter. When I left for the commuters' train to Chicago, they had not returned and Lu had not yet arrived.

This was one morning I was sorry I must go to work. At home Elsie was trying to shape the course of her daughter's life. I felt sure of that. Now that the ill-health theory had exploded, she must have thought of something to take its place.

The thought uppermost in my mind all day was to get home early to see what had evolved from the talk between Aunt Elsie and Lu. Work was tedious. Finally I was able to finish the news reports and get the five-thirty train to Glencoe. All the way home I wondered, *Who has won? Lu or Elsie?* When I walked up to our front door, I saw them. They were sitting on the front porch with a table between them. Elsie was smiling and moving little black men around a checkered board while Lu explained chess.

"Castles," Lu said, "can move at right angles as far as they are able, and knights move one ahead and two to the side or two to the side and one ahead."

Elsie moved a castle and a knight into experimental positions and hummed a theme from the Jupiter Symphony. She smiled fondly at Lu. Their faces were rosy with the reflection of the sunset, which threw streaks of red and gold across the housetops. They glowed with the rare harmony of their spirits.

I hurried inside to find mother. She could explain this remarkable reversal in attitude between Elsie and Lu. When I came upon her, mixing potato salad in the breakfast room, she looked up and gestured toward the front porch.

"*Voilà* a veritable Naomi and Ruth!" she exclaimed significantly. "Lu arrived about ten this morning, and she sat with her mother on the front porch for three solid hours talking the whole thing out. It was a private conference, so I was not there. All I can say is that they both looked very serious, and they both spoke quietly. At one o'clock they came in to lunch with their arms around each other, and Elsie announced that she is reconciled to the wedding. Lu had told Elsie she would marry Art, with or without her mother's consent, so Elsie said to her, 'Then I give you my blessing.' They've been playing happily together all afternoon."

(Continued on Page 162)



Beautiful Christmas Cards by Rust Craft

bring joy to your dear ones away from home!



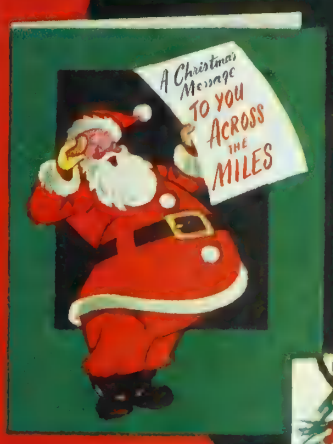
From Back Home



For Sweetheart



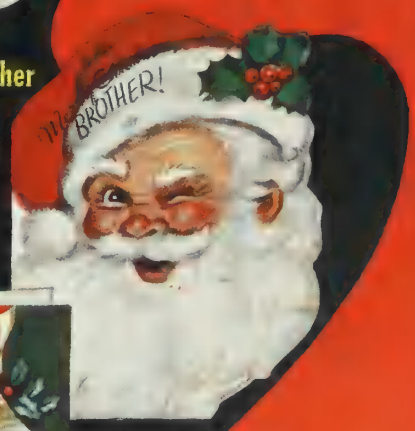
Son



Across the Miles



God Bless You Wherever You Go



Brother



Someone Special



Remembering You

Christmas Cards From Home . . .

warm and welcome messages that mean so much!

Rust Craft Cards — especially written for Son, Daughter, Husband, Brother, Sister, Nephew, Grandson, and others — carry a message from the heart, expressed sentimentally or in a light vein, whichever you prefer.

YOUR RUST CRAFT DEALER has a complete and attractive assortment of cards, including those shown here, for your individual choice.

SELECT THEM EARLY — MAIL THEM EARLY to be sure your messages arrive in time for Christmas.

Sold only at better stores, not from door to door

RUST CRAFT GREETING CARDS OF CHARACTER

BOSTON — Rust Craft — TORONTO

IT'S A REAL PLEASURE
TO TAKE MY DOG WALKING
SINCE I DISCOVERED
KEN-L-RATION



KEN-L-RATION



the dog food
packed with

LEAN, RED MEAT

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

*That's right, you're feeding your dog lean, red meat when you feed Ken-L-Ration. Just open a can and look. Those chunks of lean, red meat you see are from choice steaks, roasts and chops of U. S. Government Inspected horsemeat. What's more, Ken-L-Ration gives your dog all the known "dog health" vitamins and minerals.

Costs less
than butcher meat!

Ken-L-Ration costs less—far less —than butcher meat! It's *one* dog food that does right by your dog and your budget, too. Get Ken-L-Ration at your favorite store . . . very next time you're shopping.

KEN-L-RATION
DOGS LOVE IT! CATS TOO!

(Continued from Page 160)

I returned to the porch.

Elsie was studying the chessboard. She said, "But Lucy, dear, didn't you tell me pawns could move two ahead?"

Lu replied gently, "Yes, mother, but only on their first move."

I went over and sat down on the glider, the better to observe this scene of peace. I wondered how long it would last.

The next week was one of ill-health for Aunt Elsie. She was very quiet and often retired to her room, complaining of a headache. The round of showers which Lu's friends gave for her did not much interest her mother, who did not feel well enough to go to them. As for the trousseau shopping, which occupied all Lu's spare time, it was my mother and not Aunt Elsie who advised and helped the bride-to-be. It was mother who went in town with Lu and showed her the best stores, pointed out the best buys, and helped Lu select the first really fine lingerie and linen she had ever owned. Lu would return home in the late afternoons enthusiastic over the beautiful things she had found, and she would proudly show them to Elsie, who was reclining in a chair or just getting up from a nap.

"Mother, just look at this!" Lu would say, holding up an ivory-colored lacy slip.

"Yes, it's beautiful, dear," Elsie would agree. Then she would pay no more attention.

Something inside her seemed to interest her far more than anything we could say. When we spoke to her, she would start up as if she had been called back from a great distance, back from her thoughts and her private plans.

Often she went out alone for long walks. When we asked where she was going, she would reply, "Out to enjoy the sunset," or "Where I can be alone with God," or simply "Nowhere." One evening about six-thirty she announced to us that she was "going out to think."

"But, dear," said my mother, "couldn't you wait until after dinner? It'll be on the table in half an hour."

Elsie pulled a red sweater over her cotton dress. "No," she said. "No, I couldn't wait another minute. Sunset will be gone in another hour." She spoke in a slow, quiet voice which had undertones of warning in it. We said no more about it, but watched her start off down the street just as the twilight was deepening into night.

I SET the table for dinner, slowly putting the linen mats in their accustomed places. There was no need to hurry. I knew Elsie's walk would take a full hour. And since the avowed purpose of this one was "to think," it might take even longer. Elsie has an unspoiled genius for appreciating the harmony and beauty of Nature. I have known her to return from such walks actually ennobled by a pantheistic communication with God, the pettiness gone from her. But when she is greatly troubled, not even the outdoors and the sunset can free her from her thoughts.

Soon my father arrived home from his office. He read the afternoon mail. He sat down in his easy chair and went slowly and methodically through the evening paper. At seven-thirty, he asked wistfully when we would have dinner.

"Elsie's been out walking since six-thirty," mother explained. "We've been waiting for her."

Father got up and lit his pipe. He threw the match into the fireplace with an angry gesture. "Anybody who doesn't have enough sense to come home to dinner," he said tersely, "doesn't deserve to get any."

That settled the question. We sat down and ate without Elsie. By this time the night was deepening from purple into black. Mother's eyes kept straying away from the table to glance anxiously out the front window. Once, while the dessert was being served, she said, "John, what do you suppose Elsie could be doing? Out by herself at this time of night!"

My father leaned back in his chair and said, "Don't worry. She's old enough to know how to come in out of the dark."

After dinner father went off in his car to call on a patient, and Peggy went out to play with a high-school girl next door. Mother and I sat by ourselves in the library. We read the paper and commented upon the fashions shown on the women's page. I suggested to mother that "bells" was an exciting card game for two people. She said she did not feel up to it tonight. I did not either really. We both preferred to wait, to see what the night would bring. By that time it was nine o'clock. Mother got up and peered out the window into the darkness of the street. Then she went over to the telephone and looked at it as if she expected it to move.

"What on earth could have happened to Elsie!" she exclaimed in a agitated voice.

Father, who had just returned, walked in and said, "She's probably visiting a friend of yours."

We heard Peggy slam the screen door and run upstairs. Mother sat up straight and said to me in a worried voice, "She wouldn't have visited any of my friends without letting me know. She might be anywhere. She might have been run over." She rose and, pressing the palms of her hands together, she continued, "Elsie's so unbalanced. So terribly unbalanced. She might be wandering around the streets all by herself almost hysterical. She might do anything."

The telephone in the dining room rang. Mother ran for it and picked up the receiver as if it were a red-hot coal.

"Hello," she said. I saw the muscles in her face relax. "But Elsie, where are you? We've been so worried about you." Then I saw the expression on her face change from relief to bewilderment. Lines of strain returned to her forehead and her mouth. She said, "All right. All right," and slowly laid the receiver in its cradle again. She came in and looked at us. "Elsie says not to worry. She says she's all right. She is out 'taking care of my daughter's business.' She wouldn't tell me where she is. I could hear another woman talking in the background."

I take great comfort in God. . . . I think He would not let us get at the matchbox so carelessly as He does unless He knew that the frame of His universe was fireproof.
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The phrase "taking care of my daughter's business" sounded familiar to me. I had read it in a letter Elsie wrote to mother. At the time, she had been referring to her afternoons with the Hillside fortuneteller. Now she was out talking to some stranger about Lu. A person who could know only the twisted and perverted side of the story must be giving advice to Elsie. Elsie would tell the stranger only half of the truth and receive his advice as if it were gospel!

As the town clock struck ten-thirty, Aunt Elsie walked into the house and into the library. Without saying a word, she sat down on a high stool by the door. Her chest was working up and down, and her sweater was snagged. Her eyes were steely with a kind of crazy firmness. She looked quickly at each of us, her head jerking from one to another.

"I suppose you want to know where I've been," she said. "Well, I'll tell you where. I've been out talking with God." She said it matter-of-factly, as if daring us to question her word. "Yes. I've been out talking with God." She paused, and there was complete silence, broken only by the heaving wheeze of Elsie's chest. Then she threw her head up high. "There will be no wedding," she announced. "I've been out talking with God, and we decided there will be no wedding."

My father leaned forward quickly in his chair and looked at Elsie through narrowed eyelids. "Who was with you when you were talking to God?" he asked in a brusque, demanding tone. "There was someone with you. Louise said she heard a voice behind yours when you called."

Elsie straightened up defensively. "It was a friend of mine. Someone you don't know." Her voice was defiant and evasive.

Father sprang out of his chair and came over to Elsie. Looking directly down at her, he growled, "Don't stall. Who was it that got you so excited?"

Elsie's response to his rough tone was almost a reflex action. "Madame Duvar, the fortuneteller," she said in a quick, frightened whisper.

There was a moment of silence as father, satisfied, walked angrily back to his chair. I looked again at Elsie's snagged sweater and the frightened, half-crazy look in her gray eyes, and pity mingled with disgust for a woman who, in a crucial situation, preferred to trust the cockeyed calculations of a stranger rather than her own common sense. She depended upon a fortuneteller to mother her and give her orders.

My father snapped out another question. "What's this fortuneteller have to do with God? Who is she to say there'll be no wedding?"

ELSIE'S eyes widened slowly, as if she did not understand how so stupid a question could have been asked. She answered with dignity, "But fortunetellers are wonderful spiritual people. They know more about God than anyone else. Sometimes I feel myself getting petty and narrow. When I'm too concerned with my own troubles to get close to God, I go to fortunetellers, and they help me."

Father snorted and tossed his head. "Look here," he said. "Get that silly, superstitious nonsense out of your head. Right now. And hereafter I never want to catch you throwing your money away on those fool idiots who look into glass balls and pretend to see something."

He was a little too brutal. Tact has never been father's strong quality. The disgust in his movements and the rebuke of his commands acted as a dash of cold water to rouse Elsie and bring her up fighting. She rose and stood in the center of the room, smiling cynically at us all, her fingers twitching at her sweater. Her voice was firm and tense.

"Listen to this. I will combat that marriage with every weapon at my command as long as there is an ounce of strength in my dying body. My daughter will not be bought by a filthy rich invalid. A man so greedy for power that he works himself to death! I will not let him buy her because he is rich and we are poor. He forgets that I, at least, have *my* respect." She took long, slow steps up and down the room, her arms swinging from her shoulders like pendulums, loose and jointless. Then she stopped dead in her tracks and turned on us. "No, I've never had love. I've never been popular. No, I've never had money. But I'm not blind. I still have my ideals. And I say there will be no marriage. Why should Lu have money? I never had it and I'm alive. Why should she marry a pale genius? My husband isn't pale, and he is no genius either. This boy thinks his brains can buy her. The whole family's buying her. Fool's gold. Fool's gold. That's what they dangle in front of her."

Elsie stopped and looked at us. Mother started to speak, but before she was able Elsie cried out in a high voice:

"Say something, all of you. What do you say? Are you with God and me? Or do you prefer the fool's gold?" She was quiet and stared at us again. Then she broke into a loud laugh which grew louder and louder and echoed throughout the house. "All right, my friends, I'll leave you alone to think about the wedding. About how there won't be a wedding. I'll go. I'll leave you." She turned her back on us and flung herself out of the room. I saw her start for the stairs still swinging her arms like two pendulums. On the bottom step she turned to us, her voice suddenly soft. "Good night, Louise. Good night, John. Good night, Annie, my love." Then she went up the stairs humming to herself.

The next morning the heat had already pushed the thermometer mercury up to ninety degrees. By midday the humid atmosphere seemed to press down upon the sidewalks until the concrete bent under the force. Where there are hills, one at least for he has a place to hide from the sun. Surrounded by the flatness of Glencoe, we f

(Continued on Page 165)



GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN FAST!

BRILLO

gives

twice the shine— in half the time!

Cut your kitchen work in half—with Brillo! A sturdy Brillo pad just whisks gummy, crusty pans bright-as-new—in a jiffy!

New "scorchy pan" tests on crusty aluminums *prove* Brillo shines pans *better* and *faster* than any other cleanser tested. Scientific shine-meters show Brillo actually gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time!*

The spunky metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap just *lifts* off crust! Cleans baked-out roasters and scorchy saucepans *fast!*

And there's jeweler's polish in Brillo soap—to make pots and pans *shine!* Use Brillo every day to keep aluminums *brilliant!* Perfect for ovens and stove burners, too!

Brillo Soap Pads (Red box)—The soap is *right in* the pad!
Brillo Cleanser (Green box)—Pads plus cake soap!



Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW IMPROVED BRILLO LASTS LONGER! ... MORE SHINES IN EVERY PAD!

BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



TRY this unusual idea for a beautiful centerpiece on your Thanksgiving dining table . . . a miniature candlelit forest. First cover a shallow box top with dried brown pine needles, wire tips of spruce, cedar and red-berried holly to toothpicks and stick securely into the surface of your box top. Leave a curving path *bare* through your forest of trees . . . then border with tiny birthday candles. Bank the sides of your box with ivy, evergreen and holly.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS . . . offering you a chance to discover whether you have a talent for art. And chances are you have . . . if you like to draw, sketch or paint. And that's important . . . because artists (especially women artists!) are in great demand. There's big money in art, too . . . lots and lots of it. Best of all, you can earn money at home . . . so let me send you this:



FREE ART TALENT TEST . . . an easy, but completely scientific test that quickly tells whether you have a talent for art. It was developed as a result of 36 years experience by one of the world's great art schools and has already helped thousands toward an art career. You can take it at home in your spare time . . . FREE of charge. Just send your name, age and address to Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

And don't delay . . . for if you do have a definite flair for art you should find out right away and begin turning it into money. Just remember one thing . . . you may be talented and not know it . . . only the Art Talent Test can tell.

BUT ANY DAUGHTER OF EVE can "paint" a pretty picture of *herself* . . . especially when she depends on CO-ETS to lend a helping hand. They're handy quilted cotton squares, you know . . . downy-soft, silken-smooth and absorbent as only the very finest cotton can be. That's why I consider a CO-ET my best "bet" wherever beauty is served . . . for applying rouge and powder, lotions, astringents and foundations . . . as well as removing excess make-up, nail polish and other make-you-prettier tasks. Which reminds me . . . CO-ETS make wonderful sachets. For added glamour and enchantment, try this:



Saturate several CO-ETS with your very special perfume and tuck them into lingerie drawers, dress pockets, luggage, hat boxes and purses. For gala evenings, tack a scented CO-ET inside the neckline of your dress.

CO-ETS are truly a priceless beauty aid . . . yet cost only 35¢ for the large economy package with 80 quilted squares . . . 19¢ for 40. At all Drug and Cosmetic Counters.

WHICH REMINDS ME . . . every pretty picture should have a pretty frame. So pay particular attention to your hair . . . it can (and should!) be your crowning glory. And John Robert Powers, famous beauty authority, gives this advice—he recommends KREML Shampoo to all his models. It's easy to understand why, too . . . for, unlike drying shampoos that leave hair dry, brittle and unruly, KREML Shampoo has a *natural oil base* . . . so leaves hair silky soft, a perfect darling to manage and even encourages any natural curl. Another thing I like about KREML Shampoo is its special cleansing qualities . . . they bring out all your hair's natural highlights and make it glisten with natural glamorous sheen. And get KREML Hair Tonic for Friend Husband . . . that ideal way to keep his hair neatly groomed and handsomely in place. Comes in a new package now at the lowest price in KREML history . . . the 16-oz. size saves you up to 40%.

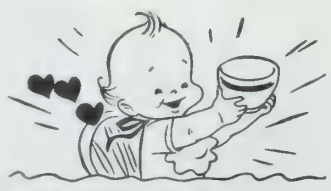


AND NOW A WORD about my favorite subject . . . babies. They give you so much joy but demand so little . . . only to be well fed and kept comfortable. That's why I think every mother should keep Johnson's BABY OIL and Johnson's BABY POWDER in constant attendance in the nursery . . . for this particular "twosome" offers baby-safe protection against irritation, chafing and prickles . . . helps keep baby soothed, sweet and happy. The reason is this . . . both these fine products are made especially to "agree" with baby's delicate skin by America's foremost makers of baby products . . . Johnson & Johnson. But you be the judge:



Smooth on Johnson's BABY OIL at every diaper change, apply to baby's scalp and body after every bath . . . see how this pure, soothing oil helps prevent skin irritation. And sprinkle on soft, silky Johnson's BABY POWDER often . . . note how it wards off little chafes and prickles.

Just be sure you ask for Johnson's BABY OIL and Johnson's BABY POWDER though . . . I don't "vouch" for any other kind.

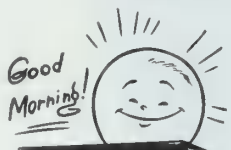


AND SPEAKING OF BABIES, I'd like to pass along a bit of advice given to me by my pediatrician . . . when I asked him to recommend a baby cereal, he said "CREAM OF RICE". Then went on to explain that this creamy-smooth rice cereal has 3 important advantages over any other kind of cereal:

1. CREAM OF RICE is *easier to digest* . . . as well as least likely of all kinds of cereals to cause allergic reactions. 2. It gives *quicker nutrition* . . . new life begins to pour into the system in minutes. 3. Gives *more energy* . . . for it not only has a higher digestible carbohydrate content, but Vitamins B_1, B_2 and Niacin are added, plus Iron for rich, red blood and better growth.

And do babies like CREAM OF RICE? Indeed they do . . . and if I can believe my own baby's reaction, it's the most delicious dish I give her. I'm sure your baby will love it, too . . . in fact, your whole family will enjoy CREAM OF RICE, the cereal child specialists recommend.

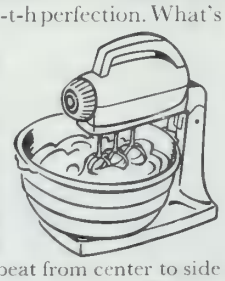
BEFORE I TELL YOU about a cereal for the rest of the family, let me urge you to serve a *better* breakfast every morning . . . one consisting of fruit or fruit juice, cereal, bread and butter and beverage. And for the best cereal, I recommend POST-TENS . . . a wonderful assortment of 7 different and delicious Post Cereals in 10 individual packages. Just think what this means . . . you simply put POST-TENS on the table and let the family help themselves. With such a wide and wonderful choice, there's no menu monotony, either . . . they can enjoy an old favorite as often as they like or try a new treat every day. For example, POST-TENS offers:



3 pkgs. of Post Toasties, 2 of Grape-Nuts Flakes, 1 of Post's Sugar Crisp, 1 of Post's 40% Bran Flakes, 1 of Grape-Nuts, 1 of Post's Raisin Bran, 1 of Nabisco Shredded Wheat.

POST-TENS are truly a treat to taste, a "toast" to health . . . a wonderful way to greet the day.

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR THANKSGIVING DINNER and other holiday menus . . . and let me point out that a GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-Whip Mixer is the most useful helper-outer you can have. I use mine around-the-clock all year long . . . for it not only makes my work easier, but every dish is s-m-o-o-t-h perfection. What's the G-E Triple-Whip Mixer like? Just listen:



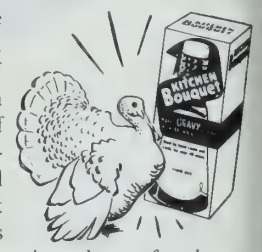
It has a new improved speed selector out in front so you can get the right amount of power, a wonderful juicer and 3 beaters . . . which beat from center to side of bowl for ideal mixing action. They're easier to clean, too . . . because there are no center shafts. And the built-in light shines directly down into the bowl to spotlight those fancy mixing jobs. *And* . . . a 2-quart and 4-quart bowl come with every mixer. But visit your G-E Dealer and see the G-E Triple-Whip Mixer yourself.

FREE Recipe Booklet . . . beautifully illustrated in color with 56 quick, easy, taste-tempting treats. So HURRY . . . write Nancy Sasser, Dept. S9, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. for *yours* today!

A LOOK AT THE CALENDAR and you'll know it's time to think about Christmas giving . . . so let me suggest one gift that gives and gives and gives. That's right . . . I mean a PRESTO Cooker. In my opinion, it's just about the nicest present you could give any homemaker (present or future!) . . . for a PRESTO Cooker promises holiday cheer three times a day, every day throughout the year. But let me explain . . . when you give a PRESTO Cooker, you give up to 300 *extra* hours of kitchen *freedom* . . . because it cooks meals 3 to 4 times faster. You also give more delicious, more nutritious meals . . . for a PRESTO Cooker seals in health-giving natural vitamins, minerals and food flavors. And remember . . . only PRESTO Cookers have the Pressure-Tru Indicator which makes pressure cooking so easy, so sure, so safe. PRESTO Cookers are available at better Housewares Stores everywhere. Stop in soon . . . and do your Christmas shopping early.



IT WOULDN'T BE THANKSGIVING without Mr. Gobbler . . . and he wouldn't be "himself" without a dark, rich, lusciously-tasting gravy. That's why I urge you to get KITCHEN BOUQUET today and start making perfect gravy without further delay! Not that it requires practice, though . . . because KITCHEN BOUQUET *always* rewards with an *extra-rich, extra-brown* and *extra-delicious* gravy. Doesn't add any artificial flavor like other gravy aids I've used, either . . . for KITCHEN BOUQUET is a delicate blend of choicest vegetables, herbs and spices . . . so it simply brings out the true, *natural* goodness of turkey or any other fowl or meat. But why go on . . . once you try KITCHEN BOUQUET you'll know why it's been the favorite gravy secret of good cooks for over 75 years . . . and will depend on it to help you make perfect gravy every time . . . all the time! The cost? Oh-so little . . . and just a little at a time is all you need.



YOU'LL WANT TO SERVE lots of quick, easy, economical protein main dishes, too . . . and DEMING'S Recipe Salmon is your best answer. I don't know of any other rich-in-protein food with such a delightful, taste-enticing flavor, or so versatile and satisfying, either . . . still it's priced to please the smallest budget. For proof, get DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon and try this new, quick, **Full-o'-Salmon** Loaf . . . serves four for only 69¢!



Drain and flake into small pieces, removing skin and bone, 2 cups DEMING'S Recipe Salmon (1 lb.). Add and blend together thoroughly ⅓ cup celery chopped fine, ⅓ cup onion, chopped fine, 1 sprig parsley, chopped fine, ½ cup fine bread crumbs, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ tsp. salt, pepper to taste. Pack into small greased loaf pan, sprinkle generously with paprika. Bake 45 mins. in moderate oven (375° F.)

And for sandwiches, salads and croquettes deluxe, depend on DEMING'S Sam-o-lets . . . a delicious lightmeat salmon with an *exclusive* DEMING'S feature . . . salmon with the skin removed

Nancy Sasser

FOR A DREAM DESSERT, I suggest this **Chocolate Coconut Chiffon Ring,** made with the dream-team of the year . . . WALTER BAKER'S Premium No. 1 Unsweetened Chocolate and WALTER BAKER'S 4 in 1 Instant Sweet Cocoa Mix. Try it tonight . . . then you'll understand why I say everything chocolate tastes *best* when it's BAKER'S!



Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatine in 1½ cups cold milk. Add ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 2 sq. WALTER BAKER'S Unsweetened Chocolate. Cook over hot water until chocolate melts and gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Beat with rotary beater until well blended. Pour slowly over 3 slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook and stir 3 mins. longer. Cool 10 mins. Add ⅓ cup sugar to 3 stiffly beaten egg whites; beat to stiff peaks. Blend in chocolate mixture. Add 1 tsp. vanilla and half pkg. BAKER'S Coconut, cut. Turn into 1-qt. ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Spread with ½ cup chilled heavy cream and 3 tbsp. WALTER BAKER'S 4 in 1 Cocoa Mix beaten together until fluffy and thick. Top with ½ pkg. BAKER'S Coconut. Makes 8 servings.

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(Continued from Page 162)

terribly at the mercy of the elements, as if we had been bound to the earth in an open field and left to waste beneath the sun. The heat, pervading every corner of our house, brought with it stillness and expectancy which was more than lethargy and impatience with hot weather. It was a stillness and expectancy which centered upon Elsie. We regarded her as tourists do a volcano which was erupting yesterday and may do so again today. Like the tourists, we walked carefully a safe distance from the rim of the volcano and talked in hushed tones about its activities.

I was awakened early that morning by the sticky feeling of the sheets which clung to me. Throwing them aside, I crawled out of bed and went to open the door of my room. I wanted to see if Aunt Elsie were up, for, although I hoped not to meet her in the hall, I was curious to know whether her mood of near-hysteria and foreboding had lasted through the night. But only her closed door met my inquiring glance and returned it with stolid silence. Aunt Elsie was not yet up! Trying not to disturb her, I crept past the closed door and began to sneak downstairs. I had just reached the bottom step when I glanced down at my feet and caught them tiptoeing along furtively. "This is ridiculous!" I exclaimed and, pulling myself erect, I marched into the breakfast room.

Mother was setting fruit juice at the places on the table. I saw that the fine lines between her eyes and across her forehead looked as if they had been traced into their grooves with a gray pencil. On the tender skin under each eye was a gray-blue circle which had followed in the wake of a sleepless night, and great drops of perspiration stood out on her forehead. She looked up quickly and, seeing that it was only I, she smiled.

"Is she up?" mother asked.

"No. I hope she sleeps all morning," I replied. "That's the best way of taking care of her."

What a father says to his children is not heard by the world but it will be heard by posterity. —JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Mother sat down wearily and became absorbed in her own thoughts. Finally she asked, "Ann, how do you think this will all turn out? I feel so responsible for anything that may happen."

"But it isn't your fault," I said. I spoke ferociously, because I was indignant that Aunt Elsie should make mother responsible for the mistake of Lu's wedding.

ELSIE had never said it was mother's fault, but the insinuation was there, like a reptile half hidden beneath murky waters. It was there when she had said, "The Ventnors have fooled you too," and when she flung out the remark, "I should have known you couldn't care for Lu as your own daughter." Now, since last night, another worry weighed upon my mother's shoulders. There was the fear that Elsie was planning some cruel, dramatic way of halting the marriage at the very moment of its realization. She seemed to be waiting for us to complete all the wedding plans so that she could destroy them, like a child who builds his tower as high as possible before he pulls out the bottom block. But if she spoiled Lu's wedding, the last bond of affection between Elsie and her daughter would be broken forever, and my mother would blame herself for it.

"All this can't possibly be your fault," I told mother. "Aunt Elsie could have taken the first train to Glencoe after hearing about the engagement. There would have been plenty of time then to break it off. But Elsie didn't take the trouble to do that."

Mother gazed out the window at the dry June grass and drummed her fingers on the table top. "But she trusted my judgment. She probably felt she couldn't afford to make the trip more than once."

"She could have got the money from you. She must have known you'd give it to her."

Mother did not reply. She seemed to concentrate upon the heat waves outside the window. Trouble sat upon her brow with the solid weight of lead, and occasionally she reached up to wipe away the perspiration which stood out on her forehead.

Aunt Elsie strolled into the room reading a book. A flowered housecoat hung loosely over her breast and hips, and a red hair ribbon pulled her dark hair from her forehead.

I smiled with relief when I noticed that her expression was one of sweet contentment and complete absorption. She was as changeable as the weather, stormy one day and calm the day after. She looked up at us, the thought of the book still filling her eyes. Then she saw us and laughed.

"Goodness, Louise," she said to mother. "You look as if you've never seen anyone read before breakfast."

"Of course I have," replied mother, "but not often! What do you have there that's so fascinating it can't wait? Today at this hour a normal person would be complaining about the heat."

AUNT ELSIE came over to us and hastily pulled out a chair and sat down. "You see this," she said with quick interest. "This is a new book I got last night, and it's wonderful. It explains everything." She closed the book to show us the title. It was a book on astrology.

"Elsie!" mother chided. "You shouldn't waste your time on that silly stuff."

Elsie puckered her forehead in surprise at this. "Of course," she explained hastily, "I don't take it *seriously!* But it *is* amusing. Besides, the heat makes me feel faint, and this takes my mind off it." She cocked her head at mother and added gaily, "Now, Louise, I'll show you how amusing this can be. I'll tell you all about yourself. You were born August twelfth?" Aunt Elsie ruffled the pages of the book to find the section regarding people born in August.

This, I thought, *is the place where the volcano begins to erupt. Just a little bubble at first, but it grows.* Mother and I exchanged glances of mingled amusement and alarm. Then, as mother started toward the kitchen to scramble some eggs, Elsie thumbed through the pages and said:

"It's remarkable how much these descriptions really are like the people born in that month. I was reading it last night, and it gives a good general analysis of each one of us. Here we are," she said triumphantly. Elsie found her place and pressed back the pages of the book. As she started to read there was as much belief in her eyes as if she were consulting the atlas to learn the location of the East Indies. This was more than a game to her. It was belief and fact which could reveal the future for which she lived. It was a book full of recipes for happiness, any one of which might be hers. "Listen to this," she said, her voice ringing through the hot, still house. "'On the day of your birth the Sun Giver of all Life, and Jupiter, the Greater Fortune, dominated the astrological heavens. Your sign, Leo, is symbolized by the Lion. It is known as the Royal Sign.' Now, that's true! You have always been real quality, Louise. And here it says, 'You not only possess the kindness and generosity inherent in all people born under Jupiter but, thanks to Leo, you are also highminded and despise that which is underhanded or petty.' That certainly fits you to a T—a combination of royalty and generosity. That's what makes you so good to everyone. It's in your stars."

I wondered briefly how Elsie would explain a kind person whose goodness did not happen to be recorded in the stars. Mother smiled slightly. "Thank you, dear," she said, "but won't you agree that there are people like me who weren't born under the sign of Leo?"

"Probably," Elsie admitted doubtfully. "But this shows you're naturally kind and unselfish. The rest of us weren't born that way and can't be that way." She read on, absentmindedly sipping some coffee she had poured. "Look here," she said suddenly. "It says, 'No matter how humble your home, you convert it into a palace.' Certainly you can't deny the truth in that. You have a flair for interior decorating. Here you have this

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exquisite house, beautifully furnished in every detail. This beautiful kitchen!" She looked about her and her voice became low and sad. "Who could ask for a pleasanter place to live? I sometimes think the reason I've been fated to live in a dingy little house all my life is that I was born under the sign of Taurus. As a Taurian I am forever giving, pouring out my affection on other people, and I don't have time to worry about my own surroundings."

Elsie did not stop to consider the discrepancy of this remark with her statement that mother, as a Leonian, was uniquely unselfish. She read on without looking up to notice the glance of amusement I was giving her.

"You know," she said happily, "I might as well read right through what it says. I don't know what parts will interest Louise most. Here it says, 'Whatever your life work may be, Jupiter is an omen for success. It especially favors judges, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, bankers—important people generally.'"

I wished that Elsie would be quiet. It was a hot, humid day early in the morning, and, after the previous night, I was not truly amused at her inane love for this stuff. I did not think mother was amused either. From the kitchen came only the sound of eggs sizzling over a hot fire.

Elsie droned on. "'Your natural masterfulness and your executive ability make success almost inevitable.' Why, Louise! How true! You've always been a success, and just the most persistent person!" Elsie smiled at me in sheer good humor and read on. "'Your good health must be guarded. Leonians occasionally display a tendency toward tonsillitis, laryngitis and diphtheria.'"

"Ann"—mother's voice interrupted the reading—"Ann, come in here and see if you can work this ventilator. It sticks."

I ran into the kitchen and found that the fire on the stove made the room unbearable and smoky. Mother was jerking faintly at the cord which operates the ventilator. When she stood aside to let me manage it, I saw that her face was drained of blood and sickly white. She passed one hand weakly over her forehead and looked groggy.

"You're feeling faint?" I asked.

Youth is the pursuit of the unattainable, and middle age the realization of its unattainability. —J. F. G. E. MATHEWS: The Silly Season

She nodded. Quickly I guided her to a chair and forced her to put her head between her knees. Then Elsie and I watched anxiously while the blood, little by little, drained back into mother's face and chased away a little of the whiteness.

Finally she laughed softly and said, "I guess the hot weather's too much for me. I'd better lie down somewhere."

Aunt Elsie and I each supported her and helped her walk out to the shaded front porch. We propped her feet up higher than her head and gave her a large fan to keep the summer heat from distilling on her brow and upper lip. A half hour later she was laughing at her predicament.

"I've never felt faint before in my entire life," she said. "This is a ridiculous way for me to act. I think I'll get up."

She started to swing herself out of the glider upon which she had been lying, but I looked at her and saw her skin still too pale, drawn tight over her cheeks and wrinkled into folds which followed the line of her jaw. I saw the tired slump of her shoulders, and I said, "You lie down for a little while longer. Father's the doctor here. I think I'll just call him and tell him what's happened."

"Ridiculous!" mother muttered. "A fuss over nothing!" but she lay down on the glider again. Then I knew she did not feel well.

It took the operator at the hospital ten minutes to locate my father and get him to the nearest telephone, but when I told him that mother felt faint and did not look well, he was alarmed. As usual in such a situation, he snapped out directions and questions in a brusque tone. "Almost fainted? How'd it happen? What time? That's serious for her. With a heart like hers, we can't have her circulatory system pulling any tricks. Keep her cool and lying down till I get home. Give her cold drinks."

After he hung up, the doorbell rang. I ran to answer it, but when I reached the door Elsie was already there, receiving a large, bulky package from the arms of an expressman. Mother was sitting upon the edge of the glider, looking expectant. I told her with kindly firmness that doctor's orders were to lie down, and so she did, but only after Elsie and I had promised to unwrap the package there on the porch where she could see.

Elsie set the package down carefully in the middle of the floor and said, "It's big enough!"

"I wonder whether we ought to unwrap it," I said dolefully. I knew it was a wedding present, because the package, addressed to Lu, was covered with bright labels which read, "Fragile. Handle with care."

"I don't think she'd mind if we opened it," said Elsie.

Lu wouldn't be in Glencoe for another two days. This might be something that should not be left packed in raffia. Mother and Elsie agreed quickly that Lu would like to have us unwrap it. I ran to get newspapers to protect the floor from the packings, and I brought scissors for cutting the heavy cords around the box. Soon, with great ceremony, I turned back its cardboard flaps and began to dig carefully down into the box. Finally my fingers struck something hard and, parting the raffia around it, I lifted out a big crystal bowl. I held it up so we could all see its gentle convex curve from bottom to edge, so we could admire the clear, shimmering depth of its glass.

Elsie spoke softly. "Oh, it's lovely. It's beautiful. May I see it?" She quickly reached for the bowl.

As I handed it to her, Elsie's hand trembled and jerked. In a second the crystal bowl had tumbled to the floor and had crashed into countless pieces at our feet. We all looked at it in silence.

Then mother pursed her lips and said, "Is there a card? Who sent it?"

Elsie looked very much ashamed and astonished with herself. She had not meant to break the bowl. She had not meant to, yet why did she falter the minute she had it in her hands? As she grasped the bowl, I had felt her fingers quiver as if a sudden chill had shot through them. Perhaps it was because the bowl did not belong to her. Elsie seemed the victim of a desire to smash everything that would make Lu happy. Even though she might consciously combat it, she could not overcome this desire. When I saw the bowl crash, I thought of a child who hopes to kill a snail by scratching its shell.

Aunt Elsie went over to my mother and looked down at her. "I'm sorry," she said. "I don't see how it happened. But, after all, I don't think she'll be needing that sort of thing. I know she won't need it."

Mother sat up and studied Elsie. Finally she said, "She'll need it, all right. But she must understand how it was broken."

Three days before the wedding Uncle Richmond came to Glencoe. I was glad to see him, for I hoped his friendly smile and soothing words might make everything seem right again. He had a leisurely, everything-for-the-best philosophy of life which our family very much needed, and I trusted him to prescribe the cure for the mental anxiety and turmoil his wife had created. His train pulled into Union Station late on the Thursday afternoon before the wedding, and I and father and I were there to meet it.

We stood just inside the gates to the train shed, with a swarm of other people who formed an aisle through which the travelers might walk. There were so many people waiting for the train from Great Falls that we were pressed against one another and pushed back from the gate. Lu was happy to be seeing her father again. She pressed my elbow and whispered, "Isn't this exciting?" We watched the people come from the tr

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shed in ones, and twos, and threes, businessmen carrying portfolios, and women with their children. We saw a portly man with a big cigar being kissed by his little wife. We saw a harried young mother carry her crying baby from the train. And there was Richmond! He wore a gray suit, too heavy for the heat of the day, and carried a small, badly tattered calfskin suitcase.

When he saw us waving at him he grinned broadly, so that his gold tooth showed, and strode over to us. Putting down his suitcase, he enveloped Lu in his long arms. "Well, baby, how are you?" he drawled affectionately, kissing her on the chin. Then he kissed me, too, and shook hands with my father in the frank, hearty way men have.

I knew that father had two complete and entirely different sets of feelings about Richmond. He had no respect for a man who did not have enough ingenuity to provide for his family, but he had a great deal of respect for the man who had been able to live in the same house with Aunt Elsie for twenty years. When he greeted Richmond, he greeted him as the husband of Elsie, and his eyes and handclasp were full of cordial esteem.

Lu took her father's arm and led him through the crowd to the outside, where our car was parked. She smiled up at him and said, "We aren't wasting any time. You're going to get a chance to meet your future son-in-law tonight. The Ventnors are coming over to dinner. We just have time to get you out to Glencoe and settled before they arrive."

Uncle Richmond replied, "Why, all right, baby. That's fine. Just fine."

Aunt Elsie was waiting to meet us when we arrived home. She was standing in the doorway dressed in a dark summer sheer with many delicate white ruffles around the neck. Elsie has always loved ruffles. When she wears them, she assumes a piquant, birdlike expression, a pleasant consciousness that she is looking feminine. When Richmond came up to her, she simply said "Hello" and stuck forward her head. Uncle Richmond gave her a dutiful peck on the forehead.

THEN she said, "Did you have a hard trip?" and, without waiting for a reply, "I'm glad your train wasn't too late. You must go up and dress right away. The Ventnors will be here in forty-five minutes." She shooed him upstairs before he had time to think about it, calling after him, "Yours is the front room on the right. Lu will show you the way."

So casual! I exclaimed to myself. If Aunt Elsie had felt any emotion upon seeing her husband three days before their daughter's wedding, she had not shown it. Even after a three weeks' vacation from him, she had treated him merely as if he had just returned home from a day's work.

As she turned away from the stairs, she pursed her lips and said to my mother, "I hope Richmond remembers to put on a clean shirt. I usually have to insist upon things like that. He laughs when I tell him about it and then next time goes ahead and does the same old thing again."

Her brow contracted into an annoyed line as she thought of Richmond's troublesome, happy-go-lucky ways. No doubt when she was young and naïvely certain that life gave joy to everyone, this same happy way of life had seemed an insurance of a glorious, easy future. But after their marriage, Elsie had quickly discovered that life gives nothing without receiving payment in work. Richmond's easy way prevented him from making money, and it never occurred to Elsie to get a job, so the happiness of stability was never theirs. Richmond's philosophical leisure, which had at first enchanted her, now was hateful to Elsie. She was a romantic dreamer, embittered because her pipe dreams had caught fire and burned up. Having lost all faith and respect for Richmond, she paid only enough attention to him to see that he looked neat.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ventnor and Art arrived, Elsie was the first to greet them. She shook hands for a long time with each of them and was full of gay, lively chatter which

(Continued on Page 169)



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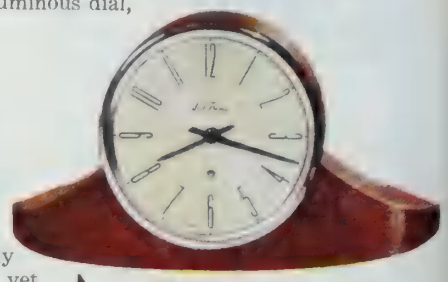


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*Tax extra; prices subject to change

(Continued from Page 167)

nade the ruffles on her bosom bounce up and lown. Her obvious eagerness to please was a harp contrast to her attitude when Art's amily was not present. It occurred to me hat this evening might seem to her a well-poken prologue to the curtain rises and he real show begins. Making affable ad-ances to the guests was her way of speak-ng the prologue well.

Richmond, in contrast to his wife, did not pproach his future in-laws. He stood off to ne side and greeted each of them as they ame up to him. When Art approached him, he deep lines in Richmond's heavy-set face roadened into a grin of greeting. He clasped Art's hand firmly and said, in easy Western ccents, "How are you, boy? I been waiting o meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine, sir," Art said lowly. His thin, serious face lighted up in a mile of gratitude. A spark of friendship had lready been kindled between them.

"I'll tell you, boy," said Richmond, taking Art's arm and guiding him to a chair in the iving room, "I'm glad to add you to our umber, 'cause I like to have people around. Now Elsie's too busy to be around much, and wo daughters aren't much family anyway, o, naturally, at the prospect of having an ddition to the group, I came East the first hance I could. Besides, it's pretty lonely in house all by yourself."

Mrs. Ventnor came over to the chair which Richmond had offered to her and looked at im with interest. "If I had an opportunity o live at the base of the Rocky Mountains," he said, "I would never want to travel any-lace else. It must have hurt to come from God's country to our plains full of dirt and actories."

Aunt Elsie was sitting near the hall, where the slight breeze from the open front door could keep her cool. Now she broke into the conversation. "That's true, Mrs. Ventnor, but you know that Chicago has many more cultural advantages than our little town. And, after all, culture is more important than scenery. One can live in Paradise, but can he be happy with no food for the mind? I've always told Richmond that Chicago—or, even better, New York or Florida—is the place for him."

"And I've never got around to moving there," said Richmond. He said it slowly and easily, as if it had just rolled off his tongue, but he looked straight at Elsie for a second with a glance of stubborn defiance. She smiled wryly, as if to say, "There, you see how it is!" Then Richmond continued, "No, I've never moved, because I know that no place in the world has pleasanter trout fishing than the mountain streams round about Glacier Park and on the slopes of Swan Range. Trout just leapin' by, and when they don't leap, you can sit and wait for 'em."

"Man! Don't tell me you're a fishing fan," shouted Mr. Ventnor. He got up from his chair across the room and moved closer to Uncle Richmond. His massive face beamed with delight. "Why, fishing's one of my first loves. I go up to Canada for it every time I can manage a vacation. That's the place where you can snag a big fish without even asking for one. All you have to do is drop your line into one of those beautiful lakes."

My father broke eagerly into the conversation. "Right you are! During the week we were in Lake o' the Woods last fall, we dragged in four hundred pounds of muskie and wall-eyed pike with no trouble at all."

(Continued on Page 171)

GAY GIFT SLIPPERS

. . . in yarn or felt

Both of these enchanting slipper designs are easy to make and easy to fit. The crocheted ballet slippers have pompoms of tiny wool flowers sparkled with sequins. (Pretty, too, worn as boutonnieres.) Felt scuffs have a gay, Christmasy design . . . prettiest in red and green. Both: small, medium and large.



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To order, turn to Page 26 for coupon.

Felt scuffs with padded sole. The cutout design on the toe is sparkled with sequins. No. 2586, 15¢.

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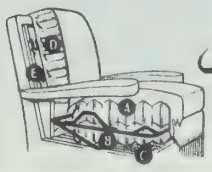


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ROLLA-HEAD®

(Continued from Page 169)

Uncle Richmond threw back his head and ughed. Then he winked at father and said, You fellows can have your big muskie and ll-eyes. But Lu and I'd rather fish in Mon- a. Lu goes into the mountains with me ause we've agreed that, when we go fish- , we like to have time to think about it. hing for trout gives us plenty of time." Elsie leaned forward in her chair and iled faintly. In a bright voice she said, Mr. Ventnor, it's too bad you couldn't ne to Montana this summer so that Rich- nd and Lucille could show you their sacred ing spots." She spoke very clearly, put- g an accent on the words "and Lucille." e insinuation was that Lu would not be h Art this summer, but home, as usual.

Mr. Ventnor's jovial face looked puzzled a minute. He nodded toward Art and d, "I doubt whether Lu could drag Art to ntana. He's never cared much for fishing. sides, he wouldn't leave his job that long." Elsie looked over at Art. He was sitting ide Lu on the sofa. Both of them were lis- ing to the conversation, but they seemed possess the detached, trancelike happiness the young in love. "Oh, so young and so bitious!" Elsie exclaimed. I was startled en I heard her. For a minute I thought I ard a sneering quality in her light, gay ce. But I must have been mistaken, for no else noticed a thing.

Mr. Ventnor agreed cheerfully with Elsie. h, yes, very ambitious." He chuckled. ut, you know," he said, "it's a funny ng about my son. I don't think I'd trust n near the water. He never learned to im."

We all laughed at this, even Art himself. did seem ridiculous for a boy of twenty- ee not to know how to im. Richmond re- rked, "You'd better tch your step on the neymoon in Minnesota, t. If you don't treat right, she may just ck you into the water." r laughter increased. The expensive span gabardine over Mr. Ventnor's stomach aved up and down.

Finally Art said, "Look here, I've got to end myself. I never learned how to swim cause I knew it was safe not to. The human dy can float on water for a long time, and if u're pushed overboard a long way from nd, floating is the best way to conserve ur energy and reach shore. And anyone n float without being taught." Art spoke wly and carefully, as if he were explaining e Pythagorean theorem, but his eyes were inkling.

"I can guarantee it's safe to take Art near e water," said Lu. "He knows whereof he aks, so it's safe to take him fishing." She ked at Elsie and added slowly, "But we uldn't go to Montana to fish on our honey- on, because Art's only got a week and at trip would be too expensive. We're go- g to save money. We couldn't even *postpone* e wedding to go to Montana, because the nt needs Art during the month of July. gets a two-hundred-dollar bonus for being re."

LSIE did not seem to understand this. ou mean, just for being there, he gets o hundred dollars?"

Art spoke in a reassuring voice. "Oh, they ways give you a bonus for getting married. ey make doubly certain to give these nuses just lately when they need men so dly."

Elsie's lips were tight as she listened to t explain the financial advantage of get- g married. Then she said, "So that's what ey do. Well, I can see that you're ambi- us!" She looked at Richmond for a minute he sat stretched out easily in a big chair. knew what she was thinking. She must be inking. *See. See why he's getting married. st because it's to his advantage. She's your ughter. You should do something about it, but u're not capable of action. You don't take ough interest to sit up straight. Art takes an erest and you don't.* Aunt Elsie grew pale neath her powder. She had taken Art's innocent remark and, with practiced skill, twisted it to suit her own interpretation. She got up, muttered, "Excuse me a minute," and left the room.

I suspect she went off to gain control of herself, so that she could smile her way through the rest of the evening and make these people think she was happy about it. But she wasn't happy about it. Mother and father knew it, and I knew it, and poor Lu knew it.

A FLUFF of white lace and marquisette and rose chiffon covered the Colonial four-poster in my room, like layers of pale clouds over earth. An open suitcase rested on a chair and, beside it, Lu stood in her slip, humming and putting things into it. She folded a pair of stockings with great care and tucked them into one corner. Then she took from the closet a smart-looking green-and-white print dress and folded it in tissue paper with tender care. As soon as she had laid it carefully across the top of the suitcase, she turned to me and said, "I can't believe that in three hours I'll be walking down that aisle. In three hours I'll be getting married, and yet today hasn't seemed any different from any other day. How can the day remain unchanged when all this is happening to me?" It seemed unbelievable to me too. If I had not seen all the preparations, helped to press the dresses, driven the car downtown for gas, I would not have believed it. The day was like yesterday and the day before, as though there would be no wedding. Yet there was Lu, humming and packing to go away.

"Lu! Lu! Lu and Ann!" mother called from downstairs. She came up to the landing between floors to speak to us. "I've fixed a few things to eat before we drive to Evanston," she said. "We must have dinner early, because it wouldn't do to get there any later than an hour and a half before the wedding."

Men like advising women better than doing right themselves. —SPURGEON.

Lu and I left what we were doing and went downstairs. We found the rest of the family already helping themselves to a buffet supper on the dining-room table.

When Elsie saw Lu, she put down her plate and came over to her. Kissing Lu on the forehead, she whispered, "May your wedding day be a happy one, dear child."

I felt weak and watery inside when I looked at Elsie, for she seemed to love Lu a great deal. Her gray eyes were shining very brightly, and her voice was low and emotional.

Lu must have felt the same way I did, for I saw her do something she had never done before. She returned her mother's kiss. Then she said, "But this is my wedding day, and I am happy, mother."

Elsie drew Lu to the side of the room. She looked up at her slender daughter and said, "You know, I don't have much time to tell you how I feel. We've had a lot of quarrels. But I want you to know that I love you because you're mine. Promise me that you'll never leave me. I don't have much, and I want to depend on you."

From where I stood facing Elsie, I could see that her gray eyes were wide and intent. There was something about her expression that made her face look a little sharper than usual. Lu interpreted her mother's demand in the only way possible. She said:

"I want it that way, too, mother. I won't leave you. Even when I'm not with you, you and dad and Peggy will hear from me often."

Elsie started to reply when she was interrupted by a shout from across the dining room. My father, smiling and pointing briskly toward the sideboard, cried, "Whoever wants to drink a toast to the bride can help himself to sherry and join in." We all gathered round while mother poured the amber-colored liquid into small glasses, one for each of us. Even Elsie and Peggy accepted a glass of sherry on this special occasion. "Now then," said my father in a happy, serious tone, "here's to the bride. May she always remain lovely." He lifted his glass toward Lu and drank. "May she always remain happy," amended Richmond. A shout



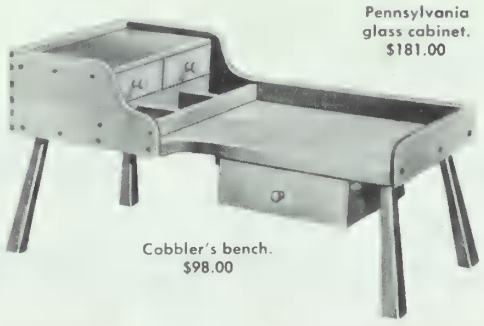
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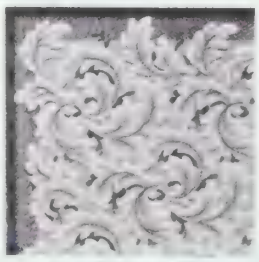
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of approval went up among us. That is, among all of us but Elsie. I saw her touch the wineglass to her lips without swallowing and then quietly put it back on the sideboard. If anyone else noticed the gesture, he interpreted it only as Elsie's characteristic refusal to drink liquor. Mother clapped her hands and Peggy jumped up and down shouting, "Good. Good."

The toast made me feel more as if there was really going to be a wedding. Father and Richmond went upstairs to struggle into their summer formal suits, and we went to pack our long dresses, which we had arranged to put on at Lee Saunders' house. Lee, who lived only about three blocks from the chapel, was to be a bridesmaid. When she suggested we all dress at her house to avoid rumpling our clothes, we had eagerly accepted the offer. Now we carefully folded the dresses and gathered together many last-minute items: a string of pearls for one of the bridesmaids; a big white ribbon to tie onto a floral bouquet; and — oh, yes — Lu must borrow something to carry down the aisle. After a hasty discussion, it was agreed that she should carry one of my white linen handkerchiefs. Next we decided that my father and Richmond should drive to Evanston separately and go directly to the church, while the rest of us, in mother's car, would go to the Saunders' house to dress. Finally mother handed me a large bunch of white flowers to hold in the back seat of the car. Then she slipped in behind the steering wheel, and we started for the university.

It was a simple matter to find our way to Evanston by driving south on Sheridan Road which hugs Northwestern campus as closely as a glove on the hand. When we reached the high Gothic church in which Lu would soon become a bride, we turned right and she was able to guide us directly to the Saunders' house. It was a tremendous old mansion set back from the street. In most towns it would have looked out of place, grotesquely large and rather homely. In Evanston, though, it looked only slightly larger and more homely than most of the houses that line the blocks around the university. A century ago many of these were the town's grand houses, built with the generosity of high ceilings and expensive dark woods. Their owners were well-to-do people, proud to be living near the main street, the university and the lake. Today the section is still a respectable one, but the houses have grown old, like old people. They have become antiquated and worn, to be looked on with respect rather than envy. In one of these old houses Lu would don a new dress that meant to her the beginning of freedom.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.
—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MRS. SAUNDERS led mother and Aunt Elsie through the dark old hall and up the mahogany stairway to the second floor, while Lu, Peggy and I followed behind them. We came to a big light room on the southern side of the house. It was Lee Saunders' room, and she and the three other bridesmaids were already getting dressed. Their clothes were carefully spread out on the high, darkly stained bed, and their evening slippers were scattered on the floor. When they saw us, respectful greetings for mother and Aunt Elsie mingled with squeals of delight for Lu.

"You don't look any different," they said. "How do you feel?"

Lu felt well, and she looked well. She started to unpack with the calm deliberation of certainty, and little unexplainable smiles kept coming to her face as she thought of Art and the wedding. Suddenly the room was in a flurry of preparation. An ironing board was set up in one corner near the large bay windows. The girls kept running in and out, to and from the bathroom across the hall, and Peggy looked quite bewildered as she pulled herself into the first girdle she had ever owned. Mrs. Saunders came in to help us dress, and the two other younger Saunders girls stood watching at the door.

Aunt Elsie was not getting dressed. She sat in a small chair and watched the rest of us move about. She had a serene, above-it-all expression on her thin lips, as if she were an Olympian goddess looking down on the frail actions of us mortals. Her smile and her motionless pose looked incongruous amid all this activity, and it irritated me. I felt that it was not natural or right. It reminded me too much of the disturbing calm I had seen her maintain at other times, when she seemed to say, "This is all so silly. There's no point to it." She was watching a show and waiting for it to reach its climax, waiting to see how it would end. Finally I suggested that she get dressed.

Aunt Elsie laughed gaily and lightly. "Oh don't worry about me," she answered. "I'll be ready on time. I know how long it takes you young people to dress. But it won't take me long. I'll be ready."

SHE carried the pastel formal gown she had borrowed from my mother over to the ironing board and slowly began to press it, taking time out after every stroke of the iron to talk or to gaze out the window at the people on the street. By the time Peggy had struggled into her youthful rose dress and had proudly arranged the satin ribbons and rose buds which fell from the waist, Aunt Elsie had progressed to the point of taking off her street dress.

"Mrs. Meyer, you'd better hurry!" exclaimed Lee Saunders as she came over to the dressing table to pick out her best lipstick.

"I've got time!" said Elsie. She sat Peggy down on a stool in front of the mirror and began to brush her hair into long brown curls around her fingers. She brushed carefully and slowly, as if she got a sensuous pleasure from feeling each smooth glossy strand.

Mother had just slipped into her gown. It was a blue that accented the blue undertones in her gray-green eyes, and, against the silver of her hair, it made her look cool and refreshing, like an iced drink or like moonlight on snow. But when she happened to see Aunt Elsie, still in her slip, fastening a hair ribbon into Peggy's hair, her eyes grew hot and she said hastily:

"Elsie! For heaven's sake! It's seven twenty now. We're supposed to be at the church in less than ten minutes. Do you want to be late for your own daughter's wedding?"

Elsie ignored the question. Deliberately she laid down the comb and started to dress.

From the next room, where Lu had gone to put on her bridal dress, we heard long exclamations of admiration. "Oooh, how beautiful you look!" I heard the voices of the two bridesmaids who were with her rise and cry with delight. There were practical suggestions: "Your hair a bit more this way." "There, just a shade ——" Then I heard a carried on waves of high spirit toward the room. The two girls burst in laughing and shouting, "Here she is!" Lu stood in the doorway, waiting with ill-concealed joy and anxiety to hear us tell her how she looked. Her blue eyes sparkled with delight, and her slight bosom, under the lace of her white gown, heaved up and down with excitement.

My mother went over and kissed her on the cheek and said, "My dear, you look beautiful."

"What do you think, mother?" said Lu, turning to Aunt Elsie. "Will I pass inspection? Will I be a credit to you?"

Elsie had been standing quietly by the side of the bed with her hands folded. Again she reminded me of an Olympian goddess, cold and impregnable. She had just put on her gown and was intent upon the placket. She was very intent indeed upon the placket. Finally she looked up at Lu and said, "Of course you'll pass, dear. You always do." Then she added, "Lu, I want to talk to you for just a few minutes before you go to the church. May I?" Her voice had the sound of a command rather than a request.

"Of course," said Lu. "But we'll have to hurry. It's time to leave. What is it?"

(Continued on Page 174)

FAMILY REUNION



DEAF AUNT: "Eh? What's that? Cannon Combspun* Percales are the best-wearing sheets you ever owned? Pshaw! Everybody knows that!"



COUNTRY COUSIN: "What's so different about the city? On our farm we've got television and aquamarine Cannon Percales just like yours!"



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MOTHER-IN-LAW: "Take my advice and stick to beautiful and practical Cannon Percales. John appreciates fine things, you know."



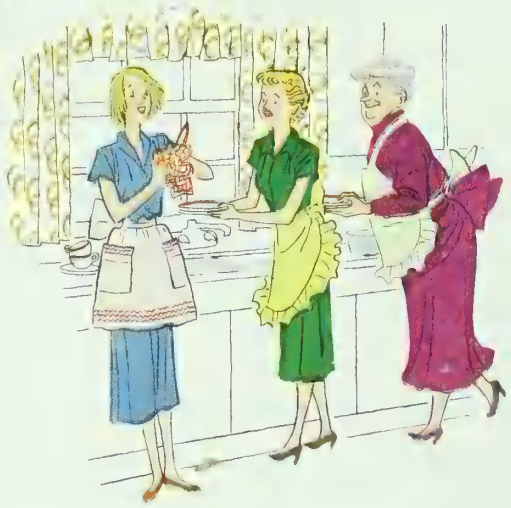
FAVORITE UNCLE: "Wonderful night's sleep! Cannon Combspun Percales? Clever girl, my niece!"



MATRIARCH: "I want you all to listen. In 47 years I have found no sheets like Cannon Percales. You may start talking again."



BRIGHT BRAT: "It's simple! Combspun means that the cotton is combed until only the most longitudinous and ductile fibers remain."



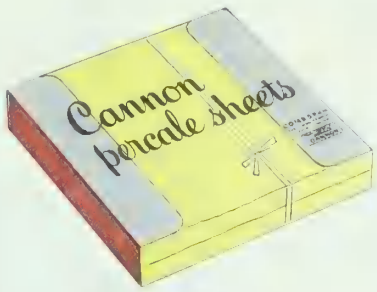
POOR RELATION: "Oh, we're getting along all right. Yes, we can afford Cannon Percales. Even for us, they're a good buy."

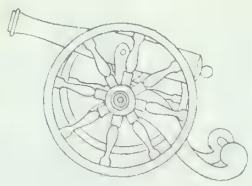


HENPECKED HUBBY: "Louisa says no sheets are as smooth and soft as Cannon Percales. And Louisa's always right."



BLACK SHEEP: "You didn't ask me to your wedding! But here's a present—ten years late ...a dozen Cannon Combspun Percale Sheets. Lagoon green!"





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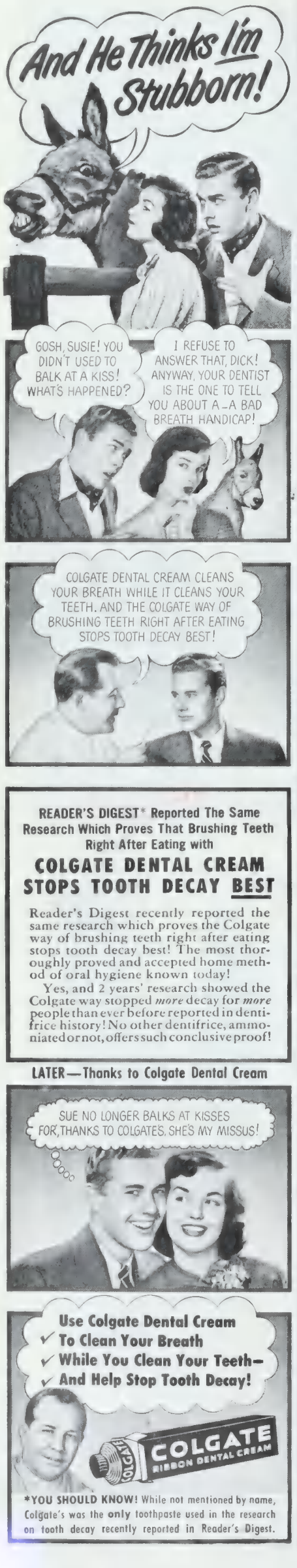
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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

(Continued from Page 172)

Aunt Elsie looked around at all of us—Mrs. Saunders, Peggy, mother and the bridesmaids. She hesitated. "May we go into the other room?" she asked Mrs. Saunders.

I could not imagine what Aunt Elsie could have to say to Lu at a time like this, when everything had been settled. But I knew that Elsie had not been acting right. She was too calm. She reminded me of the old story of the spider and the fly. I know that Aunt Elsie has an inbred love for dressing up, for important occasions, for being the center of attention. It is a love which has been so starved that this wedding, where she would take her place as the mother of the bride, should have made her fluttery and excited, like a girl at her first ball.

A sharp shout came from the next room, a frantic, horrified shout of dismay. Without waiting to hear more, mother ran to its source, and I followed. We flung open the door and found Aunt Elsie lying on the bed, her hand over her forehead. Lu stood in the middle of the room, her face drawn into tight lines of tragedy.

We heard Elsie say, "I won't go. No one can make me go. You've all insisted upon going through with this thing against my will when you know that I'm sick and about to die. Now you've got to decide." Elsie was stretched out in a limp, exhausted pose on the bed, but her voice was remarkably hard and firm. "You can stay here with me. If you do that, you'll have all the love and devotion I can give you. But if you go to that church, I'll know you don't care whether I live or die." Her voice broke a little and she paused. "Then you'll know that I never want to see you again."

Lu ran over to her mother and, wailing, threw herself upon her. "You've got to come. Don't let me down now. People are all over there waiting. Get up and go with me." The bride-to-be was now a truly pathetic sight. She got up and pounded her fist against the bedpost. "Come on. Come on," she cried in a panic.

"Go yourself, if you don't care any more about me than that. But go alone," Elsie said in a voice that was at once faint and firm.

"But what'll people think!" exclaimed Lu. She had the same deep concern for public opinion that Elsie possessed. But Lu had some self-confidence, while Elsie thought that no one could have a very good opinion of her.

My mother darted forward and spoke sternly to Elsie. "Don't act like a child. You're wasting time. Snap out of it."

Elsie rubbed her eyes and stared weakly at us. "I can't," she said. "I'm too sick. I feel very ill. You can't leave me now."

"Oh, can't we!" said my mother. "Come on, Lu. You're going to get married this evening, and the wedding's going to go off on time." She pulled poor Lu toward the door, where we joined the group of women waiting for us with curiosity and impatience.

"Isn't your mother going?" they asked unbelievingly.

"She's too sick!" gasped Lu.

As we rushed downstairs, I heard a faint voice calling after us, "Lu! Lu!"

When we reached the church it was three minutes to eight. Richmond and all the ushers were having an anxious conference in the back of the chapel and gazing at their wrist watches with expressions of dismay. When they saw us come in, they were too relieved even to ask what had delayed us.

Only Richmond went up to Lu and whispered, "For Pete's sake, what's been keeping you? Say! Where's your mother?"

Lu had regained most of her self-control, but now she looked frightened and miserable rather than happy. "She wouldn't come. We couldn't make her come," she whispered back to her father. "She says she's too sick!"

A look of shocked but complete understanding shot into Richmond's big, friendly face. Then the wedding march began. I saw him squeeze Lu's arm, and he murmured, "Never mind, honey. They say it's good luck to be married on the upstroke of the clock."

We started down the aisle. The chapel was filled with people, but I was only subconsciously aware of them. They all seemed blended together in the haze of soft, evening church light, and the mixture of the people and the light had a poignant beauty which made me desperate at the thought of Lu's unhappiness. My eyes were fixed on the delicate altar with its stained-glass window of royal purples and blues. As I looked at the rich colors, they blurred and into them slipped the fuzzy, muddled images of a hurt Lu, a wrathful Elsie and whispering guests. Their figures mingled with the colors and distorted the window. Then the images disappeared, leaving the glass clear and beautiful as before.

We took our places at the altar, and the minister's clear voice filled the chapel. Lu and Art looked at him with wonder and gravity in their faces, and I saw with relief that both of them were lost to everything except the beauty of the moment. Only a trace of worry was to be found in the slight frown of Lu's eyebrows. Before long they had knelt before the altar, and the minister was saying, "Repeat after me ——" The timeless old vows floated across the church, Art's in a firm, low voice and Lu's in a soft soprano: "I take this woman . . . for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness or in health . . . forsaking all others."

Cold Night

By Ina S. Stovall

At night, when roused by sudden chill,
Instinctively I start to rise
To see if under covers still
My children sleep, my anxious eyes
Quest through the dark to where each form
I earlier left, cocooned and warm,
Forgetting that they now are grown
And covering children of their own.

Back to my blanket's warmth I creep:
But not to sleep . . . but not to sleep!

I could not help hearing a slight murmur among the guests, no more perhaps than the rustle of their clothes, but yet a murmur. I looked over the heads of the congregation, and as my eyes swept to the back of the chapel I saw Aunt Elsie enter. Her shoulders were very erect, and she carried her head high as she moved quietly right down the center aisle of the church. She looked regal, but her face was expressionless. It was like a mask covering all her feelings. Only the slight droop at the corners of her lips suggested the punishment she was suffering. The heads of the people in the congregation turned toward her, and I heard someone near the front of the chapel whisper, "Her mother!" and someone else say, "Why ——" Aunt Elsie slowly walked the entire length of the aisle and took her place by Richmond in the pew reserved for the bride's parents.

She could have crept down the side aisle and sat near the back. No one would have noticed her, and she could have told people later that she'd been there all the time. But, in the middle of the ceremony, she had walked down the center aisle. This was a thing many people stronger than Elsie could never have done. In a strange way this aunt of mine was powerful.

"If any of you know any impediment why these two may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, confess it now," said the minister. There was a lightning second of silence. I saw Elsie sit forward in her seat and clutch at the pew ahead of her, but the minister continued, "Lucille Sturges Meyer, do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"I do," said Lu happily.

Elsie sank back into her seat. The moment had passed. I looked at Lu. Joy was expressed in the curve of her cheek and tenderness was in her lips. She was glad, glad to say good-by to an old life and start a new one. She was glad to be a Ventnor instead of a Meyer. Everything was golden to her. In a minute the couple were married, and we were walking back up the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn's triumphal music.

At the reception after the wedding, Elsie was gracious and assured. She nodded, and shook hands, and pointed people to the refreshment table as if it were an accepted custom for her to be the mother of the bride. No one asked her why she had been late to her daughter's wedding. Instead, there was much talk about "How lovely Lu looks," and "She is so lucky. Art is a very promising young man," and to all this Aunt Elsie would only smile and say, "Yes, Lucille is very fortunate."

The week after the wedding our house was as quiet as it had been excited. The plans had been completed, the wedding had been accomplished, Lu and Art had gone to Minnesota on their honeymoon, and Uncle Richmond had returned to Montana, leaving our house as void of excitement as an empty carnival ground. For a month the question of Elsie's reaction to the wedding had made us all toss in our sleep. It had been like a fast-whirling wheel of chance which held our fascinated attention. Suddenly the problem vanished, leaving in its place only an empty space of sweet, unusual peace.

On such a peaceful Sunday afternoon Elsie sat at the piano in the living room. Her slim, quick fingers moved swiftly over the keys, and she swayed her body in time with the rhythm of the Minute Waltz. Her alert face had an intent, abstract expression often seen in musicians at work. I could not decide, as I watched her from the library, whether Elsie was thinking of Chopin or something entirely different. Suddenly she halted the quick, light notes and switched to the minor strains of Für Elise. Her fingers dragged on the keys. Soon the notes faded out altogether.

"Louise," she called softly.

My mother, sitting at the high secretary across the room, looked up. "Yes?" she answered.

Elsie rose from the piano bench and came over to the desk. "Did I tell you," she asked quietly, "that Mr. and Mrs. Ventnor are planning to come to Hillside in September?"

Mother laid down her pen and turned slightly around in her chair. "Are they coming just to see you?" she exclaimed.

"Well, I don't know," said Aunt Elsie. She sat down in the chair next to mother and leaned forward to talk to her. "Mrs. Ventnor told me at the wedding that they were going to spend their yearly vacation in the mountains. But you know as well as I do that the main reason they're coming is to visit us." Elsie's forehead puckered up into little wrinkles of worry at the prospect of this.

"Why, isn't that nice," said mother. "That will make things much more interesting for you."

Elsie flopped back into her chair, and her frown deepened. "Now that it's too late, they want to see what kind of a family their son married into. I can't say that I want anyone poking around inspecting the way we live."

"Let them inspect! You've been to their house. Besides, there is nothing to be ashamed of in the way you live." Mother picked up her pen again and began to write. I saw that she did not consider the subject serious.

Elsie got up and walked to the other side of the room, where she wheeled around to look at mother. "It's all very well to say, 'Let them inspect,'" she said in a strained voice, "but what will they think of a one-story cottage with dining-living room, bedrooms and kitchen all crammed together on the same floor?"

Mother looked up again with surprise in her blue eyes. "Elsie, people as well off as the Ventnors are not impressed by material pos-

(Continued on Page 176)

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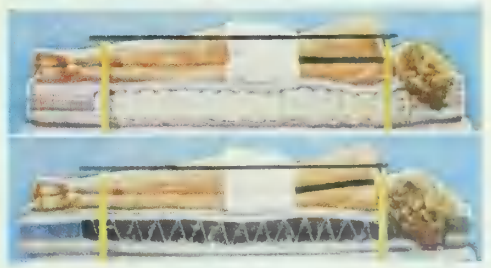
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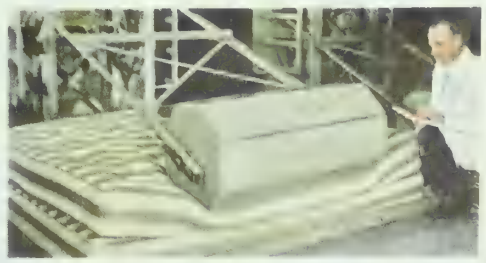
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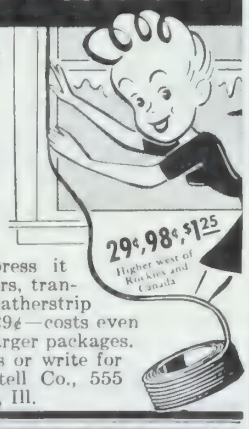
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(Continued from Page 174)

sessions. At least, not if they're worth worrying about. The cottage can be charming if it's skillfully decorated—and neat. Be sure it's neat." I knew mother was referring to the summer when she visited Hillside and discovered that none of the beds were ever made before one in the afternoon. She could not tolerate slothfulness in housekeeping.

Aunt Elsie came over to the chair and sat down again. "You're perfectly right, Louise. I know that. But you haven't seen the cottage lately. The white paint is very dirty and peeling. And the front is not landscaped at all. It still has those same scrubby bridal-wreath bushes, and that's all. The back lawn is nice, but it doesn't have anything in it except just odds and ends." She was silent for a minute. Then she leaned forward and spoke again in the pseudocasual tone I have so often heard. "Of course the interior needs things done, too, but it's the exterior that looks the worst. You know, I was thinking that what the place needs most is to be painted and landscaped. I could get it painted for three hundred dollars and landscaped for a hundred and fifty."

Mother chewed the end of her pen and looked thoughtfully at Aunt Elsie. "If I thought this was to be done just for the Ventnors," she said at last, "I wouldn't think it important enough to worry about. But if the house actually does need painting and landscaping, why then ——" She broke off and became absorbed in a bit of mental arithmetic.

Elsie sat up erect and said, "Just for the Ventnors! I think it's important to do it just for the Ventnors. Don't forget they're our relatives now, and they've got to take care of my daughter. I think it's mighty important what they think, I'll tell you."

"Do you think a hundred dollars would take care of the paint?" mother asked. "A hundred ——" Mother's voice broke abruptly. She dropped her pen and clutched her breast. Her hand, suddenly trembling and anguished, ran frantically over her bosom, grasping and pulling the material in her dress. She clutched convulsively at the region around her armpits and above her heart. Aunt Elsie and I saw the color drain from her face, leaving her white and sick and old. "I—I ——" she gasped. She got up and began to run for the stairs.

Elsie jumped from her chair and ran after her. "Louise! Don't run. Stop!" Elsie commanded. She grasped mother's arm and pulled her to a stop. Her gray eyes were wide and full of concern as she supported mother and whispered to her, "Don't move. Ann and I will take you upstairs. Just move your legs a little, and we'll carry you upstairs." Elsie beckoned for me to put mother's left arm across my shoulder, and together we slowly lifted her upstairs, while Aunt Elsie whispered, "Try to relax. Easy now. Easy." She regarded my mother's colorless, contorted face with observant concern, and directed the way to the front bedroom.

By this time mother had lost the desire and the ability to move. She was limp and helpless, and it was with great difficulty that we lifted her dead weight onto the big double bed without jerking her. Aunt Elsie, however, moved with alert care and precision. The strained, stricken expression around her gray eyes and her awareness of everything about mother showed Elsie's sincere concern over this heart attack. My own terror at the suddenness of it became mingled with overwhelming gratefulness to Elsie for her cool, sincere interest. Now, for the first time since I had known her, I saw her forget herself entirely and direct every ounce of her energy to helping one whom she loved.

Within five minutes after I telephoned my father to tell him about the heart attack, he was home from the hospital and leaping up the stairs by twos and threes, his bag in hand. I met him at the front door and followed him upstairs, gingerly carrying some equipment he had motioned for me to take—a technical array of rubber and tin and glass fastened together and locked in a case. When I entered the bedroom, he turned brusquely to me and took what I was holding. Elsie and



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I watched him fasten two electrodes to my mother's pale, slender ankles and one to each of her arms. Then we all waited silently to see what kind of action her heart would record on the electrocardiograph by her bed. The minutes that ticked by while we waited were the agonizing minutes before a sentence of either life or death. The movements of a dark line on a graph would make the difference between hope and despair. Finally my father removed the electrodes and studied the chart which had been made. When he first looked at it, I saw his stern, concerned face grow tense, and his blue eyes darken. Quickly he took out his hypodermic syringe, filled it with solution from a small bottle, and gave mother a shot in the arm. Then he barked at Elsie and me, "Undress her and get her under the covers. Don't move her any more than absolutely necessary. I'm going to call Doctor Hopkins over for consultation," and dashed out of the room.

When Doctor Hopkins had examined mother, he and father discussed her case in low tones, while Aunt Elsie and I sat on the other side of the room and listened. We were both thoroughly frightened. An illness which, in a second's time, takes a normal, healthy person to the very brink of death is so abnormally sinister that it passes understanding.

We heard father saying, "I'd like to get her to a hospital, but she's so badly off it might be fatal to move her."

The other man thought a minute and then said, "I agree with you, John. I think it's far more important that she be kept absolutely quiet."

Father studied my mother's pale face and the uneven movement of her chest beneath her white gown. "She doesn't need an oxygen tent. She won't need anything we can't give her here at home."

Doctor Hopkins gathered up the instruments he had used and moved out the door. My father accompanied him downstairs, talking in low tones. They spoke in technical terms, but it was plain enough for Elsie and me to realize that the chance of mother's recovery was slight.

From that day throughout the course of mother's brief illness, father canceled all his office appointments and cared only for those of his patients who badly needed attention. His afternoons were spent at home with mother, and, although no slight phase of her condition escaped his notice and thought, even he could do little for her.

THE morning after the fateful attack, however, contrary to expectation, mother was alert and cheerful. With the permission of father and the nurse, who had arrived the preceding afternoon, Aunt Elsie, Peggy and I went into her room for a brief visit. The color had not returned to her face; she still looked as if the sun had not touched her for a year. She lay straight in bed, her arms fixed to her sides as if they were immovable, and her hair white against the white of the sheet. The three of us stood in a rather silent row by her bedside and gazed fondly at her.

"How is it now? Better?" asked Aunt Elsie.

Mother smiled up at us. "You don't have to look so worried about me," she said. "I feel fine. I feel as if I'm going to be all right. Maybe soon they'll let me sit up in bed."

That day mother ate well, despite her motionlessness, and showed distinct signs of desiring companionship.

Elsie stayed close to her room and, whenever she was allowed, would go in to straighten the bedclothes, fluff up the pillows or regulate the ventilation. She was painfully aware that mother had been the one person in the world who loved her enough to exert every energy to help her. Mother had been the one person who cared enough for Aunt Elsie to buy clothes for her, to educate her daughter, to secure a home for her, to finance a wedding, to do everything within her power. Elsie seemed to feel that the ground she walked on would vanish if mother died. Was there anyone else who could love her so unselfishly?

This thought must have been foremost in Elsie's brain during those few days when she took command of the household prepared the meals, washed the dishes, dusted and cleaned. She painstakingly hunted downtown for light food which might be both suitable and attractive to mother. She spent the afternoons helping the nurse wash feeding tubes and heat liquids. All at once it was impossible for her to do too much. She became strong and tender and admirable.

Peggy, who always seemed to love her mother, appeared now to idolize her. She followed Aunt Elsie around the house, begging to be given something to do. When Aunt Elsie began to wash dishes, Peggy would help without being asked. Peggy was always ready to run downtown on an errand. She would peek into the room and then run over to Aunt Elsie and kiss her on the forehead, asking, "Anything to do?"

THERE was only too little to do. As several days passed, and I saw mother lie on her pillow still white, and old, and weak, it seemed to me that science was a bitter failure to have existed for thousands of years without discovering means of restoring her health. There was little to do except daily tasks—bathing, feeding and cleaning. The situation was, actually, in the hands of God.

This was a fact of which Aunt Elsie was greatly aware. The sixth day of the attack, as I sat darning socks in the living room, she came to me very much discouraged. She wanted to tell me what she had been thinking, and she sank down beside me on the couch.

"Ann," she whispered, "I'm sure all this is no use. You either get well from a heart attack or you don't. What are we going to do? No one can ever take Louise's place!" Aunt Elsie laid her hand on mine, as if asking me to reassure her. I felt her fingers tremble a little, and I knew that she was deeply concerned. Her voice had a tense anxiety in it that was more sincere and less dramatic than usual.

People who are too sharp cut their own fingers.
—PROVERB.

I became more frightened than I had been before, and I said abruptly, "Don't be silly, Aunt Elsie. Mother's going to get well. This is the first time she's been sick in years. She can't die."

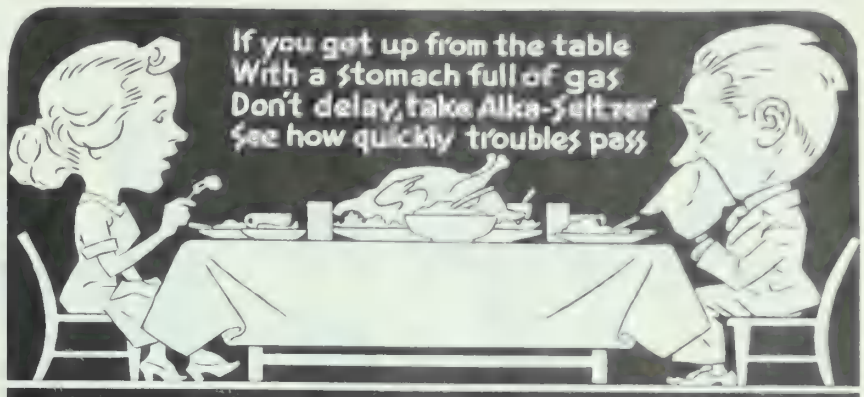
"No, she hasn't been sick," said Aunt Elsie, "but she's never really been well." She pressed her forehead into the palm of her hand. I saw her close her eyes and murmur, "She's just kept going on and on, day after day, until she's worn out." Then Elsie opened her eyes suddenly. Abruptly she sat up and said, "But of course you're right. You're right." She straightened her blouse. "Why, all this is ridiculous," she said. "Just ridiculous. Nothing's going to happen to Louise."

Without warning Peggy ran quietly into the room, her blue eyes wide. She whispered, "Come quick to Aunt Louise. Uncle John's with her. Something's happening."

Quickly Elsie and I sped upstairs and tiptoed into the big bedroom. As usual, mother lay motionless in the center of the bed. Her eyes were closed, for she was in a coma, unable to hear or speak. Her delicate, lined face had suddenly turned blue, and her lips twitched spasmodically, while great drops of sweat rolled from her forehead and pasted her gray hair against the pillow.

Father, pale and excited, clutched the wrist of her limp, left hand. "No pulse," he said sharply to the nurse. "I can't feel her pulse at all."

Then mother's lips stopped moving. With a shock I noticed that the bedclothes were not rising and falling with the breath of her body. She was completely still. With that stillness death came into the room and held us spellbound and mystified. It had all happened in a minute. We did not move or make a sound, because we did not know what to say. We were full of unsatisfied curiosity and wonder at what had happened. Only my father broke away from the silence to fold her arms across her breast. Then, because I was her daughter, he came to me and put his arm around my waist. Aunt Elsie gasped, put her



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handkerchief to her mouth, and fled from the room.

Aunt Elsie hardly left her room for two days. She would lie prostrate on her bed for hours, alternately weeping and staring at the ceiling. It made her unhappy to see anyone but Peggy, and when she came to meals, she would sit quiet and downcast. Thus, instead of maintaining calm and helping with the work, she only served to make matters more difficult. Peggy reported that Aunt Elsie could not believe mother was really dead. She would ask her daughter, "How could she be? Is it possible?" The second afternoon I went up to her room to persuade her to take a drive with me, and I found her sitting on the edge of her bed studying her feet.

She shook her head in reply to my invitation, and said sadly, "Don't try to cheer me up, Ann. It will only make matters worse." Then she looked at me and said, "I suppose you think I'm taking this awfully badly, considering that for the last twenty-five years I've lived a thousand miles away from her. You'd be right if it were any brother or sister. But your mother wasn't any sister to me. She was *the* sister." She paused and looked at the floor, as if searching for more words. I knew that she had reached the point at which she had to "tell it to somebody," and I happened to be the one. "You've never had a sister, so you don't know what it can mean. You don't know what it's like to have someone your own age who will listen to everything you say, respect you in spite of everything, and help you whenever she can. I've lived a thousand miles from Louise, but she never seemed farther away than next door, because all my mail was from her and whatever was given to me was her gift."

Aunt Elsie looked at me, and I saw with shock that her face was tense and her gray eyes held deep fright. She looked almost ill. Running her fingers through her hair, she whispered:

"For the first time in my life, all the props have been knocked from beneath me. I have no support, nothing to stand on. I feel as if I'm sinking in quicksand, and there's no one to throw me a rope. All the other troubles before this seemed serious; but very deep inside I wasn't frightened, because I knew I had Louise. Now she's gone. She's gone. There'll never be anyone who loves me as much."

She lay down sideways on the bed, and her shoulders shook in an effort to produce tears which had been exhausted. Her neat coiffure was, for once, disheveled, and the make-up on her face was smeared and bleary. As I watched her, the last thing she had said ran through and through my brain: "There'll never be anyone who loves me as much."

Why, thought I, *that has always been the trouble with Aunt Elsie! She continually thinks about having people love her. It has never occurred to her to concentrate upon loving other people. She has never realized that the more you give, the more you get. The higher a ball is thrown into the air, the harder it will hit the ground. The more you love, the more you are loved.*

Aunt Elsie lifted her head from the bed and smiled weakly at me in a gesture of appeal. I did not smile back, because I felt nothing for her except pity and anger. The pity was for her inadequacy to cope with the world. It was in the back of my mind and kept my thoughts from my tongue.

But it was the anger which took possession of me so strongly that I could no longer watch her lying on the bed. I got up, walked to the dormer window and stared into the street. I thought of Aunt Elsie crying because mother was no longer here to take care of her. Elsie, who had not given mother a week's peace. Elsie, who must always have someone upon whom to depend. Mother had been to her like a car expected to run without being filled. Now, as a result, the machine had refused to move, and Aunt Elsie was unaware of the cause.

"You see, I'm not like most other people," Elsie said behind my back. I turned to face her, and she continued, "I've never had anyone in my immediate family I could put my faith in. Richmond is very sweet, but he has no backbone at all. Now he doesn't even care about me. Lu and I never could agree about anything. We've always been at swords' points. Peggy is a quiet, obedient child, but she has always been too little to talk to seriously."

We heard someone climbing the stairs to our room on the third floor. When she reached the landing, a soft voice called, "Mother, are you busy?"

"Speak of the devil!" I exclaimed.

In a minute Peggy appeared in the doorway, holding a big glass of lemonade in her hand. Her pretty blue eyes were smiling at her mother. "I made you some lemonade," she said, "and you've got to drink it." She looked severe, pulling her eyebrows together in imitation of the stern parent. "Don't say no, 'cause it's got vitamins in it. It's good for you."

Aunt Elsie took the glass and set it down on the bedside table. Her face lighted up with hope. "You angel," she cried. She seized Peggy playfully by the waist and pulled her down beside her on the rumpled spread. "Angel sweet, my darling. Do you love me?"

"'Course I do," said Peggy. "Doesn't everyone love their mother?"

"I hope so," replied Aunt Elsie. "I hope so. How much do you love me?"

Peggy's eyes became serious. She thought a minute. Then, with sincerity and obedience, she answered, "As much as anything in the world, I guess." THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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TIGER IN THE CLOSET

(Continued from Page 59)

measured water into a saucepan, added salt and put it on the stove to boil. She poured cereal into a dry measuring cup and stirred it into the boiling water. Then she fixed orange juice for herself and Gerry, and drank her own right away.

While the cereal cooked with slow plops, she sat at the kitchen table and sipped hot coffee. She looked at the clock. Maybe she could eat the rest of her breakfast before the boys awoke. It might help her. She spooned hot cereal into a bowl, added cream and sugar, toasted bread and buttered it, and poured herself another cup of coffee.

She just knew that the minute she sat down there would be an outcry from the boys' bedroom. There was. She sighed. They had an instinct for it. She was sure of it.

She put her untouched food into the warming oven and hurried to the boys' room. It was Eric. Gerry still slept. Eric beamed at her.

"Potty," he said. He was drenched.

"You bum. You might have waited," whispered Marian.

"Hi," said Eric, smiling with all his eight teeth.

"Hi, darling." She smiled back at him.

She turned off the night light, grabbed his clothes and a clean diaper from the top of the chest of drawers, and carried the baby by his fat middle to the big bed in the other room.

She worked mechanically, one hand undoing the pins while the other held the baby's right knee to keep him from flipping over. She fitted the clean diaper and carefully inserted a pin.

"Hold still, sweetie pie," she begged.

"Pie," said Eric, kicking. A spot of blood oozed from Marian's thumb and left a bright dot on the cloth.

"*Froggie went a-courtin'*," sang Marian.

Eric lay still and listened. "Time-o," he suggested, as she worked.

"*Tee-mee time-o*," she obliged with the nonsense chorus, à la Tex Ritter.

She felt the pins to make sure they were closed, then deftly slipped the squirming baby into his plastic pants, T shirt, overalls, socks and shoes.

"There." She lifted him up and held him close. "Kiss mamma," she said.

"No, no, no." He grinned coyly and pushed her face.

"Aw, come on," she begged.

"Aw, come on," he said carefully.

"Well, aren't you the talker. Are you hungry?"

"Hun-gry," said Eric, beating her on the chest and looking fierce.

"You tyrant." She squeezed him and kissed his warm fat neck and he squealed and giggled as they headed for the kitchen.

He sat in his high chair and ate a corner of her toast and watched her while she cooled his cereal and warmed his milk. She took her own breakfast out of the warming oven and placed it beside his on the kitchen table, and then she fed him with her right hand and herself with her left hand.

They smiled at each other. "Did you know I love you?" asked Marian, scraping cereal off his chin.

"A' shru," said Eric, pushing the spoon away. "Mee-ulk."

He drank an ounce or two of milk from the cup she held for him, then pushed it away and demanded his bottle.

He watched out the window as he sucked on the bottle she held, with her elbow resting on the high-chair tray. He let go the nipple.

"Po-enk." He pointed outside.

"Smoke," corrected his mother. "That's smoke from the neighbor's chimney. Can you say 'moke'? If you can say 'moke,' surely you can say 'smoke.'"

"Moke," obliged Eric.

She thought it over. "'Po-enk' is cuter, though," she decided. "You can say 'po-enk' if you want to."

"Po-enk," said Eric amiably. "Botto," he demanded. He grabbed and drank, his eyes rolling.

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Marian sipped coffee and watched him. The nipple gurgled.

"A' shru." Eric pushed at the empty bottle.

She kissed him on his right ear, then took the bottle to the sink with the other dishes, rinsed them in cold water and set them aside to be washed later.

Shrieks rang out from the other part of the house. Gerry. She gave Eric a spoon to bang and ran.

Gerry stood in his crib. His big eyes stared at her and then at the open closet. She put her arms around him. He was trembling.

"What was that noise in the closet?" He clutched at her and peered over her arm.

"Let's find out."

She let the side of his crib down and he climbed out. They went into the closet together, hand in hand, and stood a moment in the dimness. Then she turned on the light. They looked around.

"Nothing in here but shoes and clothes and suitcases," said Gerry's mother. "What did you think it was?"

"It was a tiger. A great big tiger."

"Now what would a poor old tiger do in our closet?" asked Marian. "He'd get all tangled up in the clothes and stub his poor toes on the suitcases and have a miserable time."

"Well." Gerry dropped the subject. He went out into the room and looked at the other crib. "Where's Eric?"

Marian brought his shirt, overalls and shoes from the chest. "In the kitchen," she answered. "Come on. Let's get dressed." She listened a moment. Eric banged away with his spoon. As long as she could hear him, she knew he was all right.

MARIAN dressed Gerry down to his feet and then waited patiently while he struggled with socks and shoes. She tied the laces for him, washed his hands and face, brushed his hair, and then they headed for the kitchen.

"Hi." Eric smiled and waved his spoon at Gerry.

Gerry ignored him and watched Marian while she dished up the rest of the cereal from the pan and added sugar and milk. He looked at his bowl and then at Eric.

"Did Eric eat?"

"Yes," said Marian, running cold water into the pan and scraping it. "Eric and I ate before you woke up."

Gerry sat there a minute. Then he pushed his dish away. "I don't believe I want this cereal."

"All right," said his mother. "You don't have to eat it. I can give it to the birds." She started to fix his toast.

"Bird," said Eric, watching Gerry.

Gerry ate.

Marian spread butter and jelly on the toast, put it on a paper napkin and set it before him. Then she put soap powder and hot water into the dishpan, poured the cold water from the breakfast things and put them into the hot suds to soak, after which she lifted Eric from his high chair to his play pen in one corner of the kitchen. She gave him an old bent percolator, a strainer, a rubber dish scraper and a brightly colored ball. He threw the ball under the stove.

She got out the oil mop from the broom closet and cleaned and straightened the living room first. It was a nice day, so she decided to limit herself to beds, bathroom, dishes and dusting. (She saved most of her big jobs for bad days when they couldn't get outdoors.) Even so, after a night like last night, the worst yet, she didn't see how she'd make it. She felt almost as tired as if she hadn't slept at all. It had been so long since she had had a good night's rest. It wasn't so much the time she was up with Gerry. It was the hour or more she lay awake afterward, shivering with fatigue and nervousness and waiting for him to cry out again.

She went into the kitchen and gave Gerry his cups of milk and orange juice.

Just do one thing at a time, she told herself, *and you'll get through. The fellow who first said that*, she decided as she knocked over the sugar bowl, *never was a mother*. She scraped spilled sugar from the table into a dish and saved it aside for cooking.

GOOD EATING



● **Cold roast beef** is a leftover *de luxe* served with a sauce made by soaking 3 Tbs. Heinz Evaporated Horseradish in ⅓ cup of cold water 10 minutes and adding ⅓ cup Heinz Brown Mustard.

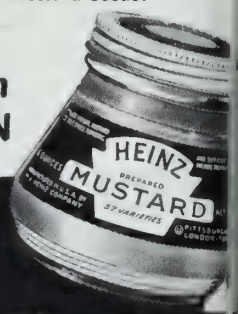


● **To glorify leftover** chunks of cheese, dip them into beaten egg mixed with Heinz Brown Mustard —then into fine cornmeal and fry to golden brown!

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● **See what a flavor boost** leftover scalloped potatoes get when you add a dash of Heinz Yellow Mustard before reheating them!



● **To make leftover baked beans** go further—taster better—try this. Cut slice from tops of six large tomatoes. Scoop out centers. Dust insides with salt and brush with Heinz Yellow Mustard. Fill with beans, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in 375° oven 20 min.

You Know They're Good Because They're HEINZ

Gerry took a swallow of milk, set his cup down carefully and looked at Marian. "Mamma," he asked, "where did Eric come from?"

Oh-oh, birds and bees, thought Marian. *I wonder how much he wants to know.* "Babies come from inside their mammas. Eric came from inside me," she replied, "same as you did."

Gerry considered this. "How did he get in there?"

Marian leaned against the sink and looked at him. "He grew in there in a special place in my tummy. He was real teeny-tiny to start with. About this big." She measured with her thumb and index finger. "And then he grew and grew for nine months until he was so big." She indicated with her hands. "And then he was ready to be born, so he came out through a special place, and there he was, all ready for us to take care of and love. Same as you, my darling."

She absently turned and tested the dishwater with her hand, then wiped the suds off her fingers onto the dishcloth. Her eyes got big and excited, remembering.

"It's the most wonderful thing in the world, having babies," she told her little boy. "You were such a sweet, little, pink-and-white baby, with wet curls all over your head and your mouth open and yelling. I saw both you and Eric the very second you were born."

It was wonderful, she thought, *the most wonderful thing I've ever done. It's all I've ever wanted out of life.* She forgot her fatigue for a moment, thinking back.

She turned and started on the dishes. Gerry drank the rest of his milk, then quickly downed his juice.

"Ack bea-ter," begged Eric, reaching from his pen.

Marian opened a big drawer, took out the utensil and handed it to him.

"I want it, I want it!" yelled Gerry. He left the table and his chair fell over and he ran and took the beater away from Eric, who screamed in sudden fury.

"He had it first," said Marian, quickly drying her hands. She gently twisted the egg beater out of Gerry's clutching hands and returned it to Eric, who continued to sob as he hugged the retrieved plaything.

Now Gerry screamed and raged. He grabbed the play pen and shook it and kicked at it, and Eric teetered and sat down hard and almost fell over backward.

"All right, Gerry, that's enough," ordered Marian. "Now you go and sit in the living room until you can behave."

The little boy stopped yelling and just stood there and looked at his mother. Then he put his arms around her. "Mamma, kiss me," he begged.

"Kissing has nothing to do with it, Gerry," said Marian, kissing him. "I don't let Eric take your things and you're not going to take his."

"When I was a baby, I used to play with that egg beater," said Gerry.

MARIAN went back to the sink. "Yes, and you can still play with it when Eric is through with it."

There was a metallic crash and clatter in the back yard.

"There's the garbage truck," said Marian. "Grandma always used to joke and say, 'Tell 'em we don't need any.'"

Gerry didn't laugh. He stood on his chair and looked out the window. "When I'm a bigger man, I can drive that garbage truck," he stated.

"Of course you can," said his mother. "You can do anything you want to when you're a bigger man. Drive the garbage truck or be a cowboy or a fireman or a lineman or an engineer or a meter man or a plumber," she listed all his heroes.

His eyes shone.

"Truck," said Eric. "Ter-ruck," drawing it out the second time.

"Well, good for you," said Marian. "Eric said 'truck' because you said 'truck,' Gerry. You're teaching him how to talk."

GERRY turned and looked at Eric a moment. Then he got down from the chair, went to his toy cupboard and brought out one of his precious toy trucks. He thrust it through the play-pen slats at Eric.

"Here," he said, "here's a real truck."

Eric grabbed the toy and turned his back on them. He put the truck on its back and turned the wheels with one finger. Gerry half reached in to take it back.

"That's wonderful," admired Marian hastily. "You're a good brother. Eric's lucky to have such a nice big brother."

Gerry turned away from the pen and went to his cupboard for his sack of blocks. He dumped them on the floor and started to build. He made a long, irregular structure.

Marian dried the last of the silver into a drawer, closed it, emptied the dishpan, wiped it dry and hung it below the sink. She oil-mopped the kitchen floor, working carefully around Gerry.

"See what I made." Gerry looked up at her.

"That's beautiful." Marian leaned on her mop and looked.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"*You* tell *me* what it is," Marian said.

"What *is* it?" he insisted. "Don't you know?"

"Let's see. A ranch?" she guessed.

"No. It's a roundhouse."

"Why, of course it is. And those blocks there in a row are the train."

He looked at them. "Yes." He went on building.

Marian went out and shook the mop. When she came in, she left the kitchen. She made the beds, then mopped the bedrooms.

Eric threw all his toys out of his pen and yelled. She went and picked him up and turned him loose in the cleaned living room. After making sure there was nothing he could get into that he shouldn't, she locked the safety gates and left him there with a new set of playthings.

Then she went into the bathroom and quickly washed the fixtures with cleanser and pieces of old diaper. When she turned off the water in the basin, she listened a moment. She heard a tapping sound on the living-room window. She could hear Gerry's blocks still rattling in the kitchen. She went to look. Eric had climbed on the davenport and was hitting the window with his hand. He had never climbed before.

She opened the gate and started quietly toward him. Gerry suddenly came running and opened the other gate. When he saw Eric standing on the davenport, he yelled. Eric tried to get down, but lost his balance. Before Marian could reach him, he went off,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

On Our Knees

By Dorothy Ashby Pownall

Thanks for these brooding hills;
the forest hush;
Houses with lamps alight; a muted
song,
And children, murmurous at close
of day.
Now, as we lift our hearts in
grateful prayer,
Kneeling, say thanks for shelter
and for food,
Safety, and warmth against the
winter's cold,
Give us, O Lord, compassion for
the old;
Inspire in us the courage to be
good;
Vanquish our terror, and let
brotherhood
Invade those hearts locked hard in
bands of hate.
Now, in November, grant to all the
living
Grace to feel the comfort of
Thanksgiving.

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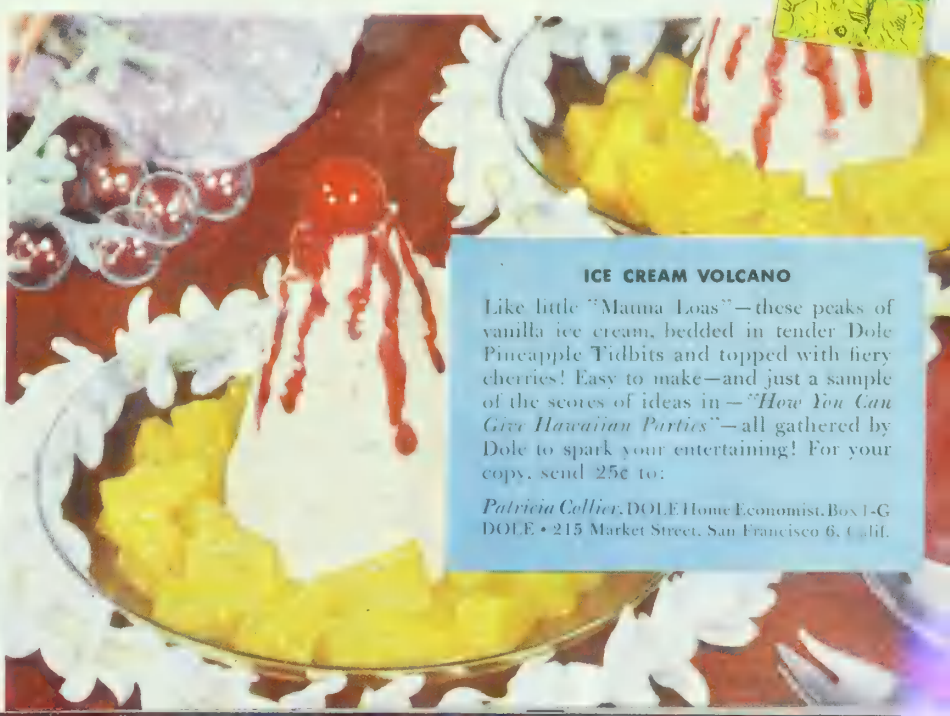


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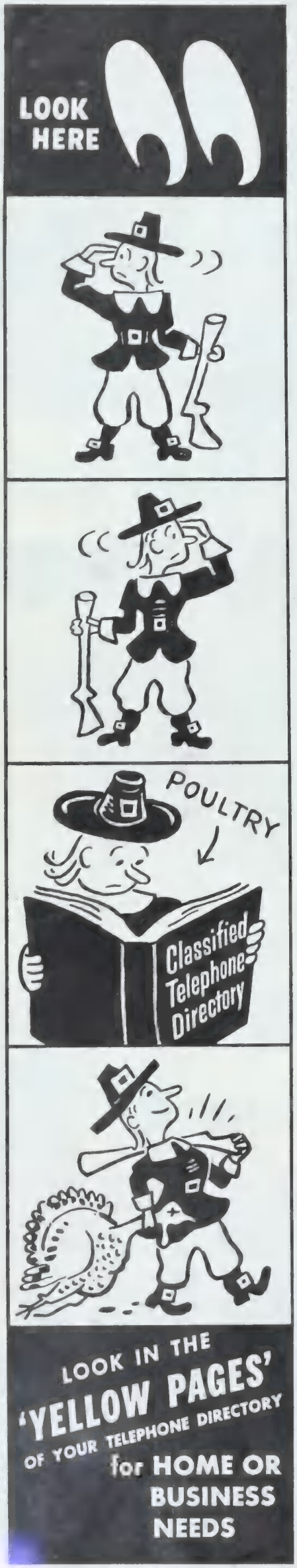




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headfirst. His head hit the floor like a ripe melon.

Oh, dear God! Marian could hardly breathe. Eric lay there, his eyes wide with stunned surprise. Then he cut loose. Marian picked him up.

"Baby, baby, you're all right." She held him close and felt his head gently. She couldn't feel anything. *Please, God, let him be all right*, she prayed. *Don't let anything happen to my baby*. She looked closely at him, but he just screamed. *I guess he's all right*, she decided, *or he couldn't move*.

She sat down on the davenport with the sobbing baby and closed her eyes weakly. *If anything ever does happen to my children*, she thought, *give me strength and courage to face it. And don't let me forget to pray, because that's the only thing that will keep me from going out of my mind.*

I mustn't be afraid this way, she told herself. *It's not fair to them or to me*. But even so, she could not help the feeling that came into her heart at a time like this.

Eric suddenly discovered he was near the window again. He stopped crying. "Our car," he said. He tapped on the window. He hiccuped and sniffed. Marian wiped his face with a clean handkerchief from her pocket.

Gerry looked out. "No," he said, "that car belongs to the neighbors."

"Naymer," said Eric with another big sniff.

I must watch him closely for a while, thought Marian. *If he acts sick, I'll have to call the doctor*.

"Eric, you must stay down from here," she ordered. *No*, she decided, *that won't work*. She stood Eric on the davenport, his back to the room. "Come on, Eric," she told him, "show mamma how you can get down." She tugged on him gently. "Come down backward."

He ignored her.

"Come down backward!" demanded Gerry.

"Backerd," said Eric, tapping on the window.

He screamed when Marian pulled on his overalls and made him work his way down.

"All right now." She patted his bottom. "Now go right back up again."

He stopped yelling and looked at her for a moment in disbelief, then scrambled up on the davenport again. He fussed at her the next two rounds, but when he began to get the idea, he played the game with increasing skill. Gerry played, too, and that helped. Marian praised him for helping. She praised Eric for learning. When Eric became bored and turned to his toys, she left them.

She went to the kitchen and got two small oranges from the vegetable bin, washed and dried them, cut and squeezed them, then strained the juice into a cup. She took the cup of juice to Eric, who drank thirstily.

Gerry looked at her expectantly. It was time for their outing. She got their caps and sweaters from the closet, put a double diaper on Eric, gave Gerry a drink of water, dressed the boys for outdoors and handed them each a cooky. She went out on the porch and worked the stroller down the steps to the walk. Then she helped Eric and Gerry down. She put a safety harness on Eric and fastened him in the stroller. Then Gerry watched him and they ate their cookies while Marian went back and got her money and key and put on her own jacket and hat, checked the stove to see that it was out, snatched up a shopping bag and locked the door.

It felt good to be out. The air was cool but sweet and fresh with early spring.

They went the five blocks to the railroad yards where a freight train performed nicely. They waved to their friends the engineer and brakemen, who waved back.

"Ter-rain," said Eric happily, weaving back and forth in his stroller seat.

Gerry jumped around excitedly. "When I'm a bigger man, I can be a brakeman."

"Oh, yes." Marian put her hand under his chin and smiled at him. "And just think. You can ride in the caboose and watch over the whole train and eat and sleep in the caboose and travel all sorts of places." She and Gerry looked hard at the lovely red house on wheels and wondered what it was like inside.

One of the nice things about having children, thought Marian, *you can stand around and watch all kinds of interesting things with them and nobody thinks anything of it.*

They started back. Marian let Eric walk for a while. Instead of staying on the sidewalk, he stumbled and staggered along on the lawns.

"Rough country," said his mother, reaching out a steadying hand.

"Crunty," said Eric, pushing her away.

Marian laughed.

"Crunty," said Gerry, hobbling along in imitation of Eric. "When I was a baby, I used to say 'crunty,'" he told Marian.

"That's right. You sure did. You were sure a cute, funny baby."

They herded Eric along for two blocks until they came to the supermarket. He objected strongly when Marian fastened him in his stroller again, but quieted when they pushed through the door into the bright, busy, fragrant store.

Marian hung a wire basket over one arm. At the vegetable bins she chose a bunch of slim, young carrots and a green pepper which she gave Gerry to hold, and picked a small, firm head of lettuce which she placed in her basket. Then, steering the children carefully through the aisles, she quickly selected a can of pineapple juice, a large can of tomatoes and a small can of tomato paste, a package of spaghetti and a loaf of whole-wheat bread. From the reach-in refrigerator case she took a carton of milk and a box of cottage cheese. At the meat counter she asked for and got a half pound of the best ground beef and a nice slice of calf's liver.

Then she placed herself and the boys in the shortest line, was checked through in short order, paid for her groceries and stowed them in her shopping bag, and they finally found themselves outside again and headed for home.

They had three blocks to go. They saw two plump robins hopping on a lawn, children playing on porches, a small brown dog sniffing in the gutter, a water-sprinkling truck, and an old, old lady with an enormously fat, old, slobbery bulldog on a leash. And Gerry found a lovely faucet that someone had lost in the street. It was kind of battered, but it still turned on and off. It was a full morning.

Marian felt relaxed when they reached the house. The boys were hungry and quiet. Andy wasn't home yet. Sometimes he was late.

After putting away their outdoor wraps in the closet and the groceries in the pantry and refrigerator, she changed Eric, washed the boys' hands, and then gave them each a small cup of tomato juice and a cracker to tide them over until lunch was ready.

Then she took four eggs, a dish of butter and a carton of milk from the refrigerator, got two bowls from a cupboard and rescued the egg beater from under the stove and rinsed it off under the hot-water faucet. She broke the eggs and carefully separated the yolks from the whites, put a little salt in the bowl with the whites and some milk and a spoonful of sugar with the yolks, and proceeded to make a fluffy omelet for herself and the children. It was the only way she could get Gerry to eat egg.

While the omelet cooked, she got out plates, filled cups with milk, opened a can of applesauce and spooned it into saucedishes, set a plate of graham crackers in the middle of the table and warmed Eric's bottle.

As before, she managed her own meal with her left hand while the right took care of Eric.

Gerry finished his lunch first, then sat on Marian's lap while she gave Eric his bottle. Eric let go the nipple, squealed and tried to push Gerry away.

"Listen, I got my rights around here," declared Gerry firmly, pushing back.

Eric finally gave up and went back to his bottle.

Gerry snuggled close to Marian. She put her mouth against the fine hairs at the back of his neck, blew on them, kissed him and whispered, "I love you, I love you, I love you."

He giggled and squealed and squirmed happily. He looked up at her impishly. "Mamma, I don't love you," he teased. "I don't love you, mamma."

Marian knew her cue. "Oh, boohoo," she pretended to cry, "my little boy doesn't love me."

"I love you, I love you!" yelled Gerry, and he gave her sweet little smacking kisses on her left cheek, then she kissed him again, and Eric watched them while he drank from his bottle, but he didn't try to interfere any more.

When Eric pushed his bottle away, she set Gerry down, kissed both boys, then put the lunch dishes in the sink and ran cold water over them and left them to soak. Eric rocked back and forth in his high chair, chanting, and suddenly fell asleep. When she put him to bed, he woke up and churned around in his blanket for a while. He acted fine. Marian could find no sign of a bump or bruise on his head. Somehow they survived in spite of themselves.

In a few minutes he was asleep again, sprawled on his tummy, hugging the blanket and beginning to snore faintly. She tucked a light blanket over him and caressed his soft, fine hair a moment. *He's a wonderful baby*, she thought. Nothing seemed to bother him for very long. No tigers in *his* closet. Not yet.

Then she and Gerry took off their shoes and lay down on the big bed on top of the spread and she read to him. Stevenson today. She knew he didn't understand all the words, but he loved their music. She read well and with enthusiasm.

Gerry laid his face against his mother's shoulder and put an arm across her. "Mamma," he said drowsily, "did you know you loved me?"

Marian smiled and turned her head and kissed him. "Yes, my darling," she told him, "I love you very much."

(Continued on Page 185)

Man has always been handicapped. Compared with other creatures, he is physically weak, he is menaced by a host of enemies, threatened by cold and famine, drought and storm. Because of this he learned to conquer the earth's resources and to subdue all other creatures; to protect himself, and to be sheltered, warm and fed. Man is a puny creature whose very weakness has compelled him to become the master of the earth. He had to make this conquest to survive at all, and so he made it.

Now, having mastered the earth, it is required of him that he master himself; that once again his weakness, his insufficiency shall goad him to his new achievements.

That is the way it always was. Attainment comes through what we do with means inadequate to gain our ends. Thought would never have reached its noblest powers of flight if from the beginning it had been winged. Language would never have overflowed into poetry if it had not stammered when it overtaxed itself in prose. Longing would always have been madness if it had not surpassed itself in love. Man would never have been man if, in a world unknown and full of mystery, he had not struggled until he grew a soul.

It is what we do not have and reach for—what we do not have and reach beyond—that turns our shuddering into boldness and audacity, and kindles our earthiness to flame. It is out of our weakness that we learn what to do with strength; it is because, when we most desire to speak, our speech is faltering, that what begins as broken utterance ends as prayer.

—A. POWELL DAVIES, D.D.:
The Faith of an Unrepentant Liberal.

"A VERY MERRY UN-BIRTHDAY TO YOU!"*

FROM ALICE, IN THE NEW WALT DISNEY PRODUCTION,

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

Everyone has 364 un-birthdays!.. Make them merry with "Swans Down wonderful" cakes!

Everybody ought to agree with Alice . . . you may have just one birthday a year . . . but there are 364 happy *un*-birthdays to celebrate!

No trouble—lots of fun, with heavenly cakes made from Swans Down Cake Mixes. Try one of these easy-to-make *un*-birthday beauties today! Recipes are on the Swans Down Cake Mix packages.

CARD CAKES. Individual cakes that couldn't be simpler, in spite of their caterer look! All you do is bake Swans Down Cake Mix (either Instant or Devil's Food) in a 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. Cut in rectangles, frost, garnish with candy hearts and numerals of tinted icing (squeezed through pastry tube). Wonderful idea for a Bridge Lunch!

WHITE QUEEN'S CAKE. So easy to make, such a treat to eat! Tender, fluffy-light, flavorsome, as only new Swans Down Instant Cake Mix could make it. Ingredients are blended in a special new way to bring you a cake *gorgeously* richer, finer! Lavish this white beauty with fluffy white frosting, luscious Baker's Coconut.

CHESHIRE CAT CUPCAKES (below). Grand goodies for the small fry's *un*-birthday parties. Just frost cupcakes made of super-chocolaty Swans Down Devil's Food Mix with orange frosting. Draw grinning little cat-faces with frosting in a pastry tube, or with a toothpick dipped in melted chocolate.

WONDERLAND CAKE. Deep rich layers of lush-eatin' delight! Taste how the super-chocolaty richness of Swans Down Devil's Food Mix surpasses all your dreams. Swirl lots of your very nicest chocolate frosting over it all and, just for fun, decorate with candy flowers.

Swans Down Cake Mixes

—the only mixes that make cakes "Swans Down good"!

Instant Cake Mix— for higher, finer, richer light cakes!

Devil's Food Mix— with that super-rich chocolaty flavor!



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Products of General Foods

After 25—drying skin begins to show...



Flaky dry skin patches on your cheeks, rough up your skin, spoil your make-up's smooth look.

To Correct—Work into your cheeks *nightly* plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Swirl its softening help from chin-line *up* in front of ears. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized to soak in better. Use a *light* film of this special cream under your make-up for day softening also.

These pictures show where drying skin on your face is most noticeable—and what you can do to help correct it!



Criss-Cross Lines Under Eyes will print themselves in, if your skin is dry, papery.

To Smooth—Be sure to cream-over those tiny dry lines *nightly* with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Start from outside corners of your eyes and tap cream *very gently inward* under eyes to nose. Feel, see how your dry, papery eye skin soaks up this cream's moistness.



Little Creases Settle By Earlobes when your skin begins to get dry and inelastic.

To Flatten Out—Use first two fingers of each hand and make "U-turns" with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream back and forth under your ears. Cream from front of ears, under, then up in back. This helps flatten little dry-skin creases, keeps skin soft, resilient.

It's noticeable... the way skin begins to *look drier* after 25.

The trouble lies in the skin itself!

From 25 on, the natural oil that helps keep skin soft, pliant and young-looking starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may have lost as much as 20% of its own softening oil. And—without *enough oil*, your skin will seem to shrivel—tiny dry lines will start to show up where you don't want them!

But you can offset this drying out—by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. You can use a dry skin cream that is *extra rich* in *lanolin*, which is very like the oil of the skin itself—this *special* rich cream is Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

See its effects on *your* skin. At night—work it in *thoroughly* for special softening. By day—use it *lightly* for a smooth look under your make-up. It brings your skin a softer, fresher, younger look immediately.

Be sure *you* get this wonderful help *now*.

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE says: "I find Pond's Dry Skin Cream is perfect softening care for dry skin. It's an indispensable cream for me."

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND says: "I've never known a cream to soften skin so beautifully as Pond's Dry Skin Cream. I find it a delightful help."



That Matronly-Looking Sagging starts so unpleasantly to show along your chin-line.

To Tone Up Chin-Line—Use thumb and first finger of each hand and "pinch along," from point of chin to up in front of your ears, with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment brings circulation up, and gives this dry skin the lift and *rich lubrication* it needs.



Thread-like Dry Lines on Forehead can dig unattractive little furrows to age you.

To Help Erase—Use a firm stroke to circle lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream *thoroughly* over your dry forehead skin. Pay special attention to skin at temples where little dry lines fasten on you. A special emulsifier in this rich cream gives your dry skin *extra*-softening help.

3 features make this cream effective

1. Rich in Lanolin—very like the skin's own oil
2. Homogenized—to soak in better
3. Special Emulsifier—for *extra* softening aid



Start this remarkable correction of your Dry Skin today

See *on yourself* how the use of this wonderful, *rich* cream *promptly* helps relieve skin dryness. How it helps combat loss of skin-softening oils . . . leaves your skin *feeling* softer, *looking* so much fresher and prettier.

You can *be lavish* when you use Pond's Dry Skin Cream—it is so sensibly priced—55¢, 31¢, 15¢, and 98¢ for the generous *biggest* jar (all plus tax).

Get your Pond's Dry Skin Cream today—you'll *never* be without it!

(Continued from Page 182)

Gerry slept. *I must do the dishes and diapers,* Marian decided. She dozed. In five minutes her own snoring woke her. She felt terrible. She lay there for five minutes more, watching the sleeping boy, then got up and put on her shoes and went to the kitchen, where she made herself a cup of hot tea with sugar and milk. She sat at the kitchen table long enough to drink the tea. Then she got busy.

After putting Eric's diapers to soak in a small tub of hot suds, she slapped up the dishes, then quickly rinsed the diapers in two waters, put them in the diaper pail, added fresh hot water and set them on a back burner of the stove to boil.

Next she scraped the carrots, washed and sliced them into a saucepan, added cold water, and put them to cook on the other back burner. She scrubbed two small, perfect potatoes and left them on the drainboard.

On one of the front burners she set the sterilizer full of washed baby bottles, and on the other she prepared a spaghetti sauce in an aluminum skillet.

She had just hung out the diapers to dry when Gerry stirred and called to her, so they sat on the davenport and she read to him again.

Eric was still asleep when Andy came. He walked in with a small open box under one arm and a broad smile on his face. He bent down and kissed Marian and Gerry. Gerry danced around him.

"Well, I've got it, dear," announced Andy.

"Got what?" Marian smiled at him. "The crown jools?"

"Better than that," he stated. "Sleep."

He set the box down on a chair and carefully lifted out a kitten and put it on the floor. It was a very small, striped kitten. The most beautiful kitten in the world.

"Oh," said Marian.

Gerry sat on the floor at a safe distance and looked at that kitten.

"His name is Tiger," said Andy.

"Of course," said Marian.

He ruffled the kitten's fur with one finger. "He's pretty young. It was probably stretching a point to take him from his mother. But he had to be like that." The kitten staggered a little and mewed faintly.

"Naturally," said Marian.

"Here, Tiger," whispered Gerry, not moving. "Here, Tiger." The kitten yawned and showed needle-sharp white teeth and a small pink tongue.

Marian looked at the kitten and at Gerry. Then she looked at her husband. "You're wonderful," she told him. "You're a natural-born father."

Andy beamed. "Oh, well," he said. "I guess it was kind of an inspiration at that," he admitted. He got brisk. He took off his coat. "How about a saucer of warm milk for Tiger?"

MARIAN got some. Tiger drank. He slopped milk on the floor and put his feet in the dish. Gerry just sat and looked. Looked and looked. The kitten finished the milk, licked its feet uncertainly, then lay down and went to sleep.

"Whose is he?" asked Gerry of no one in particular.

"He's yours," declared his father. "All yours and nobody else's."

Gerry thought it over. "Not Eric's?" he asked slowly.

"Not Eric's, not mamma's, not mine. He's yours," Andy repeated.

"Oh," said Gerry. He didn't move. He didn't even try to touch the cat. Not yet. He just looked.

Marian got a fairly old sweater of Gerry's, so that the kitten would know whom he belonged to, and they made a bed for Tiger in a box in the kitchen. Next to it they put a low box of sand, but that was just wishful thinking. *Still, cats can be trained pretty early, certainly earlier than babies,* thought Marian wryly, laying newspapers around the boxes.

Supper was pretty late, but nobody cared except maybe Eric.

"Tupper," he demanded, banging his high-chair tray.

"Supper," corrected his mother, beginning to feed him as they all sat down to the table. "Sssssupper," she drew it out.

"Oh, let the little fellow say 'tupper' if he wants to," said Gerry grandly, his spoon halfway to his mouth. "He'd rather say 'tupper.'"

"Tsupper," compromised Eric, his mouth spilling food.

"He's really trying," said Marian.

They all smiled at Eric. He blew chopped liver and baked potato at them, shouted "Naughty!" and kicked his heels against the footrest of his chair.

Let's see, thought Marian, *what all do I have to do before I can take my bath and crawl into bed? Change Eric, wash the dishes, fold diapers, just a sponge bath for Eric as he had a regular bath last night. Andy will help with dishes and undress Gerry and they'll put the toys away. I guess I can make it. I always do.*

IT was bedtime. Gerry had spent the evening in the kitchen. At last he had held the baby Tiger in his lap as he sat on the floor, and whispered to him.

Marian could hardly keep her eyes open. *I wish I could sleep for two days straight,* she told herself. Her back ached. Her feet hurt. Her head spun. *For the first time I feel as if I'm beginning to get old,* she decided. She was thirty-one and looked not a day more than nineteen.

She bent over Eric as he lay naked under a towel on the big bed. Under him were a rubber sheet and a large towel. By the bed on a bench were a basin of warm water, two soft washcloths, a bar of baby soap in a saucer, a bottle of baby lotion and a jar of baby cream. At the foot of the bed Marian had placed Eric's sleepers, a clean shirt and double diaper. She worked rapidly and automatically. Andy stood at the foot of the bed and watched.

Eric squealed and kicked and arched his back and tried to turn over. He was only playing. He loved to go to bed.

"I'd as soon work with an octopus," Marian told him, holding his right knee as she sponged him off.

"Ningin, ningin, ningin," chanted Eric happily, grabbing for his feet.

"Pattycake," begged his mother.

Andy went around to the head of the bed. "What's going on?" he asked the baby. He brought out his watch.

"What goin' on," said Eric smartly.

"Isn't he wonderful?" marveled his mother, patting him dry.

She smoothed him with lotion and cream and began to work him into his clean clothes. After she had stuffed Eric into his sleeper pants, Andy left his post by the bed and went down into the basement to fix the furnace for the night.

"Dere," said Eric, as Marian lifted him up.

She sat on the edge of the bed and cuddled him in her arms, and he lay there quietly while she began to sing a lullaby.

Gerry came in. He walked into the other bedroom, went into the unlighted closet and closed the door.

Marian sang softly. Eric blinked and sucked his thumb.

After a minute or two Gerry came out. He stood in the bedroom doorway and looked at his mother.

Marian stopped singing.

"I told him I liked him," said Gerry.

"Who?" asked Marian.

"The tiger."

"Oh? And what did he say?" his mother asked.

"He didn't say anything," said the little boy. "He's gone." THE END

KID STUFF

"Mother, if I say 'Stick 'em up' and Dickie says 'Drop your gun' who gets to shoot first?"

"If you eat a lot, does your birthday be sooner?"

"Grownups aren't supposed to have fun. They had their fun when they were little." —OWENITA SANDERLIN.

Which Hair Problems Do You Have?



Try this new Glamour-Treatment!

Used by professionals for problem hair! A *creamy* lotion—not sticky or greasy. Makes your wave behave—leaves hair soft, shining! ★ Rich in Lanolin to soften dry hair or stiff, fuzzy permanents. ★ Ends loose dandruff worries. ★ Deodorizes for between-shampoos freshness, fragrance.



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Not only relieves constipation, but accompanying acid indigestion, too!

Three tablespoonfuls for constipation and accompanying acid indigestion! Relieve irregularity *effectively* by taking Phillips' Milk of Magnesia! Phillips' does *more* than lazy laxatives which only relieve *constipation*. Phillips' *also* relieves the *acid indigestion* which often accompanies constipation—gives you *more complete relief*. So gentle for children, so thorough for grownups, Phillips' can be taken without thought of embarrassing urgency.

One tablespoonful for stomach upset alone! If overindulgence causes upset stomach, gas, heartburn or any other distressing symptoms of acid indigestion, take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia as an antacid. Phillips' brings amazingly fast relief because it contains one of the fastest, most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known!

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PHILLIPS' TABLETS IN $1.00, 50¢ and 25¢ SIZES

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Good with so many good things

Coca-Cola adds its own life and sparkle to the pleasures of the table. Good food and ice-cold Coke are natural partners . . . serving hospitality and bringing wholesome refreshment to your guests.

Drink Coca-Cola
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"We live by the Journal"

A friendly knock on our editorial door (via letter) begins a visit with the Raymond A. Hills, of Westminster, Maryland

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: My devoted passion for the LHJ is, I believe, just a natural woman's love for something womanly. I decided when I read my first "Candy and Bill" story that my first girl would be called Candy regardless of what last name might follow. Your cover family, Mother and Daughter, have always been my favorites. When they started knitting little things, so did we. When they got a boy, we were certain we would too. We did—just twenty-four days later.

Our first home was one furnished room in a farmhouse in Maryland. Later when we took over some of a fourteen-room farmhouse—a part of which had been built over two hundred years ago—we dragged out back issues of LHJ and devoured ideas for doing something for next to nothing. It was during this time, struggling along on a brand-new engineer's salary, that we argued with your How America Lives budgets.

We had very little social life that year—in fact, none. It was the next spring that we decided to have an outdoor party and roast a suckling pig over an open barbecue pit. Raymond built a mortared outdoor fireplace. We were all set to go when we found out that our town's most famous cook had never cooked a whole pig. In desperation, I wrote to your food editor—how thrilled I was to get an air-mail special just in time. Needless to say, the party was a complete success.

That year, we put up over 500 jars of foods. We exhibited some in one of the local fairs and won two "blues." A big day for us—to beat the country folks at their own game.

In late '49, we led both our college classes in infant productivity. We think we still hold the title. Candy, Terry and Debby—7, 5, and 4—and Brian, born last July—these are our kids, plus a pet duck and one turtle.

Of course we think we have the most wonderful daddy in all the world. Lately, he has been made captain of the Westminster National Guard unit, and his duties have taken up much of his free time. His regular position is Plant Engineer at Congoleum-Nairn, Inc.

I make all the kids' clothes, most of my own, and pajamas and neckties for Raymond, on my new sewing machine.

Writing is not my forte, but it's been fun telling you this. We live by you and your ever helpful editors. Yours devotedly,

JANE S. HILL.

HOW AMERICA LIVES



A mother-and-daughter scene from real life—Mrs. Hill clears away last-minute mending preparatory to hospital trip "to get the new baby." Debby, four, is a lively, feminine charm-full, with weighty problems of her own.

BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

SOMETHING momentous was afoot in the small white house at 14 New Windsor Road, Westminster, Maryland. The porch was almost impassable because of tricycles, toy trucks, small fry and dogs; the phone rang and the screen door banged almost continuously; and Grandmother Hill, a handsome blonde in spike-heeled sandals, was in a lather of activity.

In the kitchen a hurried penciled notation on the wall—"18 cups cherries, 31½ cups sugar"—hinted at the abruptness of young Mrs. Hill's departure to the hospital five days before. Mrs. Hill, Sr. (whom everyone calls "Honey") checked over the preparations for the evening. Supper stood all ready on the range, plates of hors d'oeuvres were stacked in the refrigerator to protect them from the wilting midsummer Maryland heat. The house was tidy, and in the front bedroom beside the huge double bed custom-built to accommodate Raymond Hill's gangling 6'4" frame, stood a small crib freshly made up for the new arrival.

A neighbor's child came banging in the front door. "Is the new baby going to die?"

Honey wiped her face with her apron and hushed him up.

"Well, the last one did," the child remarked complacently.

Honey was relieved when she realized that the three Hill grandchildren on the front porch couldn't possibly hear him:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Baby due or not, it's Terry's fifth birthday. Jane will tell you he's a "wild little terror"—but she was up at 6:30 to bake cake, fix it up Western style.

Bathtime bedlam is supervised (and slightly encouraged) by father when National Guard duties allow. Mrs. Hill, Sr. ("Honey"), lends a helping hand during Jane's hospital stay.



Brian, age one half hour, takes back seat for a very special moment. Jane knew baby would be a boy because (feminine logic) "Terry needs a playmate."



"So far we've been accumulating children and equipment. There doesn't seem to be anything left for savings."



Getting bitten by dogs isn't *all* Terry does. He empties trash, aids with wash.

she collapsed into a chair. It had been quite a week. She remembered the day Jane, her daughter-in-law, had started into labor. It had been, of course, the hottest day in the world. But in spite of Jane's size and the perspiration streaming down her face and matting the ends of her long, sleek blond hair, she looked as pretty and animated as ever.

Up at 6:30 A.M., Jane had mixed and baked three separate batters for a birthday cake for Terry, aged five. While the cakes baked, she sterilized twenty-one pint jars for cherry jam and began to prepare six quarts of raspberries. She then hustled down to the egg auction for her weekly supply of eggs and squeezed in a visit to the new house the Hills are renting, since their present one will soon be sold. The new house needed new flooring, complete plastering, new wiring, paint and wallpaper, but Jane didn't seem at all perturbed about moving in with the new baby in five weeks. In eight years of marriage, she and Ray have been separated by war for three years, produced five children and moved eight times.

In the afternoon, Jane decorated the birthday cake, a three-layer rectangular affair, with chocolate and green icing and plastic cowboys, horses and fences. "A ranch house!" exclaimed delighted Terry. Fourteen of his friends were coming for a supper party to roast hot dogs outdoors, hunt for peanuts and shoot off firecrackers. In the midafternoon, Jane began to get a backache and started to pack for the hospital.

For herself, she packed a few shorties and bed jackets, two small white satin pillows for her elbows, plus every bit of cosmetics she owned—lipsticks, eye shadows, eyelash curlers, face creams, nail polish—some whodunits to read and some dress material to smock for Deborah. For the baby she tucked in the same little blanket, dress and silk sack (now dyed and carefully pressed and mended) that each of her four other children wore home from the hospital. She cried a little as she unwrapped a pink-and-blue giraffe and some tiny baby rattles. They had been in the crib the night Bruce died.

The biggest thrill of the coming delivery was that she had a spinal block, and for the first time actually saw her baby being born. A

Candy, a winsome and very mature seven, is old hand at welcoming babies to the family, prefers reading, drawing to domestic chores (but does them anyway). Terry knows Brian was ordered specially for him, is a little awed.



Debby always washes her hands before touching Brian, doesn't like for him to cry. "Too lazy to get the gas off his tummy," Jane analyzes, picking him up. Crying ceases. "Or maybe," she amends with a smile, "he's just spoiled."





moment later the doctor dangled before her eyes a beautifully formed, lobster-red, lustily howling son and Jane burst into tears.

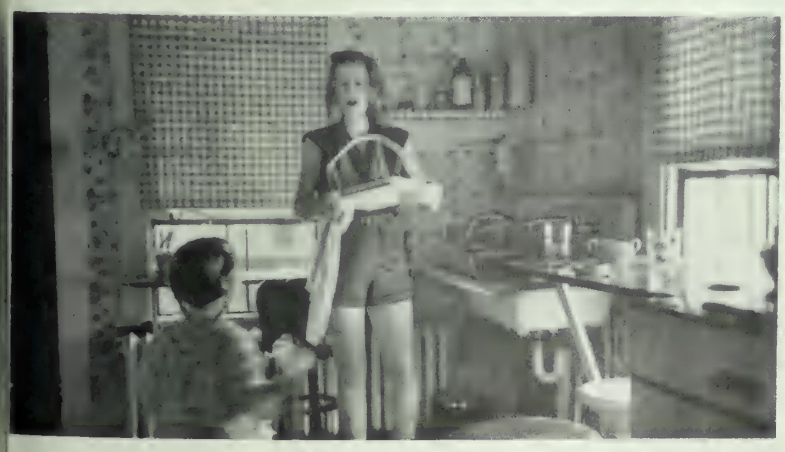
The first two days she was away, all went well at home with grandma and the three children. The next day Deborah, four, ran a temperature, and Terry, five, and Candy, seven, complained of stomach-aches. By the next night Debby had a real case of tonsillitis and a temperature of 104°. Honey was up every hour all night fussing with the benzoin steamer since Debby, whenever she gets sick, suffers from asthma.

She was still in bed with a temperature of 102° and the two others had sore throats. Well, reflected exhausted grandma, in five minutes their parents would be home and her responsibilities would be over.

A blood-curdling scream sent her racing to the porch. The cocker spaniel was cowering in a corner; Terry's face was a flood of blood and tears. "Bingo bit him!" Candy told her excitedly.

And that is why, when the proud parents and new baby arrived home a few minutes later, they were welcomed with the news that Honey had raced into the street and flagged down the first car she saw, yelling instructions to Candy to take care of sick Deborah, as she and the profusely bleeding Terry tore off to the nearest doctor for bandages

Full of vim after Brian's arrival, Jane returns to cooking, sewing she loves. "Ray likes a change—hates routine. And I like to try out new recipes. Works fine," she says, adding that despite budget worries, "we won't stint on food."



Because "you just can't be selfish when there are children," Jane thinks they are best thing for a marriage. She wants eight, will settle for six. Ray is firm disciplinarian, but "the kids adore him."

Debby never skips the two o'clock (P.M.) feeding. Looking ahead, the Hills expect she *will* skip college, marry early. If Candy and boys want college, fine, but Jane and Ray feel they should share costs.



Family fun is an everyday thing for the Hills, with swimming, berrypicking at top of list. Jane is excited about Ray's new promotion to Plant Engineer at Congoleum-Nairn's Cedarhurst plant. "It means we can start saving, at last."

An important "must learn" for the children—the ability to stand on their own feet.

and stitches. Grandma's beautifully prepared home-coming dinner was finally removed from the range at 10:30 that night and, what's more, eaten by the whole starved and exhausted crew.

A week later, Terry had his bandages removed and the scars were healing nicely. Jane was bouncing around in a pair of very abbreviated purple shorts (size 12) looking far more like a fashion model than a nursing mother. The new baby, Brian O'Donovan Hill, was placed in the noisiest spot in the house, following Jane's theory of toughening 'em up early. He slept happily between feedings at his mother's breast, a scant ten feet from the banging front screen door as the Hill children and their playmates dashed yelling in and out. Honey departed for home and Jane's parents, her sister, brother-in-law and their four-month-old daughter arrived and were somehow telescoped into the tiny three-bedroom house.

"Ray and I are just crazy about new little babies," Jane said, mopping her streaming face. "And I love being pregnant, if only the father would carry it around the last six weeks."

From Jane's point of view, it was entirely fitting that during all this hubbub, she was also hostess to several JOURNAL editors and a candid photographer. The JOURNAL has always played a large part in Jane's life. "Until recently, whenever the JOURNAL arrived, I'd take off the entire day—never even did the beds or dishes—and read it cover to cover. My friends would phone and say, 'Sorry to bother you, Jane, I presume you're flat on your back with the new JOURNAL.' Now I force myself to read it piecemeal."

(Continued on Page 241)

Ray insists this is fun, quickly adds, "Unless I'm tired." Jane, thinking of new garage and Ray's hobby, sighs, "He's liable to buy another old car."



Never mind tomorrow

Now is the time to do it. If you'd be proud to bake a cake like this for dinner tonight, there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't. All it takes is Pillsbury White Cake Mix in the neat blue-and-white package. All you add is milk (and a bit of chocolate and sugar).

And your own cake can be just as moist and fine-grained, just as eye commanding, just as praise provoking as the cake that looks out from this page. It doesn't take any practice. You can do it today. Or you can do it tomorrow. But never mind tomorrow. How about today?



Marble Cake. Melt 1 square chocolate with 2 tbsp. sugar. Pour ⅔ of Pillsbury White Cake Mix batter into pans. Add cooled chocolate to remainder. Pour over batter in pans; cut through with knife.



Just add milk—

These are complete mixes. Milk is *all* you add—no eggs, flavoring or extras of any kind required.

Remember—
You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great team

Pillsbury BEST Mixes

Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE



GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

It's hard to believe this slim, appealing couple have ever had a worrisome thought about their figures. Actually, 6'4" Ray Hill recently dieted away 20 pounds of excess weight to reach his present and perfect 207 pounds. And Jane, 5'3" and the mother of four bouncing youngsters, maintains her premarriage weight of 118 pounds by means of intelligent (restrained) eating habits.



MY HUSBAND'S DIET . . . keeps me slim, too

GETTING Ray Hill to embark on a reducing diet was a challenge to his wife, Jane, who wanted to keep her husband healthy—as well as handsome! Most men rebel against such "feminine nonsense" as an insult to their egos and their appetites. It is possible, of course, that your husband remains lean and hard despite your good home cooking. It is possible, too, that your own weight is close to ideal. But recent and reliable medical reports tell us there are fifteen million men and women in this country whose obesity is a threat to their futures. For those of you who would like to avoid—or correct—such a hazard in your own home, the JOURNAL has planned a special husband-wife reducing diet. It is low in calories, yet hearty enough in portions to satisfy and slenderize any prominently padded adult. Follow it for better health!

Pep Without Pounds

Your husband, with his naturally larger frame (and appetite), will be happier with a diet that is heartier than yours. Here is a way each of you can determine the number of calories you require, as suggested by our own nutrition expert: Add up the calories you normally consume each day. (The diet chart on the opposite page, plus the calories listed under Forbidden Pleasures, can be your guide.) Divide the total number by two. For example: If your normal daily diet adds up to 2400 calories, then your *reducing diet* should add up to 1200. Your husband may find that his weakness for extra helpings, cream sauces or fancy desserts has brought his calorie count up to 3600. In that case, an 1800-calorie diet should provide a rapid and reliable means of reducing his waistline and renewing his energy! Remember, you are not cutting quantities of *food* in half. You are simply parting company with the extra calories that add the extra pounds!

Be Fair—Be Faithful

The diet that follows contains approximately 1200 calories a day in foods that are abundant in vitamins, minerals and proteins. It can be followed indefinitely. For the average woman these foods should provide for her daily energy output and, at the same time, allow her to lose weight at the rate of about two pounds a week. If you find you must amplify on this for yourself, as well as your husband, do so by increasing portions of the *foods listed on the diet.* Forbidden pleasures are forbidden here, if you are really interested in becoming the streamlined couple you were meant to be!

Forbidden Pleasures

Here are the kinds of everyday "extras" that double your calories and prompt your extra weight. *At breakfast*, for instance, you may be presently having cream in your coffee (1 tablespoon, 30 calories) . . . sugar in coffee (1 teaspoon, 20 calories) . . . an extra slice of generously buttered toast (120 calories) . . . preserves (½ tablespoon, 50 calories). *At luncheon:* mayonnaise on your sandwich (1 tablespoon, 100 calories) . . . a piece of chocolate cake or apple pie (1 slice, 300 calories). *At dinner:* gravy for your meat (2 tablespoons, 100 calories) . . . French or Russian dressing for your salad (1 tablespoon, 75 calories) . . . berry pie or chocolate ice cream (350 calories). Count them up—they total 1145 calories, or what an average diet might contain complete!

By Dawn Crowell Norman
Beauty Editor of the Journal

DIET MENUS FOR SEVEN DAYS

	breakfast	Calories	luncheon	Calories	dinner	Calories	
Monday	Stewed prunes (3 prunes, 3 tbsp. juice)	115	Beef bouillon	18	Broiled liver (1 slice)	150	*Total calories—1224*
	Poached egg on whole-wheat toast (½ pat butter)	155	Sliced-chicken-and-lettuce sandwich on rye toast	290	Asparagus tips	20	
	Coffee or tea (plain)		Fresh fruit cup (grapefruit and orange sections)	75	Baked potato (½ pat butter)	125	
		270	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88	Apricot-snow pudding (⅔ cup)	100	
	Any time during the day:			471		395	
	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88					
		358					
Tuesday	Grapefruit juice (6-oz. glass)	75	Scrambled eggs (2 eggs, ½ pat butter)	165	Chopped lean beef (2 medium patties)	300	*Total calories—1216*
	Cooked cereal (¾ cup with 1 tsp. sugar, skim milk)	150	Stewed tomatoes	25	Spinach, lemon juice	30	
	Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, thinly buttered)	80	Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, thinly buttered)	80	Cauliflower	25	
	Coffee or tea (plain)		Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88	Strawberry gelatin (½ cup)	110	
		305		358	Coffee or tea (plain)		
	Any time during the day:					465	
	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88					
		393					
Wednesday	Sliced banana, skim milk (½ cup)	144	Chicken consommé	18	½ Grapefruit	75	*Total calories—1228*
	Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, thinly buttered)	80	Tomato stuffed with cottage cheese and chives (½ cup)	110	Broiled lamb chops (2 sm.)	200	
	Coffee or tea (plain)		Apricots (3 halves)	100	Baked potato (med.) ½ pat butter	125	
		224	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88	Buttered peas and carrots	70	
	Any time during the day:			316	Vanilla-nutmeg custard (½ cup)	130	
	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88			Coffee or tea (plain)		
		312				600	
Thursday	Orange juice (6-oz. glass)	100	Fresh fruit cup (pineapple tit-bits, apple, grapes, pear)	117	Broiled tenderloin steak (large)	325	*Total calories—1226*
	Boiled egg	70	Tomato, cucumber and lettuce sandwich on rye toast	158	Broccoli (1 stalk)	35	
	Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, thinly buttered)	80	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88	Tossed green salad (water cress, lettuce, shredded carrots, rosebud radishes, green pepper) with vinegar or lemon dressing	65	
	Coffee or tea (plain)			363	Orange milk sherbet (½ cup)	100	
		250			Coffee or tea (plain)		
	Any time during the day:					525	
	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88					
		338					
Friday	Tomato juice (6-oz. glass)	45	Vegetable plate (spinach with egg slices, stewed tomatoes, steamed carrots)	155	Whitefish, baked or steamed (2 medium slices)	200	*Total calories—1189*
	Cooked cereal (¾ cup with 1 teaspoon sugar, skim milk)	150	Rye toast (1 slice, thinly buttered)	80	Parsley potato (½ pat butter)	125	
	Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, thinly buttered)	80	Pear halves (2 with 2 tbsp. juice)	70	Fresh string beans	28	
	Coffee or tea (plain)		Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88	Prune whip	80	
		275		393	Coffee or tea (plain)		
	Any time during the day:					433	
	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88					
		363					
Saturday	½ Grapefruit	75	Open cheese-and-bacon sandwich (1 slice toast)	220	Chopped lean beef (2 medium patties)	300	*Total calories—1211*
	Boiled egg	70	Apple (medium size)	75	Baked potato (medium, ½ pat butter)	125	
	Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, thinly buttered)	80	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88	Tomato slices on lettuce	15	
	Coffee or tea (plain)			383	Fruit compote (banana and orange slices)	75	
		225			Coffee or tea (plain)		
	Any time during the day:					515	
	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88					
		313					
Sunday	Orange juice (6-oz. glass)	100	Tomato-juice appetizer (4 oz.)	30	Beef bouillon	18	*Total calories—1254*
	Poached egg on toast (½ pat butter)	155	Roast chicken (3 slices)	200	Tomato, cucumber and lettuce sandwich on rye toast	160	
	Coffee or tea (plain)		Broccoli (1 stalk)	35	Tapioca cream pudding (½ cup)	130	
		255	Sliced beets	50	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88	
	Any time during the day:		Pineapple-cottage-cheese salad on lettuce	100		396	
	Skim milk (8-oz. glass)	88	Raspberry sherbet (¼ cup)	100			
		343	Coffee or tea (plain)				
				515			

Unless amounts are specified, calorie estimates are based on *medium servings*.



Have your doctor's approval of your reducing diet. He may make special changes for you.



Weigh in the very same clothes each week, and keep a written record of your losses.



Have your pint of skim milk each day. Drink it, cook it in desserts or serve it on cereal!



Pep up with fresh air and exercise. It will speed up reducing and help firm your figure.



Have fun during your diet days! Go in for bridge games, theater, movies and dancing!



Get at least eight hours of sleep each night to discourage fatigue and restore your energy.


I dreamed I was a
Lady Ambassador in my
maidenform bra
Shown: Maidenform's Maidemette® in white satin and lace... from 1.50
There is a maidenform for every type of figure!



GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



Black rayon-taffeta dress with matching basque jacket. Add a touch of ermine to the neckline now, linen for spring. Vogue Design No. 7520, 12 to 20.

VEIL BY MR. ALF, PIN BY EISENBERG



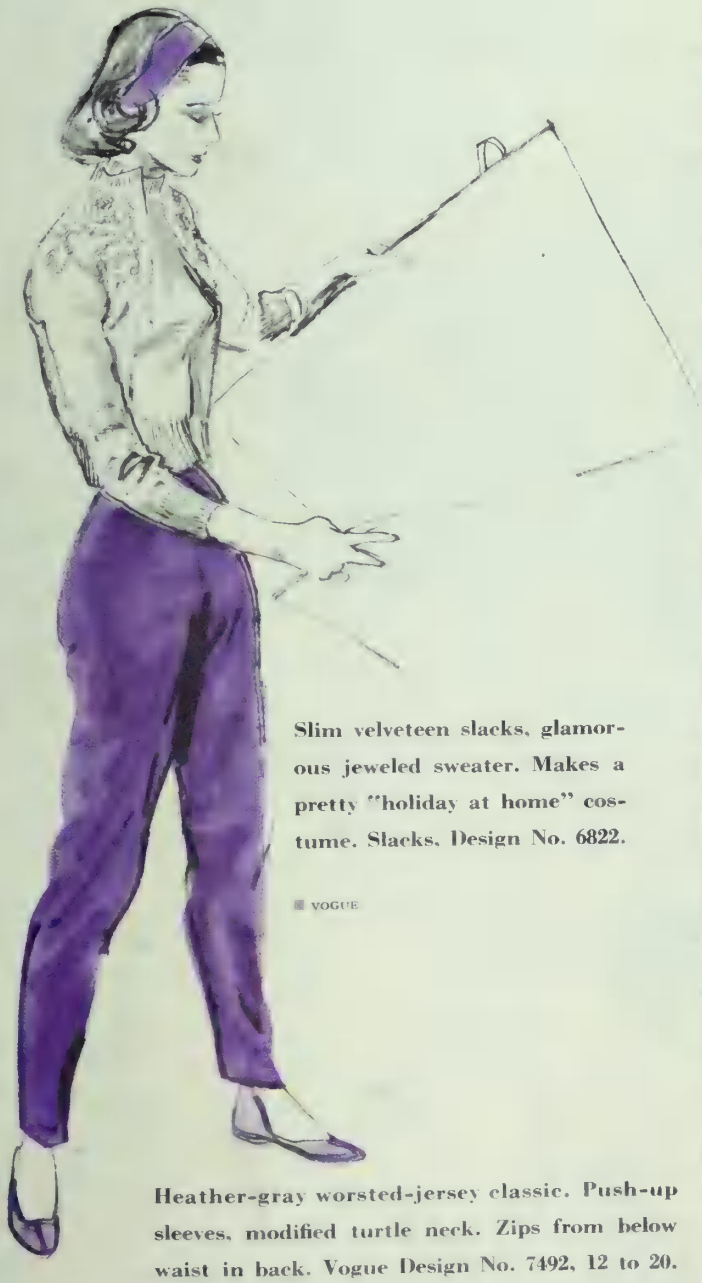
New-looking cardigan suit with gored skirt in red tweed. The neckline is nice for blouses. Slightly flared 4-gored skirt. Vogue Design No. 7554, 12 to 20.

HAT BY MR. ALF



Co-ordinated fabrics in oxford-gray denim. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 7545, 12 to 20. Skirt, No. 7531, 24 to 32 waist.

BELT BY BEN KING



Slim velveteen slacks, glamorous jeweled sweater. Makes a pretty "holiday at home" costume. Slacks, Design No. 6822.

VOGUE

Heather-gray worsted-jersey classic. Push-up sleeves, modified turtle neck. Zips from below waist in back. Vogue Design No. 7492, 12 to 20.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. *Connecticut residents please add sales tax.*

Back and other views on Page 214

HOW AMERICA LIVES

$100 Wardrobe

"THE CLOTHES I WANT MOST after my baby comes are clothes that will give me a pretty figure," said pretty Jane Hill. "A dress for dancing with a full skirt and a tiny waistline . . . a slim pair of velveteen slacks . . . a pretty tweed suit, and, for a pet extravagance, a jeweled sweater." We splurged on the tweed for her suit—$7.95 a yard. However, the fine quality 39″ rayon taffeta cost less than $1 a yard. Careful shopping for fabrics makes $100 go a long way. Becoming patterns and expert sewing give you a wardrobe worth many times that. By NORA O'LEARY

Pattern Editor of the Journal



Newly-wed or not . . . enjoy *Trousseau Luxury*

No law says you have to be a bride to own a Fieldcrest trousseau. Matrons, too, can sigh for cloud-soft Fieldcrest blankets. Young-marrieds can nurse a secret passion for those rainbow pastel sheets, those amazing towels and bedspreads. So let yourself go. Have a new trousseau . . . and bless the extra wear and quality that make Fieldcrest an everyday luxury.



The Fieldcrest Luxuray blanket is a skillful blending of choice rayon, cotton and wool fibres. Light green, rose, gold, blue, Pompey red and leaf green.



Fieldcrest

LUXURAY BLANKETS

Sheets • Towels • Blankets • Bedspreads
Electric Blankets • Karastan Rugs • Lace
Tablecloths • Curtains • Hosiery • Rayons

POWLER

Used furnishings, freshened with new fabrics and paint, combine to do over a living room which has charm and gaiety.

"more Energy than Money } that's us!"

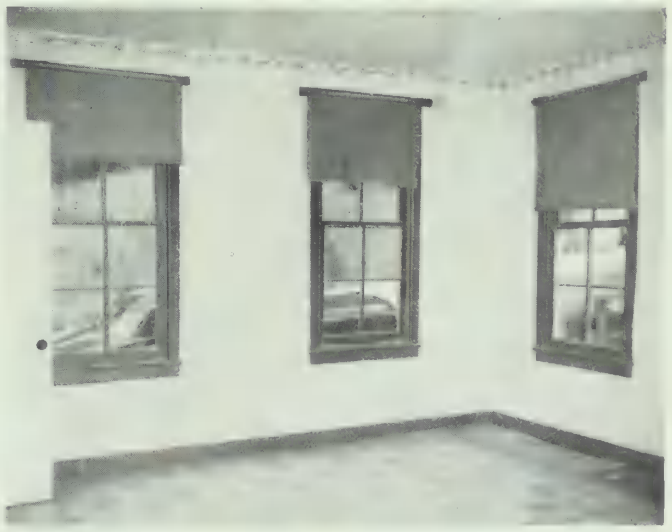
By **HENRIETTA MURDOCK** *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

MRS. HILL is one of those women who "loves to go wild with a paintbrush," as she says, and try out decoration ideas on her own. Ideas and simple skills can accomplish wonders, she believes, and proves it.

"Fixing up any new room is a challenge—but this one! Big and bare and not enough money to do things the regular way." Mrs. Hill looked brightly about the "new" room with its old-style windows and gaping stovepipe holes, noting the lack of even one compensating feature except roominess.

"Just the place to try out my pet JOURNAL ideas," she suggested. "Tall bookshelves, my old *(Continued on Page 246)*

This is the bare room which challenged Mrs. Hill to make use of her favorite Journal ideas.



HOW AMERICA LIVES



New Smartness

...for light loveliness

by Verplex

Welcome to new lamp horizons . . . perfect symmetry and poise in tubular variations . . . Satin Black, Rouge Red, or Olive Green finishes with simulated Ostrich Skin shades.

Delightful duet in modern styling — combination circular, glass-top table and floor lamp. Approximately $16.95

This tag will guide you to all Verplex lamps and shades... temptingly priced at leading stores everywhere.



THE Verplex COMPANY

at Essex, Connecticut

RENAISSANCE

— recreates in fine china, an old world mastery of art where design becomes texture in the parchment-like quality. Rimmed in gold — Renaissance, in any modern setting, remains forever formal.

FRANCISCAN *fine* CHINA

MADE IN CALIFORNIA BY GLADDING, McBEAN & CO., 2901 LOS FELIZ BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. PRODUCERS OF CERAMIC PRODUCTS SINCE 1875



DI PIETRO

Young Hills organize playthings for moving.

Moving Day at the Hills

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

"MOVING day is bedlam, of course." Jane Hill has survived five moves in five years. "As soon as I know the new address, I write friends and change magazine subscriptions."

■ Post-office change-of-address cards speed sending notices. Don't forget insurance companies, stores with charge accounts, banks, motor-vehicle and driver-registration bureaus, and Selective Service Board (if applicable).

■ Take the doctor's and dentist's advice about their successors.

● Call the school board to transfer the children's records and credentials.

● Be a newspaper and string saver. In addition, the Hills prompt their grocer to save lemon crates and cartons. These, plus Ray's foot lockers, are mainstays when packing. To these supplies add labels, black crayon and strong twine for marking and packaging boxes.

● Arrange for a mover. The Hills trusted the careful handling of a man who helped before. Starting from scratch, ask about types of service and estimates. These range from mere delivery to complete packing and moving. The Hills elected to pack all but fragile china, and to move many things themselves in the station wagon.

■ Pianos are temperamental and must be handled by experts.

● Mover-packed goods usually are automatically covered by insurance. Ask about coverage for all household effects.

● Move on paper first. If possible, measure rooms, or get a plan of the new house. Figure where belongings fit. Follow through with labels (colored for different rooms) and movers will put possessions in position. Saves wearisome hoisting later.

As the Date Nears

■ Drawers of chests are fine for folded bedding and clothing, but not for loose heavy things.

■ Send clothing, household furnishings and rugs to be cleaned, with directions for delivering or sending to the new address.

■ Budget-minded folks take down pictures, racks and removable fixtures. It cuts time of hourly-paid workers. Leave beds assembled, leave to experts.

■ Thirty average books in a box is one man's load. Keep in mind when packing.

■ Plates crack less easily if packed on end. Recommended for china and glassware are wood barrels, lined with excelsior, straw or shredded paper. Wrap plates separately and arrange spoke-fashion. Fill center with wrapped cups, serving dishes and the like. Pad the whole solidly.

■ Choose strong boxes for kitchen utensils and gadgets. Wrap in paper and put heaviest at the bottom. Tie together mops, brooms, curtain rods and such.

■ Be ruthless, toss out unimportant supplies from medicine chest and cosmetic shelf—particularly liquids. Use cellophane tape to secure tops on others. Pad well with paper, put in a strong carton and label "Breakable." Never move anything inflammable.

■ Plan an overflow container. For the Hills this is the old trunk Jane's mother brought to this country. She calls it "the department of utter desperation."

● When possible, arrange to have the new house spanking clean.

On "M" Day

"We're up early moving day and breakfast off paper plates. Last packed," said Jane, "is a hodgepodge case—things needed first: light bulbs, toilet tissue, etc.'

● Delegate a reception committee to greet the movers and help place basic pieces—perhaps have coffee ready!

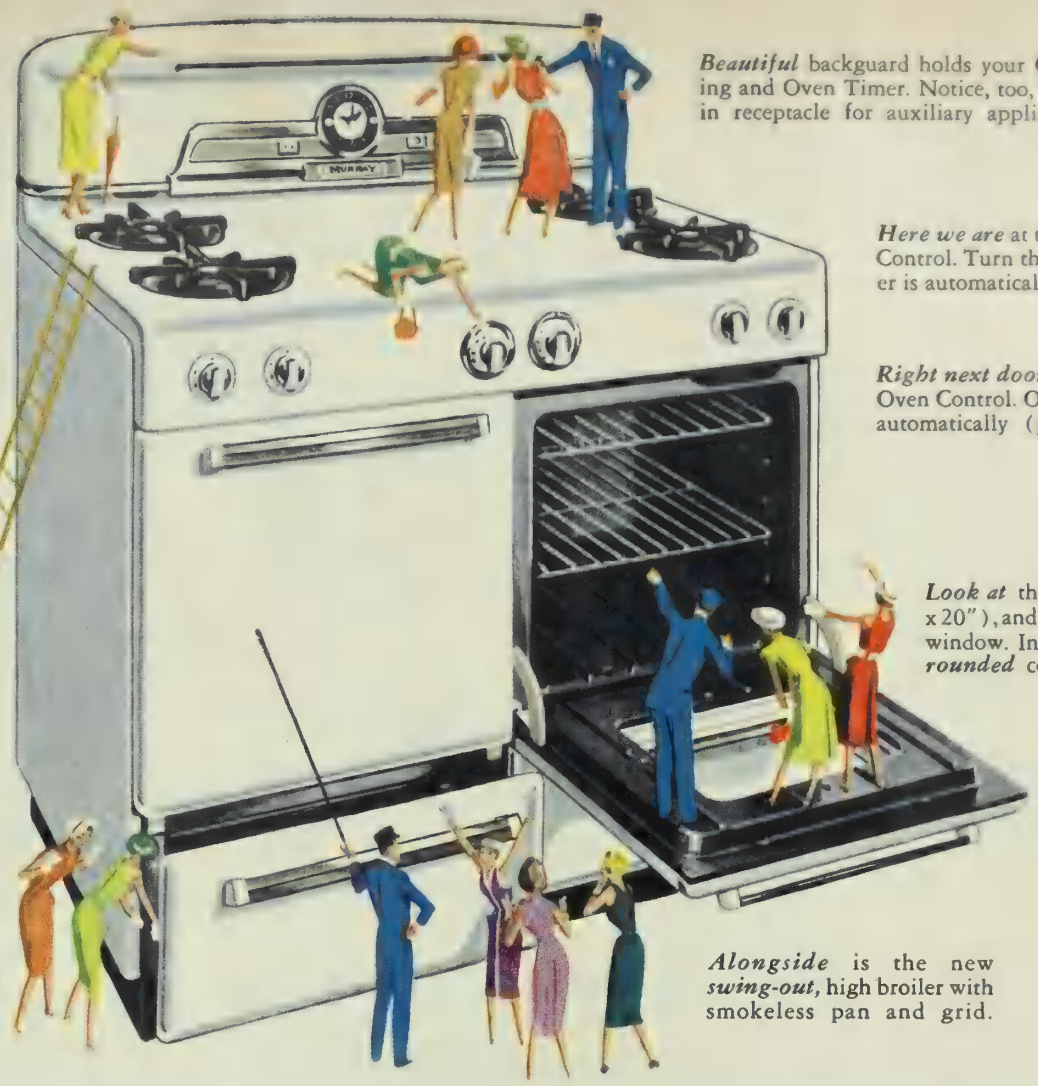
Check List. (Lest you forget.)

■ Utilities. Have gas, electricity, water and telephone disconnected at the old address, connected at the new.

■ Deliveries. Terminate deliveries of milk, bread and papers.

■ Radio and television. Ask skilled service men to disconnect and re-erect aerials.

■ Fuel. Have a starter supply in the new house.



First, notice the streamlined, ***built-in*** fluorescent lamp—styled as part of **Murray Gas Ranges.**

See the sweep of the famous "Waterfall" front—no grease- and dirt-catching grooves. No burner bowl seams, either!

And now the spacious, ***silent*** storage drawers. Two in number, these smooth-riding drawers glide evenly and quietly.

Beautiful backguard holds your Cooking and Oven Timer. Notice, too, plug-in receptacle for auxiliary appliances.

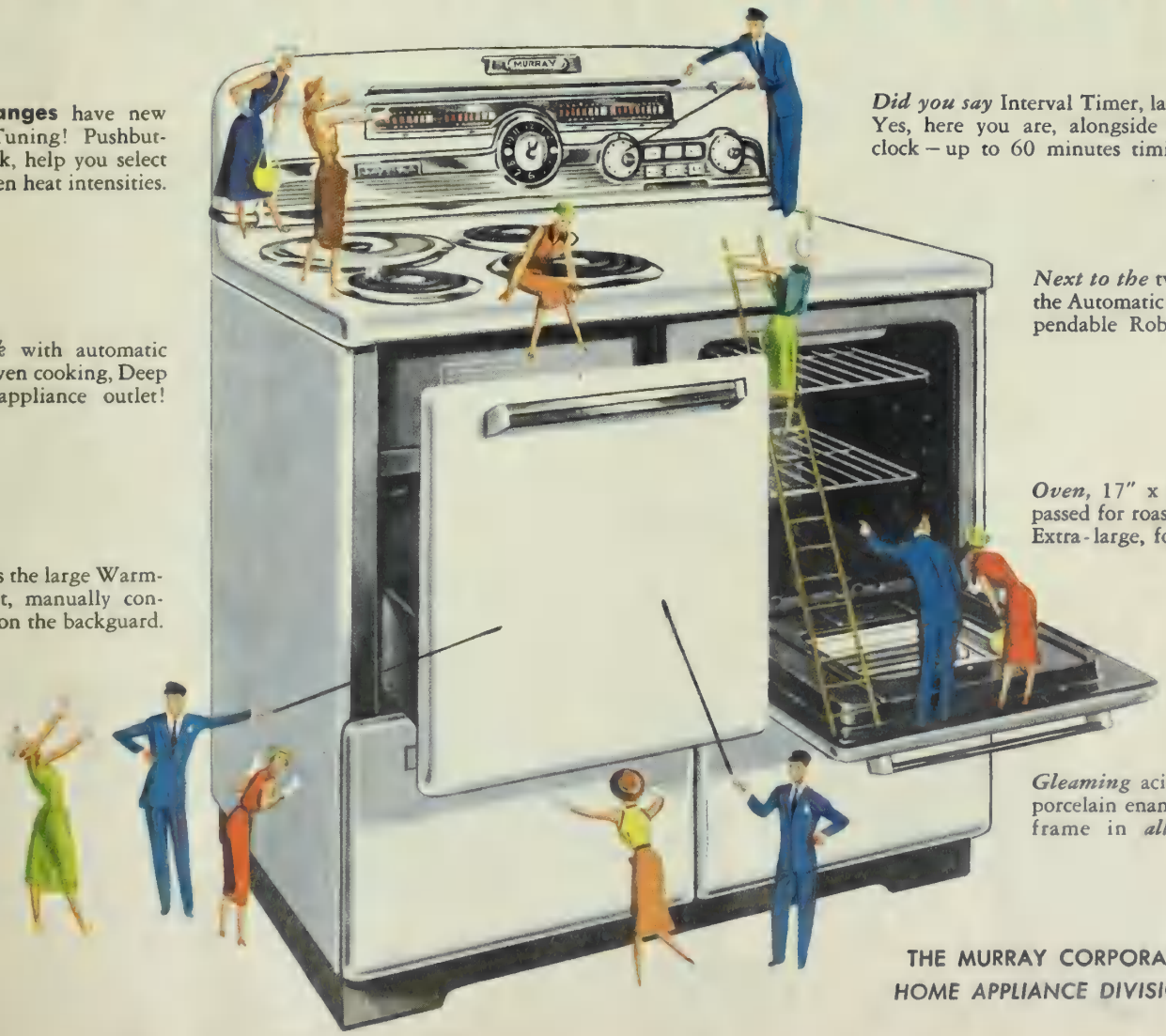
Here we are at the separate Broiler Control. Turn the knob; your broiler is automatically (pilot) lighted!

Right next door is the accurate Oven Control. Oven, too, can be automatically (pilot) lighted!

Look at the huge oven (18"x15"x20"), and its fog-free Clear-Vue window. Interior has easy-to-clean, ***rounded*** corners.

Alongside is the new ***swing-out,*** high broiler with smokeless pan and grid.

Let's take a Cook's Tour of MURRAY ranges!



Murray Electric Ranges have new Color Control Heat Tuning! Pushbuttons, from red to pink, help you select quickly any of the seven heat intensities.

Fine electric clock with automatic Oven Timer times oven cooking, Deep Well and handy appliance outlet!

Beside the oven is the large Warming Compartment, manually controlled by switch on the backguard.

Did you say Interval Timer, lady? Yes, here you are, alongside the clock—up to 60 minutes timing.

Next to the two appliance outlets is the Automatic Oven Thermostat. Dependable Robertshaw preheat type.

Oven, 17" x 18" x 20", is unsurpassed for roasting, baking, broiling. Extra-large, fog-free oven window.

Gleaming acid and stain resistant porcelain enamel; lifetime ***welded*** frame in ***all*** Murray ranges!

THE MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA,
HOME APPLIANCE DIVISION, SCRANTON, PA.

"My kitchen was a wreck"

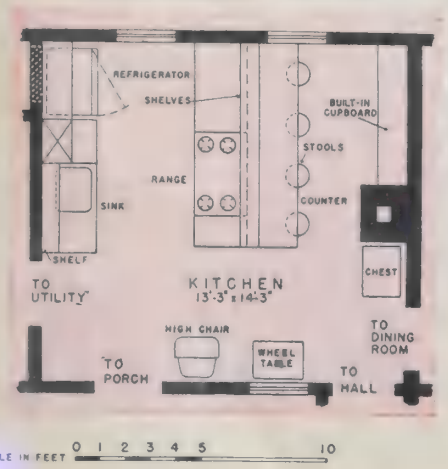


STUART

Small scale model helped Jane Hill visualize new kitchen. As planned, they can take it on the next move—all but sink and floor covering.

Peninsula arrangement of range creates compact work unit within large kitchen, and counter provides a place for children's snacks.

Equipment arranged for easy meal-getting leaves room for children's activities out from underfoot. Plan evades changing very low windows.





Journal planners explore cupboard full of has-beens. Cracks sealed, shelves painted, it houses china.

DI PIETRO



Early-American sink replaced by owner with cabinet model. In background, stairway now a closet.



Rusty bucket-a-day stove in back room, relic of former use, gave way to gas range in the kitchen.



Old-time water heater and network of pipes were removed when new heating system went in basement.

and this is what we did about it on a $250 budget



"YOU can see what I mean," said Jane Hill, giving a vigorous sweep with her arm. "Sixty-five dollars a month, but it was the best we could do, and with the baby coming ——" She laughed. "Besides, we've moved five times in five years, and we just make do the best we can."

We stood in that kitchen, and none of us was able to speak for five minutes. I myself didn't find any adjectives to describe the unutterably dreadful room. You knew it was a kitchen because of one tiny sink basin with two rusty faucets dripping in it. And there was a wall closet with shelves—the only equipment in the room.

The plaster was cracked, paint peeling from the walls, the floors squeaked when you took a step, and you could see the cellar if you bent over, dim beneath the floor boards. Five doors (one leading to an unused stairway *(Continued on Page 221)*

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By GLADYS TABER



PAUL REVERE, *1735 — 1818*
In 1801, at the age of 66, he established the first successful American copper rolling mill.

• • • •

From the original portrait painted from life by Gilbert Stuart



150th Anniversary

To us who seek to carry on the great tradition of Paul Revere, it is a real satisfaction to feel that he would be proud of the cooking utensils that bear his name. He would have appreciated the beauty of design and the superiority in manufacture which have made these "Kitchen Jewels" America's favorite cooking utensils. As we celebrate the 150th anniversary of his founding of Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated and of America's copper industry, we promise always to strive, as he would, for further improvements, for even greater value, for still more beauty in all the products we make for you.

See "Meet the Press" on NBC Television Every Sunday

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED
Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, New York



FREE
RECIPE BOOK!



gives you 70 delightful treats made like magic with

Borden's Eagle Brand
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

(Just mail coupon below)



try these
Magic Truffles



creamy-smooth chocolate candy made in 12 minutes—no beating

"Magic-quick and easy"—that's Borden's Eagle Brand! With little or no cooking, you can make smooth, wholesome desserts with a real "homemade" flavor your family will love. Here is just one of the 70 recipes for delicious pies, puddings, cookies, frostings, and candies that you'll find in the beautiful, illustrated Eagle Brand recipe booklet.

1 package (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces **½ teaspoon vanilla extract**
⅓ cup *plus* 1 tablespoon Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
Pinch of salt **3 tablespoons ground nut meats, if desired**

Melt chocolate, stirring a few times, in top of double boiler. Remove from heat. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, flavoring and nuts. Stir only until smooth. Turn into container lined with waxed paper and press into block about one inch high. Chill in refrigerator until firm (about 2 hours). Cut into squares. Makes ½ pound of delicious candy. (This recipe checked in *Good Housekeeping* kitchen.)



FREE BOOKLET! SEND TODAY!

Borden's, Dept. L-111, Box 175, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me, free, your "Book of 70 Magic Recipes."

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DI PIETRO

Raymond's cook tonight. Jane took the baby to the doctor.

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

"DEAR JOURNAL: I'm about to try and barbecue a small whole pig. Never having seen it done before, I'm going strictly by guesswork and imagination. I need the know-how in a jiffy, as I'm having the party next Saturday," wrote Jane Hill.

Though we don't barbecue pigs very often ourselves, we air-mail-specialed the how-to-do in time for the party. The piglet was barbecued successfully and the party was a gala affair.

This wasn't the first time Jane depended on the JOURNAL for recipe help. "The colonel was coming to dinner," Jane said. "It was a big event for us. The meal *had* to be special. My new JOURNAL came that day, with an elegant picture of a meal featuring crown roast of pork—just the meal to make an impression. It was kind of expensive, but I got a big charge out of the colonel's compliments. Thanks to the JOURNAL, everything turned out slick."

Just in case. You may never need or want to barbecue a pig, but you might like the barbecue sauce that saved the day for Jane. She uses it often for spareribs and Beef 'n' Buns.

BARBECUE SAUCE

Chop 3 large onions, enough to make 1 cup. Mix with 1¼ cups condensed consommé, or use stock made with meat paste and hot water. Add 1 cup chili sauce, ½ cup catchup, 1 cup vinegar, ¼ cup Worcestershire sauce, ⅛ teaspoon Tabasco, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ cup butter or margarine, 1½ teaspoons salt. Simmer for ¾ hour, till mixture has reduced some and flavor is well blended. Cool and store in a jar in refrigerator. Makes about a quart. Use as needed.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Allow 1 side of spareribs for every 2 persons. There isn't too much meat on spareribs anyway, and you want to have enough.

Season ribs with salt and pepper. Put them in a large roasting pan and roast, uncovered, in moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1 hour, turning occasionally so all the ribs brown lightly. Now pour barbecue sauce over each layer of ribs. Continue baking until ribs are very tender—at least another hour. Time depends on how many layers you have in the pan.

For outdoor broiling, precook as above without sauce—marinate in the sauce and lay on broiler rack over a good bed of coals. Broil, turning frequently.

New note: The spareribs are even better, we've found, if you brush each set of ribs lightly with Chinese soy sauce, then with honey, before you start. This bakes in—helps them brown and makes them thoroughly delectable in flavor. Try it sometime, Jane.

• • •

Cue for a crowd. Whenever Raymond's sister, Sandra, comes to visit, Jane never knows when a Westminster teen-age crowd may arrive. One day last summer, Sandra came home from the tennis court with several pals in tow—all ravenously hungry. Jane had a jar of barbecue sauce for spareribs, and some hamburger she was going to use for meat loaf, in the refrigerator. There wasn't enough hamburger to make regular hamburgers for that many guests plus Terry, Debby and Candy, and it was too hot to stand there and fry them if there was enough, so she made beef creole—a JOURNAL budget recipe that appeared some years ago which stretched the hamburger and was more of a hit than the old favorite. It is now known in the Hill family as Beef 'n' Buns. It goes to picnics, battery parties, and is the favorite order for lunch of the young trio at home. Teen-agers can make it themselves—the budget can take it.

BEEF 'N' BUNS

Brown 1 pound hamburger in 1 tablespoon shortening, stirring so it will

Recipes that saved the day

own nicely. Add 2½–3 cups barbe- sauce (above) and 1 green pepper, ed—and if you like the flavor, ½ spoon celery seed. (The Hills do!) mmer 10 minutes. Split buns. Toast you like. Ladle the quickly made rbecued beef into the buns. This kes enough for 8 buns, depending how heavy-handed you are in fill- them.

• ■ •

e might have lost him! "Jane's non-meringue pie made from the JURNAL recipe is terrific," Jane's other-in-law bragged. Raymond es pies, especially lemon meringue, d when they were first married. ie tried recipe after recipe before e found one that was "neither too ck nor too thin, neither too sweet r too sour." "Living in a poultry- sing area, we can buy cracked eggs r thirty-five cents a dozen, so we ve lots of lemon pies, and it's ky I learned to make a good one. aven knows what might have hap- ned if I hadn't. I use extra egg ites when I have them for what we ll a high-handed meringue on top." Here's the lemon pie Jane and ner readers say is tops:

LEMON-MERINGUE PIE

lling: Mix together 1¼ cups sugar, tablespoons cornstarch and ⅛ tea- oon salt. Add 2 cups boiling water d the grated rind of 1 lemon. Put in p of a double boiler and cook over hot ater, stirring constantly, until thick- ed. (Or you can do this directly over w heat if you stand by and watch d stir.) Cover and cook 20 minutes until no taste of cornstarch re- ains. Add ¼ cup butter or mar- rine. Pour the hot mixture over the lks of 3 eggs and ⅔ cup lemon juice, hich have been mixed together. Beat til smooth and well blended.

Pour into a baked 9" pie shell. Bake ell and filling just 5 minutes in a hot en, 400° F. Remove from the oven d cover with a meringue made with e 3 egg whites beaten stiff with 6 blespoons sugar and a pinch of salt. ake in a moderate oven, 350° F., r 10–12 minutes, until delicately owned. Cool before cutting.

• • •

inner on daddy. You won't find aymond caught short in an emer- gency. Jane keeps the cupboard well stocked and he can put together a meal that is dandy eating whenever the situation demands. If Jane is called away unexpectedly to take one of the children to the doctor, for instance, he hauls out the JOURNAL recipe for Tunaroni—an off-the-shelf casserole the children love. The recipe serves 8, but the 5 Hills can really do away with it.

TUNARONI

Cook an 8-ounce package elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Rinse with boiling water and drain again. Make a cream sauce of 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons flour and 2 cups milk—half cream when you're making it for company. Season with 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ tablespoon curry powder—or prepared mustard, if you don't like curry—and ¾ teaspoon salt. Combine sauce with macaroni. Add 1 cup grated cheese and 2 cans tuna, drained and flaked into pieces. Mix everything together. Pour into a casserole and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly and brown on top—about 30 minutes.

• • •

A lucky strike in a potluck supper! "The Guard is always having some shindig. We frequently have potluck suppers in the wintertime," Jane told us. "Everybody gets tired of the same old things—Boston baked beans, macaroni and cheese, and such. This past fall they nominated me to bring the casserole. I racked my brains for a week trying to think of something filling, hearty and terribly good that would keep hot and not get all funny by the time I got it there, but I came up with exactly nothing. One day I was leafing through an old JOURNAL—one of the few the kids hadn't completely cut up—and saw a wonderfully good-looking dish—Cassoulet. It had beans in it, yes, but meat and stuff too. It sounded delectable. Usually I try a recipe out on the family before I take it to a party. This time I didn't. It was terrific. Everybody loved it. I've made it dozens of times since."

(Continued on Page 204)



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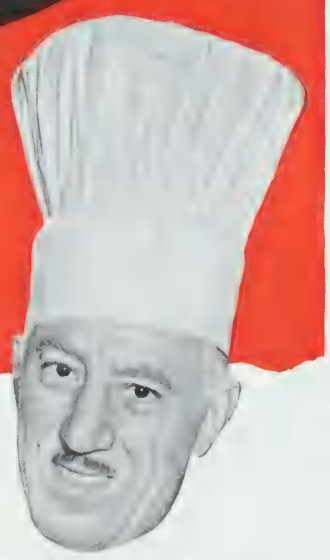
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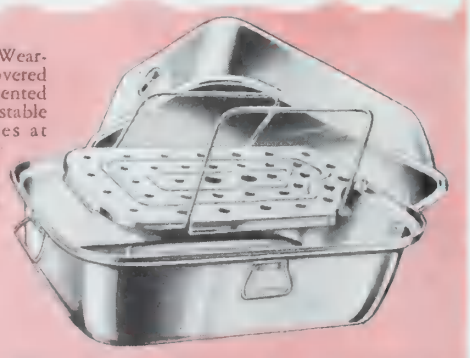
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CASSOULET

Soak a 12-ounce package navy beans overnight in 1 quart water. The next morning add 2½ quarts water, ¼ pound diced salt pork, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme and half a bay leaf, crumbled. Cook about 20 minutes and add ¼ pound salami or Italian sausage, skinned and cut into small pieces. Cook slowly until beans are tender.

Bone and cut 1½ pounds shoulder of lamb and 1 pound pork shoulder into chunks. Season with salt and pepper. Brown the meat in a heavy stewpan or roaster with 5 onions, chopped, using only enough fat to prevent sticking. Pour off the fat after browning. Add the bones for flavor, 1 clove garlic, finely minced, and 1 cup tomato sauce. Cover and bake about 1½ hours in a moderately slow oven, 325° F.

Now to prepare the casserole: Remove bones. Drain liquid from the beans and save. Arrange beans and meat in alternate layers in the casserole. Pour over this the gravy from the pork and lamb mixed with the liquid from the beans. Repeat until all is used.

Put back in oven for another hour. Serve in the casserole in which it was baked. And serve it as hot as you can.

• • •

She hadn't planned it. If there's anything in the kitchen Raymond likes to do better than making jelly, pickles and chutney—he makes a red tomato-apple chutney that's a humdinger—it's making the JOURNAL's French bread. Either he or Jane makes French bread at least twice a month for themselves, plus the extra times they make it for Guard affairs. They have even made it for their new landlord.

This specialty has saved the day many a time. For instance, there was the night Raymond asked two couples to come home with them after a Guard dance without telling Jane. Stuck for something to serve them as a snack with hot coffee, she suddenly thought of the JOURNAL's Yardstick Sandwich, and she had a loaf of the French bread left. Everyone thought she was a whiz to come up with a combination like that just offhand.

You don't need to bake your own bread to do the Yardstick Sandwich, but you do need a loaf of crusty French or Italian bread.

YARDSTICK SANDWICH

Slice a loaf of French bread down, but not through the bottom, in thick slices. Separate and spread with butter or margarine mixed with a little prepared mustard—about 1 tablespoon to 4 tablespoons butter—and ½ clove grated or crushed garlic. Slip thin slices of sweet onion and cheese in each slit. Set loaf on a baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15 minutes. The bread heats, the cheese melts, the onion stays the way it should, the crust gets potato-chip crisp.

Everybody pulls off a hunk. Good with coffee and dill pickles.

• • •

Pie without a pie plate. Raymond is an apple fancier—more particularly an apple-pie fancier. The children had used Jane's only piepan—a glass one—for milk for the cat, and it got broken in their play. Jane hadn't got around to replacing it. Meanwhile, Raymond went pieless—but not without comment.

After dinner one evening, with the children in bed, Jane was curled up with the JOURNAL. A five-layer apple tart on one of the food pages took her eye. "Daddy," she said, "look at this perfectly scrumptious apple thing. The pastry is cut in circles and stacked. We've got some apples. Le make it."

And make it they did—that evening. "V had such fun," Jane said. "Ours looked good as the picture and oh, was it good! V didn't know many people in those days a cooking sprees were often our favorite e ning entertainment. Now we use the ap tart to impress our guests and relatives

APPLE TART

Make up 1½ times your recipe for pl pastry—3 cups flour, 1 cup shortening, teaspoons salt, 6 tablespoons ice water. vide dough into 4 portions. Roll each into a circle, marking and cutting into circles. (Use the bottom of your 9" lay cake pan for a marker.) Prick the rou well with a fork. Bake on cooky sheets in oven, 450° F., 12–15 minutes until gol brown. Cool. Spread apple filling (belo between layers and on top. Garnish top w whipped cream.

To serve: Cut into pie-shaped wedge just as you would a layer cake. This could be served with heavy cream, whipped.

Apple Filling: Peel, core and slice 3 pou (about 8 medium-size) tart apples. Heat gether 1½ cups sugar and 1½ cups wa until the sugar is dissolved. Add ¾ teaspo cinnamon and the sliced apples. Simmer, covered, until the apples are tender. Do overcook them. Let them hold their sha Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice—3 tal spoons if the apples need it.

Lift the apples from the sirup and add cup currant jelly. Blend 2 tablespoons co starch with ¼ cup cold water. Stir this the apple sirup and cook until thicke Now mix carefully with the apple sl and cool.

• • •

No baby sitter—so a chowder par "About once a month Raymond and I cabin fever—take the Jeep and go to Ba more for dinner and a movie. One time had made plans for such an evening. It to be rather special. At the last minute heard that our baby-sitter was down w the flu. We couldn't get another on sh notice. What to do? The children had their supper early. We had no festive ro nor the steak we had looked forward having.

"But I did have some frozen fish fil in the refrigerator, and I remembered the JOURNAL had once featured a sea-f chowder for a Christmas party. If it's g enough for them, it's good enough for Let's make it a party." So she got out Down-East Fish Chowder recipe. "Since were all dressed up for town, we decide ask our best friends over for a chow bridge party. I stretched the chowder a can of corn. It went over big and we one of our best-ever evenings. It was m more fun than going to Baltimore al We can do that any time."

DOWN-EAST FISH CHOWDER

Remove the rind from a 4-ounce piece o salt pork (or bacon). Dice it and fry heavy kettle, very slowly, until it's crisp brown. Don't burn it. Remove the c pieces and save to add to the chowder w served. In the fat, cook ⅓ cup fi chopped onions. Now take your fish, al 2 pounds cod or haddock, sprinkle it salt and pepper and put it in water to co Add a small piece of bay leaf. Simmer 2 30 minutes. Lift it out and remove the and bones. Break the fish into small pi Strain the stock and add to the salt-p fat and onions. In this mixture cook 3 potatoes, diced, until tender. Add the 1 to 1½ quarts milk, and the pork bits. Se and heat it up, but don't boil.

Serve with it either pilot crackers or hard round water crackers called "com crackers." Be sure your chowder is hot it comes on in its tureen or heated casse

THE

(Continued from Page 205)

so terribly vulnerable about love. It was the soft, tender things that got hurt in any but the gentlest hands.

She turned away, her face troubled. She intended to give Nick Reardon a very wide berth, of course. But she couldn't help wishing that he lived somewhere else.

The following week, Miss Baines called and said she was having a few "young people" over on Friday. When the night arrived, Marcy put on her prettiest dress and left with high hopes for Miss Baines' narrow, elegant house in the East Sixties. However, when she arrived and was presented to the other guests, her spirits took a downward curve. Miss Baines' idea of "young people" seemed to be a group of married couples in their early forties, all looking very cultivated and bookish. As Marcy accepted a minute glass of sherry, she thought gloomily, *This doesn't exactly look like a bacchanalian orgy—I doubt if we'll all wind up on the floor later with grapes in back of our ears.*

Miss Baines, however, drew her straight to a corner where a young man of about thirty-five rose expectantly. He gave a rather weedy effect and had a pleasantly craggy face, but it was his smile that reached out to Marcy—it was so sweet, so gentle.

"Marcia," Miss Baines was saying, "this is Mr. Hugh Edwards. . . . Miss Pringle." And she immediately melted away like a delivery messenger relieved of a package.

"Hello," Marcy said in her bright, friendly way. She sat down next to him on the sofa. "Where do you know Miss Baines from?"

"I deal in real estate too," he said. "Our paths cross pretty often. She's a remarkably astute businesswoman." He smiled again. "She promised me a pretty girl tonight, and I must say she came through."

Marcy looked at him searchingly and then felt something ease inside her. You could believe what he said. It was funny how you could tell just by looking at a man. If a girl fell in love with a man like this, he would make a wonderful husband, loyal, steady, dependable. Thoughtful, too, of your happiness. Of course you had to fall in love with him first, but that oughtn't to be too hard.

They talked for a long time and it was very pleasant. Refreshments were served. Hugh made a date with her for the following Friday night and Marcy was taken home by him, well pleased. She went to sleep and began to dream almost at once about Nick Reardon.

The following Monday morning, all radios blared out warnings of a hurricane sweeping up from the South. As the day progressed, the sky became ominously dark; offices and stores began closing hurriedly; the subways and busses were soon jammed with people scurrying home. Marcy made it just in time, with the wind whining shrewishly and whipping at her skirts and the few thin city trees already bending pitifully with the strong gusts. After she got upstairs, the full fury of the storm broke: everything seemed to be crashing around her; rivers of dark rain smashed at the windowpanes. She was terrified.

And then the telephone rang. "Miss Pringle?" a man's voice said. "This is Nick Reardon from upstairs. Are you alone? Are you frightened?"

"S-scared to death," Marcy stammered. "It's awful—it sounds as if the world is coming to an end."

His voice grew stronger with decision. "You shouldn't be alone. I'm coming down."

"Oh, no!" she said, but there was a click. She hung up, swallowing hard. Between the hurricane and Nick Reardon, she was more afraid of Nick Reardon.

There was a knock at her door a few moments later. As she looked at him framed by the doorway, she thought with some wistfulness, *He certainly is a broth of a boy.* She had a better background picture of him by this time, thanks to Miss Baines, who often saw Nick's aunt. From what she could gather, Nick saw a great many girls who telephoned him all the time and sent him notes; he liked to take sudden trips to far places and he was cool to the thought of marriage. All in all, to Marcy, he was the worst possible emotional risk. But she couldn't help admiring him. It was like gazing at a sable coat in a window before you walked on to look at something you could afford to buy.

"Come in," she said. "You were awfully nice to come down."

He grinned. "Think nothing of it. Part of the Good Neighbor Policy." He walked in, looking around him appreciatively. "You have a nice place."

There was a terrible crashing sound outside and Marcy jumped and then smiled wanly. "I'm not sure what period it is," she said. "Early Miscellaneous, I guess. Sit down, won't you?"

They both sat down, Marcy nervously, Nick completely at ease. "One thing we *won't* talk about," he said, "is the weather. How was your week end?"

Marcy realized that she was tense in every muscle, as if braced against something. She made a mammoth effort to relax. "Oh, fine," she said lightly. "The usual thing—a few brawls, a little gambling at the track, two hashish parties."

He laughed. "It sounds restful." And then he rose and came over to the sofa where she was sitting. Marcy stiffened again as he sat beside her. "Tell me about yourself," he said.

She began to talk almost hurriedly, as if in this way she could erect a high guard between them. He broke into the conversation from time to time. The room darkened and then lightened again; the storm gradually grew quieter. He asked her about her childhood; she found herself asking about his. They uncovered rich seams of reminiscence that made them laugh a little, although it was gentle laughter. Most small towns, it seemed—whether in New England or the Middle West—were very much alike.

From small towns, they went to books, music. He seemed surprised that she liked good music; she was equally astonished that he did too. And when she told him how much she loved to ski, his whole face became alive.

"Do you?" he said. "In the winter, I go skiing almost every week end."

As the minutes passed, a queer thing happened to Marcy; it was as if something were drawing them closer all the time. She knew he felt it too. Even the silences enclosed them in a kind of intimacy; she would look up in the middle of a sentence and find his eyes, very dark and gentle, holding hers in a gaze that was almost like a kiss.

Finally they both saw that a pale, watery sun was filtering through the windows. It was almost six o'clock. Nick glanced down at his watch and cried, "Good grief! I'm late now for an appointment."

As she rose, an old memory stabbed through Marcy; she stood motionless, impaled upon it. She could see herself, at seventeen, waiting for three hours in a chill wind on a residential street corner—Rocky's street—hoping, praying for him to appear because she hadn't heard from him for so long. And then he had come down the block, tall, very handsome, frowning a little. She had started walking toward him as if the meeting were completely accidental, but he had stopped only a few moments, after all, laughing and chatting about nothing, as if they had never meant anything to each other at all. And finally he had said, "I've got to go, Marcy; I'm late now for an appointment." She had thought in sudden agony, *With whom? What girl is he seeing now?*

She and Nick were at the door; he was gazing down at her. She cleared her throat. "Thanks again," she said, "for coming down."

"Any time." He grinned. "I'm always available for hurricanes." And then his face stilled. "I wonder . . . could I see you some evening?"

Marcy swallowed. "I—I don't know," she said. And an inward voice cautioned, *Don't, don't, don't. Don't start with him and you won't get hurt.*

He seemed surprised. "Don't know? Why don't you know?"

"Well"—she drew in her breath—"I've been so busy. I'm not really settled yet."

He smiled. "Of course," he said. "I understand. I'll try you again a little later."

She went out with Hugh Edwards a few times and they were pleasant, peaceful evenings. Every time she looked at Hugh it seemed to her that he represented safety and security, but somehow she didn't feel very attracted to him. She began to wonder despairingly why she always seemed drawn most strongly to the very things that were worst for her—like Nick. She couldn't get him out of her mind.

She saw Miss Baines quite often. It was restful to be with her and it was such a beautiful house, filled with old things as perfectly preserved as its owner. Marcy couldn't get over the feeling of tranquillity in the rooms; every time she entered the rose-and-gray drawing room it was like entering a cathedral.

"I think," she said impulsively to Miss Baines one evening, "that your house is like you, Miss Baines: small and elegant and—and at peace with the world."

Miss Baines smiled. "It's all a matter of spirit," she said. "A matter of weighing one



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thing against another in life and choosing carefully that which is most worth while, that which will give the most joy, the least pain. It is so simple, Marcia, and yet"—she shook her smartly coiffed blue-gray head and went on—"how few abide by such a rule!"

Sometimes, in the elevator of her own house, or in the vestibule or on the street, Marcy would meet Nick Reardon. They always talked for a minute or two; always the memory of the closeness they had shared during the hurricane would come back to her, making her heart twist a little. She almost wished he had not been so nice then; it would make it easier now for her to turn away, as she always did, making some excuse. For, of course, his being warm and companionable with her for those few hours wasn't anything special; he was probably like that with every girl—it came to him as naturally as breathing.

One evening she was sitting in the little garden in the back when he came out and joined her. It was strange, to Marcy, how everything changed in that one moment of his coming—from a state of rather sluggish peace to a high, quivering note of expectancy.

"Hi," he said. He sat down opposite her in the darkness, took out his pipe and began packing it with tobacco. "I haven't seen much of you lately. How is everything?"

"Fine." She cleared her throat. "How about you?"

"O.K., I guess."

He lit a match and sucked the flame into his pipe; she could see his lowered eyes, the beautiful modeling of his mouth, the strong, taut line of his jaw and chin. She looked away.

From upstairs came the high sound of a child's voice. Nick shifted in his seat.

"That's Jeremy," he said. He smiled. "I guess he won't go to sleep."

Marcy looked at him again. "Do you like children?"

"Sure. Always did. Of course they're a terrible responsibility when they're your own. There's nothing like a few kids to tie down a man."

"Or a wife," Marcy said, looking down carefully to her lap. "A house." She looked up, smiling. "The whole thing is a dark conspiracy being plotted against you all the time. Someone like you must be pretty wary."

He grinned and leaned back. "I'm not much of a bargain for a girl," he said. "And I must admit I love my freedom." He took his pipe from his mouth, and his face changed. "Of course, one of these days my whole way of living will pall. I'll want to settle down. I know that."

Marcy thought, *I wouldn't want to hold my breath that long.* She cleared her throat and made her voice light. "Maybe you'll be sold down the river before that. Some girl might pour a love potion in your coffee."

He grinned and then leaned forward, his face still. "You're a funny girl," he said. "You can seem so flip and assured of yourself, like now—and then again you can look scared to death sometimes. What are you scared of, Marcy?"

MARCY'S throat locked. Suppose she said, "I'm scared of you"? Suppose she told him that when it came to love she wasn't flip and assured at all—that, instead, she was terribly vulnerable? But she didn't say anything.

"Marcy," he said softly, "you're so lovely."

She felt a pressure in her chest as she met his eyes. This was how it always started—with the whispered words, the wild lifting of the heart, the soft thrills. But it was the end that counted. You had to think about the end.

"I like so much to be with you," he was saying. "You're so different from the other girls I know, Marcy. You have so much more to offer." He leaned forward. "When are we going to have that date?"

The words seemed to tremble on the warm, still air. For a moment Marcy closed her eyes. It was as if she were standing on the edge of an abyss. Should she jump, after all? Maybe she would land on a cloud; maybe she would break her neck. There was small chance of the first's happening, every chance for the second's.

She opened her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said. "I can't make a date right now. I—I'm doing some extra work for my office."

After that he was polite when they met, but that was all. Marcy knew a queer sense of loss. Sometimes she looked at herself in the mirror and thought, *Pringle, you're a smart girl—you know only too well what you saved yourself.* But it was cold comfort, somehow.

She joined an art class; she went to lectures; she enrolled for a course in Music Appreciation. She met people and, remembering Miss Baines' advice, measured them carefully in her mind. There were one or two who looked promising, but she couldn't be sure. In the meantime, she took no immediate joy in life.

One evening she went over to Miss Baines' house for dinner. Marcy had been thinking about Nick all day; somehow she couldn't get him out of her mind. After dinner, in the rose-and-gray drawing room, she leaned forward impulsively.

"Miss Baines," she said, "were you ever in love?"

Miss Baines smiled. "There *was* someone," she said. "When I was a girl. Henry Cotterell. Your grandfather would remember him, Marcia."

The residue of life is short. Live as on a mountain. It matters not whether here or there: everywhere you are a citizen of the city of the world. Let me see and witness a true man, a life conformed to nature. If they cannot bear him, let them make away with him. Better that, than life on their terms. No more talk of what the good man should be. Be it! Embrace in your regard all time and all being—and see that by the side of being, all individuals are but a grain of millet: by that of time, as the turn of a screw.

—MARCUS AURELIUS:
from Today Is Mine, compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark
(Harper and Brothers, 1950, used by permission).

Marcy's face was eager. "What happened?"

"Why, nothing," Miss Baines said. "Nothing at all. Henry came from poor, undistinguished people; he was determined to be a teacher. My father couldn't abide him. Said he'd cut me off without a penny if I married him."

Marcy frowned slightly. "What was he like? Henry, I mean."

"He was a fine young man. Very attractive too. He loved me." Miss Baines smiled. "I guess you could say I *almost* loved him—it would have been easy enough. But I abided by papa's decision." She shook her head. "I knew that it was a sensible one. Henry wanted a big family and he made so little money—it would have been a terrible struggle, I suppose."

Marcy stared. "I see," she said.

"I never regretted the decision," Miss Baines said. "Henry married someone else and had four children." She shook her head. "I saw his wife when she was only fifty. My dear, she looked almost as old as I do now." Her pale blue eyes met her reflection in the mirror and she smiled with faint modesty. "Most people think I carry my years remarkably well, but the secret is simply a calm, well-ordered life."

Marcy felt a choking sensation in her chest. Her eyes went around the room, resting on the old, beautifully cared-for furniture and then returning to the old, beautifully cared-for figure sitting opposite her. Miss Baines was truly well preserved. So was her heart. It was no wonder. It had never really been used.

Marcy thought suddenly, *How safe can you play it?* And, sitting there, looking into Miss Baines' calm, empty eyes, feeling the calm, empty tranquillity of the rooms around her, she knew the answer: *Too safe.*

She jumped up suddenly. "Forgive me," she said. "But I've just remembered something I ought to attend to." And later, on the street, she felt breathless, as if she had been released from some tight, narrow space and did not know what to do with her newfound freedom.

She went home. In her apartment, she wandered from room to room, and then she saw a small stuffed animal that she had bought a long time ago for Jeremy, the little boy upstairs. She picked it up, left the flat and went up two flights of stairs in the hall. When she knocked at the door, Jeremy's mother answered.

"WHY, hello!" she said with pleased surprise. "Come in, won't you?"

"I thought Jeremy might like this," Marcy said.

And then she saw the little boy inside, fat-cheeked, dark-eyed, smiling at her. Her heart contracted. He was such a darling; his mother and father were so nice. Why had she held back from them—and from dear old Mr. Hines on the top floor? Why had she been measuring everyone so carefully?

The little visit was filled with warmth, with laughter. Afterward, Marcy went downstairs and into the garden. She wondered, as she moved around in the warm darkness, why she still had this breathless feeling of release. She felt almost giddy with it.

She looked up to the third floor with only a faint hope. But Nick's light was on, and one window was open. She stood motionless, hardly breathing, and then she picked up a pebble and weighed it in her hand. She thought, *You're walking right into this—whatever you get, you've asked for it.* And then she thought of Miss Baines. She laughed softly and threw the pebble with all her strength. It didn't go through the window, but it glanced off the pane on top. A moment later, Nick's head appeared; she could see him peering down, frowning.

"Hi!" she called up. Her face was tilted toward him; her eyes were shining. "It's Marcy. What are you doing?"

For a moment, he didn't answer. Then she could see his teeth flash in a smile. "Be down in a minute," he said.

It was no more than that before he was beside her in the darkness.

"Don't try a rock next time," he said. "Your right arm is too good."

"Left," she said. "I'm a southpaw. What are you doing home tonight anyway?" she asked.

"Reading." He hesitated and then shook his head. "I had a date and broke it," he told her. "Somehow I wasn't in the mood." With his hands bunched inside his pockets he walked away a few steps. "Sometimes you get tired of everyone you know." He turned. For a moment he didn't speak; he just looked at her steadily. And then he said, "Maybe it's because a funny thing has happened to me. There's a girl I can't get out of my mind."

Her breath came, light and quick, in her throat. "Is there?" she whispered.

He took a step toward her. "I don't know her very well," he said. "She won't let me, for some reason." He moved slowly until he stood in front of her. "I wish she would. I have a feeling that ——" But he didn't go on; he just stood there, very close, looking down into her eyes. And then he whispered, "Marcy?"

She closed her eyes. *Maybe my heart will break,* she thought; *maybe they'll have to take five stitches in it afterward—but at least I'll be using it.*

And then she felt his arms around her, his mouth on hers. Something warm, exciting, wonderful shot through her; it was as if she were flying downward into space. She had jumped, then. Was she going to land on a cloud or was she going to break her neck? She didn't know; she didn't care—she was too busy living. But the way it felt right now, she was landing on the cloud.

THE END



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THE AUCTION SALE

(Continued from Page 55)

the high spring seat, proud of my mother. She always wore a becoming dress and a hat.

While father stowed the groceries in the back I hopped up over the front wheel, and there in the wagon seat, weighted down by a big sandstone, lay the advertisements of the sale. They were red and blue and orange, and a brisk wind fluttered the corners so they played a little tune. I liked the bright colors and the staccato sound. On the prairie, things were mostly dun-colored and mighty still. I sat down in the umbrella's circle of cool shade and spelled out the words in big black letters at the bottom of the sale bills: Bill Hensley, Owner.

Father and mother looked at the sale bills and then at each other, and for a minute nobody said a word. There was no sound anywhere except the sad song of the wind and the loud beating of my heart. Then father picked up the reins and backed away from the hitching post.

"I'm not surprised. I knew they'd never patch it up," he said. He sounded just like he did when he'd won an argument.

Mother looked sad. She said, "It makes me sick. They were the best neighbors we ever had."

The Hensleys lived only seven miles from our homestead, and we swapped seed corn and recipes and fresh sausage and headcheese at butchering time.

Father sounded grim when he said, "*Bill's* all right."

Mother came right back: "Nell Hensley's a fine woman. She's sensitive and timid. She did a foolish thing, and now Bill and the rest of you men sit in judgment on her. If there hadn't been so much talk they would have worked it out."

"Talk!" The word fairly exploded in father's mouth. "And who's done the big share of the talking, I'd like to know? You women have kept the pot boiling long after the men dropped the subject."

"Well, most of them were just expressing their husbands' opinions," mother told him, her black eyes snapping, and he didn't even try to answer that one.

He flicked the whip over the mare's fat rump and we sailed out of town and took the angle that led northwestward across the prairie. A bright wind ran ahead of us and I scrooched down comfortably, sniffing the grocery box in back: raisins, ginger cookies, cheese and Bologna sausage. It made my mouth water.

MOTHER was right. There had been a lot of talk that spring and summer, and the men had talked as much as the women. I knew because I was at that in-between age when I found myself welcomed by groups of either sex—or, more likely, they just didn't notice me. Anyway, I had heard the Hensley story a lot of times. It always sounded different, but in my own mind I had a hazy but very exciting picture of what had happened.

Bill Hensley was a careless farmer, not hard-working and prosperous like father. But he made a good bit of money by trading. He was always buying and selling cattle and horses and farm machinery. He spent a lot of time away from home, and Nellie was often lonesome. She was scared, too, especially of storms. Early that spring, while Bill was away from home, a bad one hit.

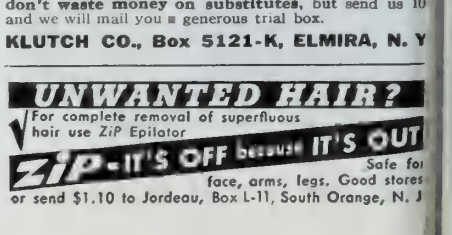
Nellie saw it kicking up dust over in the northwest; the slim, black funnel writhing and twisting across the floor of the prairie, and the yellow clouds boiling upward across the sky. She started to run, whimpering and scared half crazy, and the storm coming closer every minute.

It caught her just as she got to Jed Rayder's place. None of us knew Jed very well—because he was a bachelor, I guess. A great gust of wind struck Nellie, flinging her into Jed's barbed-wire fence and tearing most of her clothes off. Jed dashed out and carried her into the house just as the twister hit full-force. It tore Jed's barn and cowshed to splinters, lifted and passed over the house, plowing through the wheat field just beyond.









Bill Hensley had taken a licking in a horse trade in town that day and had made for home and Nellie. The main part of the storm had just sideswiped his buildings, but when he arrived about dusk he found things in a sorry state: one corner of the porch gone, and the henhouse; there were chicken feathers all over the place, but no chickens and no Nellie. He started out to look for her, and seeing that it was getting dark sooner than he had counted on, he stopped at Jed Rayder's to borrow a lantern.

The story was always like that up to that point. From there on it seemed like everyone had a different opinion. They ranged from Bill finding Nellie unconscious on Jed's bed while Jed dressed her wounds, to lying in his arms while he made love to her.

Father and mother never said much either way, but I knew that mother sided with Nellie, and father always got that grim look when Jed's name was mentioned. Maybe it was because Jed was handsome and had such fine manners with women. Even mother got shiny-eyed and flushed when he talked to her in his Southern drawl.

I was sorry about Nellie. She was little and soft and laughed a lot. She played gay tunes on the piano. They made my toes tingle and my fingers ache for a keyboard. Yes, I was sorry about Nellie, but I was glad about the auction. An auction sale was the finest entertainment the prairie folks had. The whole neighborhood would turn out, some of them driving fifteen or twenty miles if the sale was a big one.

I looked at the date on a sale bill and counted the days on my fingers. Ten. Ten long, hot, windy days with nothing to do but wait. I wished time worked like a telescope so you could push it together, shorten it on lonesome days, stretch it on pleasant ones.

Mother was looking at one sale bill. She said, "He's selling Nell's piano, John. Let's buy it."

FATHER scowled at the bill he read as he drove. He said, "I'll buy this span of young mules if they sell right."

Mother went on as if he hadn't said anything about mules. "Jason is just the right age for piano lessons, and it will be wonderful for me on winter days." Delight shivered up and down my spine. In ten days we would have a piano. Mother's tone left no doubts.

Father said sternly, "If Jason has any time outside of his chores he'd best be learning to turn a straight furrow. I won't have a sissy for a son."

I could feel mother's heart beating fast against my arm. "And I won't have a clodhopper for mine. Jason can have nice manners, *some* culture even if we do live miles from town," she said.

"Nice manners don't call for music lessons," father told her, his jaw clamped hard. "If we buy anything at all at Bill Hensley's sale, we'll buy those mules."

"I have my two hundred dollars from Aunt Dora's estate. I'll buy the piano with that."

FATHER snorted. "You've spent that two hundred dollars twice over, Emily. The extra bedroom, the curtains and the new carpet ——"

"They're all paid for and I'm sure you enjoy them as much as I do," mother pointed out. "We'll call the piano Aunt Dora's gift. She would like that."

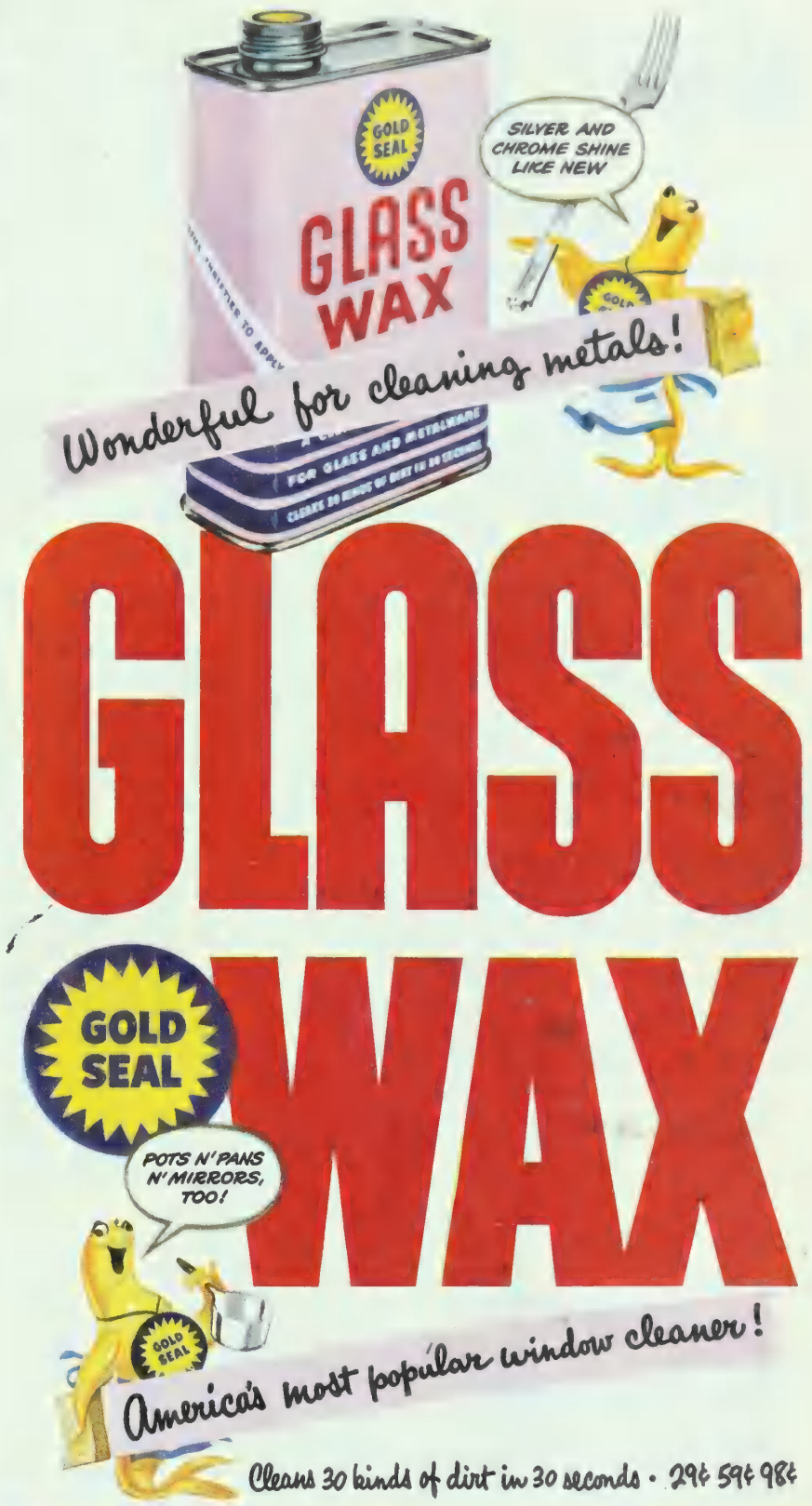
Father seldom lost his temper with mother or argued with her about buying anything. We were the only family in the country that had a real front room without a bed in it. We had two bedrooms, curtains at all the windows, and Brussels carpets on the floor, and we got the Ladies' Home Journal by subscription every month. But father balked at a piano.

"Your Aunt Dora was a thrifty woman. She wouldn't like for you to buy luxuries you can't afford. We can't afford a piano this year, Emily. I don't want to hear any more about it." There was no coaxing father when he spoke like that.

The heat waves danced in front of us. It was hot and uncomfortable between them when they were quarreling. I squirmed and laid my head in mother's lap and went to sleep. I dreamed of walking down a big room toward a piano that stood near a window. I wanted to run to get to it, to play it; but my feet had weights on them. My legs ached, but at last I was there. I adjusted the stool and sat down to play. Instead of music spread on the rack there were dozens of bright-colored sale bills. The name at the bottom stood out in big black letters. *John Andrews, Owner.* I wakened, feeling cramped and miserable, just as father drove into our



"Over the river and through the woods, to grandmother's house we go . . ."





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CHERAMY

yard. Then there were things to do and no more time for talk.

There was time at supper, but nobody talked. Father ate silently and mother kept piling food on my plate even though I wasn't eating. Mother didn't eat much either.

She always started Sunday dinner right after supper Saturday night. As we pushed our chairs back from the table she said, "I'm going to have baked hen for dinner tomorrow, John. Let Jason help you catch a nice fat one."

Father and I went out into the purplish dusk just as the hens were settling themselves on the roost. I knew when he picked up Old Spec that mother wouldn't like it. I guess he knew it too. He chopped her head off quick, before I could say a word.

Mother met us at the kitchen door with a pail of scalding water. Her eyes weren't pretty when she saw father with the headless speckled hen in his hands, and her words pelted us like hail. She said, "I always pick a laying hen for cooking. That's the only way you can be sure they're healthy. Speck hasn't been on the nest for months."

Father took the pail of water and doused the hen. "Then let her pay for her keep this way. It's plain waste to kill a good layer."

I helped him pluck the feathers, then we took the hen into the kitchen for mother to finish. Father went into the front room to read. I stayed in the kitchen to watch mother dress the hen. She washed and scraped and cleaned, and the warm smell of blood and entrails filled the room. I hated it, but I stayed. It fascinated me to watch the way mother used her hands. They were strong and smooth, and every motion counted; but all at once they slowed and mother stood still, looking surprised. In her hand lay one large soft-shelled egg and several others partly formed. Dead, Old Spec had proved herself.

Mother put the eggs in a dish and handed it to me. "Go show them to your father," she said with a funny quirk around her mouth. Then she raised her voice so it could be heard in the next room. "But this right leg is bound to be tough." Old Spec had been a cripple ever since she lost three toes in a crack of the coop when she was a little chick.

Father eyed the eggs around the edge of his paper. He smiled at me and winked. We didn't say a word.

The Odoms came Sunday just as mother was lifting the dinner. She really had outdone herself this time. Old Spec was tender, short leg and all. The dressing was crumbly and flavored with sage. Tiny bubbles of fat glistened on top of the gravy. The hard lump at the bottom of my stomach gave way for hunger.

No one had a chance to mention the Hensley sale until we had heard all about the new barn Henry Odom was building. I was starting on a big slab of chocolate cake when he said, "I reckon you'll be high bidder on Bill's mules, John."

He spoke through a mouthful of cake. My own forkful froze halfway to my mouth. I held my breath and waited.

FATHER laid his fork carefully across his plate and looked straight down the table at mother. "Yes, I reckon I will. They'll sure knock the fall plowing out in a hurry." He looked at me and said, "They'd make a fine birthday present, eh, Jason?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and choked on my cake. The peaches looked slimy. I pushed the plate away. I'd probably never like peaches and cake again, I thought.

Henry Odom said, "Better eat up, boy. You'll need a lot of muscle to handle that pair of young mules."

Mabel Odom gave mother an odd look and said, "I thought of you, Emily, when I noticed the piano was for sale. You're the only person in the country that can play it." Mabel Odom was jealous of mother.

Mother's smile was all for me. "Yes, I plan to buy it for Jason," she said quietly. Then she asked, "Would you like to be excused now, son? If you want to go outside and water the chickens I'll save your cake and peaches for your supper."

I stayed outside until father and Henry came out. They went to the barn and I drifted toward the house. I stretched out on the front-room carpet, my stomach heavy with too much food, my heart troubled over the quarrel between father and mother.

The carpet felt prickly under my cheek, the crickets sang and the wind rushed by with a lonesome sound. I could hear mother and Mabel talking above the clatter of dishes in the kitchen.

Mabel said, "My cousin's nephew works in the depot at Prairie Center. He told Mollie that Jed Rayder bought a ticket for St. Louis two weeks ago."

"Yes, he told me once that his sister lived there," mother said smoothly, and right away asked Mabel for her mincemeat recipe. When the dishes were finished they went into mother's room to look at her new quilt.

That was a bad week, each day a little hotter than the one before. Mother didn't like it because father took me to the field every morning.

"It's too hot to make a child shock feed," she said every time we started.

"I'll see that he doesn't get a sunstroke, Emily," father would tell her. "He rests a lot in the shade and he won't have to work this afternoon. Jason's a farmer's son; he must be stronger than the weather."

What he said was true. He didn't overwork me. Mother knew it, too, but she found a new reason each day for needing me at the house. She papered the kitchen that week and needed me to help her spread paste. She washed the curtains and needed me to pump water; but father held firmly to his plan of taking me to the field each morning. Afternoons I stayed at the house with her.

It would have been a good plan if it had been made without bickering. I liked driving the team hitched to the hayrake. I felt grown up and important, sitting high on the seat with the reins knotted around my waist. I liked the smooth feel of the pitchfork handle in my palms and to watch the rhythmic swing of father's arms as he shocked and stacked the feed. I liked to smell the cane hay drying in the sun and feel the cool wind on my skin as I rested in the shade, chewing a juicy stalk.

It was pleasant being with mother in the afternoons. Just watching her work around the house, making it comfortable and nice-looking, gave me a good feeling. As she worked she talked to me of books and music, of plays and splendid houses, and of great men who had made history. She sang songs to me and drew a keyboard with charcoal on a white-pine board. She propped a music book in front of me and I learned notes and fingered the soundless keys as she hummed the melodies. My heart nearly burst with wanting to please her and father too.

IT was a long week. We didn't make our usual Saturday trip to town. No one came to Sunday dinner. The wind moaned, "Wait, wait." The crickets sang, "Wait, wait." The whole prairie seemed to wait for Bill Hensley's sale, and mother and father bounced their anger back and forth like a fiery ball. I felt bruised and tired.

Mother wore a thin summer dress to the sale. It was white with blue flowers scattered over it, and her hat had a wide blue bow. Her sleeve felt cool against my cheek as we drove. I tried to be careful not to muss it.

There was quite a crowd there when we got to Bill's place. All the furniture had been taken out into the yard except the coal range and the piano. People were walking around fingering things, talking low like at a funeral.

Mother stopped beside the chair that Nellie had covered with flowered stuff. For a minute I thought she was going to cry.

Father said, "Would you like to buy the chair, Emily?" His voice was soft, and I couldn't breathe for listening for her answer. I had a feeling that if she let father buy the chair, the mules and the piano wouldn't matter.

But she walked away. "I couldn't stand to look at it, let alone *sit* in it," she said over her shoulder.

(Continued on Page 214)

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

By ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN

AMONG the hundreds of portraits at the National Gallery of Art there is one as beautiful as it is baffling. It is the portrait by Rogier van der Weyden (1399/1400–1464) of a young lady tentatively identified as a great heiress of the fifteenth century, Marie de Valengin, daughter of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. The painting's attraction is twofold: its excellent preservation and the fascination of the lady who sat for it. As is usual with Flemish pictures of this period, it is painted on a piece of wood overlaid with white gesso. On this prepared panel the figure was first painted in monochrome, and the underpainting then covered with thin glazes of colored oil. With this newly discovered oil technique the artist was able to render the most subtle gradations of light, especially noticeable in passages such as the transparent wimple. With age such Flemish panels have acquired a web of minute cracks, a surface as beautiful in its way as the surface of old porcelain.

Though the precision of Flemish painting was suited to the firm structure and the sharp contours of Marie de Valengin's features, if the sitter is she, the clarity of this style only stresses her somewhat eccentric appearance. She is too thin, her lips too thick, her forehead too high. Her looks are *outré*, defensible only on the basis of Sir Francis Bacon's axiom, "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." But ugly as her features may be individually, still they combine to suggest a personality so enigmatic, with so many conflicting tendencies, that one becomes absorbed and ends by finding Rogier van der Weyden's model not only enthralling, but, in some way, strangely beautiful.

The first impression is of her preoccupation. Her stare, so oblivious of the spectator, is like a challenging withdrawal; she looks out from a citadel of secrecy. Then one notices her meager body made to appear still thinner by her silken girdle, and afterward her high, intellectual forehead, its domelike appearance exaggerated by its diaphanous covering. All this is psychologically consistent, every detail indicative of a contemplative, somewhat ascetic nature. But this is only one aspect of her character. There is another side, eagerly sensuous and fiercely passionate. It is shown by the thick underlip and the full mouth. Thus the actions of this Burgundian princess must always have been unpredictable, always determined by an unresolved conflict in her personality. She remains an enigma, with something of the baffling quality of that Gothic lady whom John Skelton paradoxically describes:

This midsummer flower
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

—JOHN WALKER,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.

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Nile
Shamrock
Bottle Green

Spring Green
Aqua Mist
Red

Pearl
White
Nutmeg

(Continued from Page 212)

They sold the little stuff first. Dishes and pots and pans, garden rakes, hoes and a few tools. People whispered that things were bringing more than they were worth. We moved on to the chairs and tables, to the beds and a sofa that leaked stuffing. Then the crowd crammed the little house to see the stove sell, and the piano. Hank Williams bought the stove, and then we were in the front room, a tight half circle around the piano and the auctioneer. I pushed my way into the front row just as the auctioneer turned to mother.

"Mrs. Andrews, will you be kind enough to show us how this thing works?" he asked.

Mother had never looked so beautiful as when she stepped out from that crowd of sweating men and pushing women. She took off her hat and laid it on top of the piano and turned around for one look at father. Then she sat down and began to play. She played Over the Waves, and bits of the Blue Danube Waltz and Moonlight Sonata. It was wonderful. Like a concert or a play. She picked up her hat and walked back to where I stood. She pushed a handkerchief into my hands, and I didn't know until then that I had been crying. The handkerchief smelled like flowers.

The bidding began and I watched father. He stood like a stone, his lips clamped shut. The bidders dropped out until there were just two. The auctioneer cried, "One-hundred-fifty, one-hundred-fifty *once*, one-hundred-fifty *twice*, one-hundred-fifty three times." He paused and shouted, "*Sold!* Sold to Mrs. Oscar Long for one hundred and fifty dollars." He took a big blue handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his face and announced lunch.

Lunch was free at prairie auction sales. Everybody stood about in little groups eating thick meat-and-bun sandwiches and drinking scalding coffee from tin cups. Some families had the name of going to the sales just to get a free meal.

Mother brought me a sandwich, but I couldn't swallow past the lump in my throat. I wandered around and found Nellie's dog, Sport, lying in the shade of the plum thicket. I coaxed him to eat a little meat, but he wouldn't get up and play. I found father and asked him if I could take Sport home with me.

He said "Yes" so quickly I jumped. I thought of asking him to buy the saddle pony for me. Somehow I knew that right then I could have anything I asked him for except a piano. I didn't ask for the pony. I went back to Sport.

After lunch the auctioneer led the crowd down to the barn. They sold a couple of hogs, the cows, the paint pony and a team of young geldings. Then excitement swept the crowd. Bill Hensley drove into the corral with a flourish. He drove the team of matched mules hitched to a brand-new wagon. It glistened with red and green paint, and the mules were sleek and strong. It was an outfit any man would want. I looked at father, then away. His face had such a naked look. I made for the back of the barn and retched. When I came back, weak and spent, Oscar Long was driving the wagon and mules toward the house to load the piano. I hated Oscar Long.

The crowd shifted and scattered. The sale was over and it hadn't solved a thing. I couldn't go home, sitting between father and mother, squeezed by their anger. I looked around for a place to hide. The barn was empty and looked cool inside. I ducked in, climbed in the manger and lay down on the dusty hay.

It was almost sundown when Bill Hensley's shout wakened me. The crowd had gone. I sat up confused and wet with sweat.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 195

Vogue Design No. 7520. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 7554. Suit and petticoat; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 7545. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 40c.

Vogue Design No. 7531. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 32 waist measure. 40c.

Vogue Design No. 6822. Slacks; 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 7192. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.

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SLACKS 1⅞ yds. velveteen @ $3.29	6.16
DRESS 2⅞ yds. wool jersey @ $3.50	10.
VEIL	3.
HAT	8.
BELT	5.
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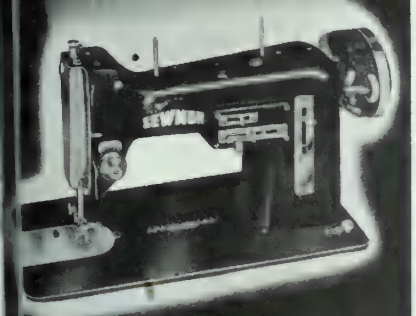
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my skin prickly with heat and dust. I stood pulling at my shirt and saw mother stumble through the doorway.

Father caught up with her and put his arm around her and said gently, "Steady, Emily. He's all right. Everything's all right." He kept one arm around her while he lifted me out of the manger with the other one. "You nearly scared your mother to death, son," he said. He didn't sound angry.

"I'm sorry, sir," I said. "I guess I went to sleep."

"I guess you did." Bill Hensley's laugh was loud and coarse. I hoped Jed Rayder would find Nellie in St. Louis and she would forget Bill.

Father drove fast going home. The brightness faded in the west and twilight rode across the prairie on a cool soft wind. My skin quit prickling and I felt all right—just empty.

Father and mother didn't talk about the sale. They didn't talk at all. Everything wasn't all right as father had said. For a little while, when they thought I was lost, they had forgotten about their quarrel. Now I was found and there it was again. I remembered hearing Cassie Turner say it was too bad Bill and Nellie never had a child. A child was a link that held people together, she said. I didn't feel like a link between father and mother. I felt like a wedge holding them apart.

"I want to ride in back with Sport," I said.

Father stopped the wagon, and I climbed over the seat. I put my arm around Sport, but he wouldn't even wag his tail, just slumped closer to the hay. He wanted Nellie. I wondered what father and mother would do if I should climb over the back of the wagon and walk until I was lost. Would they forget their quarrel while they looked for me?

Three corners of the house rest upon the wife; the fourth upon the husband. —SLOVAKIAN PROVERB

I could feel the loneliness closing in as I inched toward the back of the wagon. I hung over the tail gate, looking at the trail dimming out behind us. I hunted for courage to drop to the ground and couldn't find it. I crawled back to Sport. Just then the moon came up, a great, bright disk, riding up over the rim of the prairie, and father turned into our own yard.

There was an unfamiliar dark blur under the cottonwood tree at our back door. I strained my eyes toward it and my heart began to bounce. Tied to the cottonwood, their long heads drooping in sleep, were the matched mules. They were hitched to the new wagon. Its red and green paint glistened in the moonlight, and in the bed, covered with an old quilt, was Nellie's piano.

Mother gave a funny little gasp. "John, the piano. Why—where ——" She who was so quick with words had none with which to finish her question.

Father said quietly, "I gave Oscar Long twenty-five dollars for his bargain. I thought I'd be here in time to help him unload. I reckon he's left the mules and wagon till morning."

Mother found laughter, clear as a bell, silvery as moonlight. "He left the mules and wagon because I gave him twenty-five dollars for his bargain," she said. Her voice sounded young and very gay.

Father said, "Harrumph," and then he laughed, a great ringing shout. "What a day for Oscar Long!" he said, and leaped to the ground. He went around to mother's side of the wagon and held up his arms. "Get off your high horse and come down here where you belong," he told her.

Mother skimmed over the wagon wheel and dropped into his arms. They stood there for a long time and the moon rode higher and a kind of glory filled our yard.

I grabbed Sport and dragged him from the wagon. He nipped my ankle and growled softly, and we started racing each other around the house.

THE END

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The Make-Believe Twins

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

DRAWN By ROBERTA MacDONALD

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Pull in fast! Here come
two Fire engines hurtling past,
with Fireman Penny and Fireman Pete
sitting up proud in each driver's seat.



Clang!
Let's give
them the
right of way!
There's a Terrible
fire somewhere today,
and they must hurry to
rescue folk who are crying
for Help through the flames and smoke.



They've reached the house!
Though the fire burns madder, Peter's
unhooking his Hook-and-Ladder
and saving everyone - friend or
stranger, while Penny, who simply
laughs at danger, is playing her hose,
calm as you please, on the Biggest, Scariest flame
she sees. Till all of a sudden,
hear that shout! Those firemen have put the
blaze right out.



Then, Sirens shrieking, away they race,
to put out the fire
at another place.





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HOW TO GET BETTER MEN ELECTED

(Continued from Page 52)

blankety-blank politicians with his feet in the public trough.

According to the democratic tradition, to which we pay constant lip service, the public official is representative of the people. The officeholder in this tradition never, as an officeholder, can act for himself or for his friends, but always and only for the public. In his official acts he is never a private, but always a public person.

We should not think of public officials as servants or employees hired by us to do our bidding. The public official is the public itself personified in the specific act that he performs. He must act as the public itself would act if it were able. If we insist upon regarding our officials as servants, then most surely will we get servile officials, without independence or dignity, ready to do the bidding of every voter who orders or threatens them.

On the other hand, if we exalt the public official in accordance with our true traditions, we endow him with a genuine dignity which he cannot surrender without a dire loss of self-respect. It is human nature, I believe, for people to respond to that which is expected of them. If we have a low opinion of the public official, he is likely to agree and to act accordingly, inasmuch as he has little, if anything, to lose. But if we exalt him, he will not wish to lose the respect of his fellow men. He will become more concerned about his integrity and honesty than about his cleverness in conforming to the letter of the law. His sense of service to the public may in time, if properly recognized, become stronger than the satisfaction of giving special favors to personal friends.

Why is the competence of our public officials of such particular importance to our national welfare at this time? As a result of a series of tremendous international disasters, we and our allies now find ourselves confronted by an aggressive and ruthless dictatorship with a power potential greater than Hitler's. In Russia, a young man of ability and promise aspires to a political career. If there is a first-rate ability and talent to be found in Russia—and I do not doubt there is—it is likely to be found in the Politburo and its subsidiary commissions. The results of the last five years, it seems to me, confirm this conclusion.

Are we Americans conceited enough to imagine that with our second-best men directing our strategy we can successfully meet the challenge of the Russians?

Few of our citizens, busy with the task of earning a living in a competitive industrial economy, can be expected to understand the details of the controversies and policies which are so important in our relations with Russia and the rest of the world. We cannot, nor can we ever be expected to, tell our senator or the President what should be done about Iranian oil, the Dardanelles or the support of Bao

Nothing Has Changed

By Peter Hanke

Nothing has changed since that
momentous year.
We met, and summer filled trees
green anew;
We walked, and autumn shook the
full trees bare;
We talked, and winter through
the bare trees blew;
We wed, and spring blew trees
awake and fair.
Nothing has changed in my long
love for you.

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When mouth tissues change—see your der

Dai. Few of us have the time seriously to study and to understand thoroughly even the domestic problems of inflation, price control or unemployment.

Although we may not have the background or the time to master these difficult problems with which we are confronted, we do have the capacity and the time to understand and to evaluate the candidates for public office in our respective communities. Surely we are now sufficiently mature and self-assured not to support a candidate simply because of his ability to remember names, birthdays and old favors.

Before the advent of radio and television, a talent for telling funny jokes and anecdotes was often considered a necessary qualification for public office. But today with the turn of a switch we have Bob Hope or Fred Allen to entertain us. In public office we need people who know about such things as the Russians, the Chinese, inflation and taxation, none of them exactly humorous.

Of equal importance to the experience, the common sense and the intellectual capacity of the candidate is his sensitiveness to ethical values. He must be able to appreciate the distinctions, which are sometimes subtle and abstruse, but are nevertheless real, in the realm of moral conduct.

Personal loyalty is a fine quality, so long as it is not blind and does not exclude the higher loyalty to truth and to the community. We ought to support candidates whose primary loyalty is to the democratic tradition of our people rather than to friends and cronies. Devoted and uncritical loyalty to personal friends is an estimable characteristic in private individuals, but in public officials it is often but a cloak for what has been aptly described as "a conspiracy for mutual inefficiency." "Loyalty" is not a quality which in itself is a virtue. It has merit only in connection with other virtues.

The real danger from government by crony is not the tangible effects of favoritism or corruption, but the resulting cynicism and disillusionment about democracy itself. Confronted as we are by a relentless attack upon our institutions by the communists, the all-important thing is that we preserve the morale, the spirit and the hopefulness of the democratic tradition.

Only time will tell us whether or not it is a fortunate coincidence that the most critical period in our history arrives just as the census reveals that women now outnumber the men in our nation. The women, I believe, with their intuitive powers of judging the human character, should do a better job of selecting superior public officials than the men have done. In any case, the women now have the opportunity and the power to bring our democratic system through its greatest test. If they see to it that our representatives represent the best that is in us, as in the days of Jefferson, I am sure we can meet the challenge of the Soviet. **THE END**

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

CRYING in a woman is like gambling in a man: if kept up, all may be lost.

One of the advantages of being a father is that you never have to remember the ages of your children.

Give first-graders the privilege of signing their names to checks to draw pennies from a bank and they'll all learn to write at once.

Note on flood control to the bride: Do not let your dresser drawers overflow into his!

Sign in front of a house: "You may get nipped a little, but he won't bite."

Boy, describing a fight: "Aw, it wasn't fist to fist, dad, just face to face."

. . . And it came to pass while the mother was busy hither and thither that the child had grown.

When the bride's relatives meet the groom's relatives for a social time, it may be as satisfactory as joining two packs of cards for one game.

Misprint: "Married with pomp, ceremony and old face."

A woman who concentrates too heavily on housework may find herself in the same plight as the duck in the pond: the water kept freezing and his place grew smaller and smaller until one morning he was frozen tight in the middle.

Daughter explains why she didn't fall in love with an ardent suitor: "Loving him would be as hazardous as placing all your faith in a zipper."

Grandmother had a quotation that carried us through all our problems:

"If you are hurt, one of two things may happen: either you are badly hurt or you are not badly hurt.

"If you are not badly hurt, there is nothing to worry about.

"If you are badly hurt, then one of two things may happen:

"Either you recover or you don't recover.

"If you do recover, then there is nothing to worry about.

"If you don't recover you can't worry."

Old advice to husband seekers: "Be patient, but do not *look* patient."

A girl should be allowed to develop along her own lines—especially if they're good.

An adult as a parent isn't any older than his oldest child—they both started from scratch the day the baby arrived.

The first grade—gentlest slope in education.

Backing-up is 50 per cent of driving a car, or of talking.

When the insistent parent meets the resistant child, the result is a plate of cold food.

The first serious scar on a parent's ego is the discovery that at least twenty-five other kids in his child's grade are just as smart.

When the tank registers "empty," mothers and cars are always expected to go another mile.

Young daughter: "At my age, I think a girl should maintain a friendly altitude toward all boys."

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A

UTICA MOHAWK

PRODUCT

"MY KITCHEN WAS A WRECK"

(Continued from Page 200)

could be blocked off) and three windows took up considerable space. The windows were sealed, but there were enough cracks in them to let in some air.

We opened the door to the porch—a big, usable porch. Margaret Davidson took out her steel tape measure, Betty Goetsch picked up one end.

"The first thing is to get the measurements," they said.

The room turned out to be 13'3" by 14'3", the window sills were 27" high (a good 9" below normal counter height). The room was too large to use the four walls for a workable kitchen, too small to convert into two separate rooms.

"But I like space to move around in," said Jane Hill, looking hopeful.

The Hills' budget was small ($250). With the children and the baby to plan for, and in any case, in a rented house, expense had to be minimum. But they planned to do as much of the work themselves as possible, especially most of the painting. "Although my husband is no handy man," explained Jane brightly, "we can do the painting."

The landlord planned first to remodel the eighty-year-old building into apartments, but when the Hills took the house and he heard about the plans for the kitchen, he was most co-operative. He agreed to make major, necessary improvements before moving day:

1. A new automatic heating system, including all-year water heating.
2. A new cabinet sink.
3. New wiring to replace the ancient electric network.
4. Removal of abandoned stairs, making a closet in the space and more usable wall space beside the sink.
5. Strengthening of floors; in kitchen, plywood laid as a base for floor covering.
6. Patching of worst plaster.

For equipment, the Hills had a good-sized two-year-old electric refrigerator and an ample supply of pots and pans and cooking utensils. Jane was cooking on a borrowed range with a door that wouldn't stay closed for baking! The cupboards, cabinets and sink belonged in the house which was sold out from under them.

Several plans were suggested by the JOURNAL, and the kitchen was set up in models so Jane Hill could see which she liked best. She "simply loved" the one she finally chose.

"I like the counters to spread out on," she said. "I can't work when the table is cluttered." She shook back her lovely tawny hair and sat down on the floor. "I love a high counter for the children's meals, too, and I prefer stools. Their posture is better with stools. We have one piano stool and we can get them for a dollar apiece around here. As the children grow, we simply wind the stools down." Jane knows her own mind and speaks it quickly and with decision. "I like a compact kitchen to work in," she added, "and best of all, we can take it with us on our next move, except for the sink and floor covering, which we'll have to leave."

As far as the floor was concerned, the Hills were luckier than some, since Ray is connected with a big floor covering manufacturer. Sometimes there are remnants, or pieces with small defects, and sometimes the company makes extra yardages available to their employees at very reasonable rates. Ray has laid linoleum in baths and kitchens in other rented houses.

The plan Jane liked involved bringing the range, flanked by cabinets, out peninsula fashion from the wall between the two windows. This made a preparation and cooking area compact and efficient within the kitchen. The new sink went right where the old one had been, and the refrigerator on the same wall in front of the former stairway, now closed in. A base and wall cabinet fitted between sink and refrigerator.

The peninsula, with range and cabinet on the work side, had space behind for a full 8 counter for the children to eat at. "I love the counter," said Jane. "It's wonderful for commuting from cooking space to eating space and makes it easy to serve the youngsters. And thank heavens, they will have a place to sit while I am cooking that isn't in the way. I like to keep them with me in the kitchen."

THE beauty of the peninsula plan structurally is that it side-steps the need to cope with the 27" window sills. The open shelf extends halfway across one of the windows, but that is unobjectionable. Changing the windows would have been an expense the landlord would hardly undertake—and the Hills could hardly justify in a rented house.

"I'd like a mirror over the sink—I've seen it done in some of the JOURNAL kitchens. It will make it seem more spacious, and I can see what the children are doing behind me. And the large mirror can always be taken along on the next trek."

That same wall was made useful with open shelves. As Jane said, "Things just have to have a place where I can put them away."

The old floor-to-ceiling cupboard, now thoroughly cleaned and with all cracks sealed, takes on the magic of clean fresh paint, and will house Jane's dishes. A secondhand chest of drawers—handy for linens, towels and silver, and painted to match the kitchen—fits in the corner where the old rusty water tank stood. A wheeled table for serving either to the porch or dining room stands under the porch window.

Jane's favorite colors are green, black and white with a touch of red or yellow. "I don't like blue," she said firmly, "it looks too inefficient."

The idea of my favorite color being inefficient was certainly new to me, but Jane's color choice makes a gay and lively kitchen for a very gay and lively family.

"Now I know what a real kitchen revival is like," Jane says, and with that I heartily agree. For nobody would ever guess this spanking-fine kitchen was remotely related to the old dingy room in that house on Green Street.

And here is how the budget managed to come out pretty close to their $250:

GAS RANGE—a used model was found at a local dealer's. It was in good condition and has an oven-heat control.	$ 65.00
CABINETS—5 "mail order" unfinished wood cabinets bought knocked down. The four base cabinets were ordered minus tops.	108.77
WHEELED TABLE—of wood, for trundling food and dishes.	5.98
ENAMEL FLOOR COVERING available through Ray's company.	15.43
LINOLEUM FOR COUNTER TOPS same as above.	8.88
LABOR—building shelves, assembling cabinets; local prices are $1.50 an hour. About three days' work.	36.00
PAINTING—work done by Hills. Paint cost given.	9.00
PIANO STOOLS—four	4.00

It just goes to show, I thought, as I went out on the porch, that there really is no such thing as a hopeless kitchen. Just add plenty of ingenuity and enthusiasm, and the room that was a wreck becomes a new center for happy family living. THE END

At a luncheon in Cambridge the kindly Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes found himself seated next to the host's small daughter who sadly but firmly declined to be helped to any food. Finally he asked, "What's wrong, my dear, aren't you hungry?" "I am, very," she admitted. "Then why don't you eat?" "Because I haven't any fork." "Fingers," said Holmes, "were made before forks." "Not mine," replied the little girl glumly.



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WOMEN IN POLITICS . . . NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATORS

(Continued from Page 25)

On week ends when the legislature is in session New Hampshire's women lawmakers bake, cook and keep house. Some make their own clothes and can vegetables from their gardens. But on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays they take their places in the gray granite Statehouse which towers over Concord, New Hampshire's capital city, to make laws and shape government for the people of their state.

They object to playing politics, but believe compromise is necessary to achieve results. "It's the hardest lesson for women in public life to learn," Representative Norma Studley said. Though they seldom err in parliamentary procedure, they show little interest in parliamentary maneuvering, according to House Speaker Lane Dwinell. "It isn't that the women don't understand maneuvering—they're just more interested in the issues."

Most colorful of the Democratic women lawmakers—who number only 10 per cent of the forty-six—are Senator Marye Caron and Representative Mary Dondero. Senator Caron, the only Democratic woman to be elected to the Senate from industrial Manchester, New Hampshire's largest city, is now serving her third term. On week ends, she keeps her nine-room home, constantly answers the telephone. Representative Dondero, the only woman to be mayor of Portsmouth, largest coastal city in the state, believes it takes a lot of courage to be a Democrat in a New England state, though she lost a Senate campaign to her Republican opponent by the slim margin of one vote! As Portsmouth's mayor, she built a $100,000 health clinic.

The women themselves believe they have done much to bring politics out of back rooms. "New Hampshire has the cleanest legislature there is," says pretty twenty-eight-year-old Barbara Winters, youngest of the women.

Senator Suzanne Loizeaux campaigned as a "Yankee Republican who does not believe in Santa Claus." For eight weeks attractive Margery Graves toured "from the clam flats of Seabrook to the Derry line," rapping on doors, introducing herself to total strangers. "Had it not been for my children, Jean and Joe—both University of New Hampshire students—at home licking stamps, mailing blotters and poring over road maps, I couldn't have won," she said. At midnight the decision hung on the returns from Exeter. "I'd hoped for 1300, I got 1800! That's the most exciting experience I can remember."

Of New Hampshire's lady lawmakers, twenty-nine are wives, twelve are widows and five are unmarried. They range in age from twenty-eight to seventy-five. The average of their ages is fifty-five. Most, like Mary Wastcoat, seem years younger. Twenty-seven are mothers—together they have eighty-seven children.

They come from all walks of life. Some are successful businesswomen; many were teachers. Suzanne Loizeaux, regarded by many as New Hampshire's outstanding woman lawmaker, brings to the legislature the experience and wisdom of fifteen years' newspaper publishing and editing. So influential is she in rallying support for measures that Senate Majority Floor Leader Charles Hartnett refers to her as the "unofficial majority floor leader." Against him, she defeated six amendments to kill or modify a school-aid bill. "Suzanne being for a bill will almost assure its passage," a Senate colleague remarked. Without exception, New Hampshire women legislators are leery of lobbyists and pressure tactics. "Never try to influence the vote of a woman," warns Representative Angeline St. Pierre. Though they cluster to fields which are predominantly in the woman's interest, they concern themselves with all kinds of problems.

Representative Barbara Winters introduced a resolution which would limit the Federal Government's taxing power. "Dean" of the women lawmakers, Representative Hilda Brungot, now in her tenth term, was the only woman who spoke for repeal of the 18th Amendment. "I did so because my brother died from drinking poisonous bootleg liquor and I couldn't bear to go on seeing young people endanger their lives and health." Mother of six children, Representative Brungot also introduced legislation which set up milk control in New Hampshire.

Senator Winifred Wild, from New Hampshire's playground region, takes a special interest in state planning and recreation problems; Senator Sara Otis, at seventy-five the senior of the lawmakers, heads the state's 2300-woman civil-defense unit; Senator Lena Read concerns herself with hunting-and-game problems. The White House Conference work of Representative Edith Atkins, wife of a Dartmouth professor, has brought her into public focus and earned her an award for public service from the University of Chicago.

The governor's faith in the ability of women in public office is evident in the number he has selected for the state's appointive offices—women serve on the boards of public welfare, education, health and probation departments, on the hospital-advisory council and the state library commission, and as trustees of many state institutions, such as the University of New Hampshire, the industrial school and the state hospital.

Once they arrive in a position of public responsibility, New Hampshire women believe in being effective. They report back to their constituents—they don't wait for people to come to them. They seek committee posts in fields which Governor Adams describes as "provinces particularly and pronounceably woman's": health, public welfare, state institutions, education. They are also members of the powerful appropriations, finance, judiciary and ways-and-means committees.

In spite of the feeling that "things go on in courtrooms which women ought not to hear," they succeeded in passing after twenty years of bitter fight a bill which permits women to serve on jury panels. They brought about equal pay to women for jobs equal to men's, dump and smog control, and broadened benefits for public workers.

When New Hampshire's women are not out campaigning for themselves, they lend a helping hand to other candidates, particularly those running for national election. Representative Marjorie Greene served as secretary of the 1948 New Hampshire "Dewey for President" campaign. Senator Marye Caron and Representative Mary Dondero were delegates to the 1948 Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia.

ARE YOU DIABETIC?

EIGHTH among the causes of death in the United States, diabetes is the only chronic disease for which there is a known control. If it is detected early, a patient can usually live a full, active and normal life.

Diabetes is more prevalent among women than among men. One out of every twenty-five women below the age of 50 will eventually contract the disease. It is found more often among married women.

The week of November 11–17 is Diabetes Detection Week. The American Diabetes Association, in co-operation with local medical groups in more than 700 communities, is going to test 5,000,000 persons as a part of its regular educational program. An estimated 1,000,000 persons are believed to have diabetes without knowing it.

Most of the women lawmakers take an active part in the party organization, both at state and local levels. Representatives Mabel Thompson Cooper, Ann Goodwin and Marjorie Greene and Senators Suzanne Loizeaux and Winifred Wild serve on the Republican State Committee. Working with Mrs. Viola Adams, charming, efficient chairman of the Republican Party's Women's Division, they have helped to interest other women in party activities and to bring in the vote on election day.

Until three years ago, the Women's Division functioned only at election time and had a reputation for doing nothing but eat. Now it does a year-round business—with an all-volunteer staff—planning "Legislative Days" and political schools to educate New Hampshire's electorate in the ways of their government. On "Legislative Days" the people from two counties at a time are invited to Concord, see the House and Senate in full force, visit important committee hearings, and hear about the inner workings of the Statehouse from an official, often the attorney general. At the political schools local committeewomen are taught to conduct rallies and to organize volunteer election-day workers. They are coached, then quizzed, on the fundamentals of election laws and registration processes.

Perhaps the most apparent reason why New Hampshire has so many women lawmakers is that these women are vitally interested in politics. For years they have spoken up, beside husbands and neighbors, at town meetings—a cherished New England custom. Some were attracted through the educational activities of the League of Women Voters, to which many belong. Others through party organizations—long before suffrage, New Hampshire women were ardent workers in national and state campaigns.

New Hampshire women are joiners, avid clubwomen. They belong to the Grange, church organizations, parent-teacher associations, Business and Professional Women's State Federation, and auxiliaries of all types. "For leaders of organizations and civic-minded women, the legislature is the next step up," Representative Irene Landers said.

Most women go into office without personal motives or political obligations. This is important to the shrewd, suspicious Yankee, who fears political taint in any form. Some say men can't afford to attend the legislature—New Hampshire pays her lawmakers a token salary of $200 a term plus mileage—but Representative Marjorie Greene protests: "The offices were not handed to women; they got them by campaigning by convincing people they are capable."

Most frequently mentioned criticism of New Hampshire's women lawmakers is their inability to take defeat. House Speaker Lane Dwinell believes: "They haven't quite the ability to come through the rough and tumble as easily as a man—they take rebuffs too hard."

This unwillingness to accept defeat is evident, too, in the reactions of the women themselves to seeking *higher* political office. In New Hampshire the possibilities are few: governor, governor's council (a five-man advisory board) or representative to Congress. Though most will return to their present posts as long as their constituents want them, only seven of the forty-six legislators would run for Congress "if the conditions were right"—meaning if they were financially able and *if they would be elected*. Three might "someday" try for governor. "Sue Loizeaux could make it," a male colleague believes.

However, that does not mean that New Hampshire's women lawmakers limit a woman's political effectiveness to the House and Senate. Almost without exception they would vote for a qualified woman to represent them in higher posts. What do they mean by qualified? "Twice as able as a man!"

THE END

Amazing New Powder Bleach Safely Bleaches Nylon, Rayon!



ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!". . . that's how 'snowy' bleach impressed this lovely young bride. She just couldn't imagine using a bleach on her lace-trimmed nylon slip. But 'snowy' bleach is completely different. It's so gentle. After just three washings with 'snowy,' all the yellow disappeared and her slip was white and sparkling as new. You too will like 'snowy' bleach.

'snowy' Bleach Gently Whitens Dingy Gray Slips, Blouses, Bras, Lingerie

The miracle women have waited for all these years is here! A revolutionary new kind of bleach in powder form that is completely safe for nylon, rayon, silks, woolens—fabrics women could never bleach before.

New! Gentle! 'snowy' bleach is brought to you by the Gold Seal Co., (makers of famous 'GLASS WAX'). Remarkable 'snowy' bleach safely whitens and brightens even sheerest lingerie. Grateful women for the first time in history now trust their finest washable fabrics to this wonderful powder bleach discovery . . . marvel at how safely it acts to banish that dingy gray or yellowed look.


Mrs. Olga Kaar

As Mrs. Olga Kaar says, "I'm never embarrassed any more about dingy gray showing on my slips." No more soiled look at the hem. No more half moon under-arm stains on bras. 'snowy' bleach ends fear of dingy undies—assures complete feminine daintiness!

You Can Trust Even Baby's Things to 'snowy'

A gentle bleach that's safe as safe can be for precious baby things has completely won the confidence of today's careful mothers. So gently, so tenderly does 'snowy' bleach treat baby diapers, knits, fine lawn dresses and embroideries.



Mothers, Attention! The Gold Seal Company, makers of 'snowy', assures you 'snowy' bleach leaves sweaters and blankets softer and fluffier. Harmless and non-irritating to baby's delicate skin.

'snowy' is the first powder bleach to be accepted by the American Medical Association for advertising in AMA publications.

Brightens Tub-fast Colors, Too

Another first for 'snowy' bleach! So gentle, so safe is this amazing new powder bleach, you can actually use 'snowy' bleach to clear and brighten your pink, blue, peach—all your dainty tub-fast colored washables. 'snowy' won't harm even the most delicate tub-fast pastels or prints. And how you'll love the way it helps to make dulled, cloudy colors clear and fresh once more.

Safely Bleaches Sweaters, Woolens, Even Silks, Satins!

Never before possible! Women never dreamed of bleaching such things as wool sweaters, blankets or silk and satin garments—until 'snowy' bleach came along.

Now—as Mrs. H. Carlson reports, "I've never had a qualm about trusting my best wool sweaters to 'snowy'. They come out soft and fluffy every time. And even my silk things have stayed as soft and lustrous as new. I call 'snowy' my washday insurance."

'snowy' Costs Only Pennies per Wash

Just think! This safe beauty care for your finest lingerie costs you only a penny or two with each laundering. Softens water and saves on soap and detergent besides. Get a big 20-ounce package of 'snowy' bleach for 49¢.

At Last a Bleach That Smells GOOD—'snowy' Is Pleasant News to Your Nose!

There's good news in the air! That wonderful new powdered bleach for nylon and rayon, 'snowy' bleach, has a pleasant fragrance, too. It smells mild, fresh and clean as the out-of-doors.

Enthusiastic young housewife, Marie Tate, reveals: "I've simply fallen in love with 'snowy' bleach. It gets my underthings white as can be—and it's so easy to use a powder bleach and one that smells so nice. I just dip my lingerie in the washbowl and add a little 'snowy' as I wash. It all comes out so white and smells so fresh. I never saw anything like it."

Delighted career girl, Doris McLeod, observes: "That's so important when you do your lingerie and things indoors—they don't get out in the sun. But now with 'snowy' bleach, they still have that clean, outdoor fragrance."

Women everywhere are thrilled by this added miracle of 'snowy' bleach. What a wonderful thing to feel sure that your dainty nylon or rayon underthings are always clean and sweet-smelling—delightfully fresh with 'snowy' powder bleach.


Doris McLeod



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Mennen Baby Magic



Diaper rash had me howling,
Wailing and yowling,
My skin was so sore 'twas tragic!

Mummy said: don't you cry,
I know what we'll try,
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I'm gay as a bird in a tree.

I'm fresh as the dawn.
Diaper problems? All gone!
Baby Magic worked magic for me!

the only skin care in the nursery-safe, unbreakable Squeeze Bottle... that checks diaper odor and diaper rash

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you buy Baby Magic, to get a superfine powder, too. None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen Baby Powder! Delectably scented. Helps soothe chafing, prickles, itchy, irritated skin. Amusing Built-in Rattle... Mother Goose pictures on sides—at no extra cost!



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BABY PRODUCTS



Let the older children help you and the baby in every way possible. They need to feel important, can save you many steps.

Baby Comes Home

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

NOT long ago I was called in to examine a new baby on the day that its parents brought it home from the hospital. When I arrived I found the mother, fully dressed, caring for the baby. Dinner was well under way in the kitchen. An older child was scurrying about, running errands and "helping mother" generally. Father had gone to the grocery store. No extra help was in sight, but all was proceeding in as calm and orderly a way as though adding a new baby to the household were an everyday event. I thought to myself that this infant had the best chance there was of growing up a healthy, well-adjusted child.

Of course not every new mother is strong enough to take care of the baby and do other household tasks as soon as she gets home from the hospital, particularly nowadays when many mothers are sent home three or four days after childbirth. Nevertheless, this case illustrates what I consider is the most important thing when a new baby comes home: as quickly as possible, the household should settle down to a normal routine. An atmosphere of tension and emotional upset is quickly communicated to the infant, and sometimes may result in digestive and other disturbances. The baby cries more. This in turn worries the mother and other members of the family, so that the tension mounts in an endless, harmful spiral. The sooner the inevitable confusion that occurs in the first "settling in" is replaced by normal procedures, the better it will be for everyone.

But the household will not settle down of itself. Planning and organization that are made in advance of the baby's coming home form the principal factor in the smoothness with which the transition will be made. Well in advance of the time when you expect to go to the hospital, have all baby's paraphernalia collected and placed in such fashion that the fewest possible steps will be required in the processes of diapering, bathing and dressing. Thus, the bath equipment should be placed where the bath will be given; a stock of diapers should be handy to the crib; the diaper pail should be as easy of access as esthetics permit. (If you ask him, your doctor will probably give you a list of necessary items. Or you can find lists in books or pamphlets on baby care, or get one at the infants' department of a store.)

In most hospitals today, new mothers get one or more demonstration lessons in changing, bathing and dressing the baby—usually fearsome tasks if you tackle them for the first time on your arrival home, when you are weak and shaky. And of course mothers fortunate enough to have the advantages of the "rooming-in" plan now in vogue in an increasing number of hospitals where the mother assumes much of the care from the very first, feel quite like veterans by the time they leave. If you are going to a hospital where this kind of opportunity is not given, I would advise you by all means to practice routines of baby care on the infant of a friend or relative before your baby is born. Some experience in these techniques is a big point in cutting down the strains and worries of the first few days that you are on your own.

Two or three days before going home, check over the situation with your husband and make sure that all will be in readiness

(Continued on Page 226)

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

BEFORE THE BABY COMES (prenatal months), No. 2383, 50c.

First series of booklets, covering first eight months, 50c.

Second series of booklets, covering nine months to two years, 50c.

OUR BABIES (complete book and invaluable supplement to the monthly booklets), No. 1345, 50c.

A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER (breast-feeding helps), No. 1346, 6c.

Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Thank heavens it's only pneumonia!

Pneumonia!... A hundred years ago, the word rang like a death knell for the very young and the very old! As recently as 1930, the mortality rate from pneumonia of children 5 to 9 years of age, under very favorable conditions, was about 20 per 100,000; whereas today, it is slightly over 2—a decline of *90 per cent.* Fatality rates in adequately treated children have declined to minute proportions.

Public health measures, improved nutrition, increasingly available hospital facilities, and chemotherapy have all played their parts in this fortunate result. Sulfadiazine and penicillin dramatically controlled most pneumonias caused by microbes; but it remained for aureomycin to provide high effectiveness against both the *common pneumonias* caused by microorganisms and those of *unknown cause.*

Teamwork has provided the answer to the problem of pneumonia. Long and tedious researches, participated in by *Lederle,* resulted in effective serums for pneumonia. Subsequent researches by *Lederle* evolved sulfadiazine and aureomycin. These, integrated with increasing popular understanding of pneumonia, have essentially eliminated pneumonia as a major cause of death in this country. This teamwork between laboratory and clinical research workers, industry, and the public-at-large is typical of American preoccupation with working to do things *better,* for *more* people, by *everybody.*

Through research, they live who would have died!

Lederle

(*Pronounced Led'-er-lee*)

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Infant's training pant.
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Girl's slipover vest.
Patented shoulder.
Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8.

Girl's panty.
2-way-stretch, double panel front and back.
Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8.

Girl's vest.
Fine gauge super yarn.
Sizes 6 to 16.

Girl's panty.
Fine gauge super yarn, elastic waist, rib cuff leg.
Sizes 6 to 16.

Boy's "T" shirt.
Medium weight.
Sizes 2 to 16.

Boy's brief.
Medium weight, elastic waist, fly front.
Sizes 2 to 16.

Runproof slip and panty of Gibbs soft Tricot. Trimmed with Val Lace. Easily washed; no ironing needed. Pink, blue, white, maize. Sizes 2 to 8 and 10 to 16.

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Ask for Gibbs in Infants', Children's and Teen Age Sizes
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(Continued from Page 224)

when you step inside the door with the baby. If you will not have a helper, the kitchen should be stocked with foods easy to prepare. If it can possibly be managed, the house should be spick-and-span, clean and orderly.

If you plan to breast-feed your baby—and you probably know by this time how strongly I advise that you do!—ask your doctor or the nurse for detailed suggestions about techniques that will help you after you get home. Your doctor will give you a diet list similar to the prenatal one, except that milk and other fluids will be even more strongly stressed. The nurse can show you how to empty your breasts with your thumb and fingers after the baby has finished eating. This is highly important, for thorough stripping of the breast at each feeding is one of the best ways to keep the milk gland working. And of course, if your baby has to have a formula, you will get this from the doctor, and have your husband lay in all the supplies you will need to make it.

What makes us discontented with our condition is the absurdly exaggerated idea we have of the happiness of others. —FRENCH PROVERB.

For the first weeks that you are at home, make it your first concern to see that baby is comfortable and happy, and that you conserve your own strength. If you have older children, let them do as much for the baby, and as much to help you, as lies within their powers. They will love being given responsibility at this exciting period, and it will give them a sense of importance which will help ward off jealousy and heartache because of the new arrival.

Get to bed early, steal a nap or two during the daytime, and when you begin to feel tired, lie down! If you follow this plan, I believe you will find baby sleeping more and crying less.

I know that many parents have no separate room for the baby, and must screen off a corner of their own bedroom as baby's domain. This does no harm, and in fact, having baby's bed close to yours in the first weeks may actually prove a convenience when it comes to night care. However, if baby's little snufflings and squirmings disturb your slumber, wheel the bassinet into the adjoining room when you go to bed. You will then be able to hear sounds that call for attentio but without being kept awake most of th night.

You probably already know that nowa days the new baby makes its own schedul with regard to eating, sleeping and wakin However, some mothers may be sent hom from the hospital with a three-hour or fou hour feeding schedule. In a number of case routine of this kind may be the reason fo the disturbed nights some parents go throug at first. If your baby cries and seems to b nuzzling about for food, feel perfectly free t offer the breast or bottle, even though he ha recently been fed, if your physician advis it. Babies whose hunger cries are give prompt attention are much more likely t wake only two or three times during th night, and to go back to sleep when hung is satisfied. If, on the other hand, he wish to sleep past his mealtim don't waken him.

But crying isn't alway from hunger. You w want to see if the litt fellow is soiled or uncon fortably wet. (It isn necessary to change hi for every slight dampnes but a sopping diaper wet, cold bed calls for speedy attentio Next you might try bubbling—that putting him upright over your shoulder a patting his middle back, to dislodge the g bubble that is likely to form when a sm baby eats.

If neither food nor a fresh diaper n bubbling soothes him, see if he is t warm or too cold, and change his positi in the bed. Or snuggle him for a while. T trip home and the new environment is good deal for a tiny baby to take. Som times he simply needs loving reassuran

Finally, if you are worried about anythi no matter how trivial it may seem, don't h itate to call your doctor!

More quickly than you would have ima ined possible, things will begin to set down. Meanwhile your strength will be co ing back, day by day. Just conserve it n to get your household on an even keel a to start your new life with baby in the healt iest, happiest way. Nothing else you will e do is more important than this.

MELVILLE GOODWIN USA

(Continued from Page 68)

surprised at myself now that I had accomplished what I had, for I had never realized that I might be good at business negotiations. At any rate, the whole affair was over and settled by the time Gilbert Frary had arrived in New York and I was willing and happy to see him in his office at three.

I understood, of course, there was going to be a scene, because Gilbert always liked scenes, but I was entirely prepared when I closed the door carefully behind me.

"Hello, Gilbert," I said. "How was it on the Coast? Did you come back with a lot of good ideas?"

I did not mean to be unkind about Gilbert's ideas. I only made the remark by way of a conversational opening.

"Sidney," Gilbert said, and his voice sounded choked and he pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "Sidney, may I ask you a single question?"

"Why, yes," I said. "Go right ahead, Gilbert."

Gilbert Frary looked at me sadly. He appeared deeply hurt and deeply shocked, and perhaps he was. "My question can be phrased in a single word, Sidney," he said. "I don't want to be reproachful, Sidney. Perhaps there has been some mistake, and I still want to love your integrity and still idealize, if I can, a lovely human relationship. The question I want to ask you, Sidney, is 'Why?' Simply 'Why?'"

"Why what, Gilbert?" I asked.

Gilbert sighed. "Please, Sidney," he said, "don't turn the knife in the wound. For the last forty-eight hours I feel as though I have been impaled on steel."

"I'm sorry if you've suffered, Gilbert," said, "but then perhaps we have both s fered."

"Sidney," Gilbert said, "before we le this room I want everything to be as it w formerly between us. Why did you ever n trust me—of all people, Sidney?"

Since I had worked my way into driver's seat, there was no reason for a further turning of knives in wounds. "P haps I was wrong, Gilbert," I said. " sorry if I shouldn't have mistrusted you.

"That's a very lovely thing for you say," Gilbert Frary said. "I'm the one w should be sorry, Sidney. I should have derstood your integrity. I should never h suggested even whimsically that you sho speak commercials."

"That's all right now, Gilbert," I s "As long as I know that the sponsor is sa fied with the program, that clears everyth I'm sorry I had to go over your head, then, you were out on the Coast."

"I cannot see why you are so suspicio Gilbert said. "Suspicion does not coin with friendship."

"That's quite all right, Gilbert," I him. "Let's say that I lost faith in my but it's all right now. It helps me to k that George thinks I'm a valuable piec property in the face of competitive bidd As long as he agrees with my ideas, ev thing's all right. There's no reason for hi you to worry about the White Wall Rul Company."

Gilbert Frary sighed. "But it hurts m think of your thinking of it, Sidney," he s "All I've ever wanted is to have you basi

well-shaped heads



fine, full chests



strong backs



straight legs



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and absolutely happy. Sidney, basically what was it that you said to George?"

I could thank Melville Goodwin for my answer. "I told him let's cut out the horsefeathers," I said, "and if he didn't like me, I had another job, and in the future I'd like to deal with him more closely personally. No reflection on you, Gilbert."

"But, Sidney," Gilbert said. "I've always thought of you as an artist to be protected. I always thought that you basically disliked business and did not understand it as an artist. What is it that will make you happy? Let us sit down and talk this over frankly as we always have."

We each sat down and we watched each other very carefully, but before we could get down to facts, the door opened. It was Miss Hamilton, Gilbert Frary's secretary.

"It's about Mr. Skelton," Miss Hamilton said. "Miss Maynard has brought an Army officer in to see Mr. Skelton, and he's outside now. He would have come in himself if I hadn't. I'm frightfully sorry, Mr. Frary."

"Who?" Gilbert Frary asked. "What officer?"

"His name is General Gooch," Miss Hamilton said. "He says he comes from the General Staff in Washington."

"You'll have to tell him I'm in an important conference," I began, but I knew that no civilian conference was important to General Gooch. Before I had finished speaking General Gooch himself had entered Gilbert Frary's sanctum.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," he said. General Gooch was in his uniform, wearing the sunburst of the General Staff. He looked at me. "I've got a plane waiting and the boss wants to see you in Washington before six o'clock."

"What boss?" I asked.

"The Chief's office," General Gooch said, "and we've got to step on it, Sid."

"Why didn't you telephone me?" I asked.

"I've been trying all morning," General Gooch said. "They wouldn't put me through. There's been a lot of horsefeathering around here, and I know Mr. Skelton will understand."

It was that beautiful complacency of the Army, and it touched me that General Gooch considered me as a part of it and knew I would understand.

"What's the matter, Goochy?" I asked. It was perfectly all right at this point to call him Goochy.

"It's all fouled up," General Gooch said. "It's about you-know-who, our mutual friend, and I suggested to the boss he'd better see you. It's highly delicate and highly personal. I hope this gentleman will excuse us."

"Listen, Goochy," I said, "I have to broadcast at seven o'clock. I'll go down with you afterward. I'll leave here at seven-fifteen, and that's the best I can do."

"All right," General Gooch said, "I'll do what I can with it. Come on, sister." He nodded to Miss Hamilton, and they both left.

It was almost as though the ceiling had fallen to put an end to our discussion, and it was too much to expect that either Gilbert Frary or I should be able to adjust ourselves to it casually.

"Sidney," Gilbert Frary asked me, "who is that man?"

"He's an acquaintance of mine," I said. "Don't bother about him now. He's gone, Gilbert."

"When I first met you I never dreamed that you had important military connections," Gilbert Frary said. "Can you tell me why they want you?"

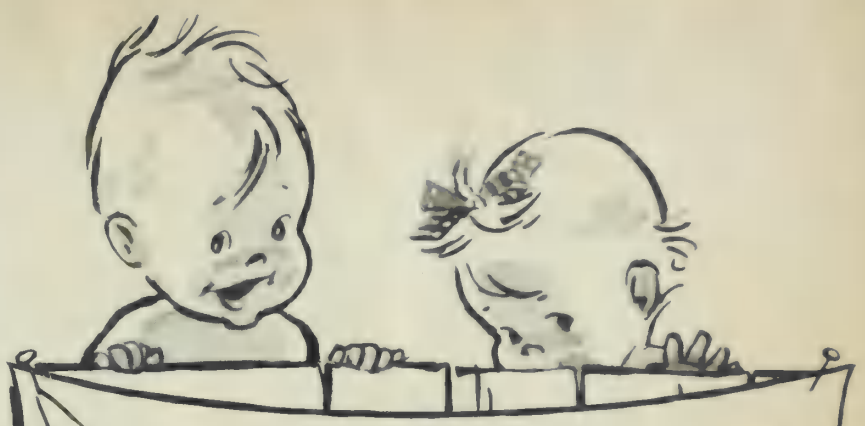
"No," I said, "but it isn't anything personal, Gilbert."

Gilbert Frary sighed. "You have so many lovely connections, Sidney," he said, "that sometimes I have to pinch myself to be sure that I'm awake."

Perhaps it was just as well in the future for Gilbert to think of me as an enigmatic character, and he had certainly pinched himself since I had seen Burtheimer in Chicago.

"Where were we in our conversation," he asked, "before this interruption?"

(Continued on Page 229)



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(Continued from Page 227)

"You wanted to make me happy," I said.

"That's what hurts me," Gilbert Frary said. "Since the very beginning of our association, Sidney, I have always been working for your happiness. If I have been overzealous or unintelligent, it was enthusiasm, Sidney, not lack of integrity."

There were polite ways of handling such a problem, as long as we both knew where we were and understood that there was iron beneath the velvet glove.

"I always love to admit it when I'm wrong," I said. "I never should have thought you were trying to run out on me. Can you forgive my suspicious nature, Gilbert?"

"Sidney," Gilbert said, "I love you for saying that. It's so absolutely like you."

"I love you, too," I said. "Now let's see how I can be happy." It was time to get tough, but there was still the velvet glove. "While this contract lasts," I said, "I'll negotiate all program problems personally with the sponsor instead of going through you. Perhaps we'd better put it in writing, Gilbert."

"Sidney," Gilbert began, "this is so unnecessary. Between friends, a gentlemanly agreement."

"A gentlemanly agreement between friends in writing," I said. "The next thing, you throw this Alan Featherbee out of this shop."

Gilbert laughed. It was a tragic, broken laugh. "Excuse me, Sidney," he said, "but this is so completely ludicrous. To think that this individual should have been the basis of our trouble. Why didn't you speak to me about him earlier?"

"Well," I said, "I'm speaking about him now."

Gilbert spoke gently and soothingly. "If it gives you a moment's mental ease, Sidney," he said. "And what else?"

"I want loyalty from the bottom up"—I was grateful to Mel Goodwin for this too—"I want you to fire Art Hertz and let me get my own writer. While we're on the subject, Miss Maynard had better go too."

"All I can ask is that single monosyllabic question," Gilbert said. "Why? Why didn't you take up all this with me long ago?"

I arose from my chair. The interview was over, and I shook hands with Gilbert, but I felt no personal triumph.

"It was all a great mistake," I said. "I didn't realize how valuable they thought I was in Chicago—but I love you, Gilbert." Love was different in the show business from other forms of love.

That hypocritical scene had given me a position and a security that I did not personally admire or covet, and if it had not been for Helen and Camilla, I knew that I would never have exerted myself. I was right back in the old groove again, but at least I had shown a flash of latent business instinct, and things would be simpler now. I had gained in what Gilbert Frary would have called stature.

BACK in my own office, I was conscious of Miss Maynard's avid curiosity, but there was no reason to discuss the future with her. Miss Maynard had bet on the wrong horse, and so had Art Hertz, and she would know what the score was in a very little while.

"That general," she said, "I mean General Gooch, is waiting for you inside, and he's had me put through two telephone calls to Washington. I hope it's what you wanted, Mr. Skelton. Miss Hamilton told me it was what you wanted."

"That's right," I said. "Thanks, Miss Maynard."

"Mr. Hertz has been asking for you," Miss Maynard said. "He wants to know when you would care to see the script."

"Tell him in half an hour," I told her.

I wanted to put those inevitable details away from me as far as possible, and I was glad that I could escape from them vicariously through the antics of Melville Goodwin. General Gooch was in my office looking sourly at the blown-up photographs around the wall, and it occurred to me that I would not have to tolerate those pictures any longer. I could have Helen redecorate the place, and Gilbert Frary would not have a word to say about it.

"Say, Sid," General Gooch said, "is that you riding on that elephant?"

"That's me on the elephant," I said, "but what are you doing in here looking at it, Goochy?"

"It's all right," he said, "we've got more time now. The meeting will be at Grimshaw's at twenty-one-thirty, and you have a room at the Mayflower."

It required a moment of mental arithmetic to gather that twenty-one-thirty meant half past nine that evening. He seemed to take it for granted that I understood what everything was all about.

"Boy, what a day!" he said. "I didn't know until around twelve hundred that Goodwin had blown his top."

"Maybe you'd better tell me about it, Goochy," I said.

"That's right," he said. "We've got to do something about Goodwin. Say, how much has Goodwin told you?"

For some reason he thought that I had understood the whole situation, and he seemed surprised when I told him that I did not understand anything.

"Oh," General Gooch said, "I thought you were in on this whole picture. Don't you know he's planning to marry this Mrs. Peale?"

"No," I said, "I didn't know that."

It was amazing to be surprised when the idea had been in the back of my mind for so long. Until the words were snapped at me, without trimmings, I had never honestly believed that things would go so far.

An old Turkish fable tells of a woman who was out walking and who was followed by a stranger. "Why do you follow me?" she asked him. "Because I have fallen in love with you," he replied. "Why? My sister, who is coming after me, is prettier than I am. Go and make flattering speeches to her." The man turned back and encountered a very homely girl. He ran and caught up with the first woman. "Why did you tell me an untruth?" he demanded. The woman answered, "I told no more of a falsehood than you. If you were in love with me, why did you turn back to look at another woman?"

"I didn't know," I said again. "I've heard him talk, but what makes you think he's serious?"

"Listen," General Gooch said, and he looked sharply around to see that the door was closed, "you've heard him speak of Lieutenant General Grimshaw, haven't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I've heard him speak of General Grimshaw, but he's retired now, isn't he?"

"That's right," General Gooch answered, "but Mel's very close to Grimshaw. This morning he told Grimshaw he's resigning from the service and marrying this Mrs. Peale."

"Has he told Mrs. Goodwin?" My own voice, when I asked, was as low as though we were in a funeral parlor.

"No," General Gooch said, "not yet. The Old Man made Mel promise to keep still until they've talked further. Then Grimshaw called up the office. Mel has some good friends and they want to get the picture. You see the layout now. There's a sort of committee that wants to find out how they can handle this Mrs. Peale."

It was not for me to argue that I could serve no good purpose by going to Washington. "All right," I said, "I'll go, Goochy."

"You're right you'll go," he said.

His tone implied that I was personally responsible for the whole problem, but at the same time he looked more cheerful. The thing was in the works now, as they used to say in the Army. General Gooch half closed his eyes, as though he could see the picture better by squinting.

"Now take Mel," he said. "He's a tactical genius, and he's a damn near perfect officer. I'm his junior and I'm talking out of school, but I'll tell you one trouble with Mel. He doesn't understand women like you and me."

This was the assumption that two men always made when engaged in such a conversation. We both were sophisticates who understood about women.

"Mel got married too young," General Gooch was saying. "That's what happens to a lot of kids. There's something about the Point that makes for early marriage. Mel was one of those boys, as they say around the club, who never looked at another woman. If he had busted loose when he was a captain or even a major—but when a man acts like a kid when he's fifty —— I don't know how we're going to handle this one—not that it hasn't happened to others. You can't stop him when he starts, and when he starts he never thinks about himself. I don't know why it is I love the guy."

There was a discreet knock on the door. It was Art Hertz with the script.

"Leave it here with me, Art," I said. "I'll call you if I want any changes."

I picked up the script and read the old familiar salutation: "Good evening, friends." It was vapid and insincere. I was measured and I was safe. I would never have the bravery or the splendid regardlessness of Melville Goodwin.

I WAS only asked to Washington to tell some high-ranking friends of Melville Goodwin confidentially what I knew of the character of Dottie Peale. Through it all I felt like a young officer appearing before a board. I was simply giving information, and I could read nothing from their expressions as they received it. They listened to me with flattering attention, but I could not gather what they were going to do, if anything.

General Grimshaw had only been a name to me until then, but he fitted perfectly the portrait I had made of him—a tall, deliberate man whose eyes were ice-gray like his hair. His years of complete authority echoed in every inflection of his voice. He would have stood out in any crowd. Although he was gracious, I felt nervous whenever he addressed me.

"I'm sure I speak for everyone here," he said, "when I say we are most grateful to you for taking so much time and trouble. You have shed some real light on this situation, Mr. Skelton. I think we can move on from here more confidently."

He did not say where they would move, but there was no doubt that they were not going to sit still, and when they were through with me I was whisked away.

"General Gooch," Foghorn Grimshaw said, "will you please find transportation to return Mr. Skelton to his hotel, and then join us here again?"

"Thank you, sir," I said. "Good night."

An iron curtain had fallen and that was all. I was glad to be leaving that conference. I still felt constrained and unnatural when I tried to get to sleep that night. Even in the morning I still felt that I had been a witness at an inquest. I had told them what they had asked me and if they were taking General Goodwin to pieces and putting him together again, I had nothing further to do with the process. As General Gooch had said, Melville Goodwin was in the works, and I was very glad that I was not in the works with him.

What with a legal conference and then a correspondents' dinner in the evening, after returning from Chicago, I had not been able to get out to Savin Hill since that Washington broadcast, so there was a great deal I had to tell Helen about Gilbert Frary and the new arrangements when I finally did get home on Friday. It was hard to explain everything in order to Helen, who had been there quietly in the country.

"Melville Goodwin's going to resign from the service and marry Dottie Peale," I said.

"Oh, dear," Helen said. "What about Muriel Goodwin?"

I told her that she did not know it yet, or at least I did not think she did.

"That's so silly of you," Helen said. "Of course she must know something. Sid, Dottie



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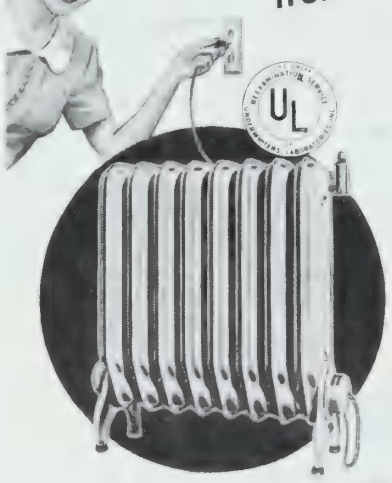
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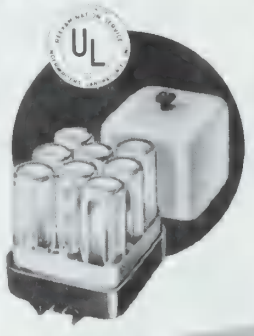
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Peale called up this afternoon. She invited herself out here for lunch tomorrow. There must be some connection."

"I hope you told her she couldn't come," I said.

"Sid," she answered, "I couldn't do that—but the funny thing was, she never said a word about any of this. She didn't even sound excited; but then, that's like her, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "it's like her." Of course Dottie had to talk to someone.

"Poor Muriel," Helen said. "After everything she's done for him, and she's just the right wife for him too. After all the years she's spent making both ends meet and working her fingers to the bone. It isn't fair. Do you know what I'd do if I were Muriel Goodwin?"

"Listen, Helen," I said, "let's not get theoretical."

"Well, I think I'd kill Dottie."

"Now, Helen," I said, "don't be so conventional."

"When I think of her sitting right here, crocheting those poor little washcloths for the new place where she was going to live," Helen said, and I found her looking at me indignantly instead of at the fire. "Well, if it were I, I'd step out with somebody else and find a new life for myself so fast you wouldn't know it."

"I don't know why you bring me into it," I said, "and besides, don't you think that Mrs. Goodwin is too far along in years to start a new life?"

"Well, I'm not too far along," Helen said. "You'd be surprised if I told you of all the chances I had when you were overseas. Yes, you'd be surprised."

Our discussion had broken into fragments. We were no longer pinned down to anything definite, but then there was always a species of logic in Helen's indefiniteness.

"Listen," I said, "are we talking about you and me or about the Goodwins?"

"Darling," Helen said, "I just want to talk. I suppose I'm provincial and old-fashioned, and that's why I can't seem to get into the spirit of Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, but she's a—well, never mind. I've always tried to be nice about her, but she really is a—well, never mind. There's only one good thing about this, if you want to call it a good thing. It might have been you, if she hadn't got all mixed up with the Army."

"Me?" I repeated, and I felt righteously indignant.

"Darling," Helen said, "don't you think I had a right to be worried when I heard that you and Dottie were on that trip to Paris? You know she never wants to let go of anything. You were a piece of personal property, and she was simply furious when we got married."

"Why, no," I said, "she wasn't. She was awfully nice about it. She said how glad she was for me. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, Sid," Helen said, "don't you know anything about Dottie? It would have been you if it hadn't been poor old Mel Goodwin, and she would have said it was all your fault. She's always been furious at me, and we hate each other. I really don't see how I can be nice to her tomorrow."

I REMEMBERED that long flight over the ocean with the VIP's in the darkened plane. I remembered that rococo sitting room in the Ritz in Paris and Dottie whistling in the bedroom. If Major General Goodwin had not been there, Dottie and I would have been a long way from home. Then I remembered those adjoining bedrooms in that bleak hotel in Northern France when Dottie had asked me to kiss her in a friendly way.

I pulled myself back into the present. Farouche had dropped his rubber ring on my foot and his doing so relieved the tension. He wagged his beautifully brushed tail expectantly, and Helen looked benign. When I played with Farouche it meant that I was getting used to everything.

"Darling," Helen said, "we really ought to think about having another baby."

I knew exactly why the idea had occurred to her at that moment. She was not thinking of the nursery and the bassinet and the good life as much as she was thinking of Dottie Peale.

IN the morning I remembered immediately that Dottie Peale had invited herself to lunch. Ever since we had bought the place in Connecticut she had been saying that she must drop in to see us. Helen had always begged her to wait until everything was decorated, and Dottie had always understood perfectly. She would not drop in suddenly, although she could not wait to see Helen in her new setting. I wished that I did not know so well what Dottie would say and think.

Ever since I had worked on the night shift of the newspaper, I had been able to sleep through a morning, and it was after eleven when I awoke. Then I saw that it was raining and that the bare trees were dripping coldly and moistly against a grim gray sky. Helen's bed was empty. I saw that Camilla was standing beside me.

"Daddy," she said, "you look so funny waking up."

For that matter, Camilla looked pretty funny herself. She was wearing her jodhpurs and her tiny tweed coat and little stock and a gold horseshoe pin. Her hair was in a single braid, clubbed and tied with a black ribbon.

"Hello," I said, "are you going riding?"

Camilla giggled and nodded.

"You can't," I said, "it's raining."

"Oh, daddy," Camilla said, "don't be so silly. Don't you know that Mr. Delaney has his Saturday class in the indoor ring? Mummy told me to tell you to wake up. Oscar's bringing up your breakfast."

"Where's your mother now?" I asked.

"She's arranging things downstairs," Camilla said. "She acts as if there's going to be a luncheon party."

"It isn't a real party," I told her, "just one lady."

"Well," Camilla said, "good-by, daddy. Miss Otts is waiting for me, but I'll be back for lunch."

The wailing hum of a vacuum cleaner sounded in the living room as I came downstairs. Mr. Brown had been brought in from outside to do the rugs, and next he would do the green carpet on the stairs. Mrs. Griscoe, the cleaning woman, was dusting the library. Oscar and Hilda were setting the dining-room table and Henry was waxing the hall floor. Helen was arranging flowers and supervising. It was to have all the earmarks of a simple informal lunch—just the Skeltons at home.

Helen was wearing a whipcord suit that made her look as efficient as Dottie Peale.

"Everything looks all right, Helen," I said. "Why don't you leave it alone?" It was a useless remark, but the activity made me nervous.

"I don't see how you can sleep in the morning," Helen said. "I've been up since seven. You know how particular Dottie is. She always sees everything."

"All right," I said, "but you'll get it looking like a feature piece in House and Garden."

Dottie had never let anyone forget that Helen had once worked on a similar magazine.

"Sidney," Helen said, "I wish you would go upstairs and put on some older clothes and then you won't look so self-conscious."

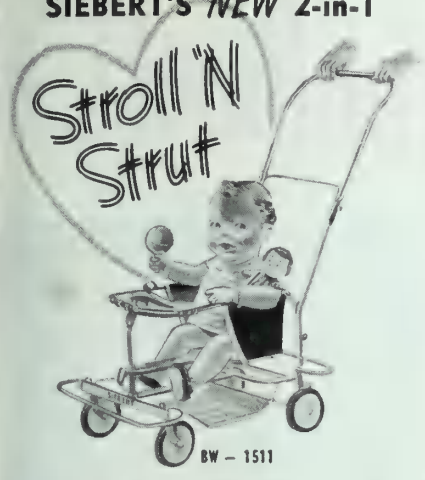
"But aren't we both?" I said. "Isn't this whole effort self-conscious?"

"Oh, Sidney," Helen said, "please go upstairs and read the papers. I'm busy and I've got a headache."

Upstairs I changed into a suit I had owned for years. I tried to concentrate on the morning news while I listened to the dripping of the rain but instead I remembered how glad

Most women will forgive a liberty, rather than a slight; and if any woman were to hang a man for stealing her picture, although it were set in gold, it would be a new case in law; but if he carried off the setting, and left the portrait, I would not answer for his safety. —COLTON.

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Dottie had seemed to be when Helen and I were married and all the kind things she always said about Helen, and I also recalled the kind things Helen had said about Dottie. At least my mind was off Melville Goodwin, now that I was the vertex of a triangle. It was not Dottie's fault, I was thinking, that she was a girl who could never let anything go entirely. She was a perfect example of the type that could never get on with women, and also she was the type that never got on for long with men.

"Sid," I heard Helen calling, "Sid, please come downstairs. She's here." Helen had seen before I had that Dottie's town car, driven by Bernard, that chauffeur of hers, was turning into the white-fenced drive.

The car was at the door. I held an umbrella for Dottie while Bernard helped her out—not that she ever needed to be helped. Helen had been right to wear something tailored. Dottie, too, was in a suit, cool and austere, with a topaz brooch at her throat, no noisy bangles, an honest, simple girl.

"Darling," she said, "I'm so glad to see you. How's the country squire?"

"Well, well," I said, "and how's the little city mouse?"

Dottie glanced at me sideways. "Darling," she said, "I can't wait until I see absolutely everything. It all looks so exactly like you."

"That's just what I've always felt about Seventy-second Street," I said, "but I never could bring myself to tell you."

Dottie gave my arm a savage pinch. "Shut up," she said. "Let's come in out of the rain. . . . Helen, darling, how beautiful this is!"

"Dottie, dear," Helen said, "it's so sweet of you to come out through all this rain."

Helen and Dottie Peale were being very civilized indeed. There was no rough stuff, scarcely an awkward moment. There were no roundhouse swings or smacks of gloves. There were no cuts from glancing blows. They were so glad to see each other, so fond of each other, so mutually admiring, that it was hard to believe what Helen had said about Dottie. Dottie could always see everything without appearing to notice, and I knew she was not missing anything.

"Darling," I heard her say, as she and Helen walked arm and arm into the living room, "no wonder they were sorry to lose you from that magazine. I had lunch with Diana Paul only last week, and Diana was saying that there was no one like you, with restraint and taste combined with so many new ideas. What fun you must have had fixing everything. It's all so perfect. It's—it's like a stage set for that old play, Berkeley Square, isn't it? And yet it isn't Berkeley Square, dear. It's absolutely you, and you were so right in not consulting Sidney's taste, because Sidney has no taste, has he? It's you in your own setting."

"If you say so," Helen said, "everything must be all right, Dottie, dear. I've been on pins and needles to know what you would think of the house."

Dottie laughed affectionately. "Darling," she said, "you must really learn not to mind what other people think. Hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may, but then there isn't a chip around here anywhere."

"All in order because of you, dear," Helen said. "Sidney doesn't let me forget your love of order for a minute." Then she, too, laughed affectionately. They both seemed to be having a wonderful time.

Dottie said, "Darlings, I can't tell you how I love being here. Where shall I sit? I don't want to perch on the wrong museum piece."

"Darling," Helen said, "I've never known a museum piece that didn't suit you."

"Now, girls," I said, "let's all take it easy."

Both girls were sitting up straight with hands folded in their laps and ankles crossed, like girls in dancing school waiting for a partner. They both looked austerely charming and very pretty, but I thought that Dottie's face looked drawn. The gray light from the north windows was not flattering, and she did not look as happy as she should have,

(Continued on Page 233)

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(Continued from Page 231)

considering everything. I was tempted to ask her what the news was, as I would have if we had been alone, but then there were Helen and the amenities. Just then Farouche came in. He was brushed and he had a new bowknot on the top of his cranium, but like Dottie, he seemed worried and distrait.

"Oh," Dottie said, "where did you come from, you lovely handsome man? Oh, woozums, woozums, woozums!" And she sank down on her knees and threw her arms around Farouche.

Though Farouche submitted to Dottie's embrace like a gentleman, he knew instinctively that her behavior was not genuine, and so did I. Dottie would not have gone overboard in such a manner if she had not been under some sort of tension. I was growing very tired of the feminine character, and I was thinking how many valid reasons there were for men's bars and men's clubs. Helen and I looked at each other and she raised her eyebrows slightly.

The embrace was over. Dottie was back in her chair again and "Woozums" was wandering about the room distractedly, like an old man looking for his glasses.

"What is he doing?" Dottie asked. "Does he want to go out, Sidney?"

"I think he's looking for his rubber ring," I said.

"Oh," Dottie said, "I wish everyone weren't always looking for something. Is he happy when he gets it?"

"Yes," I said, "he seems to be."

Dottie said, "I wish I could settle for a rubber ring."

For the first time since Dottie's appearance her voice was kind and natural, but her remark was surprising, because it seemed to me that she had finally settled for a rubber ring herself. I had been exposed to all of Dottie's moods. I could even classify them cold-bloodedly, and she knew I could.

"Sid," she said, "did you tell Helen about Gilbert Frary?"

"Yes," I said, "and I won't forget what you did for me, Dot."

"Darling," Dottie said, "anything I did was for Helen too. It wasn't much—just calling up some people. There's so little anyone can do for anyone else basically. . . . And Helen—in case you don't know it, Sid's a very good guy."

"I always had the same idea," Helen answered, "but it's nice to have it confirmed."

The shift in conversation made me wince. "I'm wonderful," I said, "but don't be so patronizing about it."

"I knew you'd have the subtlety but I didn't know you'd have the guts to do what you did with Frary," Dottie said.

"I couldn't let the home team down," I told her. "If you want to know, I've learned a lot about guts from General Goodwin."

This seemed like a graceful way of bringing Melville Goodwin into the conversation. "I kept thinking of Mel," I went on, "when I was slugging it out with Gilbert and the boys. You know the way Mel puts it. You estimate the situation and then you act."

Dottie looked at me as though I had been crudely clumsy, and then she blushed. "Never mind about Mel now," she said. "Helen, darling, I'm awfully glad you've done so much for Sid."

I always disliked sentiment, and the whole thing seemed to be getting out of hand. I saw Helen's eyes open wide in her astonishment.

Dottie said, "I don't know what's the matter with me." First there had been that scene with Farouche, and now she was dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "I don't know what's the matter with me," she said again. "Don't say anything."

Fortunately I knew exactly what to say. "Come on," I said, "and pull your socks up, Dot."

"I'm all right now." Her teeth glittered in her most impeccable smile. "Don't look so worried," she said, "it's just nerves, combined with all this sanitary Chippendale. Excuse me, Helen darling."

It was like pulling a rabbit from a hat. It was hard to believe that anything had upset Dottie.

"Why, here's Camilla," I heard Helen saying. "Come in, dear, and shake hands with Mrs. Peale and don't forget to curtsy."

I was singularly moved by the sight of Camilla, out of her riding clothes and all prepared by Helen, like the house, for the visitation of Dottie Peale. She looked so shy and so small in her little patent-leather slippers and her smocked dress of liberty silk, that for once I seriously felt that I was her father. What might happen to me did not have much value as long as I had done something for Camilla. It was like arriving somewhere safely.

"Why, darling," Dottie Peale said, "how sweet you look. Won't you give me a big kiss, darling?"

Camilla complied politely and restrainedly, and then with the unerring instinct of a child she firmly disengaged herself from Dottie Peale.

"Oh, Helen," Dottie was saying, "she is so sweet, just a pocket edition of you, dear."

Then Camilla moved to where I was sitting and stood leaning lightly against me. I put my arm around her and held her tight.

"Yes," I said, "Camilla does look quite a lot like Helen."

"I've always wanted to have a little girl," Dottie said.

She always wanted something, but it was not like her to drop all barriers in this way. I had never seen her so insecure, and I could think of nothing to say to fill the embarrassed gap of silence.

By now there was no doubt that Dottie Peale was deeply worried about something, and obviously it was something which she did not wish to discuss in front of Helen. She ate very little all through luncheon, although she said several times how delicious everything tasted. In the living room afterward she did not touch her coffee, though she had been careful to ask if she could have some saccharin instead of sugar.

"Helen, dear," she said at last, "would you mind if I took Sid away somewhere for a little while? I don't mind his repeating everything I say, but I don't seem to be able to say it to you both at once."

From the quick way Helen answered, I knew that she was as glad as I that the suspense was over. Why didn't we go into the library, she suggested. She seemed to be turning me over to Dottie very willingly.

As soon as we reached the library, I knew exactly what Dottie thought of the whole layout, and it placed an undue strain on my loyalty to see her gazing at the wall of the English-gentleman's books. All at once she put her arm through mine as though we both were lonely.

"Poor Sid," she said. "This isn't what you ever wanted, is it, darling?"

"Not exactly," I answered, "but it doesn't really matter. It's only a minor detail, Dot."

"I know it is," she said. "Sid, I'm awfully glad for you, I really am. And the patter of little feet. This won't be such a bad place for The Children's Hour." I wished she did not see everything and know everything. There was never any intellectual privacy when I was with her.

"All right," I said, "that's one way to put it, Dot."

"Darn you," she said, "don't try to be slick about it. All right, I'm jealous of you. I hate you and still I'm so glad for you. How did it ever work this way? Oh, I'm so unhappy, darling."

Then she threw her arms around me and pressed her head against my shoulder, but not the way she had with Farouche. It was an excellent thing that Helen was not there.

"Sid," she said, "please hold me for just a minute. You've got to help me, Sid."

"Help you about what, Dot?" I asked.

She pushed herself away from me, but she still held my hand. "All right," she said. "Of course you know what. That brass-hat general of yours, Major General Melville A. Goodwin, and to the junk pile with him! Do you know what he wants! He wants me to marry him and now the whole Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington are beginning to expect me to. Oh, Sidney, I can't. You've got to help me, Sid."

I had never seen her look so empty or defeated. Her words had all her old sophistry, but they had taken a lot out of her. She turned away from me and took a few unsteady steps toward the armchair by the library fireplace, and curiously enough it was the chair that Melville Goodwin had always used. She slumped into it heavily, with none of her beguiling schoolgirl posture. Her jacket, so carefully tailored to show the arrogant boyish slimness of her figure, was a mass of untidy wrinkles. Her skirt had ridden up above one knee, showing the edge of her slip with its meticulously embroidered border, and nothing could have confirmed her wretchedness more eloquently. For once in her life for a few moments Dottie did not care how she looked.

"Didn't it ever occur to you," I said, "that he might have honorable intentions?"

"Oh, Sid," she said, "please don't. Please say you're fond of me."

"All right," I said, "I'm fond of you, but stop showing your slip."

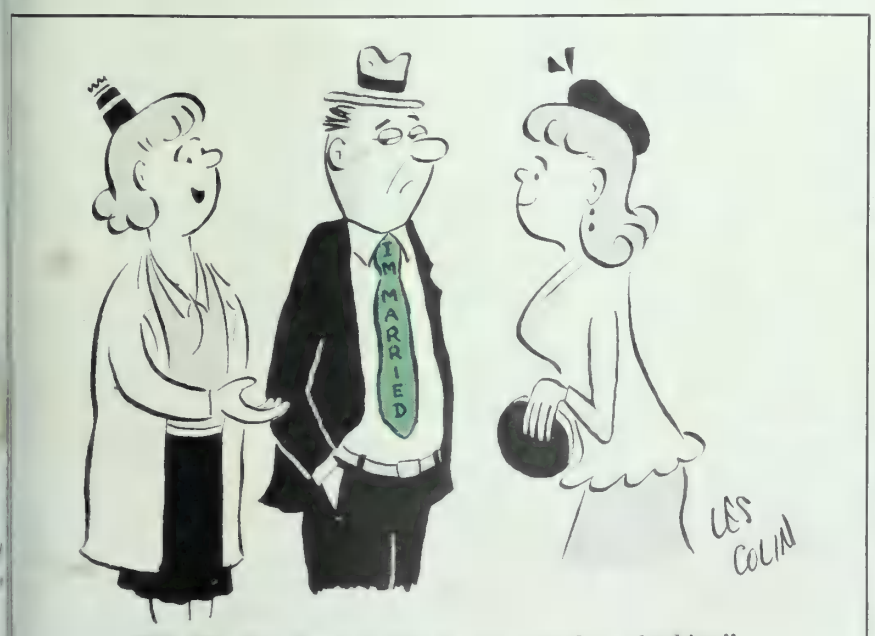
She arranged things in a single indescribable motion. Suddenly the wrinkles of the jacket were gone and the slip was gone and the skirt and the nylon stockings were all synchronized again.

"Darling," she said, "it's such an awful mess. You are always so right about everything."

"So right about what?" I asked her.

"Oh, about the whole business," she said. "You never did approve of it, did you? Not even back in Paris."

"No," I said, "of course I didn't."



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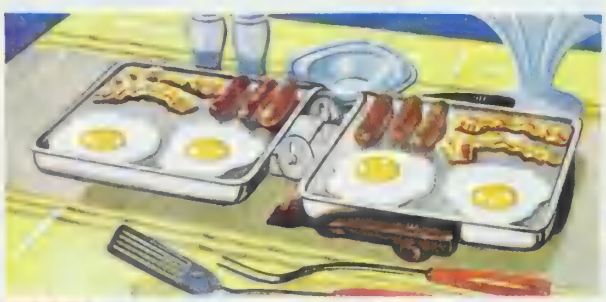
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"I don't see why you couldn't have told me more about him," she said. "I never knew he would take everything so seriously."

"Didn't you want him to be serious?" I asked.

"Sid," she said, "won't you please sit down and listen? I want to be fair, darling, absolutely fair. Of course I didn't know it would come to this, and he was so unhappy and completely maladjusted. Sid, I only wanted to make him happy."

I sat down in the armchair opposite her.

"And so you made him still more maladjusted," I said.

"Darling," she answered, "I wish you'd try to pull yourself together and understand. Of course I know he loves me, but I didn't know he would love me in this way. He's so undeviating, darling. Do you remember that poem he keeps reciting? '*Push off and sitting well in order smite* ——' I'll scream if I hear it again. And did you ever see those damn clothes of his—that tweed coat and his double-breasted suit?"

I did not answer, but they mattered. Disillusion always came from details.

"I don't mean to be unkind," she said, "and I know part of this is my fault. Of course I was carried away. I still love him—in theory—but it's all too much for me to manage. Sidney, please be kind."

"All right," I said, "I'm being kind."

I could not unsnarl the raveled ends of her meaning. Her love was always limited, and perhaps she recognized this as she sat there wretchedly in my library, twisting her hands nervously, pulling at the loose edges of her life.

"Darling," she said, "it *did* seem possible at first. I want you please to believe that. I don't suppose I ever thought things out clearly. I didn't want to think, because I was happy. Everything would have been possible if he'd only been a little more like other people, more like you and me, but he's so damned—so damned honest, darling."

Waldo Pierce, the American painter, once presented the concierge of his Paris apartment with a turtle. Next day he secretly replaced the turtle with one slightly larger. He kept this up until the turtle assumed monstrous proportions. The old lady was enchanted with her pet's rapid growth. Then the artist reversed the process. The turtle grew smaller and smaller. The lady was bereft; she stayed up nights nursing it. Pierce kept it up until the poor woman almost had a nervous breakdown. Then he confessed. Unfortunately, we have no record of what she said or did.

There was truth in all her sophistry, and her saving grace was that she could see it occasionally. Melville Goodwin was more honest than either of us could ever be.

"Darling," she said, "I don't know why I didn't see this coming. Of course we did make plans, but I didn't think he believed them any more than I did. Do you know what he actually wants now? He wants to resign from the service and for us to go away somewhere alone together. He wants us to take a little bungalow or something and live in Carmel, California. And that isn't all. Do you know what happened yesterday? Yesterday another general came, an old one. He was polite—something like a priest. Damn it, give me a cigarette."

She was feeling better or she would not have asked for one, but her hands were shaking.

"WHAT was his name?" I asked.

"Oh, he was someone Mel always talks about," she said. "Grimshaw, Foghorn Grimshaw. He wanted to tell me all about Mel and he wanted to congratulate me, darling, but they don't want Mel to leave the service. They want us to wait until everything can be arranged properly. Time, he kept saying, time. But Mel wants to go to Carmel or else he wants to be somewhere with troops. Oh, I'm ashamed."

"Yes," I said, "you ought to be. You haven't any right to ruin Goodwin's life."

"Darling," she said, "I don't want to ruin his life. I'd much rather have ruined yours. Sid, aren't you going to help me?"

I felt a sudden surge of revolt. "No," I said. "If you feel that way, hurry up and tell him so."

"But I don't want to tell him," she said. "There must be some other way. I don't want to hurt him . . . and—he believes in me. No one's ever believed in me the way he does."

"He'd better stop," I said.

It was exactly like her, I was thinking, not to be able to say yes and not to be able to say no, and to try to put the burden on someone else.

"Sid," she said, "will you tell him?"

"No," I said. "Dot, you ought to be ashamed."

"I told you I was ashamed," Dottie said. "Can't you be kind to me, Sidney?"

"No," I said. "Why not face it? You've been through this with other men."

"Darling," Dottie said, "that isn't fair. It wasn't the same with you and me. We had other things on our minds."

WE must have both thought about this through a second or two of painful silence. You always had to pay for every party.

"I wasn't referring to you and me," I said. "Let's forget it, Dot."

Dottie said, "Darling, no one else I've ever known ever threw in everything the way he has. Darling, he must fight like he can love."

I thought of the young Melville Goodwin, just married, just out of the Point, just before he went overseas, walking down Sixth Avenue with Muriel and hearing that old song of World War I—"If you can fight like you can love, good night, Germany."

"Well," I said, "maybe you ought to throw in everything."

Dottie was sitting up straight. She had picked up all her frankness and confusion and had packed it all away. She might have been talking to her lawyer about business matters.

"Sid," she said, "are you going to let me down?"

"No one's letting you down, Dot," I said. "I can't pick up the check."

She stood up and I stood up. "I hate your guts," she said. "I guess I'd better be leaving now, but I do want to say good-by to poor Helen. Will you have someone call Bernard, please?"

I opened the library door, and she walked past me. She hated my guts, but then, she had hated them a good many times before.

"Helen, darling," I heard her saying, "I'm terribly sorry I kept Sidney so long. I had no idea that it was so late, and I have to be back in time for dinner. Sidney's calling Bernard."

I was glad to tell Helen about it all, instead of keeping it to myself. At least there was a chance now of putting the pieces together again. The worst of it was that I had once been almost like Melville Goodwin. Thank God she was gone, I kept thinking.

"You ought not to be so hard on her," Helen said. "She can't help it, Sid."

It all went to show the risk of interfering with other people's lives. Dottie and the Goodwins could work it out themselves from now on.

It was a cold, windy night on Monday. The house looked even larger than it had when I had first seen it, now that the trees were bare. Its size engulfed me suddenly, almost like a return to consciousness, as I heard Henry asking me what the orders would be for tomorrow.

"I'll tell you what to do," I said. "Ask Mrs. Skelton what the plans are tomorrow morning."

I wanted to get inside out of the cold, and when I was in the hall, Oscar took my hat and coat.

"I've had my dinner," I told him. "Where's Mrs. Skelton?"

"She's in the living room, sir," Oscar said.

I could not understand why Helen had not come into the hall to meet me as she usually

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did after my trip from the city. I felt a little neglected, seeing that the house had been Helen's idea. I was thinking longingly of the place where we had lived in the Fifties, when I reached the living room.

"Hello, dear," Helen said. "I didn't know you'd be so late. Here's Muriel Goodwin."

Helen spoke as though I were Camilla being prepared for company, and I had certainly not expected any. Not until Helen had mentioned her did I see that Mrs. Melville Goodwin was seated on the sofa, working on another washcloth, finishing some border stitches quickly so she could leave it and greet me. It was the washcloth as much as the apparition of Muriel Goodwin that confused me. My first thought was how utterly inappropriate, under the circumstances, it was for her to be crocheting another of those things, until I remembered that the threads of Melville Goodwin were being removed from Dottie Peale's tapestry.

She held out her hand. "I just called up rather on the spur of the moment," she said. "Helen was most hospitable and sweet and asked me to come out for the night. I had run up to New York to see Pamela Hardee, and then I thought of you and Helen, and I thought it might be better for Melville if he were by himself a day longer."

It was an effort for me not to look questioningly at Helen, but the situation was obviously under control, and Muriel Goodwin was the chairman of the board conducting the meeting.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," I said.

"I'm glad, too," Mrs. Goodwin answered. "I only had such a short glimpse of you in Washington, Sidney. I was just telling Helen I wished you were both in the service, too, but it's funny, I still keep on feeling as though you were."

"Sidney," Helen said, "I think I'd better go upstairs and leave you both together."

"Don't run away, dear," Muriel Goodwin said. "Of course I'm here to talk about the General—but there's nothing you shouldn't hear."

"Sidney," Helen said, "I wish you'd please sit down," and she sounded almost like Dottie Peale. "I don't know why I can't ever stop Sidney from prowling around the room."

"It's all right," Mrs. Goodwin said, and her smile was sympathetically gracious. "Let him if he wants to. Mel often does, when I'm talking things over with him."

"Oh, no," I said, "I'm sorry," and I found a chair and pulled it near the sofa where Mrs. Goodwin sat. She waited for me, giving me time to settle myself, and I found myself doing this hastily and guiltily, like a young officer called suddenly into conference. She was patient. She even waited a moment longer than was necessary, and then she spoke again.

"I know you're both fond of Melville," she said. "He has a gift for making friends. I've been very touched by how many people are concerned about him at present. Now General Grimshaw—— Did Melville ever mention him—Foghorn Grimshaw?"

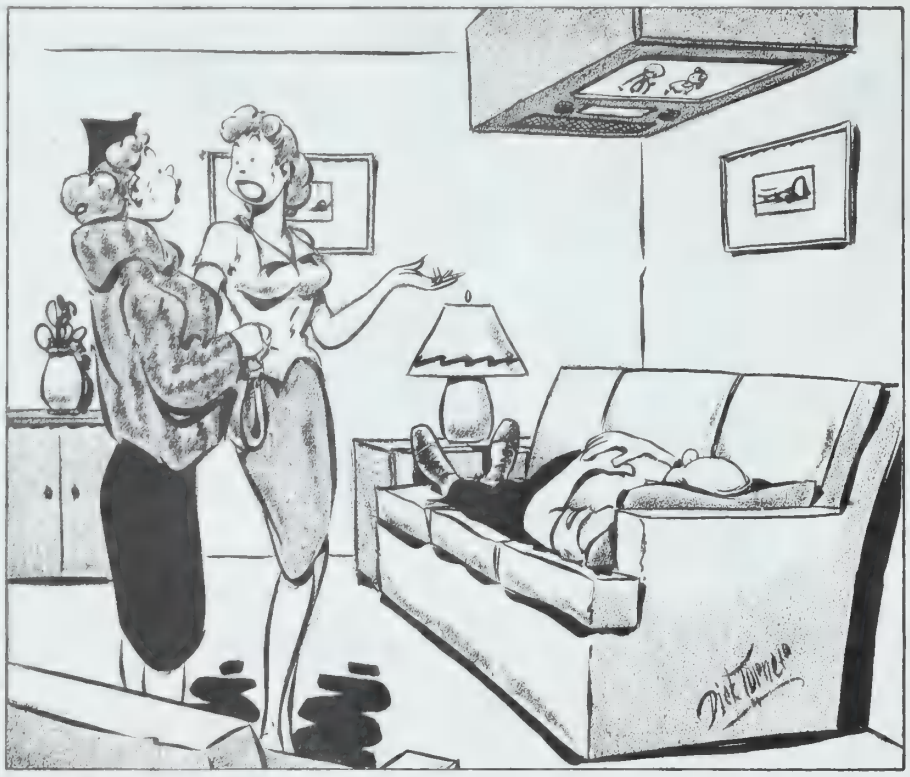
She smiled again, this time at Helen, and the Army had taken over. She was no longer the general's wife dropping in to call. She was closer now to being the spokesman at an Army conference sketching in the background.

"You know, dear," she said to Helen. "Sidney made a very favorable impression on General Grimshaw. He went out of his way to speak of Sidney, and Goochy likes Sidney—he was Melville's old chief of staff in France—and Robert liked him so much too. That's why I can't help feeling that you're all in the family." And she smiled at me again, as though I were a bright young officer who had a future.

At least Helen and I knew where we were. Muriel was taking over, and she was running things very well. She was not even being a brave little woman. It was not fair, perhaps, but in a way I could sympathize with Melville Goodwin. He had been away a long time and had become used to running things himself.

"I admit that General Grimshaw and General Gooch, too, know the General very





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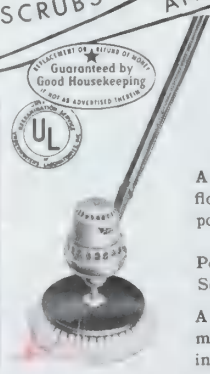


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well," Muriel Goodwin was saying. "But I know the General rather well myself, and I've known him longer than anyone else. I've seen him grow. Now they are talking to me of waiting, and of time curing everything. Of course I know all about waiting. You have to, if you're married in the service, but I would really like to know something definite, and no one will tell me."

She had woven a large part of the General's life, and now at last she was getting somewhere. I was forgetting where we were. I was following again in the parade after Melville Goodwin.

"Of course a part of me thinks of Mel as a person and as my husband," she said, "but I suppose always, ever since I was a girl in Hallowell, another part of me has always thought of what he means to other people, and what he stands for. . . . Now I've had a good deal to do in making the General what he is."

I was afraid she would speak of self-sacrifice, and it would have disappointed me if she had, but she went straight ahead marshaling her facts.

"Melville has his record, and no one can take that impersonal part of him away from me. He's something more than *my* Melville Goodwin. Do you see what I mean when I say I don't think of him entirely as a person?" She paused and turned her head toward me abruptly. I had often thought how pretty she must have been when she was a girl, but I had no impression of faded beauty now. Although her bluish-gray hair and her plump figure made her look older than Melville Goodwin, she also looked wiser. The motion of her hands stopped. She laid the washcloth gently on her knees, and waited patiently to be sure I understood.

"You mean," I said, "that you think of him as Government property?"

She nodded to me quickly and pulled a long loop of thread through with her hook. "I hoped you'd say that," she said. "I'm so glad you understand, and I do hope Helen will. I suppose I'm talking from the point of view of other service wives, and it's hard for people on the outside sometimes to see it. Army wives really have as much to do with the service as the men. Now take my General. I don't think Melville would ever have made general if I hadn't prodded him sometimes. I wish Melville didn't know this too. We might have been happier if I hadn't been so ambitious—but at least I've done something for the service, and the service is more important than Mel or me."

MURIEL GOODWIN stopped again, and memories of the Goodwins in Tientsin, Schofield, Panama, Benning and Bailey crowded uninvited into the living room. Certain memories of the Goodwins had become as vivid to me as the footage of a documentary film. There was little Mel Goodwin fighting that Stickney boy at school, Mel Goodwin studying algebra with Muriel Reece, the first kiss at the Sunday-school picnic, Goodwin at the Point, and Goodwin, captain of Company A. I was with him near Château-Thierry when the machine guns opened up. I encountered him walking back wounded in North Africa, and I could hear the enlisted man saying that he was a fighting so-and-so, those words that he wanted on his tombstone. Melville Goodwin had been an officer who deserved every cent of money that the taxpayers had paid out on him.

"You know," and the voice of Muriel Goodwin took over again, like that of a lecturer in a darkened room, "Melville is difficult sometimes. I've sometimes thought he never wanted rank. I don't mean that he's afraid of it, but he's like an absent-minded professor sometimes. Of course we both knew that Melville would be a general one day, when his orders came for the War College, but all Melville really cares about is the practical side of war. I've often thought he'd rather be a colonel, because he would be nearer to the front. Well . . . now he's a general, and I'm very proud. He can't help being a general now . . . and perhaps I've done all I can for him, but I can't bear to think of his not keeping on and being a lieutenant gen-



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l. . . . Dear me, I've talked a lot, but I've
l a reason for it."
She laid down her crocheting again and
e me all her attention.
"There's not much reason to discuss the
sonal side of Mel and me," she said. "The
's are all grown up, and besides, I'm old
ugh to know that certain things will
pen in the service, but, Sidney, I've got
know what to do next, and I have to come
you, because he met . . . her through you,
ney."
There was no way of glossing it over. I
ld only try to make her think kindly of
lville Goodwin, when there was little rea-
why she should.
"How much has he told you," I asked,
out all this?"
"Why, he's never told me anything," she
l. "Poor Mel, he's only getting ready to
me, and if you want to know, I'm pretty
d of waiting."
"Of course," I began, "in a place like the
O——" but Muriel Goodwin stopped me.
"Oh, Sidney," she said, "of course I
w what men do in a war theater. Of
rse I know he met her in Paris and
course I know that her name is Mrs.
le, and that she's
ing on Seventy-
ond Street in New
rk, and of course I
w she's pretty. Mel
her picture in his
tcase. Men are sim-
when they fall in
e and they lose their
se of proportion, and
l isn't built for it.
ere's the telephone
with the New York
s and those trips to
w York—and every-
covering up, even
id. He's like a little
in some ways. He's
n talked to me about
."
"I thought you said
hadn't," I told her.
"Oh, not in that
y," she answered,
ly subtly—a Mrs.
le in New York,
m he had met in
is, and I must meet
because he would
to know what I thought of her. We ought
meet more outside people—it sounds like
l, doesn't it? It sounds like any man."
ere was hardly any bitterness and she was
ling. "Any woman can tell when her man's
ituated, but what I want to know is does
l really love her, Sidney? Because if he
s . . . he'd better have her. If he wants her,
n't want him." She tossed the washcloth
vn, and perhaps General Melville Good-
was crocheted out.
felt as though I had been thrown hard
inst her composure, and I was very glad I
not Melville Goodwin. I was also glad
t I did not make my living at the bar, but
as my turn now to do what I could for
l. I tried to sound measured and confi-
t, and as wise as Foghorn Grimshaw, but
as a very sour attempt.

"BEFORE you make up your mind," I be-
, "you'd better let me tell you what I can
ut Mel and Dottie Peale." I cleared my
oat as if I were about to deliver a formal
ress. "I met him in Normandy when I
s a P.R.O. I had never thought much of the
ss, but I wish you could have seen him
re. If you had, you might not be thinking
im along the lines you are thinking now."
uld hear my sincerest radio voice, but the
ds were not like mine.
Next I was on the plane again with all
se VIP's and Dottie Peale. Then we were
Paris. I was trying to explain Dottie Peale
in, as I had often endeavored to explain
to Helen. Dottie always knew how to
ke men comfortable in the same degree
t she made women uncomfortable. There
wistful appeal to her restiveness and her
content, especially in the neighborhood of
ar, where no one could be content. It was
inevitable that Melville Goodwin should have been attracted by her. Plenty of other people had sought for a love object in a war zone.

I was doing my best for Melville Goodwin, but neither Helen nor Muriel Goodwin showed sympathy or enthusiasm. Dottie would never have given him further thought if it had not been for that incident with the Russian soldier in Berlin. Muriel Goodwin frowned, but she picked up her work again, which gave me a note of hope.

"I thought everything would be the way it always was, when I saw him at the airport," she said.

"It would have been," I told her, "if she hadn't called him up. You can't blame it all on him. She's a very persistent girl."

SHE was rolling up the washcloth, and I braced myself. She put it in her bag and jerked the mouth of the bag together.

"I know," she said quietly. "Well, that's all there is, isn't it? . . . Helen, I wonder if you have a sleeping pill? I hate small women who think they're perfect, but it's a little hard to take, after all this time. I don't want to be alone with this all night."

I wished I were back in the ETO again, in a world without women, and I wished that Melville Goodwin had died, as he very well might have and should have, in North Africa or Salerno or somewhere along the Rhine.

"You may have a right to be hard on him," I said, "but I don't think he meant this to go so far. He only went overboard after he was assigned to Plans. He wanted to get away from the whole thing."

"Of course I knew he wouldn't like Plans," she went on. "He never knows what's good for him."

"He thinks you had something to do with it," I said.

That technical reference to the Army had disturbed her more than anything else I had said.

"Of course I had something to do with it," she said. "I've always had to do that sort of thinking for him. He has to be in Plans."

I had never felt so deeply sympathetic for Melville Goodwin, and suddenly I shared some of his exasperation. If I had not, I would never have spoken so bluntly.

"Well," I said, "men like to lead lives of their own sometimes, or they like to be allowed to think they do. And, besides, there's something you ought to know, Muriel. Whenever Dottie gets something, she wants something else. She and Mel haven't much in common, you know, and I've an idea she's tired of him already."

I felt in my pockets for a pack of cigarettes, but I could not find one, so I got up and walked across the room looking for one.

"In fact, she's told me so," I added.

Dottie Peale was a very clever girl. She could usually get her way in anything. I had given her message to Muriel.

Muriel Goodwin said, "So she doesn't want him. Why shouldn't she?"

All at once I thought of the time when she had handed Melville Goodwin the bayonet at the fairgrounds.

"That's almost too much, isn't it? That really makes me angry."

She reached in her work bag and pulled out the washcloth. "I know sometimes Mel is—well, heavy, and sometimes he's terribly intense, and if you hear his stories again and again . . . but she can't have heard them so often. Poor Mel, he's always a problem whenever he's on a staff." Muriel Goodwin dropped her crocheting. "What time is it?"

It was after eleven o'clock. We had been working for quite a while on Melville Goodwin.

BYE-BYE

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COCONUT PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1¼ cups mashed cooked pumpkin
¾ cup evaporated milk
½ cup water
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 egg whites
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup Baker's Shredded Coconut, toasted*
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
⅓ cup cream, whipped and sweetened

Soften gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. Combine pumpkin, milk, ½ cup water, egg yolks, ½ cup of the sugar, salt, and spices in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Remove from boiling water. Chill until slightly thickened.

Beat egg whites until foamy. Add remaining sugar gradually and continue beating until stiff. Fold in pumpkin mixture, vanilla, and ¾ of the toasted coconut. Turn into cold pie shell. Chill until firm. Before serving, top with whipped cream and remaining toasted coconut.

*To toast coconut, spread thinly in shallow pan. Place in moderate oven (350° F.) and toast about 10 minutes, or until delicately browned. Stir occasionally to toast evenly.

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"If I could use the telephone," she said, "I'd better call up Washington. Ellen Grimshaw might be up, and I can fly down in the morning."

I went with her to the library to turn on the lights.

"I want to speak to Washington, D. C.," she was saying when I left her. "The number is Decatur ——" and then she was spelling it, "*D-e-c-a-t-u-r* ——"

Helen was standing by the dying embers of the fireplace. Her dark hair, her profile and her velvet housecoat gave her the sentimental look of a Burne-Jones or a Rossetti, and I was sure that her whole pose was planned.

"Helen," I said, "please don't start striking attitudes."

"Sidney," Helen said, "why did you say that in front of her?"

"Say what in front of her?" I asked.

"About your wanting to lead your own life sometimes—right in front of her," Helen said.

"I said men like to be allowed to think they do," I told her, "and you allow me to think I do usually. You even make me want to do what you want, usually."

"You didn't say that last part," Helen said. "Sidney, if you want, we can move. You know I'm always willing to do anything you want."

"You know I don't want to move," I said.

At least the air was clearer, and she did not look so aggressively like a Rossetti.

"Let's get this straight," I said. "You're not Mrs. Goodwin and I'm not Melville Goodwin."

We stood there waiting. Whether we wanted or not, we were in that constrained position of a host and hostess waiting for a guest to finish her call.

"Sidney," Helen said, "she's been trying so hard. Do you think she cares about him?"

"Yes," I said. "she cares for what he is."

"You know that isn't what I mean," she said. "If you really love someone, it doesn't matter what he is."

"Of course she loves him," I said, "but love isn't a constant quality. It has its ups and downs like anything else, and it varies all the time."

Helen shook her head. "It doesn't with a woman," she answered. "It never does."

"Well, it does with a man," I said.

"Well, I love you," Helen said, "and I don't care what you are."

I cared very much, but no one else should have heard us discuss it, especially Muriel Goodwin, and there she was, in the doorway, and I could not tell how long she had been standing there or how much she might have heard—but I knew as soon as she spoke.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, of course I love him, and it is something that doesn't change, even if you think it does."

SHE was in her best reviewing-stand attitude. I remember her blue-gray hair and her black broadcloth suit and even her plump stocky figure, but again I was not conscious of age. There was absolutely nothing to say.

"I wish it weren't so late," she said. Her voice was perfectly steady, but her shoulders began to shake. "I ought to be back in Washington. Please don't say that I don't love him," and then she sobbed, "She must be a damn fool."

It was no place for a man. Muriel Goodwin must have hated to have me see her with all defenses down, and she pulled herself together.

"Sidney," she said, "will you give me my bag, please? It's where I left it on the sofa."

Muriel Goodwin was looking for a handkerchief, of course, but instead she found the washcloth.

"I never thought I'd cry into this," she said. "I'm sorry. I always hate crying women. Good night, Sidney."

"Good night," I answered. "If you need anything, ask Helen, won't you?"

But she did not need anything any longer. She was the General's wife again and I was the young officer on the post.

"Of course Mel will have to be sent somewhere," she said. "I'm glad I reached Ellen Grimshaw. Mel mustn't ever know. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"And, Sidney."

"Yes?" I said.

"Will you call about a plane reservation, please, and it would be nice if I had an alarm clock."

When Muriel Goodwin left at six-thirty the next morning, after kissing Helen she kissed me also, hastily but efficiently. It was a gesture of affection, but she was also obeying a warmhearted convention of service life. She was indicating that I was in the circle of the close friends of the General. She would have kissed Goochy in an identical manner if he were leaving for parts unknown.

I had asked, I remember, whether she did not want me to go with her and see her aboard her plane, but she would not hear of this. It would have made her, she said, feel too much like a dear old lady, and Helen and I had done so much for her already.

We were standing by the open door watching Henry drive away, and Helen was waving. It was bitter cold and raw at half past six in the morning, and I remember saying to Helen that I was out of the Army now, and I remember her answer—that it was just about time.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Unusual Love Poem

By Elizabeth McFarland

My burr-headed honey,
My dandy, my ditty,
Some say you are lordly
But I know you're pretty
In ways that a man
Best expresses himself—
You're a sociable tiger,
A reticent elf.

Your strength is the strength
Of all dream-wished-for things,
Like the power that pulses
In the deepest of springs;
For you sprang from the bush
Of my childhood's lost boys,
And I love you like children
With arms full of toys.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I had thought seriously that my friendship with Melville Goodwin was buried deep in a never-never land, but I heard from him exactly six days later. Somehow it seemed like a space of years.

It was just ten minutes before I was to go on the air when Miss Jocelyn, my new girl, told me that a General Melville A. Goodwin was on the telephone. She knew it was important because he had the private number.

"Tell him to call at seven-twenty," I told her.

Miss Jocelyn said she had suggested this already, but she had been told that it was a matter of extreme urgency. That was what he had said—extreme urgency.

I felt resentful, I remember, not only toward him but toward the whole system he represented. I thought of the time that Goochy had barged in unannounced with that summons to Washington, and then there had been the original telephone call from the Pentagon—and it seemed years ago—about helping Colonel Flax with my old friend General Melville Goodwin—the call that had started everything.

War always gave those people too much power. The best of them developed a Messiah complex once they had the rank. Goodwin now had so little to do with anything around me that I even found it difficult to believe that I had seen him only a few days before at the airport in Washington. It was nine and a half minutes before I would go on the air, and even his voice seemed far away.

"Look here," he was saying, and he was angry, "I don't want any more of this runaround. I want to speak to Mr. Sidney Skelton."

"You're speaking to him," I answered, "but I've only got a minute, Mel."

"Well, well, Sidney," he said. "Say, Sidney, I'm right here at the Waldorf and I have a suite. The management gave it to me—no extra charge. Drop everything and come up here, will you, Sid? Rooms fifteen eighty-three and -four. It's important."

"I can't," I told him. "I'm going on the air in just eight minutes."

"Oh, so that's it," he said. "Can't you get someone else to say your piece?"

"No," I said, "of course I can't, Mel."

There was a brief incredulous pause.

"Well, how soon can you get up here?"

"Around half past seven," I said.

"Well, see you make it and don't keep me waiting," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said, and I accented the "sir" in a heavy way that was impertinent.

There was another pause that told me he had caught my meaning.

"Now, now," he said, "what's the matter, son? Are you mad at me about anything?"

"No, sir," I said, and I elaborated the last word again in my sincerest tone, and then he laughed.

"Well, make it nineteen-thirty," he said. "Are you happy, boy?"

"No," I said.

"Well, that's too bad," he said, "because I'm feeling mighty happy."

WHEN I entered his rooms he was standing in the center of a small impersonal sitting room and there was no sign of anything about him there except himself; no hat or coat or open suitcase, only Melville Goodwin. He was wearing one of his older uniforms and not the new one I had seen him in so often since he had returned from overseas. It might have been the same uniform that he had worn in Paris. Something had changed in his manner too. He looked careless and easy, almost as I remembered him at Saint-Lô.

"Well, hello, son," he said. "I'm glad to see you," and he did look glad. He gripped my hand hard and slapped me on the shoulder. "How's Helen and Camilla?"

"They're fine," I said, and then I found myself hesitating, because I did not know where to go from there. I did not know whether the ice was thin or thick. "How's Muriel?" I asked. Somehow I was impelled to ask it, and not a line of his smile changed.

"Muriel's fine," he said. "She's busy as a bird dog. By the way, she had a swell time up at your house. She really needed to get away for a while. Have you eaten yet?"

"I'm sorry," I began. "I had some food brought in at half past six."

"That's all right," he said, "I've eaten too. Call up Room Service, will you, for some ice and glasses? I've got some Scotch. This is a sort of celebration, son—partly. You telephone and I'll get the bottle."

I was alone in the sitting room while I was calling Room Service, and he seemed to have vanished so completely that I almost felt he had not been there at all until he came back and put a fifth of Scotch on the table.

"There," he said. "Say, Sid, it's funny, isn't it, how we've got to be friends—close friends, I mean? Just as soon as I checked in here, I began saying to myself, 'I've got to see Sid before I push off.' I'd have called you earlier today, but I've had a lot of things to clear up."

He sat down opposite me on the edge of an easy chair with his feet drawn under him in that habitual pose that made him always seem ready for anything.

"I didn't know you were pushing off, Mel," I said. "Where are you pushing to?"

His forehead wrinkled and he rubbed his hand over the back of his closely cropped head. "Why, son," he said, "haven't you heard the news?"

Of course I had not heard the news, but it was like Mel Goodwin and all the rest of them to think that everyone knew when orders had been cut, especially close friends. He had not heard the news, but I remember

(Continued on Page 240)

Medal of Honor





Major General William F. Dean, of Berkeley, California—Medal of Honor. In the hard early days of the Korean War, when it was Red armor against American rifles, General Dean chose to fight in the most seriously threatened parts of the line with his men. At Taejon, just before his position was overrun, he was last seen hurling hand grenades defiantly at tanks.

General William Dean knew in his heart that it's every man's duty to defend America. You know it, too. The General's job was in Korea and he did it superbly well. Your defense job is here at home. And one of the best ways to do that job is to start right now buying your full share of United States Defense* Bonds. For remember, your Defense Bonds help keep America *strong*, just as soldiers like General Dean keep America safe. And only through America's strength can your nation . . . and your family . . . and you . . . have a life of security.

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RECIPE

SWISS STEAK—*Hunt Style*

Mother, your family's gonna *love* you for fixing this mouth-watering dish!...

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So many folks prefer Hunt's Tomato Sauce that it's America's largest-selling brand! Do get some at your grocer's and try this delicious recipe...

1 medium-sized onion, sliced 3 tbsp. fat
3 tbsp. chopped green pepper

In a heavy skillet, cook onion and green pepper in the fat until tender. Then take:

1½ lbs. beef (round, chuck, rump)

Pound flour into the beef with the edge of a heavy plate. Brown meat on both sides in the fat. Then add:

1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 cup water 1½ tsp. salt ¼ tsp. pepper

Cover and simmer 1½ hours or till tender. Then!...

Serve 4 people delicious helpings of Swiss Steak that'll do you proud! It's perfect with nice fluffy rice.

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(Continued from Page 238)

Muriel Goodwin's pronouncement—Melville would have to be sent somewhere.

"That's right," he said, "of course you haven't heard. Listen, boy, they've asked for me at SCAP, right from the horse's mouth in Tokyo, and I hardly know anyone in SCAP. I'm flying out in two days and it's going to be with troops and Goochy's coming over too. Frizell is coming back. You know who Frizell is, don't you?"

"No," I said, "I don't think so."

"Well, we'll skip it because it's confidential," the General said. "I'm taking over from Red Frizell. It's going to be the beginning of a build-up and it's going to be with troops. Maybe it's going to be a corps command. I'm as happy as a kid. Congratulate the old man, will you, Sidney? The only thing that gripes me is that you're not coming too."

We both stood up and we shook hands formally, the way one should. "Well," I said in my sincerest voice, "congratulations." I did not know what any of it meant, because I did not know about future plans in the Orient, but I was thinking of Muriel Goodwin.

"Boy," he said, "I'm still slap-happy. I still can't believe I'd get anything like this. The only thing we need now is a war out there, and things don't look so good in China, do they? I've got a hunch it might happen in Korea."

He was never as dumb as you thought he was going to be. He knew his terrain and he had the prescience. It was the first time I had ever heard a serious mention of Korea. He was lost in the glow of that unknown new assignment, and he had the shining morning face of Shakespeare's schoolboy.

He said, "I wish I could give you the whole blueprint. You ought to have seen Goochy when he got the word, and you ought to have seen Muriel. She's acting just the way she did when we started off for Bailey. It's a nice thing from Muriel's point of view. We're moving into Frizell's quarters. He has one of those houses in Tokyo with dwarf gardens and all the old servants in kimonos and all paid for by the Occupation. Muriel's really going to get something, and maybe it's about time."

"Yes, maybe it's about time that Muriel had something," I said.

It was a strange world, I was thinking, and it was moving so fast that it was impossible to keep up with it any longer—for me, but not for Melville Goodwin, who had the service right behind him and his own simple lexicon of belief. He was safe again, safer than I would ever be in this changing world. There had been a stormy moment of maladjustment, but it was gone. He was off again, behaving exactly as he should, able to shed experience, but still some thought made him stare solemnly at his glass.

"You know," he said, "it's queer how a thing like this clarifies your thinking and changes your point of view. I don't seem to be the same person I was before I got the word. I don't know what's been the matter with me lately." He looked at me with cold, deceptive innocence. "You follow what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," I said carefully, "I guess I do, partly."

He could see things without intermediate shadows.

"All right," he said, "let's lay it on the line. I had never thought of myself as being humanly inexperienced, but I must have been. Let's lay it on the line. Maybe I don't understand about women, Sid. Take Dottie Peale. Maybe I ought to have run around some when I was younger. I don't know what I was thinking of. Isn't that the damnedest thing?"

Science, in its effort to learn the laws of nature, is in theological language seeking to understand the way in which God acts. Science is concerned with what happens, with the actions that occur, and with learning the laws governing these actions. But *action* implies an *actor*, and theology is concerned with the actor. Whether the actor is termed the universe, nature or God is largely a matter of choice of words.

—ARTHUR H. COMPTON:
A Modern Concept of God,
from "Man's Destiny in Eternity,"
by M. T. Garvin (The Beacon Press).

He waited expectantly, but I did not answer.

"You always knew I was being a damn fool, didn't you?"

"Well, I wouldn't put it quite that way," I said.

"Horsefeathers," he said. "I had never faced up to it, that's all—not that she isn't a nice girl. She's a very remarkable person."

"That's so," I answered, "she's remarkable."

"It's sort of awkward, isn't it," he said, "to go to someone and just say you've been a damn fool, but I like to think I tell the truth."

"You mean that you've seen Dottie?" I asked.

"You didn't think I'd write her a 'Dear John' letter, did you? Yes, I saw Dottie at five this afternoon. She was wonderful. I don't know how she ever managed it, but she made it seem all right. She never let me feel for a minute that I was ducking out. In fact, she made it all seem like something to be proud of. I'll never forget her, Sid."

For some reason or other, nothing in that confession sounded tawdry or shopworn, when every element in it should have. Something in Melville Goodwin prevented it. There was always a quality in him of simple fact that raised him above the obvious. There was a metal in him that life had never tarnished, though it possessed a confusing luster for people like Dottie Peale and me. He was a stranger from a strange world which we could never touch.

"Of course," he went on, "I went through this with Muriel last night. I had to tell her I'd basically been a fool, and she was wonderful. She said it was only decent to clear it as quickly as possible with Dottie. She even helped me plan what to say."

He was watching me, and he must have read something in my expression.

"You would have done that, wouldn't you?" he asked. "If you had been in my shoes?"

"No," I said, "I don't think so. I don't believe I'd have had the guts."

He shook his head slowly. "That isn't guts," he said. "It's only truth. There are some things you have to lay on the line, some things. There's the flag, for instance."

"What?" I said. It was incredible. I could not see how Old Glory had entered into it, but then he was always an Old Glory Boy.

"There's the flag," he said again, "and there's taking care of the men and never telling them to do anything that you won't do yourself. That has nothing to do with guts." His eyes narrowed slightly. "You think I'm a pretty simple guy, don't you?" he asked.

"No, sir," I said. "I wouldn't call you simple."

"Well, it doesn't make a bit of difference," he said. "I don't know how it is, but I feel like a good boy who has done the right thing. Say, Sid, do you know what I'd like to do tonight? How about our staying here and polishing off some of this liquor in a serious way?"

It was a curious sort of ending and yet somehow it seemed appropriate. It meant that he was human after all, and it was a way of bridging a gap that divided us.

"Just because we've seen a hell of a lot together," he said, "just because—oh, hell, there isn't any reason."

"Well, I don't mind," I said.

"Boy," he said. "I knew you'd be right with me."

When he smiled, he looked like young Mel Goodwin from the Point.

"There used to be a bugler at Bailey," Melville Goodwin was saying. "His last name was Lowther—funny that this should come back to me now. He was always getting

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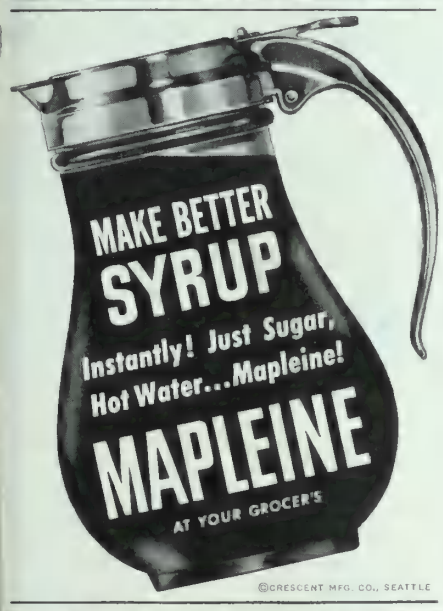


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into trouble, but he could really blow the calls. Even when he was in the pen, the Old Man used to order him out under guard to play taps. When you heard that man do taps, it would hit you in the heels. It always eased you down and made everything clear—all the answers in the book.

"I remember what the Old Man said one night when taps was over. That was old Jupiter Jones. He was sitting on his veranda when Lowther marched by on his way back to the pen—the guard behind him, bayonet and everything. The Old Man had a real sense of humor.

"'Lieutenant,' he said to me, 'go down, will you, and see that that goldbricking bugler is locked in tight. I want him where you can get at him so he can blow taps over me when I die.'

"It's funny I should remember a thing like that, but you really should have heard him. It really was the answer. I sort of wish we had that goldbricking bugler here now."

(The End)

"WE LIVE BY THE JOURNAL"

(Continued from Page 190)

Jane Sanders Hill began to read the JOURNAL as a teen-ager on Philadelphia's Main Line. Both her parents, born in England, live in the same house in Rosemont, Pennsylvania, where Jane was raised.

"Jane was always a very gay person, very dramatic, with hoards of beaux, but she was also extremely domestic," says her quiet-spoken English mother. "From the time she was a tot of four she was always at my elbow when I was in the kitchen or at the sewing machine."

Although Jane never had as much money as her friends for clothes she was always well dressed.

"I can remember once when Jane was determined to have a new coat for Easter Sunday," chuckles her father. "There wasn't any money for one, so she went up to the attic and rummaged around until she found some old material ——"

"Beautiful black silk faille, from England," supplies Mrs. Sanders.

"She started cutting it out on the living-room floor at midnight, after a date," her father goes on. "Well, she finished it at four A.M. and wore it at the Easter parade at Atlantic City."

"When Ray's parents first met me, I'm sure they thought I was just a dizzy party girl," giggles Jane. "They didn't know then that I was a scholarship student at Immaculata College and a home-ec major, working holidays and Saturdays at Blum's department store in Philadelphia for my spending money."

Ray Hill, whose father is advertising director for the National Paint and Varnish Co., graduated from Valley Forge Military Academy and was studying chemical engineering at Villanova College when he met Jane on a blind date.

Ray, who weighs over 200 pounds and stands 6'4"—"A big healthy brute," Jane calls him proudly—explains, "I always liked intellectual girls. I was a moody kind of person; when I pulled a tendon playing football and was laid up for fifteen months, I had to change overnight from a guy who loved basketball and football and baseball to an invalid in bed with a book. Jane changed all my ideas about women; since marrying her, my bad moods have completely disappeared."

The twenty-one-year-olds were married ten months after they met, in a hurry-up ceremony, since Ray was about to be drafted. They started married life in one furnished room. "Married life is like junket. It needs to be left alone to set," believes Jane. Ray worked for a few weeks repairing refrigerators before the Army beckoned, and Jane sold stamps in a post office. Arithmetic has never been one of her strong points, and Ray, a wizard with figures, almost went



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WINS 174 RIBBONS IN COOKING CONTESTS

While an admiring young neighbor looks on, Mrs. Alvin Halsted spreads out some of the many blue ribbons she has won for her cooking prowess. She entered her first contest sixteen years ago; has been taking prizes ever since. Now she has 174 ribbons! Last year alone at the Wisconsin State Fair her cooking entries brought 12 prizes, including 8 *firsts*.

Mrs. Halsted is another of the many prize-winning cooks who praise Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. "It's a grand help," she says. "So easy to use . . . so fast-rising. I depend on this fast-acting Dry Yeast for consistently good results."

The holiday meals ahead call for plenty of yeast-raised goodies. They're so festive, so delicious . . . wholesome and nourishing, too! When you bake at home, use yeast. And be sure to use the best—Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It's so fast and easy—gives you grand results every time. Get several packages of Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast today.

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EASY RECIPE

SUCCULENT MEAT PIE

1 *onion, sliced*
2 *tablespoons butter*
2 *cups cooked meat, in 1-inch cubes*
1¼ *cups milk*
1½ *tablespoons flour*
1 *cup each: cooked peas, carrots, potatoes*
Salt
1 *tablespoon LEA & PERRINS Sauce*
½ *standard pastry recipe*

Brown sliced onion in butter, and add meat cubes searing well. Remove meat and onions, blend flour and pan fat and add milk and LEA & PERRINS Sauce. Fill well-greased 8-inch baking dish with mixture of meat and vegetables and pour over sauce. Cover with pastry rolled thin, with three gashes in the center. Turn under edges and press with tines of fork. Bake in hot oven (450°F.), for 30 minutes. Serves 6.
Left-over gravy may be used in place of milk.



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lightest pancakes you can bake!

All This!..and that Can't-Be-Copied Old South Flavor!

Your first forkful sings out the glad news. You've just baked the lightest pancakes ever! The secret? Aunt Jemima's Old South recipe is now "Fluff-Whipped"—a blending process that whirls a wonderful fluffiness into Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix. Enjoy these delectably *lighter* pancakes with that Old South Flavor!



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ALL THIS FOR ABOUT 6¢

Yes, a stack of fluffy Aunt Jemimas, running with good butter and syrup, costs only about 6¢.

Aunt Jemimas

America's Best-Loved Pancakes and Buckwheats

The red box for pancakes and waffles.

The yellow box for buckwheats.

crazy straightening out her accounts. "Some nights she'd come home from work as much as twenty dollars short, which we would have to make up, of course. I think some short-change artist must have been working on her."

When Ray went off to basic training, Jane was pregnant and so moved in with her family. The Hills' first daughter, Candy, was christened Candacius by the priest. The long, very difficult delivery in no way affected Jane's hopes for a large family—at least six children. When Ray was sent to Texas after OCS, Jane and the baby could afford to go with him, but he was soon ordered to Germany with the occupation army.

Nine months later he was home for good. Jane and Ray still laugh over the item in a small local newspaper which announced, "Lt. Ray Hill has just returned from a year's overseas duty to greet his newborn son."

They had now been married three years and their life together as a family was finally beginning. Ray got an engineer's job with Congoleum-Nairn in Westminster, a sleepy little town of about 6000 persons in the hills of Maryland, halfway between Baltimore and Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Ray and Jane and the two babies at first lived in one room in an old farmhouse, along with a cocker-spaniel puppy. Jane did all the washing by hand, including the diapers, and when she found she was again pregnant new quarters became imperative. They rented a four-room apartment to make room for Deborah. Next they rented about one third of a fourteen-room house in the country, where they had to do the plumbing and decorating themselves. Jane found a picture of a coral-pink chest in the JOURNAL; she and Ray mixed paint for hours until they hit exactly the right shade. They put this color on the walls, wallpapered the ceilings with trailing ivy, and covered up a huge fireplace with black and white paint.

Jane loves color and horrified her friends by painting an antique table emerald green. She also fell for a chair in the JOURNAL and hunted for months for the gabardine suit material which now slip-covers their big living-room armchair. The Hills' furniture is a comfortable collection of family hand-me-downs. "We've been so busy collecting babies and equipment, we've never had the money for anything else."

EXCEPT cars. Ray is a perfect bug on automobiles and says he'd rather own an old steamer than eat. They now own a new Willys station wagon; it was preceded by at least six other cars, including an ancient Model T Ford which Jane refused to set foot in, and a 1927 Chrysler which could be started only by pushing it downhill.

The Hills also turned to the JOURNAL for the name of their fourth child, Bruce, born in October, 1949.

One night when he was about five months old, the Hills were giving a family birthday party for Ray's younger sister. Jane didn't feel at all well, and when she began to run a temperature the family shooed her off to bed. Young Bruce was also sick; the doctor had been there in the afternoon and left aureomycin for him. Jane pulled his crib next to her bed so she could watch him. At 10:30 she took his temperature and was horrified to discover it was 105°. The doctor was summoned. He told them it was pneumonia, that the antibiotic was not taking hold, and there was nothing medical science could do for him.

"It was such a quiet thing," recalls Jane. "Ray and I sat side by side, watching the baby's face. We had never seen anyone die before. The three children were sleeping. It was so quiet."

Nobody thought of going to bed that night. Candy woke up first the next morning and her parents told her the news. She was five and a half at the time. She broke into wild sobbing and then said through her tears, "You mustn't tell Terry and Debby. They're too little to understand."

THIS was too much for Jane, who broke down completely for the first time. In a little while, Debby got up with the bright cheerfulness of a two-year-old facing a new day. For a while she seemed not to miss the baby. Then she began searching for him; first in his room and then in all the other rooms. When they finally told her, she was extremely annoyed. "She felt cheated and irritable. God had taken away the most important thing in her life. It wasn't fair."

Jane had pneumonia herself, by this time, and was put to bed. Neither she nor the children went to the funeral. For a long time Debby kissed Brucie's picture every morning. Now the children often visit his grave. "I don't think they worry about it," says Jane. "They know he is with God."

Jane wanted another child desperately and soon conceived, but miscarried after six weeks. At this time Terry, who was three, was busting out all over—aggressive, disobedient, rude; Jane in her highly nervous state found him unbearable. Candy has always been a mature little person with an even, although independent, disposition; she gauges her parents' moods, and when they are upset carefully stays out of their way. Deborah is just as womanly and domestic as her mother. But Terry! Soon after Bruce died, Jane saw a poem by Robert P. Tristram Coffin in the JOURNAL which goes, in part, like this:

I think it is because boys can
Never control the yeast of man
Working in them: they must rise
Like biscuits or like blueberry pies;
They cannot ever keep from showing
How fast and fiercely they are growing.

"The yeast of man!" exclaims Jane. "What a wonderful phrase!" The poem is still tucked into the corner of her dressing-table mirror and has made, she claims, a world of difference in her attitude toward her husky, square-shouldered, pistol-toting young cowboy.

Jane once wrote to the JOURNAL for help on what Ray considers their major problem—money—and received some budget advice which they keep trying to put into practice. Between Ray's salary at Congoleum-Nairn and his National Guard pay (he is captain of the local unit), the Hills' income is about $6600 a year. Ray is forever making out new budgets, and by his accounting they should save $30 a month. "I'm still looking for that thirty dollars; it simply disappears." The only method of saving they have discovered is to ignore cents when entering a check. For instance, if Ray writes a check for $5.35, he enters it on the stub as a round $6. Over a period of months last year, they found

(Continued on Page 244)

Next Month

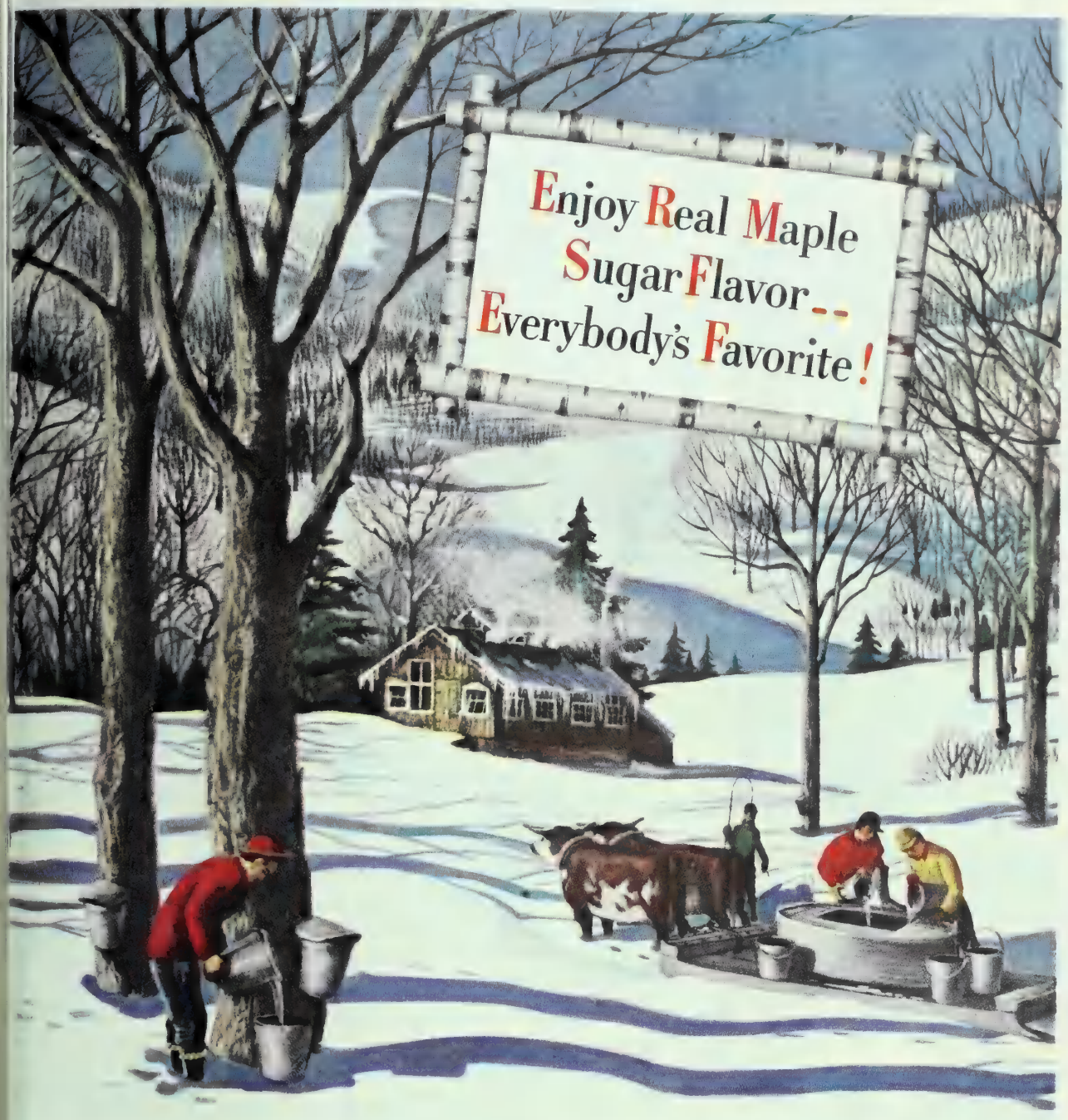
"Your daughter is a victim of cerebral palsy."

IT has been eleven years since Rhea and Eddie McDonald, of Teaneck, New Jersey, heard their worst fears confirmed about their five-month-old Diane. How were they to help her realize a well-rounded, happy life? Today, with her own high courage and determination a source of inspiration—and, sometimes, of heartache—they are working steadily toward their important goal. We'd like you to meet the George E. McDonalds in

LESSON IN LOVE

By Roger Butterfield

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the December JOURNAL



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Table Tips...



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Want to be sure of *golden-brown* pancakes? Here's a tip that always works. Add one tablespoon of Vermont Maid Syrup to your batter—and be careful not to stir out the lumps for that's the secret of a tender cake!



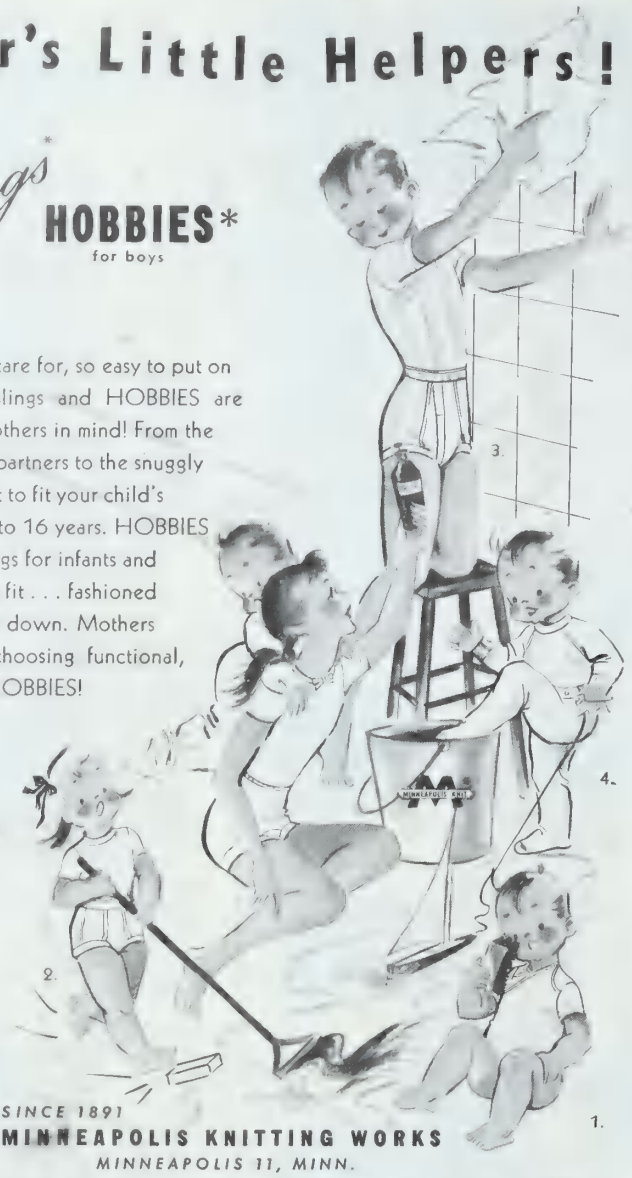
First call for breakfast finds the children running to the table if you serve cereal sweetened with Vermont Maid Syrup! That real maple sugar flavor really does something for almost any cereal you can name. Pour on plenty and watch the family go for this special breakfast treat.

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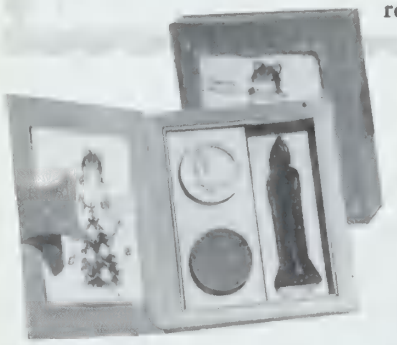


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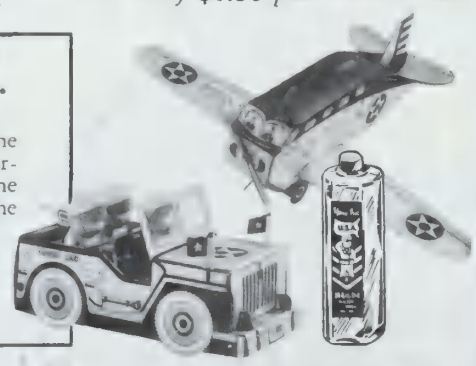
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(Continued from Page 242)

an unexpected balance of $80. "Can't remember what we did to celebrate," says Jane.

She still adores to cook and sew, and until she got a new sewing machine this year, made all the children's clothes and most of her own on an 1870 model. She cans between 300 and 400 jars of fruit and vegetables a year. She makes all her own pies, biscuits and cakes, as well as éclairs, cream puffs and French bread. She is not, however, a methodical housekeeper. "I used to be. Monday do this, Tuesday do that, and by Friday I was too cranky to live with. Now I don't bat an eyelash if company comes and there are pussycats of dust under the bed."

"Didn't you do the wash today?" Ray will storm, burrowing through his bureau drawers for a clean handkerchief. "I mended some sheets," Jane replies brightly and goes right on talking. She talks so much, constantly, from dawn to dusk, that she has real voice trouble. She used to lose her voice entirely, but chest-breathing exercises have helped this.

Talking is only one outlet for her tremendous energy; she will also dance all night if given the chance. She likes to wear evening dresses she has designed and made. Off-the-shoulder white jersey sets off her creamy skin and sleek blond hair; with big, black-haired Ray in dinner jacket they make a striking couple. Nowadays the Hills' social life centers mainly about the National Guard dances and parties, and they have recently joined the Westminster Riding Club, a social group which has nothing to do with horses.

The Hills see that their children have plenty of good times too. Birthdays are always productions, as Jane calls them. Christmastime they go overboard on making Hansel and Gretel castles coated with icing and peppermints and gumdrops, with everybody helping. Or Jane makes huge stuffed Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls which Ray swears proudly would cost $25 apiece in a specialty shop.

Jane phones Ray at the office at least once a day to keep him posted on everything he's missing at home, and the minute he's in the front door he gets a more complete recital. Perhaps that is why Jane so much enjoys Harlan Miller's page in the JOURNAL, especially the last paragraph where he often sums up some of the rewards of being a parent.

Jane has a list too. The time Terry dragged seventeen heavy screens down from the attic all by himself, two by two, hosed them off and lugged each to the proper window. The look on tomboy Candy's face the day she wore her new pink-and-blue organdy birthday dress and for once didn't climb a tree. The way Debby wraps her white kitten in a blanket and feeds it with a doll's bottle, "while mommy milks baby." Or the day Ray came home $125 poorer with a chiffon negligee for his favorite girl. And the fact that he still loves her although she never wears it.

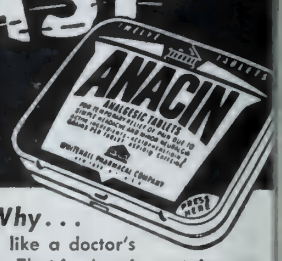
THE END

How the Hills Spend Their Money Each Month

Food	$127
Ray's lunches	10
Rent	60
Gas and electricity	11
Telephone	11
Fuel oil	17
Hardware	3
Clothing	30
Car upkeep and insurance	25
Health	27
Recreation	20
Gifts and miscellaneous	20
Insurance	17
Church	6
School	3
Income tax	60
Auto payments	56
Sewing-machine payments	18
Social Security	5
Disappearing item	30
	$550

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TANA HOBAN

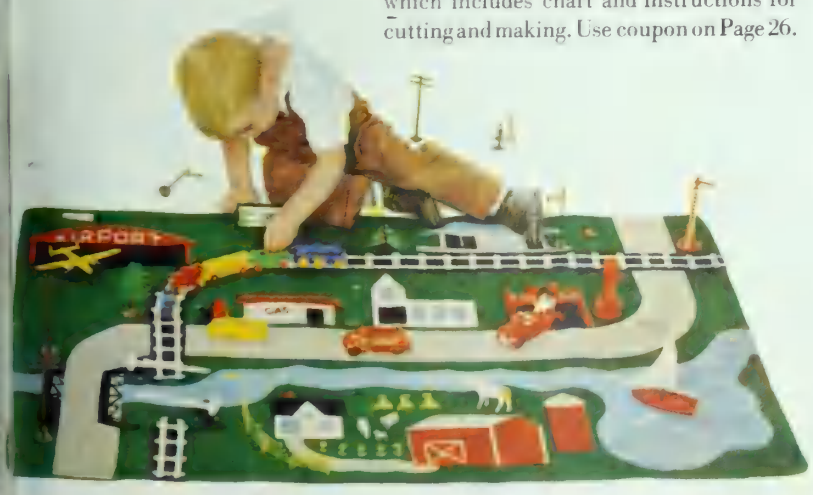
This felt play rug of a small village inspires a stimulating game for youngsters from two to ten. It is a game that children can play together or by themselves.

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This rug has been designed for easy sewing. It measures 36″ by 54″. It is a simple appliqué stitch of felt on felt. We have arranged for you to buy *all* the materials (two layers of green felt for rug and all necessary amounts of other colors used in the decorations) in a complete package for $8.95 from Fun-With-Felt, 215 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y. Send for JOURNAL Pattern No. 2584, 25¢, which includes chart and instructions for cutting and making. Use coupon on Page 26.



scaled for dime-store toys, the rug can be equipped with everything from lamp-posts to animals on the farm. Boats, fire engines and planes also have their places.

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CAMBRIDGE 50th year GLASS MAKING

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 34)

motorboat on a calm sea. It is strange how with twelve dogs, no two voices are at all alike. Daphne, the wild Irish, sounds like a fire siren, Maeve speaks heavier and lower. The cows pay absolutely no attention to the tallyho. They move with their own dignity toward the red barn and their own dog, Shep, trots along with them.

On a cold November night, we like a dish such as Veal Chili. To make it, I soak 2 cups red kidney beans in 6 cups water overnight, drain, and place in a pan with 4 cups fresh water, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon chili powder (or more if you love chili). Cover and bring to a boil and simmer 3 hours. Or if you use a pressure cooker, cook at 15 pounds for 20 minutes. Drain, cool, and store in the refrigerator until nearly time for dinner. Simmer 2 cups sliced onions and 1 clove garlic in 2 tablespoons fat in a large skillet. When they are tender, take them out and brown 1 pound ground veal in the same pan. Add the onion, garlic and 3 cups canned tomatoes, another teaspoon chili powder, 2 more teaspoons salt and the beans. Simmer, covered, for 20 minutes.

Optimism: A cheerful frame of mind that enables a teakettle to sing though in hot water up to its nose. —ANON.

Serve with a mixed salad bowl, crusty French bread and, for dessert, broiled grapefruit. I put the coffeepot on as we sit down, and there we are. Canned kidney beans will do very well for a quickie.

When someone drops in for tea, I like to make Alice Adams Teacake. For that I mix together ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup butter or margarine, 1½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons cinnamon. I reserve ⅓ cup of this for topping and add ½ cup milk and 1 beaten egg to the rest, beat until smooth. I pour the batter in a greased 8" cake pan, sprinkle the topping on it and bake 20 minutes at 350°F., or until a straw comes out clean when inserted in the center. I serve it hot, with sweet butter or margarine for those who do not care about calories. If the children are here, I double it, because the wedges of that cake seem to vanish in an instant.

For Sunday-morning breakfast, I like to make Rosalie's Hot Cakes as a change from waffles. To make them, I beat 2 eggs well, add 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar and beat again. I sift together 2 cups flour, dash of salt and 1 tablespoon baking powder and add to eggs and milk; 1 tablespoon melted shortening and 1 teaspoon vanilla go in for a final beating. I bake in small cakes on hot griddle, turning once when the batt bubbles on the cakes. These are good for d sert, too, with jelly, jam or powdered sug

Whenever the days are fair, we eat lun in the Quiet Garden; often after the first sn it warms up enough for us to carry trays o and savor the tranquil light. The thyme b tween the flagstones has tightened itself a creeps close to the ground. It is such a sm thing to be so strong against winter. The i leaves have darkened; it is time to ta sprays in and establish them in the tall gre bottles.

Thanksgiving is gay with massed greens the big copper bowl, with the wooden bre trough filled with harvest fruits, and with t red corn hanging against the worn pi mantel. Apples and raisi and nuts go on the ben by the fire, the chee board is decked forth wi round little rosy Edam a pale Swiss and bright Che dar. The elegant ne crackers stay crisp for be time nibbling.

In the night an owl cri from the darkened woods, a cold and lone sound. It makes the firelight seem bright the house more snug and safe.

There is much to be thankful for at t Thanksgivingtime. For love, which everyo may have in the measure in which he hims metes it out to others. "The more I giv the more I have," says Juliet, and it is For friends—old friends who grow dear and new friends who are an adventure.

For stars and moon and the benison sunlight—and how we do love that in N England! For the seasons, each with its o mystery and loveliness.

For faith in God. What a great limitle blessing this is, and that in our country G is never denied us. The list lengthens until begin to feel like a fairy-tale queen.

And little Sister, hopping on my lap, a moving a flannel tongue over my hand, say "Thankful for me, too, aren't you?"

I assure her that every day is Thanksgivi when the house is demolished by a bevy cockers and a brace of Irish setters!

The still night deepens, the moon has s her sail. The stars have a quiet brilliance The air smells of frost, and the country fo are off for bed.

"Happy Thanksgiving," I say to t world as I close the door. "Happy Thank giving to everyone."

"MORE ENERGY THAN MONEY—THAT'S US!"

(Continued from Page 197)

drop-leaf table, perhaps a rocking chair, and lots of paint and fabric.

"Sunshine yellow and Persian blue is to be the scheme," she announced, as if the matter had long been decided. "The JOURNAL once used that combination for one of my favorite rooms and now I am going to try it out."

We agreed that yellow is a perfect choice for old rooms. It makes sunny the dark corners, is kind to imperfections in old finishes and combines well with other colors.

Mrs. Hill chose the yellow-and-blue garden-flower print for her draperies and slip covers, not only because of its style and dash but for its compatibility with her home-painted furniture. Any gay washable cotton, however, is suitable for use in a family room of this type.

She gave early consideration to space for bookshelves. These were homemade and fitted as a unit between the front windows.

A charming and comfortable sofa was constructed out of a secondhand spool bed—not an old one. The sofa was made to fit a single-bed mattress already on hand. To get the extra length, the headboard was sawed in two, and into it was set the middle section of the footboard. The remaining ends of the footboard made the curved arms.

Both the lamp table and the coffee tab used old legs with new tops, an accommod tion which allows today's convenient pr portions to combine with yesterday's charm You can buy all kinds of turned legs, old new style, at your lumber dealer's and appl whatever tops you like to them.

Mrs. Hill selected ideas from sever JOURNAL decoration pages to use in her livi room, keeping an eye out for features s liked and those that would combine happil in a family room. Serviceable braided ru and sheer washable curtains are both ine pensive; home-style upholstery and sli covers, together with pickup furniture, kee the budget low. The spool bed cost only $1 when new, and club chairs of the type use secondhand or at auction, cost $10 to $20. selecting secondhand chairs, by the way, loo for sound structure and conservative sty and proportions. Worn upholstery doesn matter, since you will be covering them an way, and a good shampooing will make the fresh underneath.

Add to such furnishings your own waln chest or drop-leaf table, together with a fe of your prized accessories, and the room your dreams becomes a reality at reasonab cost. THE EN

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Your own taste warns of "Tell-Tale Mouth"



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Journal

VOL. LXVIII NO. 12

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December 1951

Journalities



Skulda Banér

Our eyes were opened, as yours may be, by this note from SKULDA BANÉR, who wrote ***Urda Has a Silver Dollar*** (Page 42): "The last peek I had at the world was in November, 1940, just before an operation on my eyes for glaucoma. A heck of a thing, learning to walk, to read, to write again—middle-aged! But the typewriter was an old friend—there are Braille and the tape recorder, and Seeing-Eye Blackie. With their help, I am getting many incidents of my Swedish-American childhood down on paper. My mind's eye sees well."



Betty Kjelgaard

BETTY KJELGAARD, who wrote ***The Careful Hearts*** (Page 58), says her best ideas come from her parents and numerous brothers, whose zest for living sometimes gives her some good plots. When she sells a story borrowed from their personal activities, however, they expect a reward. She thinks they should reward her. The Kjelgaards live in a small town (name is a secret) along the Sullivan Trail on the Susquehanna River—"It's everybody's home town and a good spot for a writer."



DI PIETRO

Elizabeth Crawford

Memo from ELIZABETH CRAWFORD of the JOURNAL's New York staff: "Born, Chicago; home town, Wilmington, Delaware; age 26; graduated Bryn Mawr 1946. I love New York City. At the JOURNAL: edit Our Young Marrieds articles, assist Ruth Mills Teague with her Conversation Pieces and H. T. Williams with his interior-design copy. Have, at present writing, five *halves* of short stories—all first halves. None of them go together."

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Cover: The Madonna of Humility, Fra Angelico

From the National Gallery of Art, Mellon Collection

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CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS BY FERRIS SHACKNOVE

Our Readers Write us

Miracle of Snowflakes

Naperville, Illinois

Dear Editors: Ever since I woke up this morning it has been snowing lightly—large light flakes that float to the ground in slanting zigzag lines. This commonplace miracle of a snowflake shouldn't fall unnoticed by those who need everything they can find, even such a tiny miracle as a snowflake, to remind them that life has design and purpose. As unnoticed as "just another snowflake," a Child was born a long time ago. Who cared and who noticed, except unimportant shepherds and few others? We know now that God was speaking through the miracle of the birth of Jesus. Through Him yet He speaks to us. A hearing heart will know this Christmas season that God lays His claim upon us as quietly and softly as a snowflake falls. But it is there, it is there! Sincerely yours,

HARRY B. GORDON

When Women Vote

Spokane, Washington

Dear Editors: The country has a great need for political consciousness among its wives and mothers. It's not necessary to sally forth in a flower-encrusted hat and a formidable look or to outshout friend husband, but rather to be aware of the world about us—and see that each member of our family votes on every issue from school bonds to the presidency!

"Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman"—let alone millions of them! Watch the rising percentage of Americans using their right and duty to vote!

Sincerely,

MARY NEILSON

"Help Wanted" Got Help

Akron, Ohio

Dear Ruth: The fan mail on our How America Lives story has dropped off greatly, but I always seem to have a half-dozen letters waiting to be answered. I answer them in odd moments so that I still manage to keep up with my reading, knitting and other routine chores.

Andy has almost finished the paneling in the living room. He did it all himself. He took a week off in July and thought he had a carpenter lined up to help him, but the man never made it.

Winkie seems to be getting along fine in school so far. Frank is going to nursery school in the mornings and he seems to be enjoying it a lot. So that leaves only Larry here in the mornings and it's quite a relief. He's very good when he's alone and we get along fine.

Nearly bedtime and I must complete my weekly grocery list. Larry is my little helper now—we shop while Winkie and Frank are at school.

I can't offhand think of anything much to add—except that the JOURNAL and the people who have written have really helped me to gain a new perspective and an optimistic outlook. Sincerely,

ALGY PETERSON

Temptation

Pasadena, California

Dear Editors:

On pages sixty-eight and nine
Your word of wisdom is. "Reduce!"
On seventy, there is food divine—
I ask you now, what is the use?

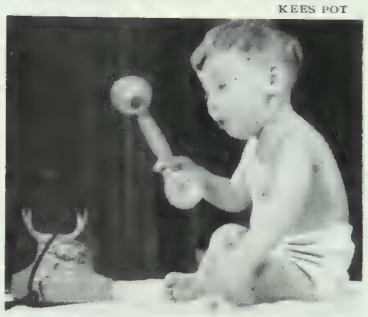
Sincerely,

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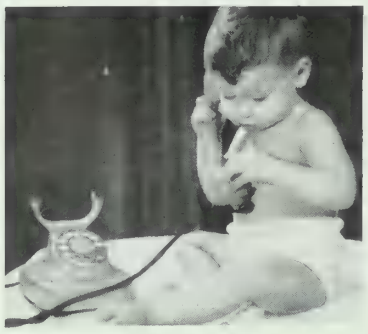
"Oh, boy, am I going to tell that Santa Claus a thing or two!"



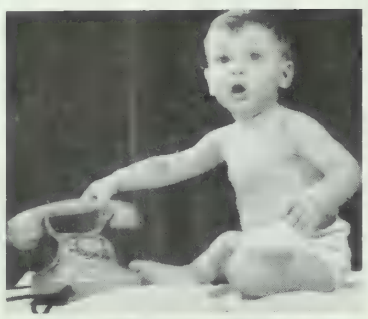
"Now see here, Santa. I want a train and a fire truck and I want ——"



"Eh?"



"H'm-m-m."



"What *he* said!"



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It's the Best!

Paris, Kentucky

Dear ORWU Editor: If the LHJ had never published a good story until the September issue, it still would have been worth all the cost of publication from the first issue to get the story, And Have Not Charity, by Mary E. Vroman. Best wishes,

ED FLEMING

It's the Worst!

Johnson City, Tennessee

Dear Editors: In the September issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is one of the lowest-type stories I have ever read in And Have Not Charity, by Mary E. Vroman. I have always liked the JOURNAL very much, but this is the worst thing I have ever seen in a supposedly nice magazine.

Very sincerely,

MISS B. S. SHELTONLY

No Troubles, No Fun!

Toronto, Canada

Dear Editors: I notice you question why people like to read about families who have troubles—is it because we love soap operas? No, it isn't that; it is because all of us have trouble sometime and it gives us a lift to read about others' having troubles and surmounting them. It gives us hope.

Do you really like people who have no problems and nothing wrong with them? To me, they seem inhuman and, moreover, they give me a feeling of inferiority and failure which I do not enjoy. They don't hold any interest for me. They are like creatures from another planet—I can't imagine them. I still like the Horatio Alger motif, while Elsie Dinsmore leaves me cold. Yours sincerely,

EMMA D. SCOTT

How to be Two Places at Once

Hillsboro, New Hampshire

Dear Editors: I have for years wondered why working women do not work in pairs, alternating working weeks. It seems to me in this way they would have leisure to enjoy "the fruits of their labors." Now they do not. Yours truly,

RUTH E. FARR

More People Vote Now

Pittsburg, Kansas

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: Lucy Madeira Wing has my hearty good wishes in her efforts to urge people to use their blessed privilege at the ballot box—but that expression, "80 per cent of the voters went to the polls (1800)," should be explained, and not left as a comparison to the present 51 per cent.

The persons who were permitted to vote in 1800 were few and far between. No women, no Negroes, no one who did not have land or money. Many other restrictions limited the number who could vote. Some historians say that less than 2 per cent of adult males could vote in some areas; the cheeriest of them put it at 15 per cent. The last decade of American voting has seen the highest percentage of qualified voters casting the ballot. Our suffrage is improving, not deteriorating! Sincerely,

LENA MARTIN SMITH

Are Ministers Worth More?

Detroit, Michigan

Dear Editors: During twenty years in the ministry we have lived in rectories and therefore own no property except our five-year-old car and an odd assortment of furniture. Our income is now $4000 a year. With the utmost frugality, our checking account goes from something to zero before payday arrives.

We have five children. My husband is a handsome big fellow of forty-six, determined, conscientious and an excellent preacher. He never has an eight-hour day or less than a seven-day week.

It seems to me there is something odd about a society in which a clergyman and his family are supposed to have a well-kept, well-furnished, neat home on a salary not one member of the parish could budget. Long ago doctors felt they had to live that way and say nothing, but they have discovered that they can ask proper fees and still serve humanity.

The whole thing amounts to a sense of values. For example, one may have an

(Continued on Page 8)

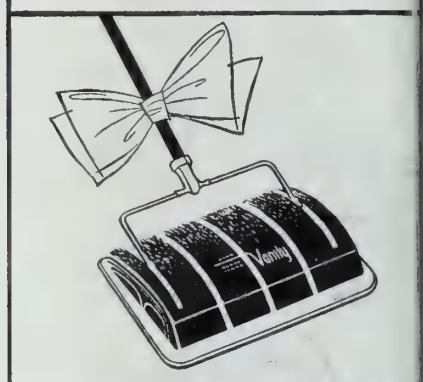


I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

HOORAY! CHRISTMAS IS COMING! THAT MEANS LOTS OF NEEDLES FROM THE TREE, TINSEL AND WRAPPING SNIPS TO GRIND INTO MOTHER'S COSTLY CARPET!



EGAD! SHE'S ASKING FOR A BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER FOR QUICK CLEAN-UPS BETWEEN VACUUMINGS! THERE GO MY PLANS FOR RUINING HER RUG!



I'M THE GIFT THAT SAVES YOUR RUG—AND YOU!

MY "BISCO-MATIC"* BRUSH ACTION GETS DIRT QUICK, WITH NO PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE. JUST GLIDE ME—EVEN UNDER LOW FURNITURE!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU! HINT FOR A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL



Only $6.95 u
A little more in the West.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

You Can't Make a Mistake

on any purchase you make... at A&P!

This is more than a promise . . . it's a guarantee that you'll never risk a penny on any item you buy at your A&P.

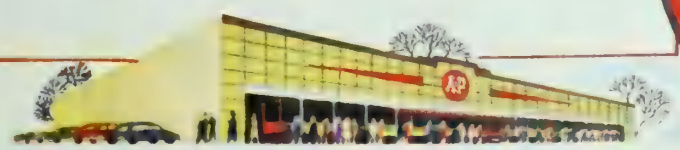
This year you can make sure beyond all doubt that your Christmas turkey, ham or roast will be the finest you ever served your family...luscious and tender...bursting with juicy goodness. Just visit your A&P Super Market, where your every purchase bears this famous guarantee: unless you can say everything you buy is the finest ever . . . we will return your purchase price cheerfully and promptly . . . no questions asked. And this goes for fruits, vegetables, fruit cake, plum puddings, candies, nuts, coffee or anything else.

Now a word about our values. Day in and day out, dollar for dollar, we do not believe you will get more for your money *anywhere!* Christmastime is no exception. Come, see. Remember . . . "You can't make a mistake on any purchase you make at A&P!"



6,000,000 People Pick A&P For Holiday Foods... and *Every Day* Foods, Too!

These days when Christmas strains the family budget, more and more folks turn to A&P for *all* their food needs. They know that the prices are right and that every item is guaranteed. In addition to the normal selection of over 3,000 items, you'll also find many gift ideas. Specially packed cakes and cookies, gaily wrapped candies, preserves and jellies, and huge varieties of cheese. Come do your shopping the *easy* way!



Customers' Corner — The folks who serve you at your A&P hope that you have been completely pleased with their service during the year that's ending . . . and that you'll send in any suggestions you may have as to how we may better serve you in the future. Meanwhile, a very MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU AND YOURS!

CUSTOMER RELATIONS DEPARTMENT
A&P Food Stores, Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.

A&P Super Markets

Where the Sale is never completed until you're completely satisfied

© 1951—The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company

AMERICA'S FOREMOST RETAILERS OF . . . FINE MEATS . . . FRUITS AND VEGETABLES . . . DAIRY PRODUCTS . . . BAKED GOODS AND GROCERY NEEDS



"Lucky Girl... she owns a wonder-working Whirlpool!"

...WITH ITS EXCLUSIVE COMBINATION OF THE GREATEST FEATURES IN AUTOMATIC WASHING!

SUDS-MISER and the SEVEN RINSES
Saves good wash-water for thrifty re-use. Gives vital, added rinsing.

ULTRA-VIOLET GERMICIDAL LAMP
Your own washday "sunbeam"! Freshens and sanitizes laundry.

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Puts sudsy water on active duty. Gives your clothes TOTAL CLEANSING!

CYCLE-TONE SIGNAL
"Sounds off" when wash is done. Saves you precious time and steps.

Yours, too—every other feature vital to fully automatic washing, perfected by Whirlpool.

Each week, fortune smiles on the woman who owns a wonder-working Whirlpool! Extra-efficiency features grant your every washday wish . . . for more leisure time; for bigger loads washed *Clinic Clean;* for unequaled savings in soap and hot water. *You're in command* at the turn of a dial —and your fully-automatic Whirlpool obeys through trouble-free years!

Seems like everyone wants a Whirlpool! Growing demand, plus our part in the Defense Program, means fewer Whirlpools to go 'round. Ask your dealer about Whirlpool in *your* locality.

Whirlpool Corporation, St. Joseph, Mich.
In Canada: John Inglis Company, Ltd.



Another Lucky Girl!
She enjoys perfect drying every time with her Whirlpool Automatic DRYER (Gas or Electric).

Whirlpool... America's First Family in Home Laundering

(Continued from Page 6)

elaborate wedding in which hundreds of dollars go to the florist, hundreds more to the country club, hundreds more to the hotel for the reception, but the clergyman receives $10, and at times nothing.

Our children ask, "Why did daddy go into the ministry? If he were still an engineer we would have a nice house." Well, I am ever so thankful my husband went into the ministry. The work itself is gratifying and close to the hearts of people. I am proud of my husband and our children and I love our church. But it seems to me we should be able to live nicely, as do our friends who are doctors and lawyers, and have the public esteem *and* the financial return that hard work deserves. Yours,

A Parson's Wife

Who is Glamorous?

Toronto, Canada

Dear Editors: There is no law that requires any girl to be a homemaker, and no girl has more freedom than the American girl to choose whether she will be a private secretary, a doctor, a radiologist, a dress designer—or a homemaker. Surely if she chooses to make a home, she is no more "stuck with pots and pans" than a scientist is stuck with smelly test tubes. As my twenty-year-old daughter just remarked, "In a nutshell—we're built to have babies and babies wear diapers!" Sincerely,

MURIEL BOWREY

Boys Have Responsibility

Richmond, California

Dear Editors: I believe that moral laxity among our young people could be greatly decreased if boys accepted as much responsibility for moral conduct as girls are expected to. Too much blame is placed on girls. Controlling youthful emotions is not as easy for them as a great number of people want to believe. Fathers worry quite a bit over their daughters and do a great amount of preaching to them. When it comes to their sons, it's a different story. I have even heard some boast of their sons' "conquests." Yours truly,

(Name withheld by request)

Alone When Cross

Lexington, Kentucky

Dear Editors: For the past year I have sent my four-year-old upstairs to her room when she was weepy, cross or rough with the baby, but never with the idea of punishment. Always we have stressed that she must be tired of being with people and had better stay alone until she could be happy in company. On one such occasion last year, she came down from her room, picked up her doll and started back, explaining that she wasn't happy yet but would be down again when she was.

Yours very truly,

FRANCES H. LAMASON

What Better Gifts?

Saratoga Springs, New York

Dear Editors: This is an early Christmas greeting, but we want you to know we enjoy the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Donna, the little girl, particularly likes the Christmas covers. She is our "artist."

Most sincerely,

ELEANOR COREY QUA



Angels and cherubs pause on stairs.

★ ★

New!
the Rainboot with "Clear-Mold" Styling!



perfect for rain, sleet or snow!

Rain Dears ® *by LUCKY*

Never before a rainboot like it! Look for the sensational new features that you will find only in Rain Dears!

FULLY MOLDED!
The 100% molded construction insures *long wear!* No seams to come apart! No separate tread to come off!

TRANSPARENT!
The clearest plastic rainboot made today! The true beauty and color of your shoe shows through!

REAL DEEP TREAD!
Only Rain Dears' molded process gives you the deep diamond saw-tooth tread! Feel it...It's deep! It's sharp! It's rugged!



SMARTLY STYLED!

Rain Dears are specially designed to fit any style shoe, and all types of heels! Fluted to maintain their shape!

Good Housekeeping Guaranty Seal!
"The product that has it—earns it." The new Rain Dears have it.

FEATHERWEIGHT!
Rain Dears weigh ounces instead of pounds! Easy on—easy off.



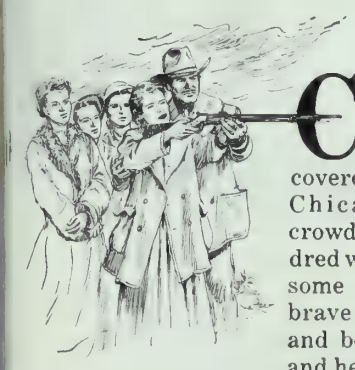
About **$2.00** *Including handy plastic pouch*

On sale at your favorite notion, rainwear and shoe counters

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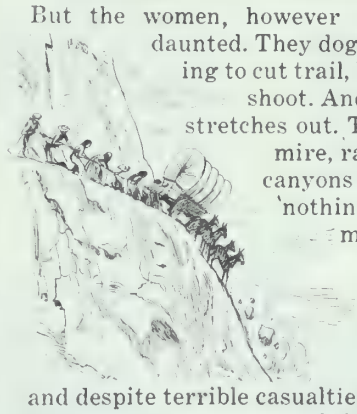


COLORFUL posters covered the walls of a tiny Chicago meeting hall crowded with two hundred women. Some young, some not-so-young, the brave and timid, the prim and bold, hussies in silk and heroines in calico. All eager to become the brides of California ranchers —men they have never seen, in a country they had heard about only vaguely, to be reached by a journey whose hardships they could not even guess.

On the platform is a collection of daguerreotypes, pictures of the homesteaders in Whitman's Valley. Flushed and eager, the women pore over the pictures. Each selects the man she hopes to marry, the stranger with whom she will begin life anew at the end of the journey.

All except one, the French girl Danon. She has her eyes and heart set on Buck Wyatt, the guide who will lead the expedition. But the cynical Wyatt's only interest in his petticoat cargo is the large fee he will receive upon its safe delivery.

The wagon train finally starts westward, with a crew of outriders who are under strict orders to leave the women alone. After weeks of traveling across the deepening wilderness, human nature asserts itself and most of the outriders desert with the women of their choice, leaving the caravan practically unprotected.



There seems to be no recourse but to turn back. But the women, however defenseless, are undaunted. They doggedly set about learning to cut trail, handle stock, ride and shoot. And once again the train stretches out. Through flash storms, mire, raging river crossings, canyons so steep that it seems nothing can prevent wagons, mules and women from careening to doom. And then, out of nowhere, the terror of an Indian attack! With rifles blazing, and despite terrible casualties, the women successfully resist the ravages of the redmen.

Taking stock of his depleted forces, Wyatt is sick with pity and remorse. He offers to lead the women back. But they have suffered too much to be cheated of their goal, even though Death Valley lies before them.

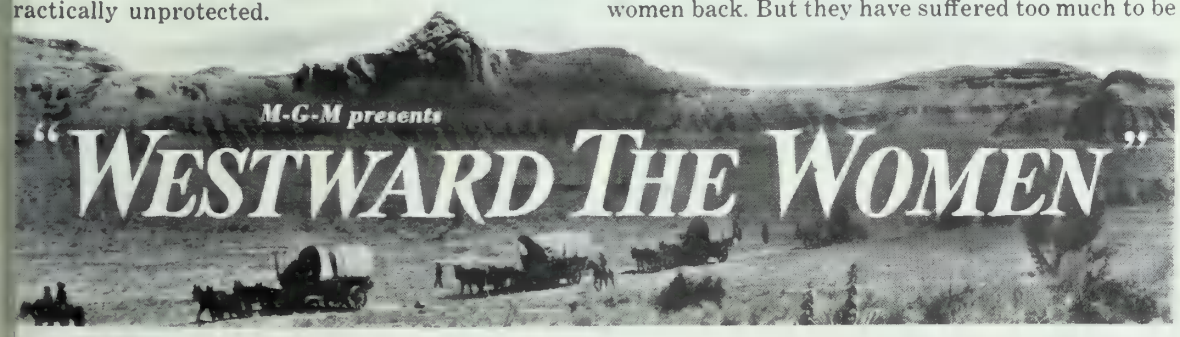
As they string out in the moonlight over the crusted salt flats, Wyatt walks beside Danon, aware of her as a woman for the first time, choosing her from all the others to love.

At last the travel-stained caravan approaches journey's end. Whitman's Valley is over the next hill. At this juncture the women refuse to go further until Wyatt rides into town and returns with finery and frills. For, although they had overcome challenges that would daunt the strongest men, they are women at heart and must meet their future husbands looking their best!

It makes for a finish that is bravely comical and pretty wonderful.

In "Westward the Women" M-G-M has brought to the screen one of the great adventures of America's pioneering days. And it is all the more thrilling for its authenticity, having actually been filmed on the California overland trail of '49.





STARRING

ROBERT TAYLOR · DENISE DARCEL · WITH HOPE EMERSON · JOHN McINTIRE

Screen Play by CHARLES SCHNEE · *Story by* FRANK CAPRA · *Directed by* WILLIAM A. WELLMAN · *Produced by* DORE SCHARY

An M-G-M Picture

New! Dandy! For lemon pies that taste homemade!

Got a yen for a real homemade lemon pie? Lady, this is your lucky day! Because *now* Jell-O has a *new* Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling that is really wonderful in every way!

It's quick, easy, economical—and, most important of all, it'll fill your handsomest pie shell to burstin' with lots of fresh, wide-awake lemon flavor.

Don't delay a minute! Better try Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling today. Guaranteed best or your money back.



So handy! For dreamy-good dessert treats!

Butterscotch Bonanza. A heart warming dessert for hearty days! Watch your family beam when they taste the old-fashioned buttery-goodness of Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling. Prepare Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Garnish with banana slices and pistachio nuts. Serve with plain cream.

Tutti-Frutti Pudding. A Christmas special for the youngsters! Jell-O Vanilla Pudding and Pie Filling makes it so satiny-smooth and tempting, Santa will be sure to stop to get his share! Add chopped candied fruit to your favorite lemon sauce. Layer in parfait glasses with Jell-O Vanilla Pudding and Pie Filling (prepared as directed).

Chocolate Party Pie. Pretty fancy, eh? But a cinch to make! And you'll love every luscious bit of the deep, dark chocolate flavor of Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling. Prepare Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Top pie with pink peppermint-flavored whipped cream and grated chocolate.



JELL-O PUDDINGS AND PIE FILLINGS



FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould *Editors*

BIRDS AND WINTER PRUNUS ON SILK. CHINESE, 1368-1644 COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART

CHRISTMAS IS FOR ADULTS

By G. M. White

CHRISTMAS comes a piece at a time at our house. Weeks before, we inspect the Christmas decorations to make sure they are in order. They never are. A box or two always spills. Shimmering bits of fire-blue baubles and last year's pine needles scatter on the rug. The pine smell starts.

My wife says that of all the things that Christmas means, of these we can be sure: too much to eat and a lot of extra work. But her eyes are dreamy when she says it. When our Christmas preparations get slightly hectic we tell each other, "We *must* do it for the children." How we lie!

Christmas is for adults. Christmas is not for kids with eyes always like stars. Most of us would like to reclaim some of the innocence of childhood, if only for a little while, but we are afraid to go about it directly. Christmas is the excuse we use to peek between our fingers at something greater than ourselves. Christmas is for adults, who need it most.

The need began long before primitive men thumped on taut skins and implored indifferent spirits to make them strong and keep them safe. When the threat of ice is in the air, you can notice it slightly now: a compulsion to be loved and under the protection of a benevolent god. When there is a chilly edge to twilight you walk home with brisker steps. Get home where one is not so small or so alone, where there are warmth and food and the mingled odor of aniseed and hot orange peel like fresh wild roses!

On Christmas Day at our house we shall pretend our gifts have made the children happy, but their happiness is the priceless gift to us. In the boys' squeals of delight we hear the angel say: *Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.* Our wise men, peering into the swirling mists of atom and universe, have found no better gift than the will to love God—and to love thy neighbor as thyself.

Religion In American Life

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

AMONG thoughtful people of various creeds, and even of no creed, one can discern a growing consciousness and conviction that the world crisis is, fundamentally, neither economic nor military, but moral, ethical and religious.

It is, I think, an error to attribute this crisis to "communism," or to believe that it has suddenly broken out as the result—for instance—of two world wars. That is putting the cart before the horse.

Communism was born in the middle of the nineteenth century, a very great century in many ways. Pre-eminently it ushered in the industrial age, and the age of science, and rapidly advanced the belief in a materialistic and mechanistic universe and philosophy of life. Karl Marx was by no means out of tune with this age. Although he was a revolutionary radical, the basic assumptions of his work were the basic assumptions of his times, as they are still to a very great degree the basic assumptions of our own.

The belief that man is an economic animal, and that his life and culture are determined by the institutions of material production, was accepted by Marx's opponents as well as by his partisans. That the good life was the rich life—rich in material things—was the logical continuance of that line of thinking. It was also, then, logical to assume that if the ownership and control of the means of production could, by being divorced from the profit motive, assure abundance for all, all the evils in the world—both good and evil being economically inspired—would fade away, and man would return, as it were, to a kind of idyllic condition, to a greatly improved Garden of Eden.

Marx, like many idealistic philosophers, reared an imposing logical structure on an assumption. For years it was the logical structure that was attacked by his opponents. It is only now, after actual test of his theories, that it is becoming daily more apparent that the fault lies in the assumption, not in the logic built upon it.

Man is, among *other* things, an "economic animal." But it is only at the most *(Continued on Page 14)*

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Betty Crocker says:

A GIFT YOU BAKE IS A GIFT FROM THE HEART

3 *Tule Kage* —sparkling in cellophane wrapping. Wonderful gift for the minister or the school teacher.

5 *Mince Pie* Perforate top with little Christmas tree designs. Your postman will enjoy this holiday pie.

4 *Plum Pudding* —a lovely, appropriate gift for your next door neighbor.

For baked gifts that glow with holiday warmth use Gold Medal Flour and Betty Crocker recipes

Yes—be sure you use Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Enriched Flour with Betty Crocker recipes. Each recipe is developed to take full advantage of Gold Medal's superb uniform baking qualities. Use Gold Medal for *all your bakings!*

Whom to Remember...

Make out your Christmas list today. Put your family and close friends at the top. Then list the others you want to remember ...the milkman...your husband's boss...the corner policeman...the school bus driver ...and others. Remember, gifts *you* bake are gifts *only you* can give.

General Mills

BAKE A GIFT

BAKE YOUR GIFTS THIS YEAR



2 *Filled Bar Cookies* in decorated basket. Loved ones away from home will enjoy these cookies.

1 *Fruit Cake* Cut in thirds, wrap as separate gifts . . . for the newsboy . . . for the delivery man . . . for the school bus driver.

Betty Crocker's

GIFT-BAKING RECIPES

1 DeLuxe FRUIT CAKE

USE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Moist, delicious fruit cake as generous with good things as the holiday season itself! Extra rich with spices, figs, nuts and candied fruits. May be cut in thirds and wrapped as separate gifts.

Mix together . . . . . 1 cup Wesson Oil, 1½ cups brown sugar (packed in cup), 4 eggs

Beat vigorously with spoon or electric mixer for 2 minutes.

Sift together . . . . . 2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour, *1 tsp. double-action baking powder, *2 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. cinnamon, 2 tsp. allspice, 1 tsp. cloves

Stir into Wesson Oil mixture alternately with . . . . . 1 cup fruit juice (pineapple or orange for light cake)

Mix . . . . . 1 cup more sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour

into . . . . . 1 cup shaved citron, 1 cup chopped candied pineapple, 1½ cups whole candied cherries, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped figs, 3 cups coarsely chopped nuts

Pour batter over fruit, mixing thoroughly.

Line with brown paper 2 loaf pans, 8½ x 4½ x 2½-in. Pour the batter into the pans. Place a pan of water on the lower oven rack. Bake cakes *2½ to 3 hours* in *slow oven* (275°). After baking, let cakes stand 15 minutes before removing from pans. Cool thoroughly on racks without removing paper. Cover and store to ripen. If cakes are to be kept for a long time, remove paper and wrap in fruit juice soaked cloths. Store in a cool, dry place.

**If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of the South) omit baking powder and salt.*

2 Filled Bar Cookies

Christmas time is cooky time! And here are luscious, chewy, date-filled fruit bars. These moist, chewy cookies are wonderful for mailing to loved ones in our armed forces! Look for the easy Betty Crocker recipe in sacks of Gold Medal Flour.

3 Jule Kage (Christmas Cake)

A *dream* of a white Christmas coffee cake. Gay and cheery with snowy frosting. Makes a sparkling impression. Look on Page 105 of the Betty Crocker Picture Cook Book for the tested Betty Crocker recipe.

4 Quaker Plum Pudding

A delicious old-fashioned Yuletide treat . . . made rich 'n' moist this modern Betty Crocker way. A wonderful gift. Recipe in Betty Crocker's Picture Cook Book—Page 229.

5 STIR-N-ROLL Mince Pie

Perfect gift for the holidays ahead. Your crust is certain to be wonderfully flaky and tender—because it's made Betty Crocker's new easy STIR-N-ROLL way. Look for the recipe in sacks of Gold Medal Flour.

If you don't find some of these recipes, write to Betty Crocker, General Mills, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Betty Crocker"® "Kitchen-tested"

General Mills

WITH GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" ENRICHED FLOUR

STARLAC Nonfat Milk
Tastes so good! So thrifty, too!



Starlac is fresh, pasteurized milk with only the water and fat removed

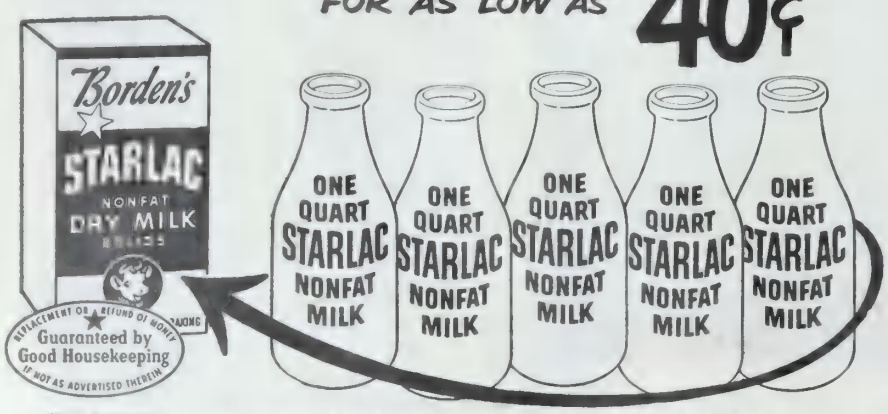
You just replace the water, mix in less than a minute, and chill. You'll have *wonderful-tasting* nonfat milk, *rich in body-building nourishment.* Remember, every glass of Starlac brings you the same health-giving *proteins* and *minerals,* the same important *B vitamins* and *lactose* that you get in the finest milk you can buy.



When you realize *all the goodness* Starlac brings you, *at such a fabulously low price,* you'll know why millions of smart homemakers are using Starlac for drinking, cooking, whipping. Discover this bargain of bargains today. Remember, your family will love the taste of Starlac. And you'll love its low, low price!

Starlac makes 5 quarts nutritious nonfat milk

FOR AS LOW AS 40¢*



© The Borden Co.

DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS for DRINKING, COOKING, WHIPPING

Get Starlac at your grocer's today. You know if it's Borden's—it's got to be good!

*Slightly higher in some areas.

(Continued from Page 11)

primitive level of existence that he is wholly, or even primarily, purely "economic." A man in cruel imprisonment, kept on rations approaching the starvation level, thinks only of food. But human beings, even at the instinctive level, with a modicum of their digestive needs fulfilled, and with fairly adequate protection against the elements, in the form of clothing and shelter, have at least two other basic urges: the urge to be recognized as unique and apart, which is the *ego;* and the sexual urge.

These urges are not, in themselves, either good or evil. The economic urge—the will to prosper materially—is both the father of greed and the mother of invention and initiative. The ego can make a person into a glutton for power over his fellow men, or into their greatest benefactor. The sexual urge is both the parent of crime and the founder of the family; it can be sublimated at the highest level of love, into beneficence and art, and it can crop out in criminal insanity.

Human culture, as I see it, is created by the sublimation and canalization of these urges, which are parts of man's animal inheritance, into expressions compatible with his mental and spiritual growth, his personal happiness and joy, and his peaceable adjustment to the community.

All civilization rests upon the cultivation of inhibitions. So do all freedom and security. An uninhibited society is a savage society, a jungle, in which no one is either free or safe.

The function of law is to impose such inhibitions. The law is a series of Thou Shalt Nots, and the weapon it wields is fear of punishment. But law is, itself, only the codification of existing states of consciousness and conscience. If the conscience of a society does not support the law, the law will not function.

But whence comes conscience?

We live today in a society which has the highest standard of living, and the widest distribution of the fruits of production, ever enjoyed by any human society in the history of mankind. Yet it shows, at the same time, an appalling crime record, and at every social level. Those entrusted to enforce the law are found to be on the payrolls of the lawbreakers, and government proves itself adept at circumventing the spirit, if not the letter, of what it would impose on the society it governs. Mutual mistrust is widespread. Loyalty is in question. A cynical frame of mind prevails that "every man has his price," and that behind every word and act is a mercenary or power-seeking ambition. Parents struggle for any degree of authority over their children, and many even welcome the induction of their sons into the Army in the hope it will "teach them some discipline." We find out that thousands of teen-agers are dope addicts.

And throughout our society is an undertow of almost hysterical fear—fear of one's own state and of other states, of Russia and of communism, and, indeed, of life itself. "Emotional maladjustment" reveals itself as the most prevalent American disease, and while we make drives against cancer and infantile paralysis, the psychiatrists are flourishing.

A SOCIETY in such a condition is one showing symptoms of disintegration, a society out of focus, because it has no frames of reference, or basic loyalties to which the masses of its people give natural, unconscious allegiance.

In a sound society, loyalties are inherent. They cannot be established by loyalty oaths. Nor are they encompassed by loyalty to a government, or to a constitution. They are loyalties to a spirit which must constantly animate governments and constitutions if these are to retain their authority.

And authority can be exercised by a minimum of coercion only if it ratifies the moral authority already present in the mind and soul of a society—only if there is a strong and widespread conviction in the people themselves of what is right, good and permissible, and what is wrong, evil and intolerable.

Now, there is no historical example of any nation, tribe or society reaching and sustaining a high level of human culture or even long maintaining its cohesiveness without faith, belief in or acceptance of the probability (I am putting this as undogmatically as possible) that moral sanctions exist above the human, the visible, the material, the tangible. As far back as we have any records of man as man, we find him, and his societies, concerned with the conviction that spiritual forces mold human life and conduct. And as far back as we have any records, we find man as a being of thought and spirit concerned with the question, "Why are we here? What is the meaning of life and the purpose of existence?"

PEOPLE and societies who cannot see any purpose in their existence beyond the material and the tangible must live chartlessly, and must live in spiritual misery, because they cannot overcome the greatest fact and mystery of human life, next to birth, which is death.

The answers cannot be proved by science—although modern science has already blown up the nineteenth-century assumptions of a material and mechanistic universe. The answers must come out of the spiritual experiences of man through the ages, the experiences which have produced the great religions.

A secular and materialistic age has scoffed at such experiences as "superstitions" or even as symptoms of madness, as though Jesus, Amos or Francis of Assisi—or Gandhi—were less sane than, say, Harry S. Truman; or as though an experience of truth, born out of the most concentrated effort to shake off oneself and open every pore, every brain cell and nerve to messages from the unseen world, were not an experience. The attitude is not itself "scientific," for it rejects evidence merely because it cannot explain it. The knowledge of the prophets, the seers, is just as "real," as (though much rarer than) the knowledge that is won from the test tube or the telescope, though it is acquired through a different medium of insight.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others and no one is without himself.
—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is my conviction that this country can recover its poise and serenity only when it refinds its religious loyalties, whether these be centered in the Jewish prophets or the revelations of Christ, and these loyalties come to suffuse the whole of its civilization.

This requires, among other things, a fundamental re-examination of our education. It has been secularized to the point that our schools not only shut out all religious or spiritual influences, but increasingly encourage agnosticism and atheism. A concept of the separation of church and state has grown up which, if it goes on, will finally result in our withdrawal from Judaeo-Christian civilization altogether.

An education which does not admit even reference to religious experience and inspiration is a failure even of education in a quite narrow sense. No one can understand Western culture at all—the culture that is threatened as never in its millennial history—who does not understand its religious bases and the religious assumptions on which its very laws are based. No one who is not familiar with the major prophetic passages of the Bible can possibly read with comprehension much of the finest English literature, which is replete with Biblical allusions. How in the world can any child make head or tail out of Lincoln's great Second Inaugural Address who does not understand the quotations, uttered without "quotes," that come directly from

(Continued on Page 178)





Perfect Christmas Gift...from a family of food-lovers!

IT'S THE NEW, VERSATILE

G-E Triple-Whip Mixer!

PLUM PUDDINGS, soufflés, cake batters, scrambled eggs, meringues . . . *everything* is whipped so much faster—so much more effectively—with the new G-E Triple-Whip Mixer that mother will keep it spinning 365 days a year! It's the ideal gift: less work for her—more delicious whip dishes for the family! And look at these extras:





New, improved speed selector is right in front where she can see it easily. One quick turn of the dial gives the speed to do the job. The *right* power—right away!



Three beaters for real effectiveness—beating from center to sides of bowl! And because there are no center shafts, the beaters are easy to clean and dry.



Built-in light shines down into the bowl . . . spotlighting those fancy mixing jobs. *And* there's a 2- and 4-quart bowl—plus a wonderful juicer—with every mixer!

There's a recipe book, too . . . packed with exciting food ideas. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

Whip-Tip for Christmas

Making hard sauce this Christmas? You'll be amazed at what a dash of nutmeg—added during the mixing—will do!

YOU CAN PUT YOUR CONFIDENCE IN—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Rival STAINLESS STEEL

STEAM-O-MATIC®

STEAM and DRY IRON

2 WONDERFUL IRONS IN ONE

You'll never know how wonderful an iron can be until you discover this new Streamlined Beauty with the Steam-O-Magic* circle—which distributes steam over 3 times greater area for effortless ironing. Today see why STEAM-O-MATIC *Does* more than Other Irons *Claim!*

with 10 BRAND NEW FEATURES



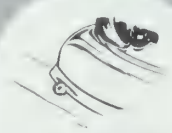
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VISUAL TILT-TOP FILLING



LIGHTEST STEAM IRON when filled



NEW "BUTTONEER*" TOE



NEW "NO-BUNCHING" BEVEL BACK!

Check these 10 Features against any Steam or Dry Iron

USE ORDINARY TAP WATER

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STAINLESS STEEL STEAM CHAMBER

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NEW IRONING SPEED

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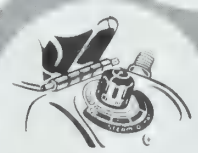
SEE the New STEAM-O-MATIC Today—Try its Sensational Performance!



EXCLUSIVE STEAM-O-MAGIC* CIRCLE



NEW IRONING COMFORT FOR *STEAM* OR *DRY* IRONING



NEW FABRIC SELECTOR DIAL

TESTED AND APPROVED CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



CAN-O-MAT®

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER EVER MADE

New Removable cutter. Cleans easily. No levers . . . no oiling. Gay Colors and Chrome..$4.98 With Magnet . . . $5.98 *Other Can-O-Mats from $2.98*



See Rival products demonstrated at your favorite Appliance, Hardware, Department Store.





GRIND-O-MAT



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* T M

RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Rival Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal



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". . . and he also promised me a Diesel train with a horn and a red jet bomber and a pair of racing skates and a Doberman pinscher and five pounds of marshmallow fudge."

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

TOY manufacturers have estimated that the child population (under fourteen) has gone up more than a million over last year. But it won't go up so fast if the new-type toys catch on too well. To keep up with world affairs—which they might much better forget while toymaking—they have now produced a semiscientific number called a "cloud chamber" which shows alpha particles moving at 12,500 miles a second. Also an "atomic rocket" that scurries across the floor. And a "zoomeray" gun. Don't ask us where to get them. We don't know. We're looking for fish ponds and bean bags and tiddlywinks.

When all the rest of us are celebrating Christmas on December 25th, the folks down in Rodanthe, North Carolina, will be waiting for Old Christmas, their Christmas, which falls on January 5th, the Eve of Epiphany. Then they will roast oysters and watch for the Wild Bull of the Hatteras to appear. Each year he emerges from the woods, paws the ground, and snorts at those who didn't quite measure up during the past year. Or that's what they claim in Rodanthe.

As too many people know, there is a town called Santa Claus (Santa Claus, Indiana, population 67), which does an enormous post-office business around Christmastime. Now we've heard of a town in Maryland from which singer Lily Pons used to mail her cards. It is Lilypons, Maryland.

Incidentally, it's a shame to throw away Christmas cards. They've become so attractive, and so many hundreds of institutions are eager to get them—

(Continued on Page 18)

Population, 67; but a million cards are mailed here each Christmas.

WIDE WORLD



Excitement's written all over it!

Here's gay, sparkling color to suit anyone's fancy. That's the exciting part of Del Monte Fruit Cocktail.

Did you ever see such tidy, generous cuts of five glorious fruits? How richly ripe they are, too!



...nderful how quick ...d easy it is, too! ...st spoon it out. ...u know Del Monte ...ways delivers flavor!

FRUIT COCKTAIL SPANISH CREAM

- 1 No. 2½ can DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail
- 1½ tbsps. unflavored gelatin
- 3 eggs, separated
- ½ cup sugar
- 1½ cups milk
- 2 tsps. grated lemon peel
- 2 tbsps. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- Dash of salt
- Small jelly roll
- Whipped cream, if desired

Drain fruit cocktail, reserving syrup. Soften gelatin in ½ cup of the syrup. In top of double boiler, mix egg yolks and ¼ cup of the sugar. Stir in milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats metal spoon. Remove from heat; stir in softened gelatin, lemon peel and juice, vanilla and 1 cup of the drained fruit. Chill till mixture begins to thicken. Make meringue of egg whites, salt and remaining ¼ cup of sugar. Fold into custard mixture. Slice jelly roll; place slices against sides of 2-qt. loaf pan. Turn pudding into pan. Chill till firm. Unmold; serve topped with remaining fruit cocktail, chilled, and garnish with whipped cream sweetened with some of the remaining fruit cocktail syrup, if desired. Serves 8.



Del Monte Fruit Cocktail

BRAND

–the brand that puts flavor first



Daniel Green makes slippers for his Christmas too!

(Continued from Page 16)

children's hospitals, occupational-therapy centers, shut-ins, old folks' homes. The United Cerebral Palsy Associations, 50 W. 57th St., New York 19, asked for them last year, and got thousands.

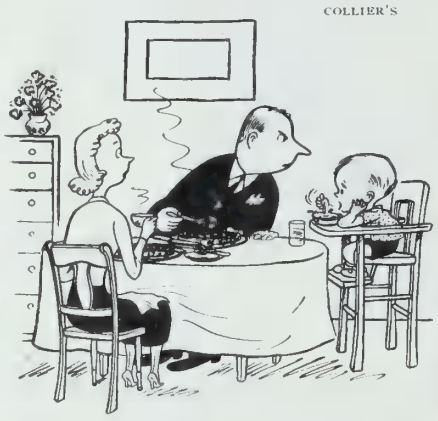
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"From my dear Mamma I received a beautiful massive gold buckle in the shape of two serpents; a lovely coloured sketch of dearest Aunt Louise; two handkerchiefs, a very pretty black satin apron trimmed with red velvet, and two almanacks. I am very thankful to my dear Mamma for all these very pretty things. From dear Uncle Leopold a beautiful turquoise ring." This is an excerpt from the diary of a seventeen-year-old girl, December 24, 1836. The girl was Victoria (to be Queen of England within six months), and dear Uncle Leopold was King of the Belgians.

•

If you've sat before a child who refuses to eat, considering it your bounden duty to make him eat, you'll know how we felt when we read **EATING PROBLEMS OF CHILDREN, a Guide for Parents,** got out by the National Association for Mental Health in New

COLLIER'S



"Who wouldn't eat their food if it came like yours does—in steaks!"

York. What we felt was great relief, a weight lifted, and everyone was immeasurably happier.

"Mothers are sometimes afraid that not eating enough will cause illness. This rarely happens."

"The first step toward improving a child's eating habits is to stop worrying about them."

"Think less about* how much food *he eats and more about* how much pleasure *he gets in eating."

"Avoid too much talking and distracting 'games' while a child is supposed to be eating."

•

A "repose home" for elderly women—to take a long step ahead—sounds wonderful! Scores of old ladies of good breeding living there with their own things about them, each one entirely independent, each with a sitting room and bedroom assigned to her for life, and every four inmates sharing a servant to cook for them. Meals prepared in the common kitchen, the ladies eating alone unless they choose to have company. They can go visiting or to the seaside or where they will, if they can afford it.

"We are like friendly old mares," one old lady told a visitor, "who have lived busy useful lives and are then turned into fields of perpetual green clover."

Alas! This admirable institution is in Denmark. It is a government project, each tenant paying about

(Continued on Page 21)



Have you that "dry-skin" look?

after 25
drying skin
begins to **show!**

IT'S NOTICEABLE the way skin often begins to *look drier* after 25.

At about this age, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

You need a *special replacer* to offset this drying out. Use this special Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

See below how this quick *un*-drier works to soften and repair common dry skin troubles. Begin to get this wonderful help—now!



Little Creases Settle by Earlobes when skin gets dry, inelastic.
To Flatten Out—Make tiny "U-Turns" under your ears with Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream, working it back and forth. Homogenized to soak in better, this rich cream helps keep skin soft, helps flatten little dry skin lines.



Crepy-Dry Eyelids make your skin look darkened, fade out your eyes.
To Lighten and Soften—Give eyelids a freshening *nightly* cream-over with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Touch cream to *inner* corners of eyes—tap *gently out* over lids. Leave a little cream on, to soften all night.

start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream today.

Rich in *lanolin*, it is *homogenized* and has a special softening *emulsifier*.

At night: work this rich cream in generously. By day: use very lightly under make-up. Get your jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream right away! 98¢, 55¢, 31¢, 15¢ (all plus tax).

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT *says*... *"Pond's Dry Skin Cream gives lovely help when your skin feels dry."*

Why there is nothing at Christmas time like a Willard Tree

THERE WERE a good many places in town where you could buy a Christmas tree. The markets had them and the florists had them and there was a vacant lot down the street where they sold them every year.

But Bob and Mary Travis preferred to drive through the snow to the Willard Nursery up in the country outside of town.

An expert in such matters would probably tell you that the trees sold at the Willard Nursery were no bigger or greener or fuller than the ones sold right around the corner. But to Bob and Mary Travis, Christmas would not be Christmas without a Willard tree.

They would bring it home trailing out of the luggage compartment of the car. And when they set it up in the living-room and started trimming it, they would both say what a lovely tree it was—and agree, as they had so many times before, that there was nothing like a Willard tree.

They had said so, now, for over twenty-five years. Because it was over twenty-five years since Bob Travis had sold his very first life insurance policy to Ben Willard. Bob was then just starting in as New York Life agent, and Ben was just starting the nursery up in the country outside of town. Bob had pointed out to him how the insurance might well serve as the foundation for ease and security in the Willards' later years . . . how the Willards might some day look on the nursery as a hobby rather than an occupation.

As time went on, the two men worked out even broader plans. And, as time went on, it had been fun for Bob Travis to see those plans work out on schedule. Now, as a result, the Willards were able to take winter vacations down South. And later on . . .

And that is why you can't always judge a Christmas tree by its size or its shape or the greenness of its boughs.

You have to allow a little bit for sentiment.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

TREATS SUPREME *made with* MILK *and* BUTTER *and* CREAM





"Bring Home Christmas Cheer, Santa Dear"

"Have a good trip, Santa—be sure you come back
With plenty of dairy foods tucked in your pack.
Bring me milk and butter and lots of rich cream,
And the dishes I'll whip up will make your face beam!
Dairy foods taste so good, and their cost is so low,
That they're *always* the very best food buys I know,
Especially at Christmas, for *nothing's* as jolly
As Yule Cake and Egg Nog—no, *not even holly!*"

FIRST IN FOODS

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"
20 N. Wacker Drive Bldg., Chicago 6, Illinois

YULE COFFEE CAKE

1 cake compressed yeast, or 1 package dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
½ cup milk
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup soft butter
1 egg
3 cups sifted, all-purpose flour
⅓ cup finely-chopped, mixed candied fruit
¼ cup chopped glacé cherries
½ cup steamed seedless raisins

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Scald milk. Add sugar, salt, butter. Cool to lukewarm. Add beaten egg and yeast, stirring well. Add 2¾ cups flour. Beat well. Knead on floured board 5 minutes. Butter top of dough. Cover in buttered bowl. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk (about 1 hr.). Pat into rectangle on lightly floured board. Sprinkle with fruit, raisins, nuts. Fold over, knead well. Divide into 8 smooth balls. In center of buttered 9-inch layer-cake pan place empty tin can buttered outside. Space balls evenly around can. Brush with butter. Cover; let rise until double. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 minutes. Turn onto rack to cool. Ice while warm with combined confectioners' sugar, milk, vanilla. *A real "Merry Christmas-go-round!"*



EGG NOG

Time-honored Holiday Greeting!

In the modern manner! Beat 4 whole eggs until very thick and light in color. Add 3½ tablespoons granulated sugar, beating in thoroughly. Stir in 3 cups chilled MILK and 1 cup chilled CREAM. Add 1½ teaspoons vanilla, ¼ teaspoon salt, stirring well. Top with WHIPPED CREAM (the new touch!). Sprinkle with freshly-grated nutmeg. Serve five . . . *immediately . . . M-m-m-m!*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE GAMES

PARCHEESI
(Trademark)
America's most popular game. No home complete without it! $1.25 & $2.45

MEET THE PRESIDENTS
(Trademark)



Sensational all-American history-making game and 32 brilliant presidential coins — a collector's item.
Aluminum Coins $3.25 *Golden Coins* $3.69

GLOBE-TROTTERS



Newest game idea — novel plastic range-finder. Travel entire world. Polarized map makes geography fun. Teaches wise use of money . $3.00

HUGGIN' THE RAIL
(Trademark)



Real auto race game with new intriguing gadget—the lane-locator . $2.45

STRAIGHT ARROW
(Trademark of National Biscuit Co.)



The rip snortin' cowboy and Indian game—with STRAIGHT ARROW as the hero $2.45

OTHER POPULAR S & R GAMES

CABBY — Unique fun-packed game. $1.75
MR. REE — Who killed Aunt Cora? The greatest of detective games. $2.45
MR. DOODLE'S DOG — Kids love pups. $1.75
MacDONALD'S FARM — Fun-way to be a farmer. Lots of trading. $2.45
ELSIE & HER FAMILY — The ideal game for young children. $1.75
SAFARI — Big African game hunt. . $2.45

On sale at all leading toy and department stores or write Dept. L

Selchow & Righter Co.
200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 18)

$200 a year above the regular national old-age pension. It is in the made-over medieval convent of St. Catherine, in the old town of Ribe.

Hudson Strode, professional traveler, has now visited Denmark and produced DENMARK IS A LOVELY LAND. As indeed it seems to be.

•

"As early as 1650 Massachusetts was on the self-righteous side. She was way out front in material prosperity and commercial development, and her relationships with the other colonies, even with England, became colored by an overbearing sense of dominance on her part, and a feeling of jealousy and often-justified resentment on the part of her rivals."

So says ***Henry F. Howe,*** in SALT RIVERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SHORE—which is really the history of Eastern Massachusetts through a microscope.

But the rest of the country, even now after three centuries, feels much the same about Massachusetts. Just the way, when you go back to a school reunion, there are the same cliques. No matter what may have happened to their members in the meantime, once back in the shade of Alma Mater, they fall into the same old pattern, leaders or led, snobs or colorless background.

•

While it's still around Christmastime, consider the snow that falls or Europe's highest volcano. It all belongs to the Archbishop of Catania, by an old medieval grant, and it brings him in a nice little revenue. We're talking about Mt. Etna, in Sicily, 10,758 feet high. Much snow falls on Etna, and for several thousand feet down from its crater it is almost perpetually snow-capped. Before summer sets in, the snow is shoveled into trenches, covered with fir-tree branches to keep off the sun, and thus packed into natural ice. This supplies a string of little summer-resort villages along the coast at the bottom of the mountain, and helps make ice cream. (Sicily is one of the birthplaces of ice cream.) In fact, it nets the church several thousand dollars a year.

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I hadn't realized it was so late—I suppose the banks are all closed by now."

•

Justice William O. Douglas and his son took a trip into the remote regions of Asia and the Middle East. They went on foot, by mule pack and horseback. They met wild tribesmen, Persian scholars, starving peasants, fanatic Moslems, and talked with them. Justice Douglas wanted to know what these helpless, underprivileged people thought

of Penicillin



High fever at night
. . . high spirits
in the morning

INFECTIOUS DISEASES have lost much of their dread since science placed Penicillin in the capable hands of physicians.

The fact that Penicillin now is immediately available for any emergency depended on finding a way to manufacture it in large quantities and in uniform quality. Originally, it was made from cultures of molds grown in small glass flasks—a tedious and costly process. Then, developmental research men and chemical engineers applied their ingenuity to the problem. Today, Penicillin is produced in huge 15,000-gallon steel fermentation tanks—in tons instead of ounces—and at a price *97 per cent lower* than seven years ago.

Experience with Penicillin later helped Merck produce another life-saving antibiotic, Streptomycin—the most effective substance known for reinforcing the treatment of tuberculosis. Vitamins and Cortisone are other achievements of the continuing Merck research and production program for the nation's health.

MERCK & CO., INC.
Manufacturing Chemists
RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada: MERCK & CO. Limited—Montreal

MERRY CHRISTMAS

TREATS SUPREME
made with MILK and
BUTTER *and* CREAM



"Bring Home Christmas Cheer, Santa Dear"

"Have a good trip, Santa—be sure you come back
With plenty of dairy foods tucked in your pack.
Bring me milk and butter and lots of rich cream,
And the dishes I'll whip up will make your face beam!
Dairy foods taste so good, and their cost is so low,
That they're *always* the very best food buys I know,
Especially at Christmas, for *nothing's* as jolly
As Yule Cake and Egg Nog—no, *not even holly!*"

FIRST IN FOODS

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"
20 N. Wacker Drive Bldg., Chicago 6, Illinois



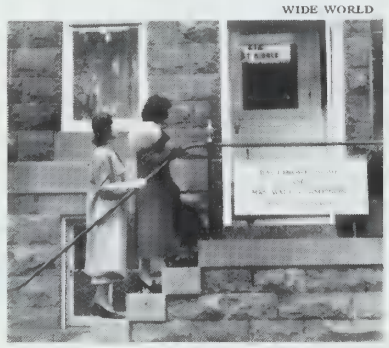
they could get from communism, and he found out. And he tells us—in STRANGE LANDS AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE. He also tells us of the Western world, very specifically, what we can do about it if we act fast. It sounds like a policy of good American common sense.

•

The story of our cities has more to it than any fiction—of glamour, heroics, personalities, dark corners of crime, swift changes of mood. One by one they are being written up. THE AMIABLE BALTIMOREANS, by *Francis F. Beirne*, is one of that excellent series.

Chapter 8, entitled "Belles and Beauties," will, we predict, be the best read. It covers the field from Betsy Patterson

WIDE WORLD



The Duchess of Windsor's Baltimore home became a museum.

Bonaparte to Bessie Wallis Warfield Simpson Windsor, complete.

INCREDIBLE NEW YORK, by *Lloyd Morris*, may be the beginning of another series, put out by another publishing house. Though New York has been done to death, we defy anyone to stop reading this book! We've all got a bit tired of the heavy Astors and Vanderbilts and the Bradley-Martin ball, but the lighter-hearted days of The Gay White Way still are great fun.

"Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" was such a song hit that Stanford White and Freddie Gebhard, well-known men-about-town, retained orchestra seats for every performance of *Florodora*, arriving when the famous sextet came on and departing after the last of the many encores. If you'd like to know the names of the original sextet, you'll find them here. The girls, that is. Each one married a millionaire, which no doubt started the first country-wide landslide of pretty girls into the chorus.

Then there was Maxine Elliott, the beautiful, who was constantly in the public eye, always completely surrounded by admirers, and was said to have been the recipient of a fabulous gold dinner service as a gift from her friend King Edward VII. For a time she was the wife of Nat Goodwin, who had many beautiful wives in the course of his life. "Being married to Maxine," he said, "is like being married to a Roman senator."

The book isn't all like that. Nor is New York. There is something in it for everybody.

•

CHILDREN OF THE ARCHBISHOP, *by Norman Collins, is an old-fashioned, sentimental, Dickensy, Trollopey, thoroughly delightful story of a London orphanage and one foundling girl in particular. A good long novel for the long, dark winter nights.*



"He'll do anything for Ken-L-Ration



Look for this seal

It's one dog food you can be sure is packed wh...

Lean Red Meat

U.S. GOVT. INSPECTED HORSE MEAT

...yet costs far less than butcher m t!

Yes, Ken-L-Ration is one dog fo you know is packed with lean r meat. You can see the meat in ev Ken-L-Ration can—choice, le chunks of it from steaks, roasts a chops of U. S. Govt. Inspected ho meat. In addition to this lean r meat that your dog needs and crav Ken-L-Ration also contains all known "dog health" vitamins a minerals, too.

Thrifty, too! You're kind to yo budget as well as your dog when y feed Ken-L-Ration. It costs you l — much less—than butcher me Your favorite store has Ken-L-Rati in regular cans or jumbo size gl jars—get some today.



Try famous meat-flavore

KEN-L-BISK

For between-meal snacks

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SCIENCE REPORT

The wonder of Penicillin



High fever at night
... high spirits
in the morning

INFECTIOUS DISEASES have lost much of their dread since science placed Penicillin in the capable hands of physicians.

The fact that Penicillin now is immediately available for any emergency depended on finding a way to manufacture it in large quantities and in uniform quality. Originally, it was made from cultures of molds grown in small glass flasks—a tedious and costly process. Then, developmental research men and chemical engineers applied their ingenuity to the problem. Today, Penicillin is produced in huge 15,000-gallon steel fermentation tanks—in tons instead of ounces—and at a price *97 per cent lower* than seven years ago.

Experience with Penicillin later helped Merck produce another life-saving antibiotic, Streptomycin—the most effective substance known for reinforcing the treatment of tuberculosis. Vitamins and Cortisone are other achievements of the continuing Merck research and production program for the nation's health.

Research and Production
for the Nation's Health

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Paper dolls and Scotties—comforting for a little girl with a cold

Scotties are thrifties, too!

Every day more families are buying Scotties. People are discovering so many fine qualities about these marvelous cleansing tissues...their outstanding **value,** their white, *white* **softness,** and their practical **2-way strength.**

Scotties don't crumble under a hearty sneeze or "blow." They don't go to pieces when you remove your make-up. Scotties are the **ideal cleansing tissue** for every member of the family, children and grownups alike.



Scotties* are softies!

* another tissue by **Scott** that's "soft as old linen"

"Scotties," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There's a Man In The House

I've observed that the quickest way to end a husband-and-wife quarrel is to inject the name of somebody neither one of you likes. If done skillfully, this can induce an arms-around-the-neck armistice before it gets serious.

Our eleven-year-old and his chums average about $2 a day damage and wastage around the house. . . . But I'm quick to forgive him when I calculate that he also provides us at least $5 worth of stimulus and good clean fun every day too.

The man next door claims proudly that he's broiled more steaks and hot dogs this fall on his impromptu picnic oven, merely loose tiers of bricks and cinder blocks, than our friend in the next block on his $450 stone edifice. What's more, he can take it down to clean, and move it whenever he pleases, and even improve it.

"If we could bottle some of our surplus Christmas spirit," reflects Peter Comfort, hopefully hiding a big gift package in the garage, "and drop it on the Russians, maybe they'd quit pretending that Joe Stalin is Santa Claus."

At the big round luncheon table, our club's irrepressible cynic argues that a man who reads twenty books a year ought to be rated higher socially than the owner of a Cadillac. "But a Cadillac," he allows, "makes a bigger splash at the country club."

We men no longer challenge each other with "My dad can lick your dad!", but every man in our town thinks his beloved 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grade teachers were far more wonderful than anybody else's teachers.

The more I see of the beauty queens chosen so often around our town, the more convinced I am that any man with a pretty wife makes a better judge in a beauty contest than any number of formidable women.

Our neighbor in the prefabricated-steel house groans that he's on his seventh reducing diet in two years. "And the best diet I ever had," he confides, "was when I had to eat on ninety cents a day as a young bachelor."

I'm convinced that the snarled-up five-o'clock traffic problem in our town could be solved if more men left their cars home for their wives and kept themselves young by walking downtown.

The prettiest woman I'd seen all day, in the block near the dime store, deglamourized herself instantly by smacking her small son just because he was tugging her skirt toward the candy display in the window. (She could have waited till she got him home!)



My wife, bless her, finished most of her Christmas shopping (much of it by phone) before she ordered the Thanksgiving turkey. Now she can use up her unexpended energy wrapping each $2 gift as if it were a diamond tiara.

Bravest sight I've seen this autumn: our neighbor with the three-car converted-stable garage, trying to fight his way out of the doghouse by attempting to tell his wife a funny story.

"Some of the cleverest women I know," confides Betty Comfort, handing her first batch of Christmas cards to the postman, "toy with drinks that only *look* like highballs, no whisky in 'em, and can act as silly as the silliest women in town."

I estimate that some of the more unpopular cheeses can remain in our icebox as long as five months before my Lady Love gets 'em used up in the form of toasted-cheese sandwiches.

Silliest argument I've overheard this year, on a transatlantic plane: whether Margaret Truman is as pretty as England's Princess Elizabeth. (My wife could have settled that one by calling 'em both the "loveliest girls with the sweetest dispositions and the loveliest skins.")

I'm torn between displaying my shotguns and rifles on a rack where I can admire, or locking 'em up so I won't need to worry about the boys' fooling with 'em. (The real solution, of course, is a rack with a foolproof lock!)

So far my Dream Girl refuses to take seriously my offer to eat crackers and milk for dinner once a week to keep the grocery bill down. To convince her I suppose I'll have to dine that way some evening when the rest of the family is eating roast beef.

Suddenly I'm aware that all my tools from the toolroom in the basement have become part of the decorative scheme in our youngest's bedroom. (If I insist on returning 'em, will I cause a psychic snarl in his personality which will force him to punch his boss in the nose in 1969?)

When I take a look at the bills about the ninth of the month I'm filled with regret: I should have realized at my wedding that a lovely wife would be expensive, and have begun immediately to spend at least twenty minutes a day scheming to get rich.

I mused while shaving that the more our fashionable ladies exploit sex in their dress and behavior, the more sex-starved their husbands seem to get. Every time one of our town's rich gals wears a sexy new costume her man seems to be off on the prowl.

America needs a modern Kipling to awake her and remind her that the boy next door is just as dramatic as Tommy Atkins when he sails or flies off 10,000 miles away to defend his folks—and the girl next door. (Whether she realizes it or not.)

I've yielded to our youngest's needling and agreed to take him to Toyland not once but twice between now and Christmas. He not only lets off steam there and makes it tough for the big store's Santa, but he damages toys I neither have to buy nor repair.

At least three times a week every husband in our block pities himself as a victim of matrimony, but ——

. . . When his daughter reads him aloud a poem he once loved so much that he memorized it,

. . . Or Junior announces he has already lined himself up a summer-vacation job for next year,

. . . And his youngest suddenly blossoms as the best twelve-year-old punter and forward-passer in the entire block.

. . . Or his beloved wife, after keeping the pressure on for a few weeks, suddenly relents and lets him have his way two or three times,

. . . And the whole family passes an evening together without a dull moment that passes like a flash,

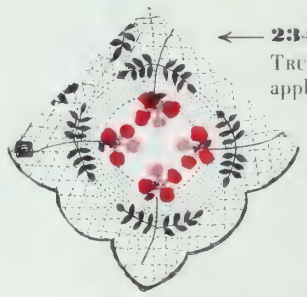
Then he stops pitying himself and confesses to his shaving mirror that but for this lucky marriage and remarkable family he'd have been an awful sad sack.

By HARLAN MILLER

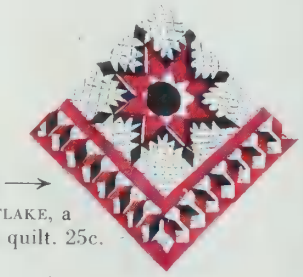


Reference Library

Heirloom needlework to make and treasure



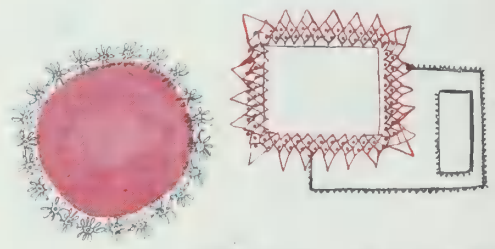
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SNOWFLAKE, a pieced quilt. 25c.

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

You want your independence—
and marriage too. You *can* have both—
but you may forfeit happiness.

Personal Freedom in Marriage

"I'M old enough to do as I please." . . . "I want to be free to live my life in my own way." At some time or other, almost every adolescent child makes some such declaration to his parents. In a young person, this attitude is a form of growing pains, a normal rebellion against the increasing restraints and responsibilities imposed on the individual emerging from childhood to maturity.

But sometimes this attitude persists into adult life. Every marriage counselor is familiar with the individual, married or single, who puts his own personal happiness above all other values. Sometimes a wife or husband will say, "I didn't mean to give up my independence when I married. If I can't have my personal freedom, I want a divorce."

Such statements reveal immaturity. To insist upon complete personal freedom, to pursue personal happiness as an end in itself, is to admit that you have never grown up.

No successful marriage can result when either spouse exploits the mate. Complete freedom for one means slavery for the other. Co-operation and sharing are essential to every satisfying human relationship—most of all to marriage.

Before taking your marriage vows, make sure that your intended mate accepts responsibility, recognizes others' rights, and emphasizes long-term goals rather than immediate pleasures. Unless his past record and present behavior *prove* these things to be true, he probably isn't ready for marriage.

If you are already married, perhaps you are irked because your routine is confining, you have few personal pleasures, and you aren't free to do as you like. But are you sure your complaints are realistic? Check yourself on these everyday actions to see if you are carrying your share of the load:

- *Joint decisions.* When problems arise, do you assemble all the facts, then with your husband decide what should be done? Or do you either insist that he make the decision or require him to accept yours?
- *Finances.* Do you adjust your expenditures to his earnings, with a margin for savings? Or do you live up to the last dollar, feeling that it's up to him to make more money?
- *Social life.* Do you arrange social activities that he enjoys, can afford, and that don't interfere with his work routine? Or do you expect him to adjust himself to whatever suits you?
- *Companionship.* Do you share evenings at home with him, interest yourself in his job, and cheer him up when he is depressed? Or do you feel that evenings are your free time, for playing bridge with the girls or attending a club meeting while he amuses himself?
- *Home chores.* Do you attend to household chores as efficiently as most wives you know? Or do you neglect them, strain the budget to hire help, or postpone them for him to do evenings or week ends?
- *Consideration.* Do you show him you love him, praise his achievements, and seek ways to add to his comfort? Or do you insist that he conform to your pattern out of love for you?
- *Working hours.* Do you put in as many work hours as he does, on his job and home chores? Or do you feel abused because he works only 40 hours a week to your 63—forgetting, of course, your morning coffee with a neighbor, your afternoon nap, and the social hour or so on the telephone?

There is little real married happiness for a wife unless her husband is happy too. By insisting on personal freedom and pleasure, you may be risking your happiness as well as your husband's.

Can You Disagree Without Fighting?

AS in all close human relationships, disagreements are bound to occur in every marriage. In themselves, differences of opinion, of taste and interest, are not necessarily a bad thing, and if properly handled, they can even lend zest to the relationship.

But too often, when a problem arises, feelings get involved, and the argument leads to a quarrel instead of a solution. In many instances, the husband feels that he is entitled to make the decisions because it is he who earns the money to support the family. The wife is just as sure she knows best, because it is she who devotes full time to running the house and looking after the family. A satisfactory solution can never be reached under these circumstances, for no progress is possible when either spouse takes it for granted he is right.

The fact is that often *neither* is right. While there is only one right answer to an arithmetic problem, there may be several possible solutions to a marriage problem. The "right" one is the one which is most satisfactory to both partners. And this can never be determined if either husband or wife assumes infallibility.

In a recent survey concerning sources of friction in marriage, we discovered that the husbands' judgment is just as likely to be valid (acceptable to the wives) as the wives' to the husbands! Further, we found that on ten vital aspects of marriage, husbands and wives disagree almost as often as they agree. It's clear, then, that a technique must be found for handling disagreements if they are not to lead to arguments and quarrels.

How can this be done? The first principle is to remember that your husband is just as likely to be "right" as you are, even though he spends less time at home than you do. And remember the right answer must be acceptable to him as well as to you.

Make sure that you and your husband have all the facts. This requires nothing more than common sense, yet it is surprisingly often overlooked.

Don't conceal information from your husband, even to avoid an argument. If the discussion concerns money, don't hide the bill for your $20 shoes, even though you are sure the purchase was justified.

Until all the facts have been accumulated and accepted (there should be no need to compromise on facts), keep personal feelings out of the discussion. Save your opinions, your excuses or criticisms, till you both know the whole story.

Now comes the question of personal feelings and desires. If you explain to your husband why you wanted those particular shoes, how you planned to pay for them by saving somewhere else, perhaps he will understand—particularly if you are equally tolerant about his fishing rod. But if the purchase was unwise, admit it. Your husband is not likely to continue an argument he has already won.

This kind of management will not prevent disagreements, but it will certainly lessen quarrels. For no matter how the quarrel starts—whether because the car windows were left open, or dinner was late, or last month's bills too high—the basic cause is always the same: either or both partners' lack of insight. The simple procedure we have described is designed to substitute for insight while promoting its development.

Are You a Loving Wife?

Some wives are wonderful housekeepers, but their relationship to their husbands is neither loving nor tender. By carefully answering these questions *yes* or *no*, you may evaluate this personal relationship.

1. **Are you free from any regret about marrying?**
2. **Is he physically quite attractive to you?**
3. **Do you kiss your husband every day?**
4. **If unmarried, would you marry him?**
5. **Is he free from objectionable habits?**
6. **Do you confide everything to him?**
7. **Are you two socially well matched?**

Do You and Your Husband Almost Always Agree on:

8. **Your demonstrations of affection?**
9. **Matters of recreation?**
10. **Your separate philosophies of life?**
11. **Etiquette and table manners?**
12. **Matters of convention?**
13. **Handling family finances?**
14. **Settling arguments by mutual give and take?**

Count your "yes" answers. Top scores are 12 or more, with the average being 10. With scores of 9 or less, something is definitely lacking in your spiritual and physical relationship. It will take your husband's co-operation if improvement is to result.

Do You Agree?

Isn't the average man a better husband if he has had sexual experience before marriage?

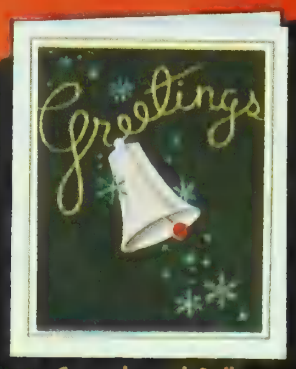
No. Apart from the obvious risks of venereal disease and the girl's pregnancy, the man is likely to acquire serious misconceptions about sex, and what he should expect from a wife.

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From Both of Us



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★ *When you sign your Christmas Cards, you make them really personal greetings.*

★ *When you add a few personal lines, your card is even more appreciated!*

★ *But it's your* PERSONAL SIGNATURE *that really means so much—and makes your* RUST CRAFT *Cards so doubly welcome!*

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BOSTON TORONTO

boys say



the trouble with girls is...

. . . "They get a mother complex on a guy when they date him. They're always telling you that you shouldn't smoke, or other little things you enjoy doing—like bowling or getting lousy marks in school. They have a typical mother quality of always trying to improve everybody—and it definitely doesn't go over with most fellows. Girls should appreciate a fellow for what he *is*."

. . . "They try to include their girl friends in on everything—like if you ask a girl if you can walk her home and she says, 'I've got to bring my friend along too'; or the 'intermediaries', who are always trying to get dates for their friends and make a John Alden out of the fellow—as if he's *scared* to ask a girl out. This retards *both* girls. It's nice for girls to have lots of friends, but they shouldn't carry it too far. There's a place for everything."

. . . "They give out too many compliments. All the time you're with them they're telling you what a good-looking suit you've got on, or what a swell dancer you are, et cetera, et cetera, until it almost seems as if they're being sarcastic. Compliments are fine—every guy likes them, but he likes to feel they're sincere and that he really deserves them. So a girl should give one if she really thinks so—but not mention something about him all evening long."

. . . "Too many are car hounds. Honest—if a guy has a car in this world, he's set. Girls are always hanging around wanting a ride, and then if you give them a ride, they beg for a chance to drive. If a guy is smart, he'll test the girl by not bringing his car for a couple of dates, and suggesting the bus instead. If she says okay, he knows she really likes him. Girls should get wise to this."

. . . "They don't always give the fellow a *chance* to be a gentleman. They should wait for the fellow to open the car door, or get the coats. It embarrasses a boy if a girl forgets things like this. Worse still, she should *never* wipe off the silverware and glasses in a restaurant. Some girls do this all the time, and it really makes a fellow feel like a cheap skate, as if he were taking her to a *dump*. A girl should remember a boy's self-respect."

. . . "They try to act bold and older than they are. They want a night club instead of a show, they ask you to smoke because it looks 'so manly,' and they think you're real terrific if you drink. This is wrong and foolish. They should learn to enjoy some of the simple things in life. A girl should ask a guy where *he* wants to go—and when she gets back home again, she shouldn't forget to thank him and say she had fun. It encourages a fellow to ask her out again."

. . . "They give fellows the wrong impression by being seen at the hangout every afternoon and evening, just sitting around doing nothing, waiting for some fellow to come take them out. These girls depend too much on chasing fellows to get dates. They try to rush it too much. A guy respects a girl who stays home sometimes, and who has other things on her mind besides dating *him*. If he wants to date her, he'll find her."

. . . "They're too sarcastic and pull too many wisecracks on a guy. Like they overhear your conversation and break in to make a crack like, 'You're such a brilliant conversationalist, I just couldn't *help* listening.' A fellow doesn't always know how to take this, but chances are good that he won't spend any time dating *that* girl. Girls should try to be more of a friend and buddy to boys than trying to get your ring and be infatuated with you, or make a great love out of a few casual dates. They should be someone you can talk to about your problems, too—more mature and understanding, as if they really *liked* you. With some girls you can have a *real* conversation—about the things that interest you most—and they're the girls who get the most dates."



JUDY WHIPPLE, AGE 18

What do boys want for Christmas?

This question appeared in our mailbox so many times *last* year that *this* year we decided to beat you to it by asking our Sub-Deb Press Club correspondents to take a special poll of boys all over the country. And here are the results. Most boys said they didn't want gifts that were "too personal"—like jewelry or clothing—unless they were going steady. Some suggested phonograph records, others said they'd settle for a good sports book. Something to eat is always good; and if he has a car, give him a new accessory—"Nothing big, just something to add a little class, maybe, like a fender guide, curb scraper or tire gauge." A large group of boys said they would prefer something handmade—"depending on how well the girl can make it"—because it shows more thought. Tops among handmade gifts: bright-colored Argyle socks or Argyle sweaters with the boy's name on the sleeve. If you're going steady, you may want to exchange twin sweaters or T shirts. Or a photograph of yourself taken especially for him. Price of any gift should not exceed five dollars—better *less*—"or the guy might feel too obligated." Don't try to improve him—"I'm getting a tie or tie clasp," one boy said unhappily; "it's all part of a conspiracy to make me dress up." Christmas is for fun, so give your fellow something you think he'll like—and something that shows that you like *him!*

Competition—and thrills

SAVAGE



Tenley Albright

Tenley Albright—a sixteen-year-old figure-skating champion—says she got her start because she had polio. It wasn't a bad case, but her muscles needed strengthening, so her dad bought her some new white figure skates and took her to a nearby rink. Tenley liked it so much that she started lessons with Willie Frick, once a famous skater himself, and today—five years later—has won seven important figure-skating titles. This month she's competing for an even bigger thrill: a berth on the U. S. Olympic skating team. To participate in skating meets, she's seen most of the forty-eight states and Canada, last summer visited Italy and Germany, and has big plans for two months in Europe this winter—if she can get her Latin and algebra done in advance first! "Skating is more fun than anything," she says, "because it's creative and exciting and different every time, but when it comes to a career, I'll probably be a doctor like my dad." Nevertheless, she's chosen Radcliffe College—"because there's a good skating rink nearby."

Cold Cure ℞

If you freeze up every time it comes to making conversation, take one dose of I Never Know What to Say, *the new Sub-deb booklet with fresh ideas for starting and holding conversation with anyone. Send 10c for booklet No. 2580 to Reference Library,* Ladies' Home Journal, *Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.*

Next month: the girls tell what's the matter with the boys.

for her

66" Twin-Bowl DeLuxe—the ultimate in cabinet sinks. Twin bowls, twin drainboards. Huge storage space—in fact, *every* feature you could possibly want!

All the convenience of a 48" Cabinet Sink plus Jet-Tower Dishwashing. Look inside and see positive top-to-bottom action that no man, woman or other machine can match.

Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer shreds waste down drain. 3 ways best: continuous feed, longer life, completely self-cleaning. Banishes garbage forever.

For a Christmas tree surprise—a gift-wrapped miniature of the model you select

Your dealer will give you a perfect miniature in snowy-white plastic of the Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink or Jet-Tower Dishwasher of your choice. It is attractively wrapped in the holiday mood, and is made in the form of a clever coin bank. Useful, attractive, unique! Installation of actual equipment will be made by your dealer whenever you desire.

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Life Bras from $1.25

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In December the roads wind through dazzling snow, the trees cast blue shadows, the brooks break through a shield of crystal.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

THE countryside is lovely when the first snows begin; the old gray-stone fences are silvered over, the roads wind through dazzling fields, the brooks break through a shield of crystal. The pine trees on the slope cast blue clean shadows, and when I walk toward them, a hundred birds flutter out. The winter birds keep the old pines quivering; early in the morning wings dart to the feeding stations, the suet and peanut butter are attacked, the grains scatter on the white snow. They have a routine: different hours for different kinds of birds; and I always mean to set up a little calendar and learn their schedule.

Getting ready for Christmas, I find I have, as usual, mislaid those Christmas cards I bought last August. In a modern house there would be no excuse for me, but in 1690, when Stillmeadow was built, peo ple never seemed to need storage space, so they provided only a few cupboards and a couple of closets under slanting roofs. Our very best closet can be negotiated only by crawling on hands and knees. The result is that all the chests of drawers hold everything from magazines to ear muffs! And if we make lists of where everything is, the lists lose themselves at once, so we are hunting again.

The Christmas turkey comes from the freezer, plump and amiable, and Jill struggles to find a place to let it thaw that Daphne can't reach. She does love turkey. And it isn't really that she is more predatory than Maeve, just that she is hungrier. She has filled out now and her coat is burnished flame. When the two Irishers run across the snow they look almost like twins until you see their faces. Daphne's face is still ingenuous and schoolgirlish and terribly vulnerable.

She is going to school now, and passionate about it. There are times when she seems steadied by the Obedience traini And times like this morning when she up early, opened the locked back door, herself out, slammed the door behind and went to the pond to see if any fr might still be around. On the way back ate a bath towel hanging on the line, ca in, closed the door, got the only cashm sweater we have from a shelf, and suaded Tiki to play tug of war. T around seven, she came in and jumped and down on me to suggest that she lonesome and why didn't I get up and some breakfast for everybody?

Tiki finished his Companion Dog deg before he was ten months old, and h happily engaged in learning what dur bells are for. With sixteen Obedience grees in two years, we are more and m conscious of how happy an educated do and I wish every dog in the country co have at least the first degree, and w easily at heel instead of tearing the own arms from their sockets when they g walk. Also to be able to open the car d and say "Stay," and be sure your dog be in the car when you come out with groceries and not dashing around in traffic, is a very wonderful feeling. A that will drop on command isn't likely get in a fight, either. There are hundr of advantages, including being able to your dog and have him come.

Trimming the tree is complicated by help the cockers and setters give. Cats the shiny balls, too, and Esmé will ba brown velvet paw at a very special one u it falls from the tree with a satisfying p Siamese and Abyssinian are both hel with tissue paper, ribbons and boxes. surprised Maeve was today, on her wa the kitchen, to see a white box on the suddenly fly in the air. Maeve flew to

(Continued on Page 178)



Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really stops perspiration.** Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated . . . and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**



FRESH DEODORANT BATH SOAP
For Head-To-Toe Protection

Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness...bathe with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing miracle odor-preventing Hexachlorophene to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!



1847 ROGERS BROS. special 66-piece service for 8, including silk-velvet lined chest... $99.75

THIS YEAR, GIVE HER the table service she's dreamed of! Not just one or two place settings—but *all the silver she'll ever need to serve 8, graciously and right!*

1847 Rogers Bros. makes it easy for you with this brand-new 66-piece combination. 8 *complete* place settings, plus the 10 most-needed serving pieces. A service she can use for elegant entertaining, year after year!

And how proud she'll be to have America's Finest Silverplate for a lifelong possession! The silverware with generations of mother-to-daughter recommendations back of it . . . the enchanting patterns *more* women love!

Visit your silverware dealer, and see how easy it is to make someone happy with this enduring gift!

Other Chest Combinations for Every Need*

Service for 12 people, 139 pieces **$189.50**
Service for 8 people, 52 pieces . . . . . **$ 74.50**
Service for 8 people, 103 pieces **$139.00**

** Available in any of 5 patterns, with tarnish-resistant lined chest.*

1847 ROGERS BROS

AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE

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50 years ago in the Journal

IN December, 1901, Marconi received the first transatlantic wireless message, the letter S repeated over and over. Anna Held and Julia Marlowe brightened Broadway; the new four-buckle "arctics" were seen everywhere, and skirts became "decidedly short"—two to four inches off the ground.

Writes Editor Bok in the December, 1901, JOURNAL: *"Some readers object to the corset advertisements in the* JOURNAL, *which are seen by members of both sexes. Yet you will never see a patent-medicine advertisement in the* JOURNAL, *nor any for liquor, or for mining, or real-estate investment. For the slightest objectionable wording the most profitable advertisement is rejected."(Still true.)*

Beauty: "The only virtue in going by the new moon when clipping your hair is that it tends to regularity. Hair does not grow more rapidly when singed."

"White slippers and stockings are usually worn with white evening dresses."

"Linen collars are two and a half inches wider than they were last season."

Remarks Mrs. Rorer, "Winter vegetables are cabbage, kale, celery, beets, salsify, parsnips, chicory, turnips, carrots, Jerusalem artichokes (the root of a sunflower) and onions. It is scarcely worth while to use canned goods when one can get so many fresh vegetables."

"The new sleeves are made flat and tight to the elbow. From elbow to wrist they are slashed, puffed and pleated, and finished with a snugly fitting buttoned cuff."

Says The Lady From Philadelphia: "Do not try and make a gift look like more than you paid for it. Aside from the paltry spirit, next year your gift must seem to be as fine as this season's."



Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York



General Eisenhower entertaining (left to right) John H. Cline, Washington Star; Albert Pickerell, Department of State; James Thrasher, Collier's; Bruce Gould; the General himself; and, back to camera, Martin Hayden, Detroit News, at SHAPE headquarters, Marly, France. Members of party not shown included Harlan (There's a Man in the House) Miller, Des Moines Register; Wright Bryan, Atlanta Journal; Frank R. Ford, Evansville Press; Robert Grannis, Brooklyn Eagle; Vance Johnson, San Francisco Chronicle; Raymond Lawrence, Oakland Tribune; Paul Martin, Gannett News Service; Merrill Panitt, Philadelphia Inquirer; Gideon Seymour, Minneapolis Star & Tribune; Richard Sherman, Harper's; Major Walter H. Sibbert, Department of Army; and John B. Adams, of the Department of Defense.

THE man many people think may be our next President, *General Eisenhower*, was the first man *Bruce Gould* saw in Paris when he recently made a seven-country, 18,000-mile tour of Europe and the Near East under the joint auspices of the Defense and State Departments of our Government. He didn't ask General "Ike" whether he would like to be President "Ike." Several of the journalists on the tour did.

As skilled a diplomat as soldier—which is pretty skilled—"Ike" fended off all inquiries. Most of the inquirers left with the impression that "Ike" doesn't "want" to be President—would only "consent to run" if it seemed that an "isolationist" might capture the White House.

Working out of Paris, London, Frankfurt, Berlin, Rome, Naples, Marseille, Belgrade, Athens, Istanbul and Ankara, the visiting journalists saw how our modern war matériel is actually reaching its objective; that is, used by the individual French, Italian, Greek and Turkish soldiers and airmen, who, incidentally, are being trained in the use of American-type arms both by their own noncommissioned officers previously trained in the U. S., and by our own officers attached to these armies.

As part of watching the actual training of the soldiers, Mr. Gould, from a slight rise near Ankara, had the experience of facing a wildly yelling Turkish battalion charging with fixed bayonets, firing as they came. He had been told the Turkish soldiers sometimes get so excited that, even in practice, they bloody their bayonets. And, in fact, the charge swept past a Turkish colonel with the journalists who vainly tried to stop it. Later Mr. Gould learned the Turks were not shooting blanks, as everyone thought, but wooden bullets—which are frangible—but the colonel felt they were too close for comfort. So would have the journalists had they realized that more than yells were whistling past their ears.

Mr. Gould came back with the feeling that, with General Eisenhower either as European commander or American President to watch American interests, our billions spent overseas to halt Russia before she can get started are being well spent, and that we should back him with our hearts as well as our purse.

His most optimistic conclusion: he believes real progress, under the constant Russian threat of war, is being made toward a United States of Europe—the goal of many top European statesmen, as well as Eisenhower. This step might eventually lead toward mankind's greatest hope—pretty dim on any horizon as long as Communist Russia exists as a power threat—a united world.

Three years to the month after it opened in the December, 1948, JOURNAL, ***John P. Marquand's*** best seller, Point of No Return, is appearing here as a play—the only play that was able to woo ***Henry Fonda*** away from Mister Roberts, in which for four years

PHYFE



Henry (no more crew cut) Fonda.

he's worn that now familiar crew cut. In fact, here's his first picture with hair back to normal.

We asked our receptionist who these short-haired people were, poking around the Workshop, who looked like college boys. "They are college boys," she said—"from the Columbia Jester. Their December issue is going to be a parody of the JOURNAL." *So if you should see something on the newsstands that looks like the* JOURNAL *but isn't, don't bother—or do.*

In a routine day, a housewife walks approximately 9 miles. A day of Christmas shopping ups the total to 11. . . . With over 8,000,000 copies in circulation, *Bing Crosby's* record of White Christmas is still the all-time best seller. . . . The energy released in a hurricane during a 24-hour period equals 200,000 times the energy of the Hiroshima atom bomb.

If you are a person who at banquets is often bored by the people you sit between, you will be envious of ***Margaret Hickey***, who always seems to sit between the two most fascinating people present. As at the Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, where she went recently to address a great gathering of women executives, when Margaret's dinner partners were ***Señora Angela Christina Aponte Diaz-Rivera***, from Puerto Rico, and ***Mrs. Harris Fitzgerald***, from South Carolina. The former communicated to Margaret the vast excitement of researching for a Ph.D. on what happens to vitamin C



Señora Diaz-Rivera, Margaret Hickey.

in such delicious tropical fruits as West Indian cherries, mangoes and guavas when frozen, and the latter poured out to Margaret how she leaped into politics with such a passion to get better schools that before she knew it she found herself the first woman member of the South Carolina legislature. Even so, maybe it isn't luck at all. We remember once sitting next to Miss Hickey at some big luncheon. Ordinarily tongue-tied, we talked our head off to her.


"If you had never
seen John Fraser, would you
marry me?" Doug asked.
"Nein," she said, very low.
She was the one



They wouldn't believe me

By
RUTH CHANDLER MOORE

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

DOUG CAMPBELL was half an hour early at the consulate, but there were already a couple of fräuleins waiting in the outer office and he strode past them angrily.

It wasn't for this he'd boned for the State Department examinations. This wasn't what he'd pictured when he plumped for Foreign Service after three years' fighting with the French Resistance and in further tougher pockets of Intelligence work after that. For his first post they'd given him this minor consulship in the American Zone and, seeing how things were going in Germany, he'd jumped at it. And what was his speciality? Vital international decisions? Ha. Wise administration of policy? Ha-ha. Spread of American democratic ideals? Ha. Ha. And again ha.

No. He was the War Bride Division, Lonely Hearts Club, Overseas Branch, picking up the pieces after the Occupation Romeos who'd been ordered home, and snooping into the details of current Occupation romances which had reached the legal, or take-home, stage. He was the local Beatrice Fairfax, only worse off than Bee had ever been because the girls could—and did—talk back to him. Talk, cry, and faint all over the place. Embattled mothers could—and did—scream at him, and enraged Yank suitors . . . oh, forget it. His transfer'd come through any time now, the wires he'd pulled.

His secretary, ex-Wac-corporal Jones, stuck her early-morning face in the door and observing the thundercloud roosting on his brow, growled a disrespectful "Gr-rr" at it. The boss was strictly business—if he'd ever had an eye for the girls, this job had cured him—but she liked to see a laugh make his dark face look young and Yank again in spite of the streak of gray hair that ran back from the scar on his temple.

Ex-corporal Jones just loved Germany, having arrived there too late to see a Panzer division mow down a roadful of refugees or get a whiff of Dachau, and she loved her job with the heartthrobs, standing by with the spirits of ammonia while Doug told Gerta that Sergeant Joe Tompkins was already married and had a six-month-old baby in the States. Just hadn't had the heart to tell her till the papers came through. While he told Katie it was too bad, but Private First Class Schmaltz hadn't ever took-it-serious and was surprised she had. Filed intentions? Sure, but that was way back last June.

"O.K., Jonesy," Doug told his secretary now, his grin coming through the way she liked. "Send in the first one while I take a gander at her papers."

But the first one was already wavering on the threshold, clutching a shabby purse bulging (how well he knew) with frayed, creased forms. English forms, German forms, Army, medical and civilian forms, probably a few church papers for good measure, and at the bottom, even more frayed and ten to one dated months ago, a couple of letters from whoever the guy had been. There was some trouble about a box, too, a little carved wooden chest she was dragging behind her. He groaned. She must be the one who got all the way to Ellis Island and the groom had jumped his bond and disappeared. The Immigration Office reported relatives just shrugged their shoulders. "Tony lose-a de nerve. He skeep." *(Continued on Page 114)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

woman Doug had ever loved — and he was losing her to another man

At last she was in my house—the house where she should have been mistress

I had no sense of foreboding when we sat talking together that last evening, before Ambrose set out on his final journey. . . . I, Philip Ashley, had grown up on my cousin's estate in Cornwall; Ambrose was my guardian, my family—my world. I was twenty-three when he went to spend a winter in Italy for his health. He met there a distant connection of the family, the Contessa Sangalletti—or Cousin Rachel.

When he wrote later that he had married her, I was stunned. Ambrose, a bachelor for forty-three years! My godfather, Nick Kendall, and the tenants were pleased. But Seecombe, in charge of our menservants, shared my foreboding. Ambrose's letters began to change. At last he wrote two desperate notes, calling Rachel his torment and begging me to come. I left at once for Florence, only to find when I arrived that Ambrose had died three weeks before. Signor Rainaldi, Rachel's business manager, said that she had gone away, he did not know where.

Overcome by a sense of loneliness and helplessness, I returned to England. A few weeks later, Nick Kendall, now my guardian, told me that Rachel was in England, had brought Ambrose's effects back to me as Ambrose's sole heir. I did not know what I would say to the woman who had driven him to his death, but Louise Kendall, my childhood companion, helped prepare my bachelor household for a woman's visit.

On the day Rachel came, I stayed away from the house until late. When I returned, Seecombe said she had dined in her room, but would receive me later. I went upstairs, and knocked upon the door of the little boudoir.

II

A LOW voice, almost inaudible, bade me come in. Although it was now dark and the candles had been lit, the curtains were not drawn, and she was sitting on the window seat looking out onto the garden. Her back was turned to me. She must have thought me one of the servants, for she did not move when I entered the room. Don lay before the fire, his muzzle in his paws, the two young dogs beside him.

Copyright, 1951, by Daphne du Maurier

"Good evening," I said; and my voice sounded strained and unnatural.

She turned, and rose at once, and came toward me. My first feeling was one of shock, almost of stupefaction, that she should be so small. She barely reached my shoulder.

She was dressed in deep black, which took the color from her face, and there was lace at her throat, and at her wrists. Her hair was brown, parted in the center, with a low knot behind; her features neat and regular. The only things large about her were the eyes, which at first sight of me widened in sudden recognition, startled, like the eyes of a deer; and from recognition to bewilderment, from bewilderment to pain, almost to apprehension. I saw the color come into her face, and go again; and I think I was as great a shock to her as she was to me.

I stared down at her, and she looked up at me, and it was a moment before either of us spoke. When we did, it was to speak together.

"I hope you are rested," was my stiff contribution, and hers, "I owe you an apology." She followed up my opening swiftly with, "Thank you, Philip, yes," and moving toward the fire, she sat down on a low stool beside it, and motioned me to the chair opposite. Don, the old retriever, stretched and yawned, and placed his head upon her lap.

"This is Don, isn't it?" she said, putting her hand on his nose. "Was he really fourteen last birthday?"

"Yes," I said, "his birthday is a week before my own."

"You found him in a piecrust with your breakfast," she said. *(Continued on Page 68)*

"It's what I wear at breakfast," she said. "Ambrose used to call it my mum robe. Are you embarrassed?"

PART II OF A FIVE-PART SERIAL

My Cousin





Rachel

by Daphne du Maurier

"How much?"
And my heart stopped with fear
as Anna Greta carelessly
lifted the price tag.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREEVA

Urda has a Silver Dollar

By SKULDA V. BANÉR

PA slipped it into my hand. And I knew even before I looked what it was. It filled my wet palm. It got warmer and warmer until it ran black sweat. "A dollar!" I said. I stood and looked at it and it was as big as the world. "A whole silver dollar!"

Pa just stood grinning there against the golden-oak parlor door. "You are ten now, Urda," he said. "Every year before, we have helped you buy for Christmas, your ma and me. This Christmas you are ten. This Christmas you are old enough to learn how big or how small a dollar can be."

I looked up at him, across all the flowers that were the parlor: flowers in the carpet, flowers climbing the walls, flowers painted on the lamp shade, flowers behind glass high up near the ceiling. Pa's hand, that was pinching up snuff from the silver box, was a rusty pink that never washed off. Pa's face, too, around the big upper lipful of mustache that looked almost white against the pink. I used to think how strange it was, pa's coming up pink out of the black mine deep under the ground. But that was before I was ten and understood about iron-ore rust.

"I can buy whatever I want, pa?" I said, bending again to the dollar and touching it with my finger tip. "So much money! I can buy almost the whole Bergmans' store!"

Pa laughed. "When you learn how to make a dollar so big," he said, "be good and come and tell me, too, Urda?"

But I hardly heard him. I was already a flame of impatience to stand there in the little Bergman store, and buy and buy and buy. I could see, even, how the packages would look, ma's, pa's. My small brother Lars'. Mine. With unmined mystery still in them, I could see them, brown-paper wrapped and tied with verse, under the tree on Christmas morning.

"Well," pa said, "guess I'll go up and sleep a little."

He went, and left me to shut the parlor door upon its memories of buryings and Sewing Society and Lars' christening and a precious procession of Christmas trees that were all one.

Ma was pressing *sprits* in the kitchen. The whole kitchen was full of the smell of butter-baking and crisped almonds. The oven was full of *sprits* baking, and the tin on the table was covered with *sprits* making. And the earthenware crock that ma used to brew juniper-berry ale, summers, was already half filled. I said, ma, could I have one? And ma said, two, take two.

"If you could have anything in the world for Christmas, ma," I said, nipping the top curve off the butter-pastry S that chewed almond bits down to its last crumb, "if you could, ma, what would you want most?"

Ma brushed the hair that wasn't there, off her forehead. It left flour where her hand had touched. "I've got everything I want for Christmas right here," ma said.

"But that's not for me to buy," I said. "Out of a whole dollar!"

Ma knew about the dollar, it seemed. But when I thought about it, I understood. Pa wouldn't spend a whole dollar unless ma knew.

"You have Lars and pa to buy for," ma said. "And a little something for yourself. Don't forget yourself, Urda."

I pushed the tail of the last *sprits* into my mouth, and wished I need never swallow. "Will Lars have things to give?"

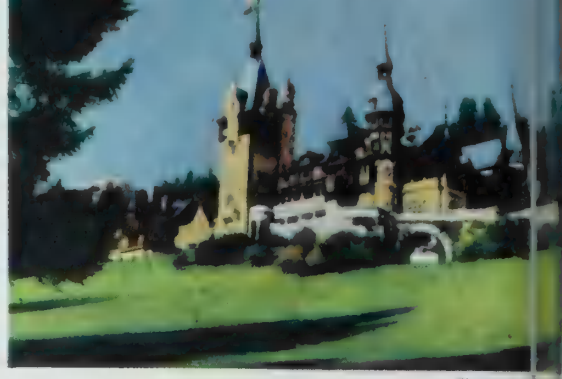
(Continued on Page 170)

Ten years is not too young for a little girl

to find out the things money can't buy.



Sinaia Castle in Carpathians where Ileana and Archduke Anton were married. "The great forest . . . and rocky peaks, against a Mediterranean-blue sky. . . . It is indescribable."



WALTER S...

I Was a Princess

I AM alone in my peaceful white kitchen. The pots and pans shine brightly. The curtains are gay. I who have lived behind an Iron Curtain, who have faced the accidental death of war and the purposeful death of assassination, have found sanctuary. The peaceful shadows are gathering in the silent house, for I am alone, though not lonely; so many thoughts keep me company. In this big, old New England house there are two rooms I would like to show you; two rooms which hold my present and my past, the substance from which I must create my future. Which will surprise you more—my shining kitchen with every device for American housekeeping, or my bedroom upstairs with its unrelated collection of things from another life? I do not know. I cannot judge how these things will seem to you.

Copyright, 1951, by Ileana, Princess of Romania

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENG



Wearing tiara of sapphires and diamonds (brought to U.S. wrapped in nightgown because she was too poor to insure it), Princess Ileana of Romania was photographed in 1946. Tiara, made for Russian Empress, was worn by Ileana's mother, Queen Marie, at her coronation in 1922. Three gems (about size of man's watch) are star sapphires. Tiara was wedding gift to Ileana. It was sold to pay debts, make payment on house in Newton, Mass., and bring children to U.S.

Thrifty shopper, the princess talks over best buys with Newton food dealer. Family moved into new home with only seven chairs, seven beds and magnificent Oriental rug made for Czar Alexander III. They ate in kitchen until, with $25 earned giving lecture, Ileana bought secondhand dining-room table. Another thrifty purchase: her wool suit, $7 in Filene's basement. All six children have scholarships. Besides English they speak Romanian, German, Spanish.

Now, in New England kitchen, Ileana—daughter of a king and queen, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria—cooks, does washing and gives prayerful thanks that her six children have found security and schooling in U.S.

By PRINCESS ILEANA

with the help of Dorothy Kuenzli Hinckley

When at seventeen I visited the United States with my mother, reporters used to ask me, "What is it like—to be a princess?" and I could never think of anything to say in answer. How could I compare it with something else when I had never been anything except a princess? One is what one is; and it is not so simple to describe oneself as it is to describe one's surroundings! In Romania, for example, there was a trumpeter who blew a lovely call—a succession of quick, golden notes—when any of us entered or left the palace. Here I come quietly into my own drive; a passing neighbor may nod pleasantly; my key unlocks the door into my silent hall. In Austria a very formal and official letter to me would be addressed, "*Ihre Kaiserliche und Königliche Hoheit die Durchlauchtigste Erzherzogin und Frau*"—"Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Most Illustrious Archduchess and



Small fry of household are Magi, 12 (left), whose full name is Maria Magdalene, and Elizabeth, 10 (right), called Herzi, "Little Heart." First task for Princess each day is to wash and hang out clothes—which she finds easier than doing week's laundry at once, since she suffers from arthritis and bursitis. Little girls help by bringing in clothes, setting table, stacking dishes in dishwasher. Both go to Tenacre School, Wellesley, where Magi is in sixth grade, Herzi in fourth. They are good students.

Like other housewives in U.S., the Princess finds beef stew welcome answer to high cost of meat. Stew was first dish she cooked when "with no earthly idea how to prepare a meal" she undertook to feed her hungry children in new home. Servantless Ileana marvels at electric range which cooks dinner unwatched. At Sonnberg Castle in Austria she had staff which included housekeeper, cook, kitchenmaid, nursemaid, laundress, three housemaids and chauffeur.

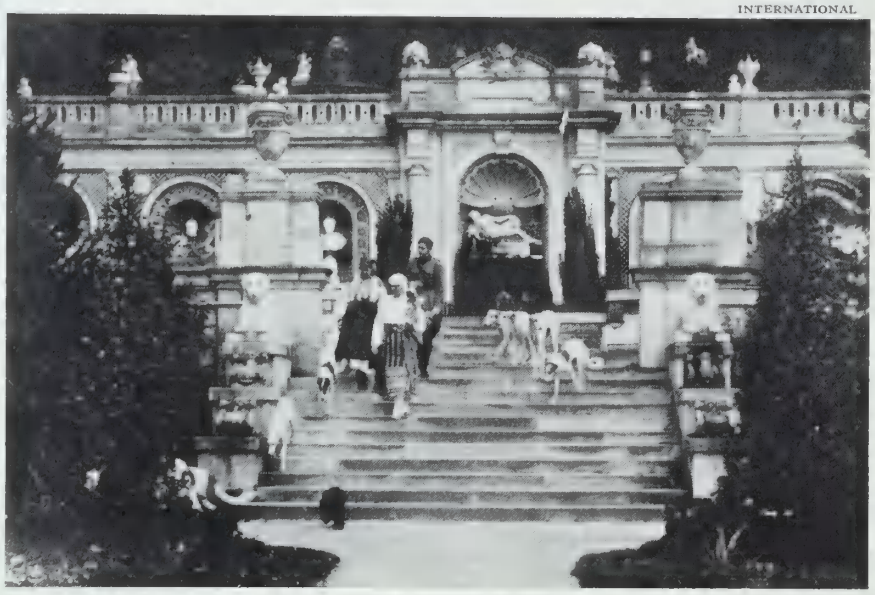


ACME



Youngest daughter of Queen Marie and King Ferdinand, Ileana was "loved and happy little girl" who shared mother's fondness for romantic dress as well as serious interest in social welfare. With King she avidly read Bulldog Drummond. Her two sisters—both married before Ileana was 13—became Queens of Greece and Yugoslavia.

INTERNATIONAL



As royal "Glamour Girl," rumor had Princess engaged to dozens of suitors, including Prince of Wales. In 1926 she toured United States with brother, Prince Nicholas, and mother, pictured above on palace terrace at Sinaia. Talented artist, sculptor, Ileana was also good at sports. She loves ocean, had her own yacht. All that remains are some dishes bearing its name, Isprava ("The Fortunate Adventure").



ACME

In five-spanned coach, wearing silver-embroidered wedding gown, Ileana rode to become bride of Anton, Archduke of Austria, July 21, 1931. King Carol, brother, beside her above, led her to altar. (Father died in 1927.) Among wedding gifts were inkwell made by Crown Prince Michael, airplane from King Carol, and two snow-white pigeons, symbolizing love and fidelity in peasant tradition.

I Was a Princess

Ups and downs—
from court ball to kitche-
make this princess
a real-life Cinderella-
in-reverse.



"Everything is 'Once upon a time ——'" objects 10-year-old Herzi, perched on chair arm while mother reads from book written by children's grandmother, Queen Marie. Book's title is Magic Doll of Romania. At Queen Marie's death she left request that her heart should be placed in humble church to be ever near her people. Casket containing heart was later placed in shrine at Bran Castle. In memory of her mother, Princess Ileana established Hospital of the Queen's Heart.

Lady." Here the delivery boy says briskly when I open the door to his ring, "Habsburg here?"

What is it like—to be a princess? Shall we find the answer in these two rooms I am inviting you to look at? Let us suppose that quite suddenly you are told that in twenty-four hours you must leave your home forever. You can take hardly more than you can literally carry—a few boxes perhaps. And even so, some things you are forbidden to touch. Meanwhile a few of your neighbors quietly try to spirit away some of your possessions which they can hide until you come for them. When you have finally assembled again these treasures selected under the pressure of anxiety and grief, you will sometimes wish that a few of the choices had been different ones!

It is so with me. On one wall of my kitchen is a picture of mamma in Romanian dress amongst her flowers. For the background of the picture stands Bran, our fairy castle upon a rock, where once I lived. On another wall I have an old icon of Christ, the symbol of that faith which has carried me through all my troubles, and has landed me here on my feet in New England, with the strength to live again. Yes, to live *again;* because after I left home, which for



First home of Archduke and Archduchess was in Munich. Later they bought Castle of Sonnberg, built in sixteenth century, romantic but badly in need of repairs. Anton, experienced airplane pilot, was able to direct installing electricity and plumbing in the castle. Anton's brother, Carlos, is Habsburg pretender to the throne of Spain.

Crossing to New World. In 1948, after communists had taken over Romanian government they first arrested Archduke's family, then confiscated property but permitted them to leave. Photo, right, of Ileana was made on voyage to Argentina, where business venture proved disastrous. To pay debts, she came to U.S. to sell tiara.



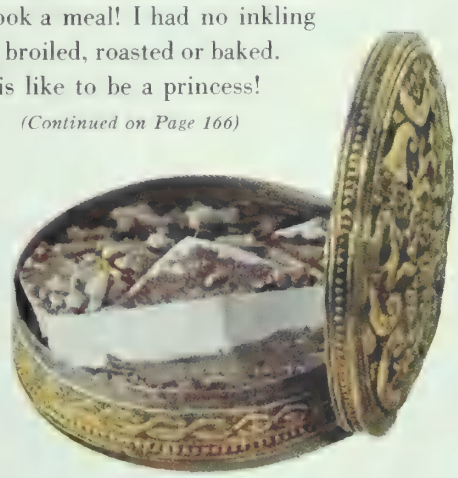
First-born Stefan was five when father was conscripted for German army. Six children were born in first ten years of marriage. They are third cousins of Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose of England. During war Ileana worked at canteens and in Red Cross hospital where she aided in delousing combat casualties, and—in emergency—did operations. Royal Association of Surgeons made her an honorary member.



me has always been Romania, I was as one dead. It was not that for a moment I doubted the physical necessity of my presence for my six children: my love for them was as strong and potent as ever. But inside, the "me" that was me independently of the mother, the wife, the friend—the essential "me" upon which all the rest is built—suffered a mortal shock when my life was severed from my people. So I had to start again, not only outwardly but especially inwardly. Getting down to brass tacks in my kitchen helped me greatly. The need to busy my hands quieted my mind. The effort to cope with simple things and to do them well helped me to overcome.

How shall I ever forget that first day, when I stood in my grand, new kitchen with no idea of how to cook a meal! I had no inkling of how things were stewed, boiled, broiled, roasted or baked. "Ah!" you say. "*That* is what it is like to be a princess! Not to learn any useful

(Continued on Page 166)



Greatest treasure—When communist guards, searching to keep valuables from leaving country, called this a "gold vanity case," Princess Ileana replied, "It is not gold and it is not a vanity case. It means nothing to you but everything to me." The metal box contains a handful of Romanian soil.

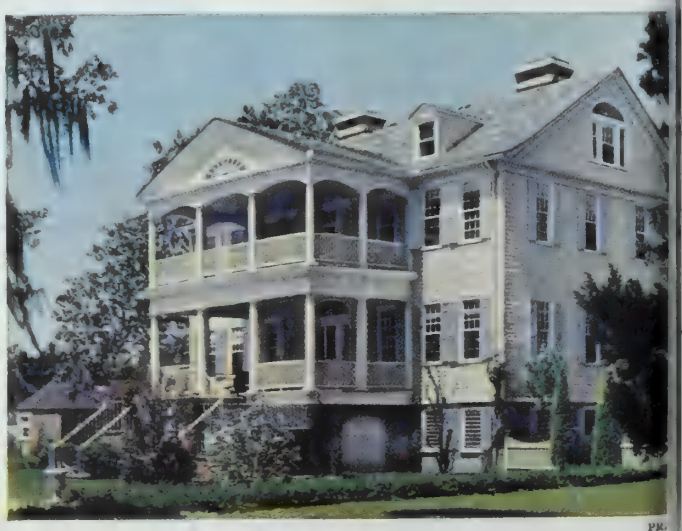


On Christmas Eve this year, as last, before the gifts are distributed and the packages unwrapped, the family will gather to light candle in silent prayer for those behind Iron Curtain who cannot celebrate the birth of Christ. At right, Princess Ileana holds one of three cooking pots bought at five-and-ten-cent store, gifts from Stefan, 19, freshman at M.I.T. Others, from left to right: Minola, 18, Vassar student; Herzi; Magi; Niki, 14, Fessenden School; and Sandi, 16, Dana Hall senior.

SEABROOK PLANTATION

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

IN 1810 on Edisto Island, about thirty miles below Charleston, a man named William Seabrook, with a fortune from sea-island cotton burning a hole in his pocket, built this beauty of an Adamesque mansion. The house is as hard to come upon by car today (and as rewarding when you do) as any fine old tidewater establishment in Virginia or Maryland, and for the same reason that most of them originally were mainly reached by sailing boat. In those days down here, when cotton, rice and indigo were creating Carolina wealth, this was considered one of the handsomest of Low Country plantation houses. Right now it is even more of a rarity, for among the surviving great houses of the region probably none has been restored with greater skill, taste and largess. It's practically certain William Seabrook would approve the way it looks again.



The two-tiered piazza and high basement are in the Charleston-Low Country tradition.



◀ Old carpet and old paper faithfully reproduced help the handsomeness of the wonderful Seabrook hallway, with its gracefully divided and united staircase that frames the garden doorway and its view down across terraces and pools to a distant tidewater inlet.

INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER



▲ The dining room, with its Adam detailing and drape paper, sparkling with crystal, English china and early-American silver, opens into the hallway through triple doors under a glazed flat arch like the entrance into the drawing room opposite.

◀ The drawing room is a dream of the Adamesque perfection which was the fashion of Federal times, when the Seabrook house was built. Notice how subtly the patterns are related in the satin of the Hepplewhite sofa, the paper and even the hooked hearth rug.

Political Pilgrim's Progress

When a woman makes up her mind

The collapse of the crime syndicates depends most of all upon how long it takes the American women to make up their minds to knock them over.

By HODDING CARTER

AMONG the inherited books in my library is an amusing relic published in 1890 and titled Manners, Culture and Dress of the Best American Society. Most of its stilted discourses on proper conduct are today as laughable as they are outmoded; but in the chapter on Conversation one admonition echoes ruefully: "In talking with ladies of ordinary education, avoid political, scientific or commercial topics and choose only such subjects as are likely to be of interest to them."

The year that guidebook to proper behavior was published, my grandmother and great-grandmother were busily disregarding in New Orleans its suggested restrictions upon female talk and action. Instead they were discussing politics and certain "commercial subjects"—legalized gambling, for instance—with unladylike vigor; for the finally aroused Louisiana citizenry, spurred by most of the clergy and a considerable number of determined wives, were engaged in a death battle with the sinister Louisiana Lottery, which for more than twenty years had almost literally owned the politicians and manipulated the purse strings of the state.

The lottery company had been granted a long-time gambling-monopoly charter in 1868 by a corrupt Reconstruction legislature. By bribery, intimidation and generous gifts to hospitals, schools, churches, levee districts—and legislators—it had maintained its monopolistic position for twenty-two years, and in the process had made a net profit of from three to five million dollars a year. After several attempts to legislate the lottery out of business or to permit competition had failed, most of the antilottery citizens gave up the fight about 1880. The lottery's reign was almost undisputed for ten years. Then the ladies, the ministers, and old and new antilottery leaders joined in a state-wide attack. Their gubernatorial candidate won, with the lottery-charter extension as the only issue. That was the end of the lottery.

The embattled ladies were frowned upon by their genteel sisters and derided by the lottery's spokesmen and the public officials who fattened upon lottery bribes. From old family letters and from my grandmother's recollections, I know that the fight was not pleasant for anyone, and especially for the women involved. But it was won largely because those Louisiana women, sickening of the debauchery of their state, goaded husbands and sons and fathers to destroy the octopus. Their courage and their persistence won at least temporary respite from graft and legalized immorality before they settled down again to "subjects that are likely to be of interest to them."

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH



POLITICS IS ALSO YOUR BUSINESS.

The story of the Louisiana Lottery and its destruction singularly parallels in many respects the sordid tale unfolded by the Kefauver Committee. The lottery and today's national gambling syndicates alike depended upon a noisome alliance of big-time gambler-racketeer and dishonest officialdom. Each fattened because of public indifference to or ignorance of what was going on. Each proved that disinterest in politics leads inevitably to plundering, and that the plunderers, once entrenched, protect themselves by further debauching the body politic and intimidating the rash challenger. Each created in the public mind a dangerous cynicism as to the democratic processes and the motivations of elected officials. And each began to topple when ignorance and indifference were replaced by the slow, terrible wrath of the American public.

As the lottery fell, so surely will fall the crime syndicates of today. How

(Continued on Page 108)

POLITICAL

The Political Pilgrim's Primer

By MARGARET HICKEY

POLITICS is not an occasional duty to be put aside after one victory. The "back room boys" are waiting for the political pilgrim to get tired. They know from experience that's what most voters do: they fail to register, or bad weather keeps them home from the polls, or they become discouraged with slow progress. So the machine just waits, relying on the theory that it can beat any reform if it waits long enough.

So once you make your start, follow through with a step-by-step plan. Persistent effort will pay off in better government for you and your family.

***Register.* Find out from the city clerk or election board where and when. Almost all cities of 10,000 require that voters be officially registered; and always reregister when you change your residence or your name.**

***Prepare* now for 1952 elections. Talk with leaders of your party and attend precinct and ward meetings. So that you won't have to choose between poor candidates at election time, work actively for qualified people at party caucuses and primaries. If you have no party choice or want to be an independent, talk with the League of Women Voters about candidates and issues.**

***Vote*, and get all the eligibles in your family and neighborhood to do so. Circle dates on your calendar for party primaries, general and special elections. Apply for absentee ballot if ill or out of town.**

***Check up* on what officials are doing. Don't hesitate to criticize them, but give a word of praise when they do a good job.**

***Report* your progress, even though it may seem slow. The JOURNAL wants the story of just how you are getting along.**

In October, 1949, we told the story of Bernice Goedde's election to the school board in East St. Louis, Illinois, and of the citizens' fight to take their schools out of politics. Now we tell how the old machine came back. Here's a lesson for every political pilgrim if a people's machine is to make lasting progress.

BABES IN THE WOODS AGAINST THE SHARP BOYS

Bernice Goedde gave her city the best school-board administration it had had in decades. She lost out not because of broken promises, but because of her failure to learn and play good politics.

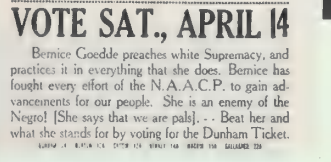
"WE were out to gitcha and we gotcha," sneered the drink-sodden precinct committeeman as he pushed his face up to Bernice Goedde, the first woman school-board president in the history of East St. Louis, Illinois, schools.

Bernice turned away in disgust, but she had to agree. They had certainly got her and her entire slate of candidates. The returns on the wall of the board of election commissioners' office backed up the loose-tongued committeeman's boast. There on the blackboard was the people's answer to three years of the best school-board administration the city had known for many a decade.

"What do people want?" kept running through her mind. Why would her fellow citizens give such overwhelming support to her school ideals three years ago and turn their backs on her now? Had she failed to deliver what she had promised? No, that wasn't it, for she and the twelve-member board supporting her ideas had fulfilled their promises to the electorate to the limit.

G. HARRIS





While Bernice Goedde did a good job and kept out of "politics," her opponents carried on a campaign of prejudice to defeat her.

As Bernice pushed her way through the political hangers-on who frequent the election commissioners' office on any election night, she could not deny the facts. Back in 1948, when she ran for the school-board presidency, 16,303 voters had approved her outspoken platform of reform in the schools. And now, just three years later, only 17,000 East St. Louisans bothered to vote and she couldn't poll even 5000 votes.

"Our reform movement is dead," she said bitterly.

Bernice was learning the hard way why professional politicians have smiled wisely at all reform movements for centuries past. Reform is so easy to beat. All you have to do is wait. The "I'd have voted if ——" that keeps so many voters at home is the secret weapon in the arsenal of the professional politician.

And now Bernice, who is also an architect, sits in the cluttered office of the Goedde Lumber Co., which she manages, and between working out bids for defense contracts tries to figure out what happened.

When it was a matter of "throwing the rascals out" in 1948, the people of East St. Louis were eager to recover their schools from decades-old political control. Endorsement came from the trade-unions and from such opposites as the Bartenders' Union and the Young Women's Christian Association. Women of the Business and Professional Women's Club worked six to eight hours a day distributing ballots to each house in the city for their fellow member. This kind of support continued until 1950, when every member of the board had been elected as a member of the independent party endorsed by Bernice. Reform was in high gear.

The bulky file cabinet that still sits within easy reach of her office desk holds the story of those three years: no more politics in the hiring and firing of teachers; a modern maintenance system; a free hand to the administrative staff; a rental book system; an adequate insurance program; segregation ended; and the school system taken off state probation.

"What else do you have to do in public office? We thought that good work would speak for itself," Bernice said after the election.

Bernice might understand the lack of support from some groups, but she cannot understand the attitude of the Business and Professional Women's Club. The club members talked her into running for office in the first place, the members supported her vigorously during the first elections, but now . . . on Election Day, 1951, they held a card party to raise $1000 for local charities.

(Continued on Page 100)

The Boys in the Back Room

A young party worker was lamenting the results of a recent election. "It's bad enough to lose," he said, "but to lose to that *bum* is terrible."

"Son," his district leader said, "remember this: *anybody who wins is never a bum!*"

"Of course we'll win—if the other side don't bribe us."

On the Wall: ***Too many people who want to play the political game look with disdain upon the lowly precinct worker.***

The public is apt to speak of politics as "dirty" because every day is washday.

"We would all like to vote for the best man—but he's never a candidate."

Under the Table: *"Zero division"—a division of any ward which is so completely under the control of one party that no votes for the opposition are cast in an election. In one city "zero divisions" became so common that word went down to neighborhood leaders: "Have somebody vote for the opposition. No more zero divisions. It don't look good."*

Most people do not vote for policies or candidates but for "Joe, the Committeeman." He helps them the year around. Why should anyone be so ungrateful as to vote against him on election day?

In politics, money doesn't talk. It screams!

Voter's Notebook

It is always worth while to defeat a bad man running for re-election, even if his successor is just as bad. It is worth while hopping in behind the challenger and helping him throw the officeholder out. Then while the new man may also be a wrong one, he is *your* wrong one. If he is only wrong in his ideas, you may be able to influence him some, and so a little progress is made.

—LOWELL MELLETT,
Handbook of Politics

HOLIDAY EVENINGS AT HOME

One of the pleasantest things any woman can do (any night of the year) is to change into something long and feminine for evenings at home. Full skirts, soft slippers and pretty puffed sleeves are divinely comfortable and becoming. Slim black trousers have come in again. Quilted skirts are worn with jersey tops. Snow-white nylon is a midwinter fashion, as well as holly-red velvet.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Rustling gold silk-gauze shantung in a double-breasted robe, velvet collar, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, by Teddy Assatly. Pearl bracelet, Seaman Schepps.

JAMES DE VRIES



Puff-sleeved embroidered nylon, holiday and year-round fashion.



Redingote robe in green-gold shantung taffeta with brown fringe, by Brigance.

Side-swept silhouette in pearl-gray rayon faille, with diagonal closing.

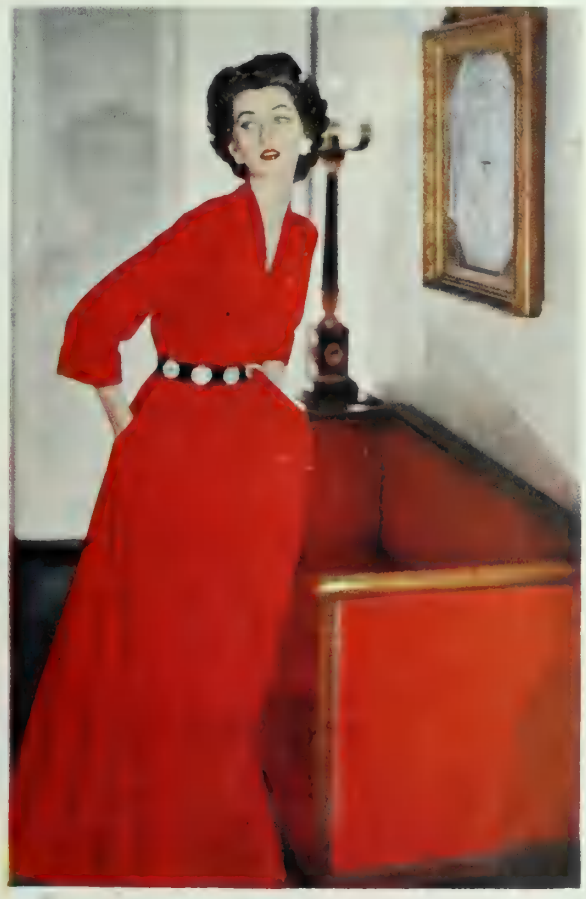




Slim rayon-faille trousers worn with an over-blouse in quilted cotton in an Oriental print.



Full-skirted quilted rayon with big puffed sleeves, scarlet grosgrain-ribbon decoration. A one-piece shirtwaist fashion, also in red ur green with white. By Norma Dare.



Crimson velvet robe designed by Joseph Whitehead, worn with a jeweled belt by Ben King.





*

You love

by Mel Heimer

Can you almost marry one girl...

SPRING was coming into the cheerful and charmin
one-room apartment through a half-opened windov
but Emily Anne Engelking paid it no never mind. Th
night air was soft and rustled the drapes, and the nois
of the trucks along Second Avenue was gentler tha
usual. Emily Anne Engelking lay scrounged on the bo
tom of her spine on a green plaid sofa along one wa
and threw darts all the way across the room at a pi
ture of Saxi Ingold on the other wall. Already she ha
made one direct hit, through the Adam's apple.

It was an interesting tableau, one of a hundre
thousand assorted scenes in a hundred thousand litt
Middle East Side apartments in Manhattan—but
you looked closely, it seemed even odder than at firs
Emily Anne Engelking was slender and blond ar
striking, in a high-cheekboned, delicate way. And Sa
Ingold's picture disclosed her to be slender and blor
and striking. This seemed logical in a way, becaus
Emily Anne and Saxi were one and the same. What
was, was symbolical.

"Rats!" muttered Emily Anne as she flung anoth
dart at the picture.

This is a brisk, blunt generation, this newest on
but in any decade Emily Anne would have bee
forthright. Oh, the symbolism—well, what she w



t this* girl?



ing was expressing her pure, violent opinion of
e trade of modeling.

Two years before, out of Grand Rapids by Saginaw,
e had left Ohio State University with a B.A. and a
sire to melt into New York and be a part of it. Being
rned but untrained, she discovered that modeling
s the only way she could turn a buck. She turned
te a few of them—about one hundred and fifty a
ek, rough average—and Harry Kilgallen, New York's
model-agency owner, changed her name to Saxi
old. Harry would die if one of his girls used her
n prosaic name.

A thousand girls might cut off their right little
gers for a chance to model for Harry Kilgallen.
ily Anne was the thousand and first. She thought,
h logic, that modeling was a ridiculous way to spend
nt or ten hours a day. You showed your teeth (girl-
laughter) or arched an eyebrow (sophistication) and
eloped flat feet while some cameraman captured
moment for posterity. It might be all right for dim-
l darlings to whom the spelling of c-a-t was a major
ject. Don't mistake our Emily Anne. She wasn't an
llectual snob. Modeling just bored her. It's possible.
fter a while, her spine began to ache and she tired
he voodoo rites. She *(Continued on Page 136)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET

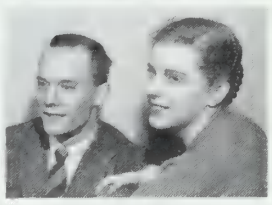
... and fall in love with another ?

Our own young

Here are four kinds of parties, favorites of our young editors,
who love to entertain, and pass on to you their recipe for success—
an easy host and hostess who are having as much fun as their guests,
because they've planned good food (including good coffee!);
with service worked out beforehand, and managed well.

Large party — on the smörgåsbord plan

"About once a month, Todd and I love to have all our friends in at once," says Polly Toland Cooke, "sometimes as many as twenty for a buffet dinner. I've found the most successful way to give large dinner parties is a buffet worked out on the *smörgåsbord* pattern—though not necessarily with *smörgåsbord* dishes." She plans two hot main dishes—like meat balls in tomato sauce, and cauliflower au gratin. She varies the number of salads according to the number of guests, suggests at least two hearties—coleslaw with crumbles of bacon, and a crab-aspic loaf. Dessert: Camembert, Gruyère and Edam cheeses with dark Swedish bread and fresh fruit.





MENU

Meat balls in tomato sauce ★
Cauliflower au gratin ★
Coleslaw with crumbles of bacon
Crab-aspic loaf ★—Tossed green salad
Swedish breads
Cheese and fresh fruit



Easy party — do it all the day before

Nora and John Smith have adopted this menu for a really easy party and it's all prepared the day before. The noodle, ham and sour cream casserole usually waits in the refrigerator a day ahead. So does a pie plate containing the graham-cracker crust for the ice-cream pie. All Nora has to do at the last minute is heat her casserole and French bread, pop frozen peas into boiling water, and fill the pie shell with ice cream.



MENU

Noodle, ham and sour-cream casserole ★
Peas—French bread
Ice-cream pie with raspberries ★

marrieds



Splurge party — serve barbecued chicken

Every now and then, most young marrieds want to give a party that goes all out for elegance, where expense is not the main concern. Barbecued chicken is a favorite of Betty and John Gray for this kind of party meal. Before the guests arrive, they set up card tables at one side of the living room, complete with linens, silver, flowers, water glasses, bread-and-butter plates with pats of butter. The dining table in their dining alcove becomes the buffet table, and guests file around and serve themselves.



MENU

Stuffed pickled-mushroom canapés ★
Barbecued chicken ★
Medley of Lima and string beans, peas
Tossed salad with avocado
Chocolate-mint roll ★

Budget party — make soup the main course

A hearty soup can be the mainstay of a wonderful party menu—whether your food budget for the month is running low or not! Betty and Bob Hoffman love to serve *minestrone;* Betty has found that it's not only delicious, but a wonderfully economical way to use up little bits of leftover vegetables and meat. The Hoffmans set up their buffet table with a big tureen of soup, and have soup bowls waiting on dinner plates (large, so the bowls won't slide off) for guests to serve themselves. Radishes, olives and crisp celery are ready on each plate for guests to munch on with the soup. Dessert is apple crisp, topped with whipped cream and coconut—perfect with a *minestrone* meal.



MENU

Minestrone with grated Parmesan ★
Radishes, olives, celery—Hot rolls
Apple crisp ★

STUART



★ *Recipes on Page 101*



the Careful hearts

She put her heart away carefully where she thought

By BETTY KJELGAARD

THERE had been a thunderstorm at dusk. Now the earth lay wilted and fragrant and the savage downpour of water had become a gentle summer rain. Serena Benton drove through town and up the street to the house where John Dawson had boarded for the past four months. She tapped the horn twice, politely, and waited.

One more hour, she thought, *and he will get on his plane for Chicago and I will stay here in Colorado and it will be over.*

The front door of the house opened. John stood etched against the light glow, saying good-by to his landlady. His voice was deep and solid and familiar in the night, and the pain quickened in Serena. She fought it intelligently.

Look, my girl, it's only natural that you'll be wincing at memories for a while. You can't see a man for sixteen weeks as often as you've been seeing John, and not get a little sentimental about the way he laughs, or his haircut. But don't worry. He'll think about the way you laugh, and your haircut too.

"Hello, Serena," John said. He put his luggage in the back of the car and climbed in beside her. He slanted a look at her and grinned. "It's not often a guy can have a chauffeur like you to drive him to an airport."

"Anything for you," Serena said. "Anything at all."

She drove between the shining boles of trees to the business district, a wet tapestry in apricot and black. Near the end of the street a little sign blinked sadly as the rain fell on it like tears. The Tavern—nothing—The Tavern—nothing.

"Good-by, *pizza*," John said, saluting. "Good-by, Cooney."

"Don't forget the hump in the floor," Serena said.

"That's right. Good-by, hump in the floor."

The town's sparkle was behind them then and they were on the forty-mile stretch of open road that led to the airport and John's plane. *Goo-ood-by, goo-ood-by,* sang the windshield wipers. Serena watched the headlights bore yellow holes into the rain, sweep distorted shapes into clarity.

A raccoon, crouched under a mountain pink, waited for them to drive by, a deer browsing in a meadow flung up its head and regarded the car with bright lanterns for eyes.

John chuckled.

"Tell me, too," Serena said.

"Cooney and his piano and his crazy songs. Ode to a Heifer! Who but Cooney would unearth a thing like that?" *(Continued on Page 158)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



His voice was deep
and solid and familiar.
The same sweet pain
hurt all over again.

othing could touch it.

I'm in love with ...a Wonderful dress

A single pattern with innumerable personalities . . . the most versatile pattern we've seen in years! Here you see it in six different versions, each excitingly new.

By Nora O'Leary
Pattern Editor of the Journal

Pièce de Résistance in ever popular gray flannel. It is a perfect background for your favorite stole or furs. In the spring it could be worn as a coat.

MUFF BY SELMA ROBINSON, HAT BY MR. JOHN



For the Office choose mauve tweed. The sleeves can be pushed up and the matching narrow belt looks neat. Wear it with your favorite jewel on the collar.

HAT BY SUZY, PIN BY MR. JOHN

© VOGUE



For Southern Wear, make it in crisp linen in your most becoming pastel color . . . perhaps turquoise. Pretty pearl buttons and matching belt.



To Wear at Home, make it in a Stewart Clan wool. Black velveteen accents the collar, sleeves and buttons. This makes a lovely fireside coat.

MARIA MARTE



A Sunday-Night Favorite in red velveteen with tiny black dots. Black velveteen collar and the short sleeves make it a different dress.



For the Theater this "love" of a dress is very elegant in rich black brocade. It could be worn as a coat over a sheath in taffeta or the same brocade.

All these dresses are made from Vogue Pattern No. 7344, 12 to 40, 60c. See Page 170.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.
*(*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)*

What are people Really like?

Revealing anecdotes about interesting human beings

ON a side street of Barcelona, sandwiched between a shoe store and a carpentry shop, is a tiny men's clothing store. Displayed in the window is a picture of President Truman, smiling and dapper, in the prepolitical days when he ran a Kansas City haber-

ACME



Harry (El Presidente) Truman and his haberdashery in his prepolitical days.

dashery. Beneath the picture, in Spanish, the hand-printed message reads proudly: "El Presidente Harry Truman—in *his* shirt shop. U.S.A.—1919."

• • •

"MY brother and I decided when we were in high school that we wanted to be more than a couple of 'nothings,'" says Eugene Jones, half of the team of twenty-six-year-old twin photographers whose assignments for a TV network took them from Korean battle fronts to top European capitals last year. "We couldn't go out and play pioneer because there were no more frontiers left to conquer. So we decided to 'shake dice with the devil,' playing with the most precious commodity—our lives."

For Eugene and Charles Jones, "shaking dice with the devil" has meant almost ten years of crack newspaper and TV photographing, beginning as sixteen-year-old staff cameramen in Washington, D. C., their home town. After finishing their eleven-to-three shifts on their papers each night, the twins cruised the streets of Washington in their car, equipped with police- and fire-department radios, looking for news in the making. "We were scared silly we'd get beat on a story," explained Charles.

They got their biggest assignment early this year, when they filmed interviews with the heads of ten European and Near East governments and won an exclusive interview with Robert Vogeler after his release from communist prison.

The twins were in Paris when they heard that Robert Vogeler was to be released from a communist prison. Within a few hours they were on a plane for Vienna, where Vogeler, his nerves shattered by his prison ordeal, was in seclusion. His wife had advised the press that her husband was not to be disturbed and the other photographers and reporters had retired. Undaunted, the twins bribed a guard to take a message to Mrs. Vogeler, enclosing a picture of themselves with President Truman (taken when the President awarded prizes to White House photographers) and hinting strongly, and without foundation, that they had been chosen to "represent the press of the whole world." The Joneses were promised three minutes with the distraught businessman; they got more than half an hour.

"He couldn't talk at first," reports Eugene Jones, "but one of us sat near him and patted his knee and told him it must have been terrible, and the other stayed with the camera. Finally he started to talk, and then he broke down and blubbered a little. Nobody had photographed his reunion with his family, so we told his wife it must have been a long time since he'd been kissed. She got all emotional and threw her arms around him, and then we got his kids to say it was good to have him home. It made good pictures."



The Jones twins: no frontiers to conquer, they "shake dice with the devil."

Asked how they felt about witnessing Vogeler's breakdown and emotional chaos, the slight, sharp-faced twins just shrugged. "It was just like covering a fire."

• • •

"TO relax," said Marian Anderson, "I simply take my portable sewing machine with me whenever I travel, and I do a great deal of sewing on my trips. My last big sewing job was to make drapes for all the windows of the guesthouse of my home. I used to make dancing dresses and evening dresses and I'd like to tackle a suit, but I don't quite trust myself with the shoulders."

We noticed that she seemed to be looking at us curiously every few moments, as if she had something on her mind. "And did you make the suit you have on?" asked Miss Anderson, her great dark eyes a little shy. "I have been admiring it since you came in and I was wondering if I might borrow the pattern."

• • •

GAYELORD HAUSER, diet expert and international pitchman for wheat germ and blackstrap molasses,



Gayelord (Beeg Business) Hauser: "Relatives are last to take one seriously."

is a tall, handsome man, broad-shouldered and elegantly friendly.

We talked to him in Chicago. "I have led an *enchanted* life. I changed my name when I was young from Helmut Hauser to Gayelord Hauser. I knew someday that name would be the right name for me.

"Now I am beeg business. Ten years ago I was considered a faddist, but now I am beeg business. It is quite a gratifying thing. I have the whole world eating wheat germ. I think I have become successful because no one has really helped middle-aged people until I became interested in them.

"I meet the famous people of the world and become their confidant. I love my associations with fascinating people."

Since many of his relatives live in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, just ninety miles from Chicago, we asked Doctor Hauser what they thought of his fame and startling success.

"You know, Miss Daly," he said with the same elegance and a quiet shrug, "relatives are *always* the last to take one seriously."

• • •

COLUMNIST John Crosby pounds a tough typewriter in his criticism of radio and TV. For his critical comments, Sherman Billingsley has barred him from the Stork Club, Ed Sullivan sent a letter saying, "At least I never tried to deprive a man of his livelihood." But more often Crosby's mail is flooded with letters from worried parents who ask, "What should I do about my children and television?"

"We have a sort of form letter for parents," explained Mr. Crosby. "We suggest they try to work out a schedule with the children, allowing them to look at only a certain number of shows per day, leaving plenty of time for playing outdoors and more creative indoor play."

And what about television rules for his own children? Mr. Crosby's tone suddenly became less "form letter" and more firm: "Our two kids are too little to really know one show from another, but my four-year-old son likes to play around with his other toys—with the television set going full blast in the background. If we turn it off, he howls—you know how four-year-olds are. So we have only one rule in our house: *If you're not going to sit still and watch the thing, turn it off!*"

• • •

HUMPHREY BOGART, professional tough guy, sometimes gets tired of movie fans, autograph hunters and the fame and fuss of Hollywood. "That's why I like the French," he told a friend recently as they took a slow sight-seeing drive through Paris. "They're sophisticated people. They're used to celebrities and they have enough sense to leave a guy alone. I can do what I want, go where I want, here. In this town I could be just anybody." Then the car pulled up for a stop light. A middle-aged man stepped from the curb, stuck his hand—his forefinger pointing pistol-like—in Bogart's window and shouted, "Bang, bang." Without another word, he straightened his beret and quietly walked away.

BY *Maureen Sheila John Kathleen Marguerite* DALY

Mother loved to cook

By

DOROTHY

DE ZOUCHE

MOTHER believed in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians and the Apostles' Creed and the immortality of the soul, but she also believed in food. Food wasn't just something you fed your family to keep them alive and quiet. Not to mother. Food was an act of love, a triumph of beauty, and a proof of the good life here and now. Mother loved to cook. The trail of pans and mixing bowls and measuring cups across the kitchen would have appalled a lesser soul. Not mother. She beat and whipped and rolled and stirred with an ecstasy most women of her generation were pouring out on Browning.

The nickels mother paid me for washing dishes fast enough to keep one mixing bowl ahead of her paid my library fines and bought my hot-fudge sundaes; and though this wrecked my business habits and worked havoc on the enamel of my teeth, it gave me a sort of permanent moral advantage over both librarians and soda clerks. Mother never admitted that she didn't like to wash dishes. Instead, she explained that she didn't have time. You couldn't keep your mind on your cooking, mother pointed out, if you were constantly stopping to wash dishes. And the secret of good cooking, mother insisted, was to keep your mind on it. That, and not to skimp on the butter. If there was anyone mother abhorred, it was a woman who skimped her family on butter. Mother had never heard of vitamin A, but she knew that butter had it, and vitamin A called by any other name was just as sweet to mother.

For instance, said mother, if you want French toast to taste like French toast you have to fry it in butter. The reason most French toast tastes like bread pudding is that it's fried in something that isn't butter, or because it's dipped into something that isn't cream and egg—probably skim milk and egg, mother added with a shudder. Besides, most women were too lazy to blend the sugar with the cinnamon before they rolled the bread in it. If women could only realize the importance of blending! Of course if they wanted to skimp on butter and eggs and starve their families, it was none of her business, mother always admitted with a shrug, but you'd think they'd care something about the future of the race.

Then this business of frying apples. Nothing but butter would do for them either. Naturally if you just dumped a lot of odd-sized hunks of slashed-up apple into a skillet and plunked in some fat and sugar and cooked them at high heat, *stirring them*, you could hardly expect to come out with anything fit to put on a platter with sausage. The way to make fried apples a thing of beauty on a breakfast platter was to cut them carefully into eighths, roll them in sugar and salt (blended), place them in circles in the skillet so that they didn't touch, and fry them slowly to a golden brown in sizzling butter, turning them one by one with a fork. Yes, it took more time and was more trouble to cook them this way, mother admitted, but after all there simply are no short cuts to good cooking. Probably there would always be women who would stir fried apples, just as there would always be women who wouldn't bother to make French seams or crochet edging on their little girls' panties; but God, said mother reverently, had blessed her with more vision than this.

And it was no wonder people didn't like carrots, mother said. They were never decently cooked. People seemed to have no imagination where carrots were concerned. How could you expect a discerning little child to beg for carrots if you merely boiled them and slung them on a plate? No, carrots, after a quick cooking in a steam cooker, must be sliced into a saucepan of melted butter, a dash of sugar and a dash of salt added, and cooked down slowly until the butter had disappeared and the carrot disks were a golden brown. Then you had the real carrot flavor and your children had to be reminded not to gobble them.

Sweet potatoes were treated the same way. Boil them quickly, peel them, halve them, roll them in sugar and salt and cinnamon, and brown them long and slowly in butter which came up well to the edge of the skillet. Use plenty of sugar, said mother. Sugar is a food and necessary for energy. People without sufficient sugar in their diets were likely to let gates sag on their hinges and holes go unmended in their screens.

Yes, butter loomed large in our lives. Frequently mother churned her own, patting it into a cloverleaf mold and wrapping it in a sterile damp cloth. It was not only better than store butter, mother admitted modestly, but so much more artistic. It was butter, too, mother insisted, that made corncakes an aesthetic triumph; butter that made fried chicken something your guests talked about years afterward; and butter that produced cake which kept your husband a home-loving man. If women would only learn to use butter lavishly and save on other trifles, such as reversing the window shades and making over their husbands' trousers into skirts for their little girls, civilization would progress much more rapidly, mother was certain.

As to fried chicken, mother used to choke with indignation over the way people ruined it. You'd think anyone would know by instinct, said mother, how to cook it. It was mother's opinion that more human stomachs had *(Continued on Page 111)*

GOD HELP ME

By Eddie Cantor

"God help me" is muttered subconsciously, cried out in sudden agony or embellished in elaborate prayers in all the languages of the world. And that's as it should be. This is one place you can be sure of an audience.

In these days of suffering and confusion, the whole universe is praying, and it must keep God pretty busy. Wouldn't it be fine if we helped Him? Why not appoint yourself one of God's workers? Don't leave it all up to Him. Too many of us pray for more money, new jobs, better health, and relax with an attitude of "God, You take it from here." We ought to follow through on our prayers, do our part in making them come true.

In any school system in the world, there comes a day when the teacher no longer works out the problem, when it's up to the pupil to practice the theories he has learned. We accept that system. We can't wait for the time when we will be on our own, proud to show how much we've learned. Why do we offer less to God? Why, after learning His principles, are we so afraid to follow them? Why are we too lazy to decide which of His teachings apply in an everyday problem? Why do we so casually toss aside our responsibilities and cry out, "God help me"?

Our obligations also extend beyond helping ourselves. You have got to think of the other fellow. And once you start, you won't be able to stop. More potent than any drug is the thrill that comes when you've helped raise money for a nation in need, when you know that you had a part in making the difference between life and death for starving people, when you've seen a crippled child walk after treatment at a hospital to which you have contributed, when you've seen the expression in a man's eyes after you've been unexpectedly kind. Rich or poor, all of us have what it takes to help another—something that money can't buy: the power of kindness.

There is a tendency today to feel that our efforts are inconsequential in shaping the destiny of the world. As individuals, this is partially true, but actions and thoughts are contagious. When you act as God's emissary, those around you absorb some of your thinking and pass it on to others. Think of the potentialities of a world praying, in humility and sincerity, "God, let me help You," instead of "God help me."



Menu

(Planned for 8)

Tomato Consommé
Roast Turkey with Sausage Stuffing
Cranberry Jelly
Green Beans — Creamed Onions with Carrots
Rolls — Celery Victor
Christmas Pudding with Hard Sauce
Coffee



to each and all

Merry Christmas

by Ann Batchelder

WHATEVER happens in the world, nothing can prevent the season's rolling round; and when December comes, you just can't help getting that Christmas feeling—and who would resist it? It's part of the rounding out of the year—it's as full of memories and tradition and sentiment as a plum pudding is of raisins.

It seems to me not very wise to meddle with family traditions when the holidays are here. Whatever is the family custom, that is what it should be. You know how it is. Some people hold by roast goose and there are folks who go for roast pig; but up where I came from, as well as in numberless other places, they'd as soon forget the day of the month as not to have roast turkey for Christmas dinner. The fact of having disposed of one a while back, at Thanksgiving, doesn't make any difference. Turkey is their Christmas choice. Personally, I wouldn't have any other bird on that day. And that's about as far as my bigotry goes. I'm bigoted and set on that point. For it is a family tradition. Otherwise my mind is as wide open as a steamed clam. What could be fairer than that! Now let's get on with the turkey and such, and let me start out with the age-old wish—a Merry Christmas to each and all! And that means *all*.

(Continued on Page 106)

STUART-FOWLER

Line a Day

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 To an already marvelous collection of cookbooks, dating from the eighteenth century to the day before yesterday, has been added, by way of a good friend's thoughtfulness, a unique volume called OPERATION VITTLES. It's a book of receipts made up by the wives of the occupation forces stationed in Germany. There many fine cooks of many nationalities seem to have gathered together, and OPERATION VITTLES is the result. One longs to try "Fast Apple," to take a flier with "Chicken Galabki," "Country Gentleman" and "Heaven-Knows-What Chicken," and scores more. We salute the good cooks in Germany.

2 Surprises come in many guises. Here's one in baking-powder biscuits. Make your biscuits as usual, adding a teaspoon or so of fine crushed dry or minced fresh sage or savory. Or add the herbs to softened butter for the biscuit spread. Serve hot with ham or pork. They're delicious and likely to make you famous.

3 A beef stew may cause thrills or chills, depending on the stew. A bucker-upper for such is a liberal supply of tiny potato balls fried to a crisp in deep fat and added last. Keep this in mind next stew day.

4 From neighbor Mexico we pick up some news on rice. It's rice flavored with saffron, and as it steams toward the end, tiny clams in the shell are put on top and steamed to open. So the juice runs into the rice and you pick out the clams with a pick. Nice idea, good eating.

5 "An omelet is to cooking what a sonnet is to poetry"—Alexandre Dumas. This great French novelist and dramatist was also a fine judge of food and something of a cook himself. Adding a tablespoon of cream to a plain omelet just before folding was an idea I borrowed from him and found worthy.

6 If you are not fond of boiled tongue, it may be the sauce that's at fault. Try a creole sauce of tomato catchup, adding cut tomatoes, green peppers, onions, pimiento and chopped green olives. Have everything very fine. It's a *sauce* you're making.

7 Now, to give a fish some reason to be proud, boil some little beets. Yes, *beets;* they go well with fish. Scoop them out, fill them with horse-radish sauce and the fish will give that garnish the eye before you can say "knife."

8 And about that horse-radish sauce. Add grated (well-drained) horse-radish to whipped cream and season it well. Goes lovely with the beets and is as good with cold meat as with fish.

9 And one more word about beets. With most any meat, you might try serving hot chopped beets mixed with chopped anchovies. Bet the anchovies are as astonished as you are, but the result is good.

10 For the appetizer tray, little shrimp need a dip. Here's one that's good for shrimp—also for raw cauliflower. Take ½ cup mayonnaise. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, a hint of curry and beat it up. Dip the shrimp. Here's a legitimate use for toothpicks.

11 Like hunting a coon in a cornfield is the search for something new and sophisticated for the hors d'oeuvre tray. Some folks spend all their waking hours dreaming up a fancy to mystify their guests. It's a lifework. Genius strives no harder to achieve a masterpiece. And success is its own reward.

WAYNE ANDREWS



Christ Church, Lancaster, Massachusetts

12 One such, as simple as a slice of cold toast, is made by mixing equal parts of deviled ham with cream cheese; spread on potato chips and stick the chips together or leave them single and sprinkle with paprika.

13 French onion soup skips to Italy when it acquires a good bunch of cooked macaroni (or uncooked added the last twenty minutes to the soup pot). The soup can't function without Parmesan cheese. That makes it Italian-French, or vice versa. Good either way.

14 A red-hot baked potato, crackly outside and mealy inside, is awful good, and it smells as good as it looks and tastes. Broken open, with salt and pepper and butter tucked inside, even with hamburgers, you can't beat it.

15 But if you want to dress up a baked potato, try this. Split lengthwise and sprinkle with minced chives, dust with paprika and add little snips of pimiento. This is for the oh's and ah's.

16 With pimientos on my mind, I might as well add another suggestion. Chop up a couple of those big flat ones out of a can or jar and add them to your Sunday-night scrambled eggs.

17 A new one for me: whipped cream flavored with molasses and spiced with clove and cinnamon, served with gingerbread. That certainly had me tied until I ate it. It's great stuff. Believe me, *great*.

18 I don't want celery seed in everything, but I will admit that a little celery seed tossed in with a green salad is a thought and worth thinking about.

19 Know anyone who won't like vanilla ice cream doused with melted mint jelly or mint sirup and then covered with shaved chocolate or chocolate chips?

20 Eaten at a Williamsburg inn by one of our girls and reported good: apple juice, chilled to the bone, as they say, served with a scoop of orange sherbet plumped squarely in the glass.

21 Vanilla pudding, that molded custard-cup job that's a lazy thing but tastes all right, is like double talk, and how you fool 'em when you sprinkle it all over with tangerine or orange rind, delicately grated, as you know how.

22 An herb-flavored broiled chicken is something to remember and copy. Brush the chicken (split) with fragrant herb butter (rosemary is the thing) and broil, basting as you go, with the butter. Be careful—watch that no burn takes over.

23 Broiled or fried tomato slices sprinkled with fine basil are a wonder-working garnish for pork chops. Any tomato dish cries out for basil, as I've told you before. But don't forget it.

24 You can grow sweet basil and any number of other herbs in your kitchen windows. In pots. Water sparingly, but water. And ask the sun to help you. And the moon to lend its magic. They'll help.

25 Often you come across on a French menu this item: "*Omelette aux fines herbes.*" Don't be scared. You can make it—a beautiful omelet seasoned with finely minced parsley, chives and chervil. Takes about a teaspoon of each for a six-egg omelet. It pays off in a big way. (Don't forget to add the cream.)

26 Talking about omelets, do one this way and repeat ad lib: Prepare your omelet as usual. Fry small slices of tomato very carefully. Sprinkle with basil, season. Fold in the center of the omelet when it's ready to fold. Serve hot, but *hot*.

27 I don't like sieved applesauce and that's that. But I do like baked applesauce made this way: Pare, core and quarter 6 medium-size apples. Put into a deep casserole. Add ¾ cup sugar and ½ cup water. Cover and bake very slowly until a rich color.

28 And most apple pies benefit, I find, by adding about a teaspoon of lemon juice and a touch of grated rind along with the spice (cinnamon for me).

29 If you find yourself left with a few canned peaches, apricots and pears, make a fruit-compote pie. Double crust or deep dish, it's even better than one fruit alone.

30 Recommended for a wintry day: Two parts creamy, seasoned mashed potatoes and one part finely shredded corned beef. Whip together until light and foamy. Put in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle grated cheese over the top and put in the oven to brown.

31 Now a Merry Christmas—it's an old wish but a true one and from my heart. God bless us every one.



With holiday bustle and mealtime hustle . . .

take it easy . . . serve Good Hot Soup

BY Anne Marshall





ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

HERE again is that happiest season of the year—and for Mother, the busiest! With all she has to do, one thing can't be neglected—good, hearty meals.

Now there's where maybe I can help. Why not let soup take over? Soup's nourishing, of course, and you have so many substantial main-dish soups to choose from. Soup's specially-appealing to appetites in winter: that's why December beats all months in soup eating. Soup's quick to serve, too—just four minutes from soup shelf to table—and it's so pleasantly easy on Christmas-strained budgets.

On this page are three delicious soups to plan meals around, and some menu suggestions. So—here's an easier and happier Merry Christmas-*time* to you!



A clever cook keeps a full soup shelf.

TOMATO SOUP Gets the Spotlight

No doubt, like millions, you rely on "the soup most folks like best". Your entire family—from Grandma down to Junior—just love this blend of luscious tomatoes and creamery butter. Your menu:

Tomato Soup
Frizzled Dried Beef with Cream Sauce on Toasted Rolls or Muffins
Chocolate Layer Cake
(Meal Fixing Time 15 minutes)



CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP brings a welcome taste of Spring

Here, in the crisp, cold days of winter, what's more tempting than to sit down to this smooth purée of springtime's favorite—tender garden asparagus!

Cream of Asparagus Soup
Chili Con Carne (Canned) **Hot French Bread**
Lemon Pudding
(Meal Fixing Time 15 minutes)

VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP makes a marvelous main dish

Rich, deep-flavored beef stock, fine garden vegetables and tender pieces of beef all through it—truly a soup to set before your family and friends on any occasion.

Vegetable Beef Soup
Mushroom Soup Cream Sauce on Quartered Eggs and Rice
Warm Apple Pie
(Meal Fixing Time 20 minutes)

THE ALCOHOLIC

Alcoholism is the abnormal and uncontrollable use of alcohol to an extent seriously detrimental to physical and mental health. This condition is now recognized as an important medical and public health problem.

The National Committee on Alcoholism estimates that there are about 65 million people in our count who drink alcoholic beverages t least occasionally. Only 4 million of them, however, have found that the use of alcohol constitutes a problem in their lives.

The National Committee also reports that about 750,000 of these users of alcohol have drunk uncontrollably to such an extent as to have seriously impaired their health. Physicians label this last group as true chronic alcoholics.

Fortunately, medical, health, welfare and religious agencies, industrial and other employers have taken a practical, realistic view toward alcoholism. This enlightened approach offers great hope to all chronic alcoholics—as well as to those who risk this condition.

1. What is the cause of alcoholism?

Authorities have found no *one* cause for this condition. Research shows, however, that alcoholics are usually people who do not seem able to face life in a mature manner because of some underlying mental or emotional condition which the alcoholic himself may not clearly recognize. They seem to seek escape by excessive drinking—and eventually they become dependent on alcohol just to go on living.

Some authorities also believe that an alcoholic's body chemistry differs from that of normal persons, and that this difference results in an unnatural appetite for alcohol. Excessive drinking, however, is in all cases a *symptom*. Often the symptom can be removed, but it is very apt to return unless the underlying trouble is eliminated.

2. How can medical science help the alcoholic?

Although there is no specific remedy for alcoholism, much can be done to help a person stop drinking completely. The success of any form of treatment, however, depends upon the alcoholic himself who must absolutely want to break the habit. Once he has stopped, most authorities agree that the real alcoholic cannot drink again with safety.

Psychotherapy may be used to help the patient recognize his problems and how to deal with them without the use of alcohol. Certain medicines, which should be used only under the guidance of a doctor, are also available. These medicines may help to wean the patient away from drink.

It is important, too, for the alcoholic to re-establish a routine of healthful living through proper diet, sufficient relaxation and sleep, and attention to other health measures that are usually disrupted by excessive drinking. In some cases, occupational guidance may be appropriate.

3. How can everyone help the alcoholic?

The general public—all of us—can help overcome the prejudices that have long existed about alcoholics by looking upon chronic drinkers as persons subject to serious physical and mental handicaps.

We must also help them to obtain the type of treatment that they need. This treatment may be individual or group therapy given by the doctor, or mutual aid through organizations such as Alcoholics Anonymous.

We can also support and encourage the development of programs for the *scientific* study and control of this problem. In these ways, we can all do our part toward restoring thousands of men and women to healthy, happy, useful lives. Additional information on alcoholism is in Metropolitan's free booklet,1251-J, "The Alcoholic."



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Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 1251-J, "The Alcoholic."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

MY COUSIN RACHEL

(Continued from Page 40)

"Ambrose was hiding behind the screen in the dining room, and watched you open up the pie. He told me he would never forget the look of amazement on your face when you lifted the crust and Don struggled out. You were ten years old, and it was the first of April."

She looked up from patting Don, and smiled at me; and to my great discomfiture I saw tears in her eyes, gone upon the instant.

"I owe you an apology for not coming down to dinner," she said. "You had made so much preparation, just for me, and must have come hurrying home long before you wanted. But I was very tired. I would have made a poor sort of companion. It seemed to me it would be easier for you if you dined alone."

I thought of how I had tramped about the estate from east to west so as to keep her waiting, and I said nothing.

"Seecombe told me how busy you were, and how much there is to do," she said. "You mustn't make any sort of alteration in your day tomorrow because of me. I just want to say one thing, which is thank you, Philip, for letting me come."

"It can't have been easy for you."

She rose then, and crossed over to the window to draw the curtains. Perhaps I should have drawn the curtains for her. I stood up, awkwardly, in an attempt to do so, but it was too late anyway. She came back beside the fire, and we both sat down again.

"It was such a strange feeling," she said, "driving through the park, and up to the house, and Seecombe standing by the door to welcome me. I've done it so many times, you know, in fancy. Everything was just as I had imagined it. Ambrose had described it all so well to me, from the entrance hall to every room in the house. He even sketched them for me, so that today, I well believe, I could find my way blindfold." She paused a moment. "It was perceptive of you, to let me have these rooms. They were the ones we meant to use, had we been together."

"I hope you'll be comfortable," I said. "Nobody seems to have been in here since somebody called Aunt Phoebe."

"Aunt Phoebe fell lovesick of a curate, and went away to Tonbridge to mend a broken heart," she said. "But the heart proved stubborn, and Aunt Phoebe took a chill that lasted twenty years. Did you ever hear the story?"

"No," I said, and glanced across at her, under my eyes. She was looking into the fire, smiling, I suppose, at the thought of Aunt Phoebe. Her hands were clasped on her lap in front of her. They were very slender, very narrow, like the hands of someone in a portrait painted by an old master, and left unfinished. "Well," I said, "what happened to Aunt Phoebe?"

"The chill left her, after twenty years, at sight of another curate. But by then Aunt Phoebe was five and forty. She married the second curate."

"Was the marriage a success?"

"No," said my Cousin Rachel. "She died on her wedding night—of shock."

She turned and looked at me, her mouth twitching, yet her eyes still solemn, and suddenly I had a vision of Ambrose telling the story, as he must have done, hunched in his chair, his shoulders shaking; with her looking up at him in just this way, concealing laughter. I could not help myself. I smiled at Cousin Rachel, and something happened to her eyes, and she smiled back at me.

"I think you made it up this instant," said, immediately regretting the smile.

"I did nothing of the sort," she said "Seecombe will know the story. Ask him."

I shook my head. "He would not think fitting. I forgot to ask you if he brought you anything for dinner."

"Yes. A cup of soup, a wing of chicken and a deviled kidney. All were excellent."

"You realize, of course, there are n women servants in the house? No one to loo after you, to hang your gowns, only youn John or Arthur to fill your bath?"

"I much prefer it. Women chatter so; an as to my gowns, all mourning is the same. have only brought this, and one other. have strong shoes for walking."

"If it rains like this tomorrow you wi have to stay indoors," I said. "There ar plenty of books in the library."

HER mouth twitched again, she looked a me gravely. "I could always polish th silver," she said. I could swear from he expression that she had guessed the array c relics came from a long-locked cupboard And that behind her large eyes she wa laughing at me.

I looked away. I had laughed with he once, I would not laugh with her again.

"At the villa," sh said, "when it was ver hot, we would sit out i a little court that there, with a fountai Ambrose would tell m to close my eyes, an listen to the wate making believe that was the rain falling a home. He had a grea theory, you know, tha I should shrink an shiver in the Englis climate. I was city-bred he said, and overcivi lized. Once I remembe I came down to dinne wearing a new gow and he told me I reeke of old Rome. 'You' freeze in that at home he said. 'It will be flan nel next the skin, and a woolen shawl.' haven't forgotten his advice. I bought th shawl."

I glanced up. Indeed she had one, blac like her dress, lying on the stool beside he

"In England," I said, "especially dow here, we lay great stress upon the weathe We have to, by the sea. The soil is poor, an with four days out of seven wet we're ver dependent on the sun when it does shine This will take off tomorrow, I dare say, an you'll get your walk."

"'Boy town, and Bawden's meadow," sh said, "Kemp's close, and Beef Park. Kilmoo and Beacon Field, the Twenty Acres, an the West Hills."

I looked at her, astonished. "You know the names of the Barton lands?" I said.

"Why, yes, I've known them by hear now for near two years," she answered.

I was silent. There seemed nothing I could say in answer.

Then, "It's rough walking for a woman, I told her gruffly.

"But I have strong shoes," she answered The foot she thrust out from beneath he gown was clad in a black velvet slipper.

"That?" I asked.

"Of course not, something larger."

I could not picture her tramping about th fields, however much she saw herself.

"Can you ride?" I asked her.

"No."

"Can you sit up on a horse if you were led?"

"I might do that," she answered, "but would have to hold on to the saddle with both hands. Isn't there something called a pommel on which one balances?" She pu the question with great earnestness, her eye

(Continued on Page 71)

Is it true that life—even ordinary life—is limited and imprisoned by its handicaps? The very opposite is true. Every individual has the capacity for his own fulfillment. His handicaps, his deficiencies, his frustrations may be the very means by which he rises to creative levels. No man is entitled to sit back and declare himself defeated; he must weave from the circumstances of his life—from his abilities, his insufficiencies, his courage and his fears; from the strength of his joy and the ache of his pain—the pattern and texture of a life fulfilled. If he refuses, he and all life everywhere will be defrauded. A. POWELL DAVIES, D.D.: The Faith of an Unrepentant Liberal.

Mrs. Francis Irénée du Pont, II

... ALL THE WARMTH AND FRIENDLINESS
OF HER INNER SELF SPARKLE FROM HER FACE

You feel your heart being cajoled away the minute you see young Mrs. du Pont. Her face has such a radiant way of showing the underlying sympathy and bright warmth of her *real* Self. *Your* face, too, is telling *your* story wherever you go. Make very sure it reflects all the lovely magic that is *really You*.



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(Continued from Page 68)

solemn, yet I was certain there was laughter hidden there, and she wished to draw me.

"I'm not sure," I said stiffly, "if we have a lady's saddle. I'll ask Wellington. Do you think I should ask Seecombe to search the closets, and see if Aunt Phoebe left a riding habit?"

"I shan't need a habit," she said, "not if you lead me gently, and I just balance on that pommel."

At that moment Seecombe knocked upon the door, and entered, bearing in his hands a silver kettle upon a monstrous tray, likewise a silver teapot and a canister. I had never set eyes upon the things before.

"Tea is served, madam," said Seecombe.

And, "Thank you, Seecombe," she answered solemnly.

"What about breakfast, madam?" asked Seecombe. "Mr. Philip has his in the dining room at eight o'clock."

"I would like mine in my room," she said. "Mr. Ashley used to say no woman was fit to look upon before eleven. Will that give trouble?"

"Certainly not, madam."

"Then thank you, Seecombe, and good night."

"Good night, madam. Good night, sir. Come, dogs." He snapped his fingers; they followed him from the room reluctantly.

There was silence for a few moments, and then she said softly, "Would you like some tea? I understand it is a Cornish custom."

My dignity went. "I'll tell you something," I said. "I have never seen this tray before, nor the kettle, nor the teapot."

Cousin Rachel smiled. "I didn't think you had," she said. "I saw the look in your eyes when Seecombe brought them into the room."

"Is it really the thing to do?" I asked. "To drink tea after dinner?"

"Of course," she said, "in high society. When ladies are present."

"We never have it on Sundays, when the Kendalls and the Pascoes come to dinner."

"Perhaps Seecombe does not consider them high society," she said. "I'm very flattered. I like my tea. You can eat the bread and butter." This, too, was an innovation. Pieces of thin bread, rolled like small sausages.

"I'm surprised they knew how to do this in the kitchen," I said, swallowing them down. "They're very good."

She drank her tea. "If you want to smoke your pipe, you may."

I stared at her, surprised. "In a lady's boudoir? Seecombe will think it very wrong," I said. "He'll smell it in the morning."

"I'll open the window before I go to bed," she said. "It will all blow out, with the rain."

"The rain will come in and spoil the carpet," I said. "Then that will be worse than the smell of the pipe."

"It can be rubbed down with a cloth," she said. "How pernickety you are, like an old gentleman."

"I thought women minded about such things."

"They do, when they have nothing else to worry them," she said.

It struck me suddenly, as I smoked my pipe, sitting there in Aunt Phoebe's boudoir, that this was not at all the way I had intended to spend the evening. I had planned a few words of icy courtesy and an abrupt farewell, leaving the interloper dismissed.

I glanced at her with half-closed eyes. She put the cup and saucer back on the tray. Once again I was aware of her hands, narrow and small and very white.

She wore two rings, fine stones both of them, on her fingers, yet they seemed to clash in no way with her mourning, nor be out of keeping with her person. I was glad I had the bowl of my pipe to hold, and the stem to bite upon; it made me feel more like myself and less like a sleepwalker, muddled by a dream. There were things I should be doing, things I should be saying, and here I was sitting like a fool before the fire, unable to collect my thoughts or my impressions.

"If it's fine, then, tomorrow morning," she said, "will you really find a horse for me that will be steady and quiet, so I can sit up on him, and go and see the Barton acres?"

"Yes," I said, "if you want to go."

"I needn't bother you. Wellington shall lead me."

"No. I can take you. I have nothing else to do."

"Wait, though," she said. "You forget it will be Saturday. That's the morning you pay the wages. We'll wait till afternoon."

I looked down at her, nonplused. "Great heavens," I said, "how in the world do you know that I pay the wages Saturday?"

To my dismay, and great embarrassment, her eyes grew bright suddenly, and wet, as they had done earlier, when she talked of my tenth birthday. And her voice became much harder than before.

"If you don't know," she said, "you have less understanding than I thought. Stay here a moment; I have a present for you."

She opened the door, and passed into the blue bedroom opposite, and returned within a moment, carrying a stick in her hand.

"Here," she said, "take it, it's yours. Everything else you can sort out and see another time, but I wanted to give you this myself, tonight."

It was Ambrose's walking stick. The one he always used. The one with the gold band, and the dog's head carved in ivory.

"Thank you," I said awkwardly. "Thank you very much."

"Now go," she said, "please go, quickly." And she pushed me from the room, and shut the door.

I was down early the following morning, and immediately after breakfast walked across to the stables and summoned Wellington.

It is the melancholy face that gets stung by the bee.
—JAPANESE PROVERB.

"Mrs. Ashley cannot ride," I told him. "All she wants is something to sit upon, and to cling on to."

"We'd better put her up on Solomon," said the old coachman. Solomon had been hunted years back, but now took his ease chiefly in the meadow.

"What time does the mistress wish to start?"

"Sometime after noon," I said shortly. "You can bring Solomon to the front door. I shall be leading Mrs. Ashley myself."

Then I turned back to the estate room in the house, to check the accounts before the men came for their wages. The mistress indeed. Was that how they looked upon her? Wellington, and Seecombe, and the rest? I supposed in a sense it was natural, yet I thought how swiftly men, especially menservants, became fools when in the presence of a woman. I worked away at my accounts.

At noon the servants came, and the men who worked outside, in the stables, woods and gardens, and I gave them their money; then I noticed that Tamlyn, the head gardener, was not among them. I inquired the reason, and was told that he was somewhere about the grounds with "the mistress."

Some instinct told me where I should find Tamlyn and my Cousin Rachel. I was right. They were in the forcing ground, where we had brought on the camellias and the oleanders and the other young trees that Ambrose had brought back from his travels.

I had never been an expert—I had left that to Tamlyn—and now as I rounded the corner and came upon them, I could hear her talking about cuttings, and layers, and a north aspect, and the feeding of the soil, and Tamlyn listening to it all. She smiled at the sight of me and rose to her feet. She had been kneeling on a piece of sacking, examining the shoots of a young tree.

"I've been out since half past ten," she said. "I looked for you to ask permission, but could not find you, so I did a bold thing and went down myself to Tamlyn's cottage to make myself known to him. You see, Philip, I brought with me to Plymouth—I could not get them in the carriage, they will follow on by carrier—all the plants and shrubs that we had collected, Ambrose and I. I have the lists

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here with me, and where he wished them to go, and I thought it would save time if I talked over the list with Tamlyn. I may be gone when the carrier brings the load."

"That's all right," I said. "You both understand these things better than I do."

"We've finished, haven't we, Tamlyn?" she said. "And will you please thank Mrs. Tamlyn for that cup of tea she gave me, and tell her that I do so hope her sore throat will be better by this evening? Oil of eucalyptus is the remedy; I will send some down to her."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tamlyn. "I've learned some things this morning, Mr. Philip, sir, that I never thought to learn from a lady. Mrs. Ashley knows more about gardening than I do, or ever will."

"Nonsense, Tamlyn," said my Cousin Rachel. "I only know about trees and shrubs. As to fruit, I haven't the least idea how to set about growing a peach; and remember, you haven't yet taken me round the walled garden. You shall do so tomorrow."

"Whenever you wish, ma'am," said Tamlyn, and she bade him good morning and we set back toward the house.

"If you have been out since after ten," I said to her, "you will want to rest now."

"Rest?" she said. "Who talks of resting? I have been looking forward to my ride all morning. Are you going to lead me, or shall Wellington?"

"No," I said, "I'll take you. And I warn you, you may be able to teach Tamlyn about camellias, but you won't be able to do the same with me and farming."

"I know oats from barley," she said. "Doesn't that impress you?"

"Not a jot," I said. "Anyway, you won't find either on the acres; they're all harvested."

When we came to the house I discovered that Seecombe had laid out a cold luncheon of meat and salad in the dining room, complete with pies and puddings as though we were to sit for dinner. My Cousin Rachel glanced at me, her face quite solemn, yet that look of laughter behind her eyes.

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.
—VOLTAIRE.

"You are a young man, and you have not finished growing," she said. "Eat, and be thankful. Put a piece of that pie in your pocket and I will ask you for it when we are on the West Hills. I am going upstairs now to dress myself suitably for riding."

At least, I thought to myself as I tucked into the cold meat with hearty appetite, *she does not expect waiting upon or other niceties; she has a certain independence of spirit that would seem, thank the Lord, unfeminine.* The only irritation was that my manner with her, which I hoped was cutting, she apparently took in good part and enjoyed. My sarcasm was misread as joviality.

I HAD scarcely finished eating when Solomon was brought round to the door. I went to tell Seecombe we would be out till after four, and when I returned my Cousin Rachel had come downstairs and was already mounted. Wellington was adjusting her stirrup. She had changed into another mourning gown, cut somewhat fuller than the other, and instead of a hat she had wound her black lace shawl about her hair for covering. For some reason I remembered what she had said the night before about Ambrose teasing her, how he had told her once that she reeked of old Rome.

I think I knew now what he meant. Her features were like those stamped on a Roman coin, definite, yet small; and now with that lace shawl wound about her hair she seemed more distant, more remote and more . . . Italian.

She heard my footstep, and turned toward me; and it went swiftly, the distant look, the foreign look. She looked now as she had before.

"Ready?" I said. "Or are you fearful of falling?"

"I put my trust in you and Solomon," she answered.

"Very well, then. Come on." And taking the bridle, I set off with her to tour the Barton acres.

The wind of the day before had blown itself upcountry, taking the rain with it, and since noon the sun had broken through and the sky was clear. There was a salty brightness in the air, lending a zest to walking, and you could hear the running swell of the sea as it broke upon the rocks fringing the bay.

Ours was a strange pilgrimage. We started off by visiting the Barton, and it was as much as I could do to prevent Billy Rowe and his wife from inviting us inside the farmhouse to sit down to cakes and cream; in fact, it was only by the promise of doing so on Monday that I got Solomon and my Cousin Rachel through the gates at all, up onto the stubble of the West Hills.

THE Barton lands form a peninsula, the Beacon Fields forming the farther end of it, and the sea running into bays, east and west, on either side. As I had told her, the corn had all been carried, and I could lead old Solomon wherever I pleased; he could do no damage on the stubble. The larger part of the Barton land is grazing land anyway, and to make a thorough tour of it all we kept close to the sea, and finally brought up by the beacon itself, so that looking back she could see the whole run of the estate, bounded on the western side by the great stretch of sandy bay and three miles to the eastward by the estuary.

Remembering her talk of the night before, I tried to test my Cousin Rachel on the names of the Barton fields, but could not fault her; she knew them all.

She did not throw her information at me; it was rather I, my curiosity piqued, who led her on to disclose it, and when she gave me the names, and spoke of the people, it was as a matter of course and with something of wonder that I should think it strange.

"What do you suppose we talked of, Ambrose and I?" she said to me at last. "His home was his passion, therefore I made it mine. Would you not expect a wife of yours to do the same?"

"Not possessing a wife, I cannot say. But I should have thought that since you have lived on the Continent all your life your interests would have been entirely different."

"So they were," she said, "until I met Ambrose."

"Except for gardens, I gather."

"Except for gardens," she agreed. "At the villa, when I was young and first married—I am not referring to Ambrose—I was not very happy, so I distracted myself by designing afresh the gardens there, replanting much of them, and terracing the walks; I sought advice, and shut myself up with books, and the results were very pleasing—at least I thought so, and was told so. I wonder what you would think of them."

I glanced up at her. Her profile was turned toward the sea, and she did not know that I was looking at her. What did she mean? Had not my godfather told her I had been to the villa? It struck me now that it was odd she had said nothing last night about my visit to Florence, odder still that she made no reference to the manner in which I had learned of Ambrose's death.

Could it be that my godfather shirked that issue, and left it to me to break it to her? I cursed him to myself for an old blunderer and a coward, and yet as I did so I knew that it was I myself who was the coward now. This was the moment to say, "I have seen the gardens at your Villa Sangalletti. Didn't you know?" But she made a coaxing sound to Solomon and he moved on. "Can we go past the mill, and up through the woods the other side?" she asked. I had lost my opportunity, and we went on back toward home.

Wellington was waiting at the house to help her dismount. She went upstairs to rest before she changed for dinner, and I sat down in the library, frowning and wondering how I was to tell her about Florence.

The worst of the business was that had my godfather told her of it in his letter it would have been for her to open the subject, and I to relax and wait for what she said. As

(Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 72)

things stood at present, the move must come from me.

I washed my hands, and changed my coat for dinner, and put into my pocket the two last letters Ambrose had written me, and when I went into the drawing room, expecting to see her seated there, the room was empty. Seecombe, passing that moment through the hall, told me that "Madam" had gone into the library.

Now that she no longer sat on Solomon, above me, and had taken off the head shawl, and had smoothed her hair, she seemed even smaller than before, and more defenseless. Paler, too, by candlelight, and her mourning gown darker in comparison.

"Do you mind my sitting here?" she said. "The drawing room is lovely in the daytime, but somehow now, at evening, with the curtains drawn and the candles lit, this room seems the best. Besides, it was where you and Ambrose always sat together."

Now perhaps was my chance. Now to say, "Yes, you have nothing like this at the villa." I was silent, and the dogs came in to make distraction. *After dinner*, I said to myself, *after dinner is the time*.

At dinner she admired the rose bowl and the candlesticks, and talked to Seecombe as he handled the courses. All the while I was in a sweat that he should say, "That happened, madam, or this occurred, when Mr. Philip was away in Italy."

I could hardly wait for dinner to be over, and for the pair of us to be alone again, though it brought me nearer to my task. We sat before the library fire, and she brought out some embroidery and began to work upon it.

"TELL me what it is that is bothering you," she said, after a while. "Don't deny there is anything, because I shall know you are not speaking the truth. Ambrose used to tell me I had an animal's instinct for trouble, and I sense it with you tonight. I have not said anything to hurt you, have I?"

Well, here it was. "You've said nothing to hurt me," I replied, "but a chance remark of yours confounded me a little. Could you tell me what Nick Kendall said in the letter he wrote to Plymouth?"

"Why, certainly," she said. "He thanked me for my letter, he told me that you both knew already the facts of Ambrose's death, that Signor Rainaldi had written to hin sending copies of the death certificate an other particulars, and that you invited m here for a short visit until my plans wer formed; indeed, he suggested that I shoul go on to Pelyn after leaving you. Which wa very kind of him."

"That was all he said?"

"Yes, it was quite a brief letter."

"I see." I felt myself grow hot, and sh went on sitting there so calm and still, work ing at the piece of embroidery. Then I saic "My godfather was correct in telling yo that he and the servants learned of Ambrose' death through Signor Rainaldi. But it wa not so for me. You see, I learned of it i Florence, at the villa, from your servants.

SHE lifted her head and looked at me, an this time there were no tears in her eyes, n hint of laughter either.

"You went to Florence?" she said. "When?

"I have been home a little under thre weeks. I spent one night in Florence onl The night of the fifteenth of August."

"The fifteenth of August?" I saw her eye flash back in memory. "But I had only le for Genoa the day before. It isn't possible.

"It's both possible and true."

The embroidery had fallen from her hand and that strange look, almost of stricke apprehension, came back into her eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she sai "Why have you let me stay here in th house, four and twenty hours, and nev breathed a word of it? Last night—yo should have told me last night."

"I thought you knew. I had asked m godfather to write it in his letter."

"You went to the villa," she said, though talking to herself. "I want you tell me what happened, Philip."

I put my hand in my pocket. I felt th letters there. "I had not heard from Ambro in a long while," I said. "Then in July, th letter came. Unlike himself, a sort of scra I showed it to my godfather, Nick Kenda and he agreed that I should start at once f Florence, which I did within a day or tw As I left another letter came. I have bo these letters in my pocket now. Do you wa to see them?"

"Not just yet," she said, "afterward."

I shifted my gaze from her eyes down her hands. They were clasped in front of he

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"But if I get you something you really want for Christmas it won't seem like a present."

Christmas for Johnny

Johnny has many gifts this year . . .
but the one he values most can be seen only by its
reflection in his face . . . and the faces of his family.
It will last a lifetime. It is the gift without which
the others would be a harsh mockery . . . good health!
In a few months, Johnny will forget that he ever
had *empyema. Empyema!* A word that used to make
doctors shake their heads and talk of a long,
long convalescence . . . if, indeed, full recovery
was possible. Empyema meant that the lungs were badly
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was highly likely. Soon this serious lung infection will
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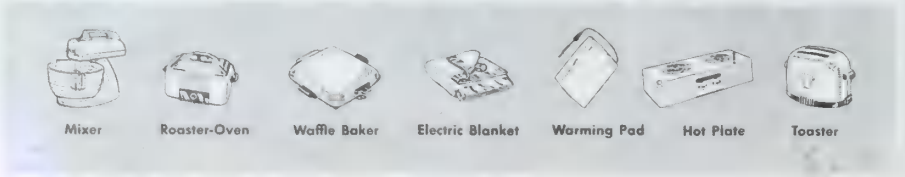
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(Continued from Page 74)

small, and very still. It was easier to speak, somehow, if I did not look directly at her.

"I arrived in Florence," I said. "I hired a *carrozza* and drove to your villa. The servant told me Ambrose was dead, and you had gone away. He showed me the villa. I saw the room where he had died. Just before I left, the woman gave me Ambrose's hat. It was the only thing you had forgotten to take with you."

I paused. And went on looking at the hands. The right fingers were touching the ring on the left hand. I watched them tighten upon it.

"Go on," she said.

"The servant had given me the address of Signor Rainaldi. I called upon him. He gave me the particulars of Ambrose's illness and death. I inquired your whereabouts, but he professed not to know. The following day I started back on my journey home."

"Can I see the letters?" she said.

I took them from my pocket, and gave them to her. I looked back again at the fire, and I heard the crinkle of the paper as she opened up the letters.

There was a long silence.

She must have been reading them over and over. At last she gave them back to me.

"How you have hated me," she said.

I looked up, startled. Denial was no use. The barriers were down.

"Yes," I said.

"Why did you ask me here?" she said.

"To accuse you."

"Accuse me of what?"

"I'm not sure. Perhaps of breaking his heart. Which would be murder, wouldn't it? I wanted, more than anything in the world, to make you suffer. Then, I suppose, to let you go."

"That was generous. More generous than I should deserve. Still, you have been successful. You have got what you wanted."

Measure your health by your sympathy with morning and spring. —THOREAU.

Something was happening to the eyes that looked at me. The face was very white, and still; that did not change. Had I ground the face to powder with my heel, the eyes would have remained, with the tears that never ran down upon the cheeks, and never fell.

I rose from my chair and walked across the room. "It's no use," I said. "Please go upstairs, or anywhere but here. My mother died before I can remember, and I have never seen a woman cry." I opened the door for her. But she went on sitting there by the fire, she did not move.

I threw the two letters in the fire.

"That's no use either," she said, "when we both of us remember what he said."

"I can forget," I said, "if you will too. Nothing remains. Ashes don't count."

"If you were a little older," she said, "or your life had been different, if you were anyone but yourself, and had not loved him quite so much, I could talk to you about these letters, and about Ambrose. I won't though. If you will let me stay until Monday, I will go away after that, and you need never think about me again. Although you did not intend it to be so, last night and today were deeply happy. Bless you, Philip."

I STIRRED the fire with my foot, and the embers fell. "I don't condemn you. Nothing has worked out as I thought. I can't go on hating a woman who doesn't exist."

"But I do exist."

"You are not the woman I hated. There's no more to it than that."

"This woman," she said, "that you pictured in your mind. Did she take shape when you read the letters, or before?"

I thought about it for a moment.

"Before," I said slowly. "When he wrote and told me he was married. It must sound highly emotional and absurd to you, that I should have been jealous. Like a spoiled child. Perhaps that's what I was, and am. The trouble is that I have never known anyone or loved anyone in the world but Ambrose."

"Was not that his trouble too?" she said.

"How do you mean?"

Cupping her chin in her hands, her elbows on her knee, she stared into the fire. "You are only twenty-four, Philip," she said. "You have all your life before you, many years, probably, of happiness, married no doubt, with a wife you love, and children of your own. Your love for Ambrose will never grow less, but it will slip back into the place where it belongs. The love of any son for any father. It was not so for him. Marriage came too late."

I KNELT on one knee before the fire and lit my pipe. I did not think to ask permission. I knew she did not mind. "Why too late?"

"He was forty-three," she said, "when he came out to Florence just two years ago, and I saw him for the first time. You know how he looked; how he spoke; his ways, his smile. But you would not know the effect it had upon a woman whose life had not been happy, who had known men . . . very different."

I said nothing, but I think I understood.

"I don't know why he turned to me, but he did," she said. "Those things can never be explained. To me, lonely, anxious, and a survivor of too many emotional shipwrecks, he came almost as a savior, as an answer to prayer. To be strong as he was, and tender too—I had not met with that. It was a revelation. I know what he was to me. But I to him ——"

She paused and, drawing her brows together, frowned into the fire. "He was like someone sleeping who woke suddenly and found the world," she said, "all the beauty of it, and the sadness too. The hunger and the thirst. Everything he had never thought about or known was there before him, and magnified themselves into one person, who by chance, or fate—call it what you will—happened to be me. Rainaldi—whom he detested, by the way, as you probably did too—told me once that Ambrose had woken to me just as some men wake to religion. He became obsessed, in the same fashion. But a man who gets religion can go into a monastery and pray all day before Our Lady on an altar. She is made of plaster anyway, and does not change. Women are not so, Philip. Their moods vary with the days and nights, just as a man's can do. We are human, that is our failing."

"You mean," I said, "that he expected too much of you? He put you on a sort of pedestal?"

"No," she said. "I would have welcomed a pedestal, after my rough life."

She suddenly looked very tired. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"Finding religion does not always improve a person," she said. "Waking to the world did not help Ambrose. His nature changed."

"How did his nature change?" I felt a queer sort of shock in my heart, like the shock that comes to you as a child when you suddenly learn of death, or of evil, or of cruelty.

"The doctors told me later that it was his illness," she said. "But I shall never be sure. Never be certain that it need have happened. Something in me brought out those qualities. Finding me was ecstasy to him for one brief moment, and then catastrophe. You were right to hate me. If he had not come to Italy he would have been living here with you now. He would not have died."

I felt ashamed, embarrassed. "He might have become ill just the same," I said. "Then I would have borne the brunt of it, not you."

She took her hands away from her face, and without moving looked across at me and smiled. "He loved you so much," she said. "You might have been his son, he was so proud of you. Always, 'My Philip would do this. My boy would do that.' Why, Philip, if you have been jealous of me these eighteen months, I think we are quits. I could have done with less of you at times."

She broke off, and smiled again at me.

"I would say that for this night I have talked to you enough," she said. She bent

(Continued on Page 79)



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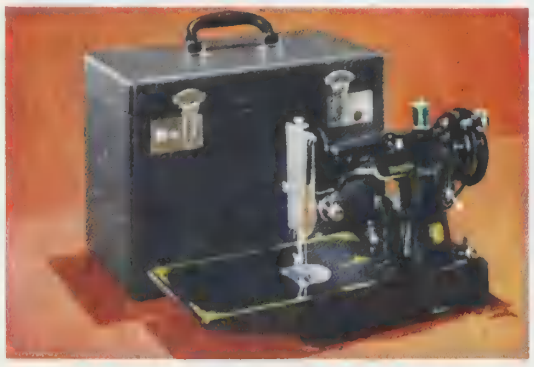
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forward, and picked up the piece of embroidery that had fallen on the floor.

"I'm not tired," I said. "I could go on longer, much longer."

"We still have tomorrow," she said.

"Why only tomorrow?"

"Because I go on Monday. I came for the week end only. Your godfather, Nick Kendall, has invited me to Pelyn."

It seemed to me absurd, and altogether pointless, that she should shift her quarters quite so soon. "There's no need to go there," I said, "when you have only just arrived. Besides, there is the carrier coming from Plymouth, with all the plants and cuttings. And there are Ambrose's things to go through and sort."

"I thought you could do that by yourself," she said.

"Why," I said, "when we could do it both of us together?"

I stood up, and stretched my arms above my head. I kicked Don with my foot. "Wake up." I said. "It's time you went out with the others to the kennels." He stirred himself, and grunted. I glanced down at her, and she was looking up at me with such a strange expression in her eyes; almost as though she saw right through me, into someone else.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Nothing," she answered. "Can you find me a candle, Philip, and light me up to bed?"

"Very well," I said, "I'll take Don to his kennel afterward."

The candlesticks were waiting on the table by the door. She took hers, and I lighted the candle for her. It was dark in the hall, but above, on the landing, Seecombe had left a light to the farther corridor.

"That will do," she said. "I can find my way alone." She stood a moment on one step of the staircase, her face in shadow. One hand held the candlestick, the other held her dress. "You don't hate me any more?"

"No," I said, "I told you it was not you. It was another woman."

"Are you sure it was another woman?"

"Quite sure."

"Good night, then. And sleep well." She turned to go, but I put my hand on her arm and held her back.

"Wait," I said. "It's my turn to ask you a question."

"What is it, Philip?"

"Are you still jealous of me, or was that also some other man, and never me at all?"

She laughed, and gave me her hand. "That horrid boy, so spoiled and prim?" she said. "Why, he went yesterday, as soon as you walked into Aunt Phoebe's boudoir." Suddenly she bent, and kissed my cheek. "The first you have ever had," she said, "and if you don't like it, you can pretend I did not give it to you, but that it came from the other woman."

She walked up the stairs away from me, and the light of the moving candle threw a shadow, dark and distant, on the wall.

WE always carried out a strict routine upon a Sunday. Breakfast was later, at nine o'clock, and at a quarter past ten the carriage came to take Ambrose and myself to church. The servants followed in the wagonette. When church was over, the servants returned to eat their midday dinner, later we dined ourselves, with the vicar and Mrs. Pascoe, one or two of the unmarried daughters, and generally my godfather and Louise.

This Sunday, my Cousin Rachel descended to the hall upon the stroke of ten. A kind of ease had come upon me since the night before, and it seemed to me, as I looked upon her, that I could in the future say to her what I pleased. Nothing need hold me back. Neither anxiety, nor resentment, nor even common courtesy.

"A word of warning," I said, after I had wished her a good morning. "All eyes will be upon you in the church."

"You terrify me," she said. "I shall not go at all."

"That would be disgrace for which neither you nor I would be forgiven."

He that flies from his own family has far to travel.

—LATIN PROVERB.

The carriage came to the door. Wellington, with brushed hat and trim cockade, the groom beside him, was swollen with importance like a pouter pigeon. Seecombe stood at the front door with no less dignity.

I handed my Cousin Rachel into the carriage, and took my place beside her. She had a dark mantle around her shoulders, and the veil from her hat concealed her face.

"The people will want to see your face," I said to her.

"Then they must want," she answered.

"You don't understand," I said. "Nothing like this has happened for nearly thirty years. The old people remember my aunt, I suppose, and my mother, but for the younger ones there has never been a Mrs. Ashley come to church before."

"I WILL lift my veil in church, but not before," she said, "when I am kneeling. They can look then, if they have the mind, but by rights they should do no such thing. Their eyes should be on their prayer books."

"A high bench surrounds the pew, with curtains to it," I told her. "Once kneeling there, you will be concealed from view. You can even play marbles if you want to. I used to, as a child."

"You will behave yourself today, or I shall walk out of the church."

"Then everyone would think you had the vapors," I said, "and my godfather and Louise would come rushing to your assistance. Oh, great heaven ——" I broke off in consternation.

"What's the matter?"

"I've only just remembered. I promised to ride over yesterday to Pelyn to see Louise, and I forgot all about it."

"That," said my Cousin Rachel, "was not very gallant of you. I hope she snubs you well."

"I shall blame it upon you," I said, "which will be the truth. I shall say that you demanded to be taken all round the Barton properties."

"I would not have asked you to do so," she said, "had I known you were supposed to be elsewhere. Why did you not tell me?"

"Because I had forgotten all about it."

"If I were Louise," she said, "I would take that in bad part. You could not offer a woman a worse excuse."

"Louise isn't a woman," I said. "She's younger than myself, and I have known her since she ran around in petticoats."

"That's no answer. She has feelings just the same."

"Ah, well, she will get over them. She will sit next to me at dinner, and I shall tell her how well she arranged the flowers."

"What flowers?"

"The flowers in the house. She drove over especially to do them."

"How very thoughtful. She showed great delicacy and taste. I liked best of all the bowl on the mantelpiece in the boudoir, and the autumn crocus beside the window."

"Was there a bowl on the mantelpiece," I said, "and another by the window? I did not notice either. But I will compliment her, and hope she does not ask for a description."

I looked at her, and laughed; and I saw the eyes smile back at me under the veil, but she shook her head.

We had descended the steep hill and turned along the lane, and were now come to the village and the church. As I had thought, there was a gathering of people by the rails. I took off my hat, and offered my Cousin Rachel my arm. I had seen my godfather do this to Louise a score of times. We walked up the path to the church door, and the people stared at us.

I had expected to feel myself a fool, but it was quite otherwise. I felt confident and proud, and oddly pleased. I stared straight ahead of me, looking neither right nor left, and as we passed the men took their hats off to us, and the women curtsied.

We walked up the aisle past the Kendall pew to our own. As I stepped aside to let my Cousin Rachel enter the pew first, Louise glanced up, stared at my visitor, and then

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KEEP A CASE AT HOME FOR YOUR FAMILY AND GUESTS!

(Continued from Page 79)

caught my eye. She raised her eyebrows in a question. I pretended not to see.

The congregation knelt in prayer. It was a queer sensation, having a woman in the pew beside me. She sat very still, her eyes fixed gravely upon the vicar, and when she knelt I noticed that she knelt full upon her knees, and did not sit half upon the seat as Ambrose and I were wont to do.

When we came to sing the hymns she put up her veil, and I saw her lips follow the words, but I did not hear her sing. She lowered the veil again and then we sat down to listen to the sermon.

I wondered who had been the last women to sit here in the Ashley pew. Aunt Phoebe, possibly, or Ambrose's mother, whom I had never seen. Perhaps my father had sat here, before he went away to fight the French and lose his life; and my own mother, young and delicate, who survived my father, Ambrose told me, a bare five months. I had never thought much about them. Now, looking at my Cousin Rachel, I wondered about my mother. Had she knelt there, on that footstool beside my father? I wondered, as Mr. Pascoe's voice droned on, what it had felt like as a child, being held in my mother's arms. Had she touched my hair and kissed my cheek and then, smiling, put me back into the cradle? I wished suddenly that I could remember her.

"And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost ——" The vicar's words brought me to my feet. I had not heard a word of his sermon. I had sat there dreaming, and watching my Cousin Rachel.

We went out of the church into the sun, and there waiting for us were a little crowd of people—tenants, acquaintances and friends, and among them Mrs. Pascoe, the vicar's wife, and her daughters, also my godfather and Louise. One by one they came up to be presented. My Cousin Rachel put up her veil, and I made a mental note to tease her about it when we were alone.

As we walked down the path to the waiting carriages she said to me before the others, "Philip, would you not like to conduct Miss Kendall in your carriage, and I will go with Mr. Kendall in his?"

"Why, certainly, if you prefer it," I said.

"That seems to me a very happy arrangement," she said, smiling at my godfather, who, bowing in his turn offered her his arm. There was nothing for it but to climb into the first one with Louise. I felt like a schoolboy who had been slapped. Wellington whipped up the horses and we were off.

"Look here, Louise, I'm sorry," I began at once. "It was quite impossible to get away yesterday afternoon after all. My Cousin Rachel wished to see the Barton acres, so I accompanied her. There was no time to let you know, or I would have sent the boy over with a note."

"Oh, don't apologize," she said. "I waited about two hours, but it did not matter. I guessed something of the sort had kept you. What happened? Have you really survived so far without a clash? Tell me all."

I tilted my hat over my eyes and folded my arms. "All?" I repeated. "What do you mean by 'all'?"

"Why, everything. What did you say to her, how did she take it? Did she show no sign of guilt at all?"

HER voice was low, and Wellington could not hear, but for all that I felt irritated.

"We've had little time for talking," I said. "The first evening she was tired, and went early to bed. Yesterday was taken up by talking about the place."

"Then you've had no serious discussion whatsoever?"

"It depends what you mean by 'serious,'" I answered. "All I know is that she is a very different sort of person from what I thought. You can see that for yourself."

Louise was silent. She did not lean back against the carriage seat as I did. She sat bolt upright, her hands in her muff.

"She's very beautiful," she said at last.

I took my legs down from the seat opposite, and turned to stare at her. "Beautiful?" I said. "My dear Louise, you must be mad."

"Oh, no, I'm not," replied Louise. "Ask my father, ask anyone."

"I've never heard such nonsense in my life," I said. "Perhaps she has fine eyes, but otherwise she is quite ordinary. The most ordinary person I have ever met. Why, I can say what I like to her, I can talk of anything. It is the easiest thing in the world merely to sit down in a chair in front of her and light my pipe."

"I THOUGHT you said you had no time to talk to her?"

"Don't quibble. Of course we talked at dinner, and out upon the acres. The point I wish to make is that it required no effort."

"Evidently."

"As to being beautiful—I shall have to tell her. She will laugh at that."

"Anyway, she seems to have made a great impression on you. Of course she is middle-aged. Quite thirty-five, I should say. Or do you think she is less?"

"I haven't the remotest idea, nor do I care," I told her. "She could be ninety-nine for all I know."

"Don't be ridiculous. Women don't have eyes like that at ninety-nine, nor that complexion. She dresses well. That gown was excellently cut, so was the mantle. Mourning certainly does not appear drab on her."

"Great heaven, Louise. I've never before heard such womanish sort of gossip from you."

"Nor I such enthusiasm from you, so it's tit for tat. What a change in forty-eight hours. Well, one person will be relieved, and that's my father. He feared bloodshed after you saw him last, and who shall blame him?"

I was thankful the long hill had come, so that I could get out of the carriage and walk up it, with the groom, to ease the horses.

What an extraordinary attitude for Louise to take. Instead of being relieved that my Cousin Rachel's visit was passing off so well, she seemed quite put out, almost angry. It seemed a poor way to show friendship.

When we came to the top of the hill I climbed in again and sat beside her, and we did not say a word to each other the whole way. It was quite ridiculous, but she made no attempt to break the silence, and neither would I. When we descended from our carriage, Louise and I stood by the door, and waited for my godfather and my Cousin Rachel. They were chattering like old friends.

"Did you have a pleasant drive?" inquired my Cousin Rachel, searching my eyes. I could swear she knew from our stiff faces how the drive had been.

"Thank you, yes," said Louise, standing back, allowing her to pass first, in courtesy; but my Cousin Rachel took her arm and said, "Come with me to my room, and take off your coat and hat. I want to thank you for the lovely flowers."

My godfather and I had barely had time to wash our hands and exchange greetings before the entire family of Pascoe were upon us, and it devolved upon me to escort the vicar and his daughters round the gardens. The daughters were loud in praise of my Cousin Rachel, and like Louise, professed to find her beautiful. It delighted me to tell them that I found her small, and entirely unremarkable, and they uttered little squeals of protestation.

"Not unremarkable," said Mr. Pascoe, "certainly not unremarkable. Nor would I say, as the girls do, beautiful. But feminine. That is the word. Most decidedly feminine."

"But father," said one of the daughters, "surely you would not expect Mrs. Ashley to be anything else?"





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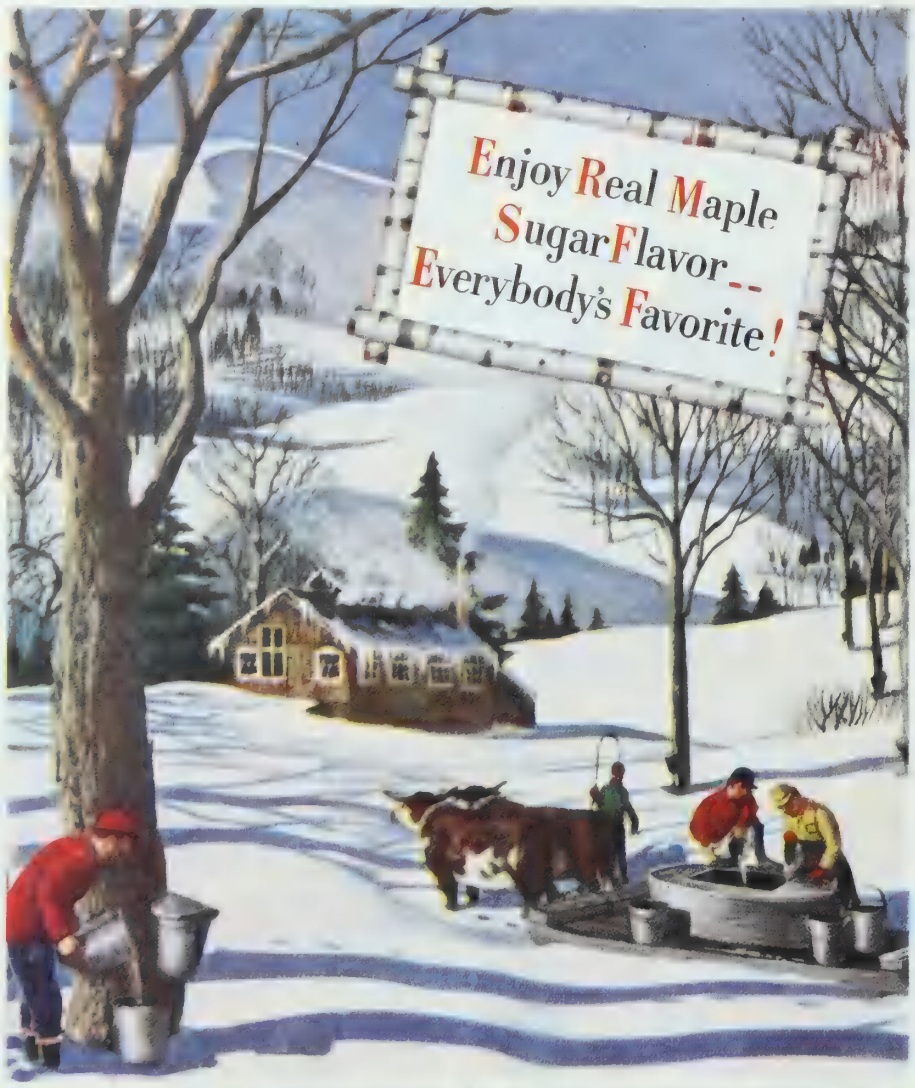
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For French toast that's very French indeed—use half-inch slices of French bread. Dip *quickly* into beaten egg and milk, brown in butter. Serve it with plenty of Vermont Maid Syrup!

Your morning grapefruit will taste delicious if you pour on Vermont Maid Syrup. To make it especially delectable, pour the syrup on the night before; let it stand overnight in the icebox.





Here's a maple sundae any soda clerk would be proud of. Yet you can make it at home in a jiffy! Just pour plenty of Vermont Maid Syrup over vanilla ice cream. Add chopped nuts—and you'll have a wonderful, maple-sweet treat!



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Made by the makers of My-T-Fine Desserts and Brer Rabbit Molasses.

"My dear," said the vicar, "you would be surprised how many women lack that very quality."

We returned to the house, and entered the drawing room.

Not since Ambrose had been home had I ever known a Sunday pass as swiftly. Dinner, when it was served, with the meats upon the table, and the silver polished, seemed to spread itself before us like a banquet. I sat at the head of the table, where Ambrose had always sat, and my Cousin Rachel at the farther end. The entire Pascoe family blossomed like the rose, and I had never seen my godfather enjoy himself so much. Only Louise seemed silent, and withdrawn.

I did my best with her, but she did not, or would not, respond. Well, if she wanted to sulk, then sulk she must.

When we had finished dessert, and the port was put upon the table, I did not know whether I should rise, as I usually did, to open the door, or if, now I had a hostess opposite me, it would be her place to give some signal. There was a pause in conversation. Suddenly she looked at me and smiled. I smiled back at her in answer. We seemed to hold each other for a moment. It was queer, strange. The feeling went right through me, never before known.

Then my godfather remarked in his gruff, deep voice, "Tell me, Mrs. Ashley, does not Philip remind you very much of Ambrose?"

There was a moment's silence. She put down her napkin on the table. "So much so," she said, "that I have wondered, sitting here at dinner, if there is any difference."

She rose to her feet, the other women too, and I went across the dining room and opened the door. But when they were gone, and I had returned to my chair, the feeling was with me still.

Mud thrown is ground lost.
—PROVERB.

They all went off at about six o'clock. I heard Mrs. Pascoe engage my Cousin Rachel to pass an afternoon with her during the week; each of the Pascoe daughters pressed her claim upon her. One wanted advice upon a water color, another had a set of covers to be worked in tapestry and could not decide upon the wools, a third always read aloud to a sick woman in the village every Thursday—could my Cousin Rachel possibly accompany her, the poor soul had such a wish to see her.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Pascoe, as we advanced through the hall to the front door, "there are so many people who desire to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Ashley, that I think you can reckon upon engagements every afternoon for the next four weeks."

"She can do that very well from Pelyn," said my godfather. "And I rather believe we are to have the pleasure of her company within a day or two." He glanced at me, and I made haste to squash the idea before further entanglement was possible.

"Not so, sir," I said. "My Cousin Rachel remains here for the present. Before she becomes involved in any outside invitations she has the whole of the estate to visit."

I SAW Louise look at me wide-eyed, but I took no notice.

"Oh, well, yes, of course," said my godfather, in his turn surprised, "very right, very proper. I would have suggested conducting Mrs. Ashley myself, but if you are prepared to do so, that is quite another matter."

"We have a guest room at the vicarage," said Mrs. Pascoe. "If at any time you should be lonely, Mrs. Ashley, always remember it is at your disposal. We should be so happy to have you with us."

"You are all very kind," said my Cousin Rachel. "When I have done my duty here, on the estate, we will talk about it again, shall we? Meanwhile, believe me grateful."

There was much clatter and chatter, and saying of good-by, and the carriages drove away down the drive.

We went back into the drawing room. The evening had passed pleasantly enough, heaven knows, but I was glad that they had gone, and the house was silent once again.

She must have had the same thought, for as she stood a moment, looking around her in the drawing room, she said, "I love the stillness of a room after a party. The chairs are moved, the cushions disarranged, everything is there to show that people enjoyed themselves; and one comes back to the empty room happy that it's over, happy to relax and say 'Now we are alone again.' Ambrose used to say to me in Florence that it was worth the tedium of visitors to experience the pleasure of their going. He was so right."

I WATCHED her as she smoothed the covering of a chair, and touched a cushion.

"You don't have to do that," I told her. "Seecombe and John will see to it tomorrow."

"A woman's instinct," she said to me. "Don't look at me; sit down and fill your pipe. Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"I have." I lay sideways, sprawling on a stool. "I don't know why," I added. "Usually I find Sundays a great bore. It's because I'm not a conversationalist. All I had to do today was to sit back in my chair and let you do the talking for me."

"That is where a woman can be useful," she said. "It is part of their training. Instinct warns them what to do if conversation lags."

"Yes, but you don't make it obvious," I said. "Mrs. Pascoe is very different. She goes on and on until one wants to scream. No man ever gets a chance to talk on other Sundays. I can't think what it is you did to make it all so pleasant."

"So it was pleasant?"

"Why, yes, I've told you so."

"Then you had better hurry up and marry your Louise, and have a real hostess, not just a bird of passage."

I sat up on the stool, and stared at her. "Don't be absurd," I told her. "I don't want to marry anyone. And she isn't 'my' Louise."

"Oh?" said my Cousin Rachel. "I rather thought she was. At least, your godfather gave me that impression."

She sat down on one of the chairs, and took up her embroidery. Just then young John came in to draw the curtains, so I was silent. I was fuming, though. By what right did my godfather make such an assumption? I waited until John had gone.

"What did my godfather say?" I asked.

"I don't remember, specifically," she said. "I just think he felt it was an understood thing. He said Louise understood you very well, or you did her. I hope you apologized."

"I did," I said, "but it did not seem to make much difference. I have never known Louise in so vile a humor. It's all nonsense about Louise, anyway, so please forget it. I have never considered her as a wife, and don't intend to."

"Poor Louise."

"Cousin Rachel, will you be quiet?"

She looked up at me again, and smiled.

"And another thing you can be quiet about is this nonsense of visiting everybody," I said, "staying at the vicarage, staying at Pelyn. What is wrong with this house, and with my company?"

"Nothing, as yet."

"Well, then, tomorrow I shall draw up a list of tenants, in order of seniority. The ones who have served the family longest will be the first to be visited. We will set forth at two o'clock every afternoon until there is not a single individual on the estate that you have not met."

"Yes, Philip."

"You will have to write a note of explanation to Mrs. Pascoe and those girls, explaining you are otherwise engaged."

"I will do so tomorrow morning."

"When we have finished with our own people, you will have to stay in the house three afternoons a week—I believe it is Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays—in case you are called upon by the County."

"And do I sit alone here in the drawing room, or do you sit with me, Philip?"

"You sit alone. They will call upon you, not me. Receiving the County is not part of a man's work."

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"Supposing I am invited out to dinner, may I accept?"

"You will not be invited. You are in mourning. If there is any question of entertaining, we shall do it here. But never more than two couples at a time."

"Is that etiquette in this part of the world?" she asked.

"Etiquette be blowed. Ambrose and I never followed etiquette, we made our own."

I saw her bend her head lower over her work, and I had a shrewd suspicion it was to hide laughter, though what she was laughing at I could not say. I was not trying to be funny.

"I suppose," she said after a moment, "you would not care to draw up for me a little list of rules? A code of conduct? I could study them here, while I am waiting to be called upon. It would be very unfortunate if I made some social *faux pas*, according to your lights, and so disgraced myself."

"You can say what you please, to whom you please," I said. "All I ask is that you say it here, in the drawing room. Never allow anyone to enter the library."

"Why? What will be happening in the library?"

"*I* shall be sitting there. With my feet up on the mantel."

"On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays?"

"Not on Thursdays. On Thursdays I go into town to the bank."

She held her skeins of silk closer to the candlesticks to examine the color, and then folded them, and wrapped them in her work. She rolled the work into a bundle, and put it aside.

"And when the County have finished calling upon me," she said, "what happens?"

"Why, then, you are obliged to return their calls, every single one of them. I will order the carriage for two o'clock every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday."

"And I go alone?"

"You go alone."

"And what do I have to do on Mondays and on Wednesdays?"

"On Mondays and on Wednesdays, let me see." I considered rapidly. "Do you sketch at all, or sing? Like the Miss Pascoes? You could practice singing on Mondays, and draw or paint Wednesdays."

"I neither sketch nor sing," said my Cousin Rachel, "and I am afraid you are drawing up for me a program of leisure for which I am entirely unsuited. If, instead of waiting for the County to call upon me, I called upon them for the purpose of giving them lessons in Italian, that would suit me much better."

She rose to her feet, having snuffed the candles in the tall stand beside her. I stood up from my stool.

"Mrs. Ashley, give lessons in Italian?" I said in mock horror. "What a disgrace upon the name. Only spinsters give lessons, when they have no one to support them."

"And what do widows do who find themselves in similar circumstances?" she asked.

"Widows?" I said, not thinking. "Oh, widows marry again as fast as possible, or sell their rings."

"I see. Well, I intend doing neither. I prefer giving lessons in Italian." She patted me on the shoulder and left the room, calling good night over her shoulder.

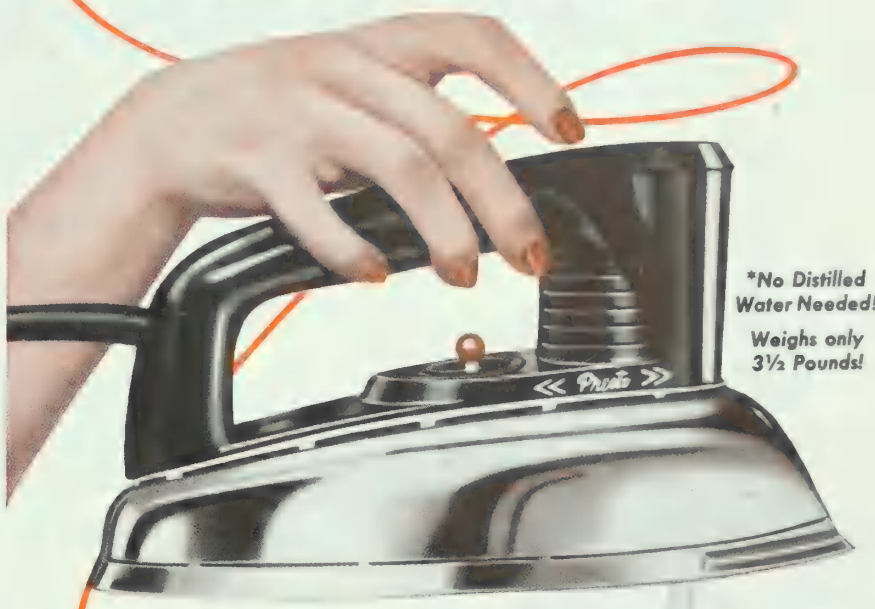
I felt myself go scarlet. What had I said? I had fallen into the fun of conversation with her, and had let my tongue run away with me in consequence. Remarry. Sell her rings. What, in heaven's name, could she have thought of me? How blundering, how unfeeling, how altogether oafish and ill-bred I must have seemed.

I called Don, and letting myself out by the side door, I walked out in the grounds. As I walked it seemed to me that my offense grew worse instead of better. Coarse, unthinking, empty-headed lout. And what had she meant anyway? Was it possible that she had so little money that she was really serious in what she said? Mrs. Ashley give lessons in Italian? I remembered her letter to my godfather from Plymouth. That she planned, after a short rest, to go to London. I remem-

(Continued on Page 86)

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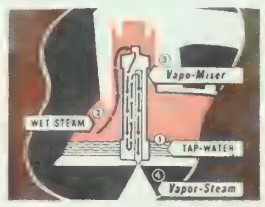
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"Doctor,

The best man to answer this question is, of course, your family physician. We suggest that you ask him the next time you pay him a visit.



I'd like to know...

what is a NUTRITIONAL TIME BOMB?"

"Nutritional Time Bomb" is science's dramatic name for an equally dramatic discovery about diet . . . the discovery that injuries caused by mistakes in diet may not reveal themselves until years later.

Like actual time bombs, these injuries remain hidden and unrecognized, exploding into symptoms when it is too late to do anything about them. Thus, the dietary wrongs of childhood may be visited upon the adult.

Such scourges of later life as tooth decay, goiter, high blood pressure, heart disease, anemia and hardening of the arteries are not necessarily caused by present diet faults. They may be the delayed effects of earlier injury, where a dietary deficiency has existed too long.

A sound child body—the foundation of a sound adult body—must be built from the food that goes into it. The true effect of a mother's care during childhood has only begun to be understood. And, since eating habits are formed in childhood, the conscientious parent can do much to insure the child against later penalties of wrong eating.

The protective foods should be used generously in the daily diet. Important among these are bananas—long prescribed by doctors as one of the first solid foods for infants. Bananas have a well-rounded supply of vitamins and minerals, and are distinctly beneficent in their action upon the digestive tract. Because of the many appetizing ways in which bananas can be served, as well as because of their nutritional value, they are now being more widely used than ever.

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(Continued from Page 83)

bered what that man Rainaldi had said, that she was obliged to sell the villa in Florence. I remembered—or rather I realized, with the full force of its application—that in Ambrose's will he had left her nothing. Every penny of his property belonged to me. Something would have to be done about it, and I did not know what. I could not possibly discuss it with her. The very thought made me go scarlet again with embarrassment.

Then, with a sensation of relief, I suddenly remembered that the money and the property were not yet legally mine, and would not become so until my birthday in six months' time. Therefore, it was out of my hands. It was the responsibility of my godfather to approach my Cousin Rachel, and make some provision for her, out of the estate. I would go to see him about it at the first opportunity.

Feeling easier in mind, I came back to the house, but I still had not forgotten the original blunder. Remarry, sell the rings. I came to the edge of the grass by the east front, and whistled softly to Don, who was sniffing in the undergrowth. My footsteps crunched slightly on the gravel path. I heard a voice call down to me, "Do you often go walking in the woods at night?" It was my Cousin Rachel. She was sitting, without a light, at the open window of the blue bedroom. My blunder came upon me with full force, and I thanked heaven she could not see my face.

"At times," I said, "when I have something on my mind."

"Does that mean you have something on your mind tonight?"

"Why, yes," I answered. "I came to a serious conclusion walking in the woods."

"What was it?"

"I came to the conclusion that you were perfectly right to dislike the sound of me, before you saw me; and to consider me, as you did, conceited, pert and spoiled. I am all three. And worse than that besides."

She leaned forward, her arms upon the window sill. "Then walking in the woods is bad for you," she said, "and your conclusions very stupid."

"Cousin Rachel ——"

"Yes?"

But I did not know how to make my apology. I stood below her window, tongue-tied and ashamed. Suddenly I saw her turn, and stretch behind her, and then she leaned forward once again, and threw something at me from the window. I stooped to pick it up. It was one of the flowers from her bowl. An autumn crocus.

"Don't be so foolish, Philip, go to bed," she said.

She closed her window and drew the curtains; and somehow my shame went from me, and the blunder, too, and I felt light of heart.

IT WAS not possible to ride over to Pelyn the early part of the week, because of the program I had drawn up for visiting the tenants. Besides, I could hardly have made the excuse of seeing my godfather without taking my Cousin Rachel to call upon Louise.

On Thursday my opportunity arrived. The carrier came from Plymouth with all the shrubs and plants that she had brought with her from Italy, and as soon as Seecombe gave her the news of this—I was just finishing my breakfast at the time—then my Cousin Rachel was dressed and downstairs, her lace shawl wound about her head, prepared to go out into the garden. I went out to say good morning.

"I understood," I said, "that Ambrose told you no woman was fit to look upon before eleven. What are you doing downstairs at half past eight?"

"The carrier has come," she said, "and at half past eight on the last morning of September I am not a woman, I am a gardener. Tamlyn and I have work to do." She looked gay and happy as a child might do at the prospect of a treat.

"But this afternoon?" I protested. "Y were expected at Lankelly and at Coom The farm kitchens will be scrubbed, and prepared."

"You must send a note postponing t visit," she said. "I commit myself to nothi when there is planting to be done. Good-b And she waved her hand at me and pass through the front door on to the gravel dri

"Cousin Rachel?" I called at her from t dining-room window.

"What is it?" she said over her should

"Ambrose was wrong in what he said women," I shouted. "At half past eight the morning they look very well indeed."

"Ambrose was not referring to half p eight," she called back to me. "He was ref ring to half past six, and he did not me downstairs."

I TURNED back laughing into the dini room, and saw Seecombe standing at elbow, his lips pursed. He moved, with approval, to the sideboard.

One thing at least about this day of pla ing: I would not be wanted. I altered arrangements for the morning, and givi orders for Gypsy to be saddled, I was aw on the road to Pelyn by ten o'clock. I fou my godfather in his study, and I broach the subject of my visit.

"So you understand," I said to hi "something will have to be done, and ri away. Why, if it should reach Mrs. Pasc ears that Mrs. Ashley considers giving l sons in Italian, it would be about the cour in twenty-four hours."

My godfather, as I had expected, look most shocked and pained. "Oh, disgracefu he agreed. "The mat is a delicate one, of cour I must have time to th this out."

I became impatie "We have no time waste," I said. "You do know my Cousin Rac as well as I do. She is quite capable saying to one of the tenants in her easy w 'Do you know of anyone who would like learn Italian?' And where should we then?"

He looked thoughtful, and bit his p "That Italian adviser said nothing of l circumstances," he said. "We have no mea of knowing the extent of her private incon or what settlement was made upon her her previous marriage."

"I believe everything went to pay Sang letti's debts," I said. "I remember Ambr said as much in his letters to me. It was o of the reasons why they did not come ho last year, her financial affairs were so volved. No doubt that is why she has to that villa. Why, she may scarcely have penny to her name. We must do someth for her. And today."

My godfather sorted his papers spre upon the desk. "Well then, I will write letter to Mrs. Ashley, and to the bank will explain to her, and to the bank, wh the estate is prepared to do. The best p will be to pay a sum quarterly, from estate, into an account which I will op for her. Now, as to the sum of money ev quarter. What do you suggest?"

I thought a moment, and named a figu

"That is generous, Philip. Rather ov generous. She will hardly need as much that."

"Oh, don't let's be niggardly," I sa "Let us do it as Ambrose would have d it, or not at all."

"H'm-m," he said. He scribbled a fig or two on his blotter. "Well, she should very pleased by this."

"Hurry, sir," I said, "and write your l ter. Then I can take it back with me. I ride to the bank also, so that they have y letter."

"My dear fellow, Mrs. Ashley will hav be as pushed as that."

"I want it arranged," I said. "I want fixed, and done."

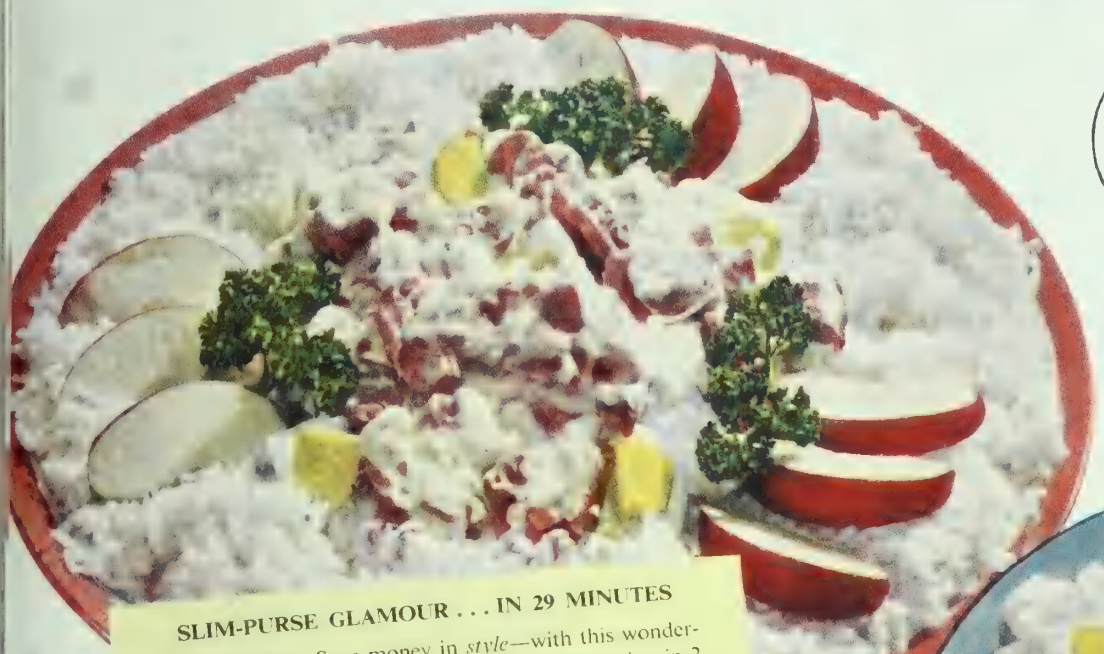
He sighed, and drew a sheet of paper fore him. "She was correct when she s you were like Ambrose."

(Continued on Page 89)

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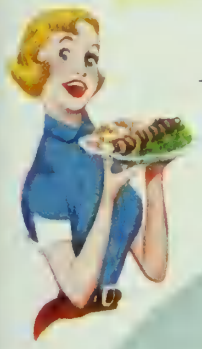
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Cottage Supper. Save money in *style*—with this wonderful main-dish delight! Brown ¼ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1⅓ cups (5-oz. package) Minute Rice, 1½ cups water, ½ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon oregano or sage. Bring to boil, cover, remove from heat, and let stand 10 minutes. Serve with creamed dried beef and hard-cooked eggs. Serves 4 or 5.

DREAM DESSERT . . . IN 22 MINUTES

Glorified Banana Rice. Very special for company—very easy for *you!* Combine in saucepan: ⅔ cup Minute Rice, ½ cup water, ¼ cup pineapple juice, ½ teaspoon salt. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat; let stand 10 minutes. Add 12 quartered marshmallows, 6 diced maraschino cherries, ¾ cup crushed pineapple, and 1 diced banana. Whip 1 cup cream, add 1 tablespoon sugar. Fold into rice. Chill. Serves 8 to 10. A luscious dessert—with a flavor-symphony in every grain of rice!







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WHETHER you've a fine Bouncing Budget for Christmas shopping and entertaining or a shyly slim one doesn't matter in the least . . . *if* you're a wise and clever BUY-LINER. So give your careful attention to the inspirations listed below . . . all are quality-known by the famous names they bear! And don't miss my other BUY-LINES columns in your Sunday and weekday newspapers, The Saturday Evening Post and Good Housekeeping.

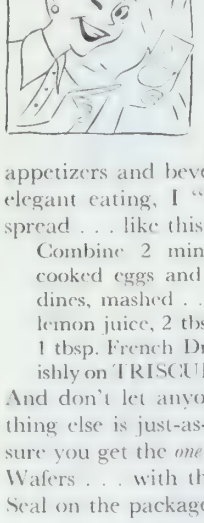
IT'S A TRADITION to serve turkey for Christmas dinner . . . and the manner of cooking is well prescribed. But why not make an extra-special stuffing . . . give it new taste appeal with mushrooms. I have a wonderful recipe for you, but first let me make a suggestion . . . use BinB Chopped Mushrooms. You see, BinB Mushrooms are the only freshly-picked mushrooms broiled in pure creamery butter . . . then packed in their own savory broth. And they save you so much time, work and money . . . for there's no peeling, no trimming and no waste. Now the recipe:



Heat 1 can BinB Chopped Mushrooms in 2 tbsp. butter. Add 3 cups dry bread crumbs, 1 tsp. grated onion, 1 tbsp. finely minced parsley, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. celery salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper. Add sufficient hot water or stock to moisten, about ½ cup. Makes 4 cups.

And, if I were you, I'd keep BinB Whole Mushroom Crowns and BinB Sliced Mushrooms on hand, too . . . because they also have a "talent" for turning all kinds of inexpensive dishes into elegant party treats.

AND DON'T BE CAUGHT NAPPING when friends drop in during this festive season . . . expect these unexpected guests by keeping plenty of TRISCUIT Shredded Whole Wheat Wafers on hand. They're sure to make a hit . . . because everybody loves their just-right-for-crunching texture and hearty, tangy whole wheat taste.



TRISCUIT Wafers are salted to a "turn", too . . . then toasted to crisp, golden perfection. That's why they go so perfectly with all kinds of refreshments . . . everything from soups, salads and meats to appetizers and beverages. But, for really elegant eating, I "crown" them with a spread . . . like this one, for instance:

Combine 2 minced, shelled hard-cooked eggs and one 4-oz. can sardines, mashed . . . then add 1 tbsp. lemon juice, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise and 1 tbsp. French Dressing. Spread lavishly on TRISCUIT Wafers and serve.

And don't let anyone tell you that anything else is just-as-good . . . it isn't. Be sure you get the *one* and *only* TRISCUIT Wafers . . . with the big red NABISCO Seal on the package.

SANTA HAS A GIFT for you, too . . . a wonderful FREE recipe booklet called *"BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Magic Recipes"*. Contains 70 of the most heavenly treats you ever tasted . . . including:

Pies that will open your eyes . . . jiffy homemade puddings . . . frostings that never fail . . . sauces with velvety smoothness . . . delicious desserts that are different . . . cookies that almost make themselves . . . failureproof candies . . . the best ice cream you ever put a spoon into . . . and many others.

They're truly the most luscious delights this side of paradise . . . yet are quick, easy and economical . . . some even require no cooking. Their secret of goodness is that "magic" all-purpose ingredient . . . BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk! It's nourishing whole milk and sugar, already blended for you to creamy-smooth perfection . . . saves you time while it makes your sweet-to-eat treats richer and more delicious! So write for your FREE Recipe Booklet today . . . addressing Nancy Sasser, Dept. J2, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

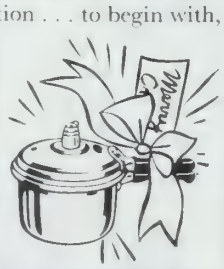
KNOW WHAT ELSE I'D DO? Whisper in Santa's ear that you'd like a GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-Whip Mixer for Christmas . . . for it will not only make your mixing tasks easier, but reward with creamier, smoother results. The dust never gathers on mine . . . in fact, it's such a big help, I use it morning, noon and night. But note I said a G-E Triple-Whip Mixer . . . because:



It has a new, improved speed selector up in front which you can see to get the just-right power for every job . . . without squinting or guessing. And it has 3 beaters for more thorough mixing . . . they're easy to clean since there're no troublesome center shafts to get in your way. The built-in light shines directly into the bowl . . . spotlighting those fancy whipping jobs! *And* a 2-quart and 4-quart bowl, *plus* a super juicer, come with every mixer.

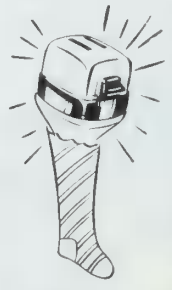
So ask for a G-E Triple-Whip Mixer for Christmas . . . and write Nancy Sasser, Dept. S10, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for a **FREE** Recipe Booklet with 56 quick, easy, taste-tempting treats.

FOR THE FRIENDS you like best, I suggest a gift of lasting pleasure . . . a PRESTO Cooker. It's truly one of the best of all kitchen helpers . . . promising holiday cheer 3 times a day, every day of the year. That's no exaggeration . . . to begin with, a PRESTO Cooker can give up to 300 extra hours of kitchen freedom in a single year . . . because it cooks 3 to 4 times *faster* than ordinary, old-fashioned methods.



It gives doubly-delicious, extra-nutritious meals, too . . . for it seals in health-giving natural vitamins, minerals and natural food flavors. And last, but not least, *only* a PRESTO Cooker has the Pressure-Tru Indicator . . . which is why a PRESTO Cooker is so easy, so sure, so safe to use. But why go on . . . I'm sure you already agree that a PRESTO Cooker is a wonderful gift for any homemaker (old or new!) . . . including yourself! So visit your favorite Housewares Store and make your selections right away. PRESTO Cookers are priced from $12.95.

AND LUCKY YOU if Santa brings you a wondrous new GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster at stocking-hanging time . . . for this sleek beauty will make toast to your taste for a long and happy lifetime. The toaster does the work. Just put the bread in, set the control to dark, light or in-between and forget it . . . a G-E Automatic Toaster will serve the toast just the way *you* want it. What's more, it will pop the toast up or keep it down . . . until you, the family and the breakfast are ready. Its new, exclusive Snap-in Tray is something to sing about, too . . . because it's such a "breeze" to clean! You simply snap the tray out, brush the crumbs off and snap back in again . . . that's all there is to it. Sounds wonderful? The new G-E Automatic Toaster is more than that . . . but I can't begin to tell you all about it. And besides . . . only seeing is believing. So make a date with your "Mr. Who" . . . take him with you to visit your G-E Appliance Dealer right away.



TO FINISH UP MY LIST of gift ideas, let me remind you . . . any homemaker (present or future!) would love to get some LADY PEPPERELL Form Fit Sheets. They're always needed, always welcome and always your best "buy-line" . . . for they not only have the traditionally fine quality, exquisite texture and long "life" of all LADY PEPPERELLS, but also all the advantages of the new fitted sheets. And you know what a wonderful boon to bed-making they are . . . how their mitred corners slip over the mattress and hold the sheet firmly in place without having to be tucked in and smoothed each morning. And . . . these wrinkle-free sheets fit so smoothly, they need no ironing! But, with all these "extras", LADY PEPPERELL Form Fit Sheets cost no more than regular sheets! Come in sizes to fit standard single and double mattresses . . . in both 140 count LADY PEPPERELL Superfine Muslins and 180 count LADY PEPPERELL Combed Percales. P. S. Get some for yourself, too.



NOW that I have a baby of my own, I know how deeply you mothers feel about your babies . . . how sure you want to be in the smallest things that affect your baby's well-being. Take cotton tips, for example . . . when you consider the very delicate nature of their use, only the very finest will do. That's why I use nothing less than JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS . . .

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

for no one else in the world has such experience and skill in making baby products. Result? JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS are *baby-soft* and *baby-gentle* . . . especially designed for baby's special needs. And look at some of their other advantages . . . they're made of the world's finest quality absorbent cotton and are *sterilized* right in the box. The cotton is spun directly on the sticks, too, and stays firm in use . . . with double tips for extra thrift and convenience. So be sure the cotton tips you use bear the trusted name of those famous baby specialists . . . Johnson & Johnson. Come in 29¢ and 49¢ sizes.



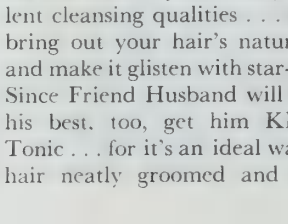
A MOTHER'S LOVE gives her a deep understanding of her baby's special needs, of course . . . but, when it comes to choosing a cereal, I think it's wise to consult your pediatrician. And chances are he'll recommend CREAM OF RICE . . . because child specialists have found that it has distinct advantages over any other kind of cereal.

1. CREAM OF RICE gives *quicker nutrition* . . . new life begins to pour into the system in a few minutes. 2. It gives *more energy*, too . . . with precious Vitamins B_1, B_2 and Niacin added, plus Iron for rich, red blood and better growth. 3. And CREAM OF RICE is *easier to digest* . . . and is least likely of all kinds of cereals to cause allergic reactions.



Besides being so good for babies, the think CREAM OF RICE tastes so-o good . . . in fact, all youngsters love th delicious, smooth 'n' creamy rice cere Just one suggestion, though . . . don't gi baby a "monopoly" on CREAM C RICE . . . the rest of the family will enj it, too. So ask your Grocer for a packa today . . . then serve it every day.

OF COURSE, you want to look your lovelie during the holidays, but remember . even the proudest beauties need a lit pampering. So give your hair this spec care . . . by using KREML Shampoo. A that isn't ju one of my p theories . John Rob Powers, f mous beau authority, r ommends i all his m els. Know why? Because, unlike dry shampoos that leave hair dry, brittle a unruly, KREML Shampoo has a *natu oil base* . . leaves hair soft as silk, an an to manage and even encourages any na ral curl. And I particularly like its ex lent cleansing qualities . . . the way t bring out your hair's natural highlig and make it glisten with star-bright she Since Friend Husband will want to l his best, too, get him KREML H Tonic . . . for it's an ideal way to keep hair neatly groomed and naturally

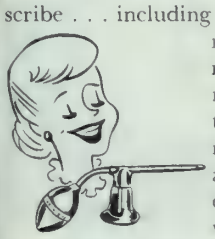


place. Now comes in a new package at the lowest price in history . . . the 16-oz. size saves you up to 40%.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON is yours to enjoy... but there's little joy in it if you suffer from a painful, burning corn. And it's so unnecessary . . . for new BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters will bring you quick, comforting relief. The credit goes to their new Wonder Drug, PHENYLIUM . . . the first really new medication for corns (*and* calluses) in over 70 years. In actual tests it went to work *33% faster* than other leading remedies and the reason is this . . . PHENYLIUM gets down *under* the corn and helps *push* it *out* . . . from *underneath*. That's why New-Formula BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters with wondrous PHENYLIUM (pronounced fen-ill-ee-um) bring quicker, surer removal of corns than any other treatment known . . . and why 3 out of every 4 corn sufferers who tested it say: "It's better than any corn treatment I've ever used before!" So don't depend on old-style remedies any longer . . . get BLUE-JAY Corn (*and* Callus) Plasters with the amazing new Wonder Drug, PHENYLIUM, and enjoy the quickest, surest corn removal ever!



YOU don't want any member of your family to suffer from a cold, hay-fever or some similar complaint during the holidays, either . . . but you never can tell when these troubles may come "visiting". So be prepared . . . by getting a DeVILBISS Atomizer this very day. And be sure it is a DeVILBISS Atomizer . . . because it's especially engineered to apply *any* nasal or throat solution your doctor may prescribe . . . including penicillin and other new antibiotics which require a super-fine mist. It also provides the easiest and best method of covering all the infected area of nose and throat . . . which is important since relief is more prolonged when treatment is thorough. A DeVILBISS Atomizer is non-corrosive and designed to last a lifetime, too . . . yet is so compact it fits into any medicine chest. But why go on . . . you know as well as I do that every home *needs* a good atomizer and, in my opinion, a DeVILBISS is the *best*. Comes in two styles and sizes . . . only $1.50 and $2.00.



Christmas has a very special, very personal, meaning to each one of us . . . for every family has some cherished ceremony or act that has gradually become a Christmas custom. These we call family traditions . . . the golden threads that run through our lives . . . more loved because they closely bind successive generations together. So guard the things your family loves to do together during this joyous season . . . for they'll easily and naturally grow into unforgettable remembrances and become your own family traditions! And now . . . a very Merry Christmas to you all!

(Continued from Page 86)

This time, when he wrote his letter, I stood over him, so that I could be certain what he said to her. He did not mention my name. He talked of the estate. It was the wish of the estate that provision should be made for her.

"If you do not wish to seem mixed up in the affair," he said to me, "you had better not take the letter. Dobson has to go your way this afternoon. He can take the letter for me. It will look better."

"Excellent," I said, "and I will go to the bank. Thank you, uncle."

"Don't forget to see Louise before you go," he said. "I think she is somewhere in the house."

I could have done without Louise, in my impatience to be off, but I could not say so. She was in the parlor, as it happened, and I was obliged to pass the open door.

"I thought I heard your voice," she said. "Have you come to spend the day? Let me give you some cake and fruit."

"I have to go at once," I said, "thank you, Louise. I only rode over to see my godfather on a business matter."

"Oh," she said, "I see." Her expression, that had been cheerful and natural, turned back to the stiff look of Sunday. "And how is Mrs. Ashley?"

"My Cousin Rachel is well, and exceedingly busy," I said. "All the shrubs she brought home from Italy have arrived, and she is planting them with Tamlyn."

"I should have thought you would have stayed at home to help her," said Louise.

I don't know what it was about the girl, but this new inflection in her voice was strangely irritating.

"You know perfectly well I am a fool at gardening," I said, and then, from deviltry, I added, "Haven't you got over your ill humor yet?"

She drew herself up, and flushed. "Ill humor? I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do," I answered. "You were in a vile humor the whole of Sunday. It was most noticeable. I wonder the Pascoe girls did not remark upon it."

"The Pascoe girls were probably far too busy remarking something else."

"And what was that?" I asked.

"How simple it must be for a woman of the world, like Mrs. Ashley, to twist a young man like yourself around her finger," said Louise.

I turned on my heel and left the room. I could have struck her.

By the time I had ridden back along the highroad from Pelyn, and across country down into town, and so home again, I must have covered near on twenty miles. I had paused for a draught of cider at the inn on the town quay, but had eaten nothing, and was well-nigh famished by four o'clock.

I walked to the house, and went into the library. There fire was burning brightly, but there was no sign of my Cousin Rachel. I rang the bell for Seecombe.

"Where is Mrs. Ashley?" I asked.

"MADAM came in a little after three, sir," he said. "She and the gardeners have been working in the grounds ever since you left. Tamlyn is in the stewards' room with me now. He says he has never seen anything like it, the manner in which the mistress sets about it. He says she's a wonder."

"She must be exhausted," I said.

"I was afraid of that, sir. I suggested she should go to bed, but she would not hear of it. 'Tell the boys to bring me up cans of hot water, I'll take a bath, Seecombe,' she said to me, 'and I'll wash my hair as well.' I was about to send for my niece—it seems hardly right for a lady to wash her own hair—but she would not hear of that either."

"The boys had better do the same for me," I told him. "And I'm devilish hungry. I want my dinner early."

"Very well, sir," Seecombe said. "At a quarter to five?"

"Please, Seecombe. If you can manage it."

I went upstairs, whistling, to throw my clothes off, and sit in the steaming tub before my bedroom fire. As I rubbed myself dry with the towel I noticed that on the table beside my bed was a bowl of flowers. Sprigs from the woods, orchids and cyclamen among them. No one had ever put flowers in my room before. It must have been my Cousin Rachel. The sight of the flowers added to my mood of high good humor. I tied my cravat and put on my dinner coat. Then I went along the corridor, and knocked upon the door of the boudoir.

"Who is it?" she called from within.

"It is me—Philip," I answered. "I have come to tell you that dinner will be early tonight. I'm starving, and so I should think are you, after the tales I've heard. What have you and Tamlyn been up to that you have to take a bath and wash your hair?"

That bubble of laughter, so infectious, was her answer. "We've been burrowing underground, like moles," she called.

"Have you earth up to your eyebrows?"

"Earth everywhere. I've had my bath, and now I am drying my hair. I am pinned up and presentable, and look exactly like Aunt Phoebe. You may come in."

I OPENED the door and went into the boudoir. She was sitting on the stool before the fire, and for a moment I scarcely recognized her, she looked so different out of mourning. She had a white dressing wrapper around her, tied at the throat and at the wrists with ribbon; and her hair was pinned on the top of her head. I had never seen anything less like Aunt Phoebe, or Aunt Anyone.

"Come and sit down; don't look so startled," she said to me.

I shut the door behind me, and went and sat down on a chair. "Forgive me," I said, "but the point is that I have never seen a woman in undress before."

Hardly a man can you find who could live with his door open. —SENECA.

"This isn't undress," she said. "It's what I wear at breakfast. Ambrose used to call it my nun's robe." She raised her arms, and began to jab pins into her hair. "At twenty-four," she said, "it is high time you saw a pleasant homely sight such as Aunt Phoebe doing up her hair. Are you embarrassed?"

I folded my arms and continued to look at her. "Not in the slightest," I told her. "Merely stunned."

She laughed, and holding the pins in her mouth, took them one by one and, winding her hair into a roll, placed it the way it should go, in the low knot behind.

"Do you do that every day, in so short a time?" I asked, amazed.

"Oh, Philip, what a lot you have to learn," she said to me. "Have you never seen your Louise pin up her hair?"

"No, and I wouldn't want to," I answered swiftly, with a sudden memory of Louise's parting remark as I left Pelyn.

My Cousin Rachel laughed, and dropped a hairpin on my knee. "A keepsake," she said. "Put it under your pillow, and watch Seecombe's face at breakfast in the morning."

She passed from the boudoir into the bedroom opposite, leaving the door wide open.

"You can sit there and shout through to me while I dress," she called.

I looked furtively on the little bureau to see if there was any sign of my godfather's letter, but could see nothing.

"Where have you been all day?" she called to me.

"I had to go into town," I said. "There were people there I was obliged to see." I need not say a word about the bank.

"I was so happy with Tamlyn and the gardeners," she called. "There were only very few of the plants to be thrown away. There is so much, Philip, you know, still to be done in that plantation; the undergrowth bordering the meadow should be cleared, and a walk laid down, and the whole ground there given up to camellias. In less than twenty years you could have a spring garden that the whole of Cornwall would come to see."

(Continued on Page 91)

There's More to CLOROX than *gentler bleaching!*



It's a 4 in 1 product!



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There's no other product that equals Clorox! It conserves costly linens for it's extra gentle, actually different from other bleaches . . . free from caustic and other harsh substances . . . made by a patented formula exclusive with Clorox!



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- **P.** Toilet Water 1.50
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- **S.** Stick Cologne, Purse Perfume 2.50 with velveteen purse
- **T.** Toilet Water, Dusting Powder 2.85

Prices plus tax, except Soap and Shaving Cream

Shulton

New York Toronto

(Continued from Page 89)

"I know," I said. "That was what Ambrose intended."

"It needs careful planning," she said, "and not just left to chance and Tamlyn. He is a dear, but his knowledge is limited. Why do you not take more interest in it yourself?"

"I don't know enough," I said.

"There must be people who could help you," she said. "You could have a designer down from London to lay it out."

I did not answer. I did not want a designer down from London. I was pretty sure she knew more about it than any designer.

Just then Seecombe appeared and hovered in the passage.

"What is it, Seecombe?" I asked.

"Mr. Kendall's man, Dobson, has ridden over with a note for madam."

I heard Seecombe knock on her open door, and give in the letter. Suddenly I felt uneasy, nervous. She must be reading the letter. Ages seemed to pass. At last she came out of the bedroom, and she stood in the doorway, the letter open in her hand. She was dressed for dinner. Perhaps it was the contrast of her skin against the mourning that made her look so white.

"What have you been doing?" she said. Her voice sounded quite different.

"Doing?" I said. "Nothing. Why?"

"Don't lie, Philip. You don't know how to."

I stood most wretchedly before the fire, staring anywhere but into those searching, accusing eyes.

"You have been to Pelyn," she said. "You rode over there today to see your guardian. You made him write this letter."

"No," I said, swallowing, "I did nothing of the sort. He wrote it of his own accord. There was business to discuss, and it so happened that in talking, various legal matters came to the fore, and ——"

"And you told him your Cousin Rachel proposed giving lessons in Italian, isn't that the truth?" she said.

I FELT hot and cold and miserably ill at ease. "Not exactly," I said.

"Surely you realized I was only joking when I told you that?" she said.

If she was joking, I thought, *why then must she be so angry with me now?*

"You don't realize what you have done," she said. "You make me feel utterly ashamed." She went and stood by the window, with her back to me. "If you wish to humiliate me," she said, "by heaven, you have gone the right way about it."

"I don't see," I said, "why you have to be so proud."

"Proud?" She turned around, her eyes very dark and large, and looked at me in fury. "How dare you call me proud?" she said.

I stared back at her. I think I was amazed that anyone who a moment or two before had been laughing with me could suddenly become so angry. Then, to my own very great surprise, my nervousness went from me. I walked toward her and stood beside her.

"I shall call you proud," I said. "I shall go further, and I shall call you damnably proud. It is not you who are likely to be humiliated but me. It was not a joke, when you said that about giving lessons in Italian. Your answer came far too swiftly for it to be a joke. You said it because you meant it."

"AND if I did mean it?" she said. "Is there anything shameful in giving lessons in Italian?"

"In the ordinary sense, no," I said, "but in your case, yes. For Mrs. Ambrose Ashley to give lessons in Italian is shameful; it reflects upon the husband who neglected to make provision for her in his will. And I, Philip Ashley, his heir, won't permit it. You will take that allowance every quarter, Cousin Rachel, and when you draw the money from the bank, please remember that it does not come from the estate, nor from the heir to the estate, but from your husband, Ambrose Ashley."

For one moment I thought she was going to hit me. She stood quite still, staring up at me. Then her eyes filled with tears; and pushing past me, she went into the bedroom and slammed the door. I walked downstairs. I went to the dining room and rang the bell and told Seecombe that I thought Mrs. Ashley would not be down for dinner.

"Is madam indisposed, sir, do you think?" he asked me.

I might have told him that madam was not so much indisposed as in a fury, and would probably ring her bell in a moment and demand Wellington and the carriage to take her back to Plymouth.

"No," I said, "her hair is not yet dry. You had better tell John to take a tray up to the boudoir."

This, I supposed, was what men faced when they were married. Slammed doors, and silence. Dinner alone. Ambrose had been so right when he used to say that women were a race apart. One thing was certain now: I should never marry.

Dinner over, I went and sat in the library. I lit my pipe, and put my feet up on the fire irons, and composed myself to that after-dinner slumber that can be sweet and nonchalant upon occasion, but tonight lacked every charm. I had become used to the sight



"Sugar cake? Honey bun? . . . I'm afraid you want the bakery!"



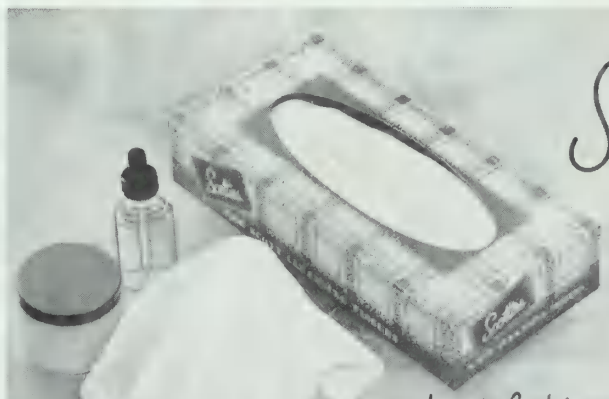
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of her in the chair opposite my own, her shoulders turned so that the light fell upon her work, and Don at her feet; now the chair looked strangely empty. I got up and went upstairs to my room. I was just about to chuck my coat off on the chair, when I saw a note, placed beside the bowl of flowers. I picked up the note, and read it. It was from my Cousin Rachel.

Dear Philip: If you can bring yourself to do so, please forgive me for my rudeness to you tonight. I have no excuse, except that I am not entirely myself these days; emotion lies too near the surface. I have written to your guardian, thanking him for his letter, and accepting the allowance. It was generous and dear of you both to think of me. Good night. RACHEL.

I read the letter twice, and then put it in my pocket. Had it cost her much to write that note? I wondered. The swing from pride to humility? I hated the fact she had to do so. For the first time since he had died, I found myself blaming Ambrose for what had happened. A letter home to my godfather would have spared all this.

I hesitated for a moment; and then went along the corridor and stood under the archway by her rooms.

The door of the boudoir was open, the door of the bedroom shut. I knocked upon the bedroom door. For a moment no answer came, and then she said, "Who is it?"

I did not answer "Philip." I opened the door, and went inside. The room was in darkness, and the light from my candle showed the curtains of the bed to be partly drawn; and I could see the outline of her form under the coverlet.

"I have just read your note," I said. "I wanted to thank you for it, and to say good night."

I thought she might sit up and light her candle, but she did not do so.

"I wanted you to know also," I said, "that I had no idea of patronizing you. Please believe that."

The voice that came from the curtains was strangely quiet and subdued. "I never thought you had," she answered. We were both silent an instant. Then she said, "It would not worry me to give Italian lessons. I have no pride about that sort of thing. What I could not bear was when you said my doing so would reflect upon Ambrose."

"It was true," I said, "but forget it now. We need not think of it again."

"It was dear of you, and very like you," she said, "to go riding to Pelyn to see your guardian. I must have seemed completely lacking in gratitude. I can't forgive myself."

The voice, so near to tears again, did something to me.

"I would much rather you hit me than that you cried."

I heard her move in her bed, and feel for a handkerchief and blow her nose; the gesture and the sound, so commonplace and simple, happening there in the darkness made me even weaker than before.

PRESENTLY she said, "I will take the allowance, Philip, but I must not trespass on your hospitality after this week. I think next Monday I should leave here and move elsewhere."

A blank feeling came over me at her words. "But why? What for?"

"I only came for a few days. I have already stayed longer than I intended."

"But you have not met everybody yet," I said. "You have not done everything you are supposed to do."

"Does it matter?" she said. "After all, it seems so pointless." How unlike her it sounded, that lack of spirit in her voice.

"I thought you liked it," I said, "going about the estate, and visiting the tenants. And today, putting in those shrubs with Tamlyn. Was it all a show, and were you just being polite?"

She did not answer for a moment, and then she said, "Sometimes, Philip, I think you lack all understanding."

Probably I did. I felt sullen and hurt and I did not care.

"All right," I said, "if you want to go, do so. It will cause a lot of talk, but no matter."

"I should have thought," she said, "that it would cause more talk if I stayed."

"Talk if you stayed?" I said. "What on earth do you mean? Don't you realize that by rights you belong here, that if Ambrose had not been such a lunatic this would have been your home?"

"Oh," she flared out at me in sudden anger, "why else do you think I came?"

I HAD put my foot in it again. Blundering and tactless, I had said all the wrong things. I went up to the bed and pulled aside the curtains, and looked down at her. She was lying propped against her pillows, her hands clasped in front of her. She was wearing something white, filled at the neck like a choir boy's surplice, and her hair was loose, tied behind with a piece of ribbon, as I remembered Louise's as a child. It shocked me that she should look so young.

"Listen," I said, "I don't know why you came, or what were your motives in doing all you have done. I don't know anything about you, or about any woman. All I know is that I like it now you are here. And I don't want you to go. Is that complicated?"

She had put her hands up to her face, almost in defense. "Yes," she said, "very."

"Then it is you who make it so. Not I."

I folded my arms and looked at her, assuming an ease of manner I was far from feeling. I saw her eyes waver; she was searching in her mind for some new reason why she should be gone, and in a sudden flash I hit upon a master stroke of strategy.

"You told me this evening," I said, "that I should have a designer down from London, to lay out the gardens. If you have any feeling for the place, knowing what it meant to Ambrose, you would remain here for a few months, and do it for me."

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame, will never mark the marble with his name. —ALEXANDER POPE.

The shaft struck home. She stared in front of her, playing with her ring. I had remarked before that when preoccupied, this was a trick of hers.

"I think I should ask your godfather what he thinks," she said.

"It does not concern my godfather," I said. "There is only one consideration. Whether you yourself desire to stay, or not. If you really want to go, I cannot keep you."

She said, surprisingly, in a still small voice, "Why do you ask that? You know I want to stay."

Sweet heaven, how could I know? She had intimated the exact opposite.

"Then you will remain for a little while," I said, "to do the garden? That is settled, and you won't go back on your word?"

"I will remain," she said, "for a little while."

"Very well," I said, "then I will bid you good night, and leave you. What about your letter to my godfather? Do you want me to put it in the post bag?"

"Seecombe has taken it," she said.

"Then you will sleep now, and not be angry with me any more?"

"I was not angry, Philip."

"But you were. I thought you were going to hit me."

She looked up at me. "Sometimes you are so stupid," she said, "that I think one day I will. Come here."

I drew closer, my knee touched the coverlet.

"Bend down," she said. She took my face between her hands, and kissed me. "Now go to bed like a good boy, and sleep well." She pushed me away, and drew her curtains.

I stumbled out of the blue bedroom with my candlestick, lightheaded and somehow dazed. The last word, and the last gesture, too, had been with her. The little-girl look and the choir-boy surplice had misled me. She was a woman all the time. For all that, I was happy.

Instead of going immediately to bed, I went down to the library once again, to write a line to my godfather, and to reassure

(Continued on Page 95)



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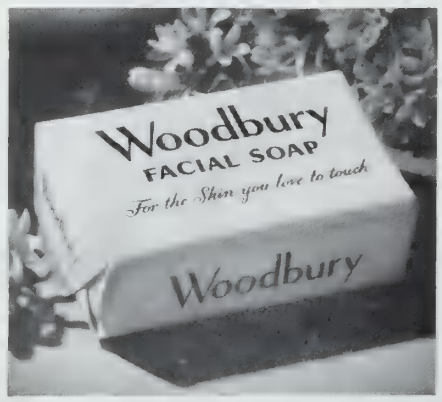


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Woodbury Facial Soap

...with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient

for the skin you love to touch

(Continued from Page 92)

n that all had gone off well. I scribbled my t er, and went into the hall to place it in h post bag for the morning. Seecombe had f the bag for me, as was his custom, upon table in the hall, with the key beside it. hen I opened up the bag two other letters into my hand. Both written by my usin Rachel. One was addressed to my lfather, Nick Kendall. The second letter s addressed to Signor Rainaldi, in Florence. tared at it a moment, then put it back h the others in the post bag.

t was foolish of me, perhaps; the man was friend, why should she not write a letter im? Yet, as I went upstairs to bed, I felt f she had hit me after all.

he following day when she came down- rs, and I joined her in the garden, my usin Rachel was as happy and uncon- ed as though there had never been a rift ween us. The only difference in her man- to me was that she seemed more gentle, more tender; she teased me less, and t asking my opinion as to the planting of shrubs.

Do what you want to do," I told her.

But I want the result to please you, lip," she said. "All this belongs to you, one day will belong to your children."

I shan't be displeased," I said. "And talking about my children. I am quite lved to remain a bachelor."

Which is essentially selfish," she said, d very stupid of you."

I think not. By remaining a bachelor I l be spared much distress and anxiety of d."

Have you ever thought what you would ?"

I have a shrewd guess," ld her, "that the bless- of married bliss are all they are cracked up e. If it's warmth and fort that a man wants, something beautiful ook upon, he can get hat from his own house, if he loves it ."

o my astonishment she laughed. "One when you fall in love, I shall remind you ose words. Warmth and comfort from e walls, at twenty-four. Oh, Philip!" And bubble of laughter came from her again. uld not see that it was so very funny.

I know quite well what you mean," I

"It just happens that I have never moved that way."

That's very evident," she said. "You t be a heartbreak to the neighborhood. t poor Louise!"

It I was not going to be led into a dis- on on Louise, nor again into a dissertation upon love and matrimony. I was much interested to watch her work upon the en.

OBER set in fine and mild; for the first weeks of it we had scarcely any rain at o that Tamlyn and the men, under the rvision of my Cousin Rachel, were able far ahead with the work in the planta- We managed also to visit in succession e tenants upon the estate, which gave satisfaction, as I knew it would. I had n every one of them since boyhood, and been used to calling in upon them every ten, for it was part of my work to do so. t was a new experience for my Cousin el, brought up in Italy to a very dif- t life. Her manner with the people not have been more right or proper. sked all the right questions, replied with ght answers; also, what endeared her to of them was the understanding she ed to have of all their ailments, and the dies she produced.

With my love for gardening," she told . "goes a knowledge of herbs. In Italy, ways made a study of these things." she would produce balm from some to rub upon wheezing chests, and oil another, as a measure against burns; she would instruct them, too, how to tisane, as a remedy for indigestion and eeplessness—the best nightcap in the world, she said to them—and how the juice of certain fruits could cure almost any ill from a sore throat to a sty on the eyelid.

"You know what will happen," I told her, "you will take the place of midwife in the district. They will send for you in the night to deliver babies, and once that starts there will be no peace for you at all."

"There is a tisane for that, too," she said, "made from the leaves of nettles and of raspberries. If a woman drinks that for six months before the birth, she has her baby without pain."

"That's witchcraft," I said. "They wouldn't think it right to do so."

"What nonsense. Why should women suffer?" said my Cousin Rachel.

Sometimes, in the afternoons, she would be called upon by the County, as I had warned her. And she was equally successful with the "gentry," as Seecombe called them, as she had been with the humbler folk.

There was always some story of the callers with which she greeted me when I returned home, and we would laugh together, and she would smooth her hair before the mirror, and straighten the cushions, while I polished off the last of the sweet cakes that had been put before the visitors.

THE whole thing would seem like a game, like a conspiracy; yet I think she was happy there, sitting in the drawing room making conversation. People and their lives had interest for her, how they thought, and what they did; and she used to say to me, "But you don't understand, Philip, this is all so new after the very different society in Florence. I have always wondered about life in England, in the country. Now I am beginning to know. And I love every minute of it."

"I can think of nothing more monotonous," I told her, "than discussing generalities with anyone, in Florence or in Cornwall."

"Oh! But you are hopeless," she said, "and will end up very narrow-minded, thinking of nothing but turnips and kale."

I would fling myself down in the chair, and on purpose to try her, put my muddy boots upon the stool. She never reproved me, and if she had noticed, did not appear to do so.

"Go on," I would say, "tell me the latest scandal in the county."

"But if you are not interested," she would answer, "why should I do so?"

"Because I like to hear you talk," I would tell her.

So before going upstairs to change for dinner, she would regale me with county gossip—what there was of it: the latest betrothals, marriages and deaths, the new babies on the way; she appeared to glean more from twenty minutes' conversation with a stranger than I would from an acquaintance after a lifetime.

"As I suspected," she told me, "you are the despair of every mother within fifty miles."

"Why so?"

"Because you do not choose to look at any of their daughters. So tall, so presentable, so eligible in every way. There is heavy betting upon Louise. Quite a number say that she will get you in the end. And the third Miss Pascoe has a sporting chance."

"Great heaven!" I exclaimed. "Belinda Pascoe? I'd as soon marry Katie Searle, who does the washing. Really, Cousin Rachel, what staggers me is the way in which the minds of women in this part of the world—perhaps it's the same everywhere—run perpetually upon marriage."

"They have not much else to think about," she said. "The choice of fare is small. I do not escape discussion, I can tell you. A list of eligible widowers has been given me. There is a peer down in West Cornwall declared to be the very thing. Fifty, an heir, and both daughters married."

"Not old St. Ives?" I said, in tones of outrage.

"Why, yes, I believe that is the name. They say he's charming."

The world will never starve for wonders; but only for want of wonder.

—G. K. CHESTERTON.

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"Charming, my eye," I said to her. "He's always drunk by midday, and creeps around the passages after the maids. Billy Rowe had a niece in service there. She had to come back home, she grew so scared."

"Who's talking gossip now? Poor Lord St. Ives; perhaps if he had a wife he would not creep about the passages. It would, of course, depend upon the wife."

"Well, you're not going to marry him," I said with firmness.

"You could at least invite him here to dinner," she suggested, her eyes full of that solemnity that I had learned now spelled mischief. "We could have a party, Philip. The prettiest young women for you, and the best-favored widowers for me. But I think I have made my choice. I think if I am ever put to it, I will take your godfather, Mr. Kendall."

Maybe she did it on purpose, but I rose to the bait, exploding. "You cannot seriously mean it. Why, he's nearing sixty; and he's never without a chill or some complaint."

"That means he doesn't find warmth or comfort inside his house as you do."

I knew then that she was laughing, so laughed with her; but afterward, I wondered about it with mistrust.

Next Sunday, when my godfather, on the right of my Cousin Rachel, bent his deaf ear to her, and suddenly sat back, laughing, and saying "Oh, capital, capital," I wondered sulkily why it was that they laughed so much together. *This*, I thought, *is another trick of women. To throw a jest in the air, that left a sting behind it.*

She sat there, at Sunday dinner, looking remarkably well and in high good humor, with my godfather on her right, and the vicar on her left, none of them at a loss for conversation, and for no good reason I turned sulky and silent, just as Louise had done that first Sunday. Louise sat looking at her plate, and I at mine. Our silence spurred my Cousin Rachel to greater effort, in order, I suppose, to cover it; and she and my godfather and the vicar tried to cap one another, quoting verse. But when they had all gone, my Cousin Rachel took me to task.

"When," she said, "I entertain your friends, I do look to have a little support from you. What was wrong, Philip? You sat there, scowling, and never addressed a word to either neighbor."

"There was so much gaiety at your end," I answered her, "that I saw no point in contributing to it. All that nonsense about 'I love you' in Greek. And the vicar telling you that 'my heart's delight' sounded very well in Hebrew."

"Well, so it did," she said. "And your godfather wants to show me the beacon head by moonlight. Once seen, he tells me, never forgotten."

"Well, he's not showing it to you," I replied. "The beacon is my property. There is some old earthwork that belongs to the Pelyn estate. Let him show you that. It's covered thick in brambles." And I threw a lump of coal upon the fire, hoping the clatter bothered her.

"I don't know what's come over you," she said. "You are losing your sense of humor." And she patted me on the shoulder, and went upstairs.

That was the infuriating thing about a woman. Always the last word. Leaving one to grapple with ill temper, with herself serene. A woman, it seemed, was never in the wrong. Or if she was, she twisted the fault to her advantage.

She would fling these pinpricks in the air, these hints of moonlight strolls with my godfather, or some other expedition—a visit to Lostwithiel market—and ask me in all seriousness whether she should wear the new bonnet that had come from London—the veil had a wider mesh and did not shroud her, my godfather had told her it became her well; and when I fell to sulking, saying I did not care whether she concealed her features with a mask, her mood soared to serenity yet higher, making me seem more sulky than I was. Then, in the library afterward, she would relent; the serenity was with her still, but a kind of tenderness came too. She asked me to hold her silks for her, to choose the colors I liked best, because she wanted to work a covering for me to use on the chair in the estate office. And quietly, without probing, she asked me questions on my day, whom I had seen, what I had done, so that all sulkiness went from me, and I was eased and rested.

It was as if my change of mood afforded her delight, but why it should do so I had no remote idea. I only knew that when she teased me I disliked it, and it hurt. And when she was tender, I was happy and at peace.

By the end of the month the fine weather broke. It rained for three days solid, and there was no gardening to be done, and all callers were kept within their doors, like the rest of us.

It was Seecombe who suggested what I think the pair of us had both been shirking: that the time was opportune to go through Ambrose's effects. He broached it one morning as my Cousin Rachel and I stood by the library window, staring out at the rain.

"The office for me," I had just observed, "and a day in the boudoir for you. What about those boxes down from London? More gowns to sort, and try upon your person?"

"Not gowns," she said, "but coverings for curtains. I think the blue bedroom should live up to its name. At present it is gray. And the quilting to the bed had moth, but don't tell Seecombe. I have chosen you new curtains, and new quilting."

It was then that Seecombe entered, and said, "The weather being so inclement, sir, I had thought the boys might be put to extra cleaning withindoors. Your old room needs attention. But they cannot dust while Mr. Ashley's trunks cover the floor."

"Very well," I said. "Let us have the fire lit; when the room is warm we'll go up."

I think that both of us tried to conceal our feelings one from the other. We forced a sort of brightness into our behavior, and into our conversation. The fire, that had not been lit since last winter, burned with a false crackle. The boxes stood in a line upon the floor, waiting to be opened.

My Cousin Rachel broke the silence. "Come," she said, "shall we open the clothes trunk first?"

I handed her the keys. "Just as you will."

She put the key in the lock, and turned it, and threw open the lid. His old dressing gown was on the top. I knew it well. It was of heavy silk in a dark red color. His slippers were there, too, long and flat. I stood there staring at them, and it was like walking back into the past. I remembered him padding into my room wearing that dressing gown. Wearing those slippers. My Cousin Rachel took them from the trunk.

THE HOLIDAY LINGERS ON

A jolly good way to remember your friends and relatives this Christmas is to send LADIES' HOME JOURNAL gift subscriptions. They are easy to order. They last all year and the cost is small compared to the pleasure given. Each gift will be announced in your name with a beautiful card in full rich colors, mailed to arrive at just the right time before Christmas.

A handy order form is in nearly every copy of this issue.

"What shall we do with them?" she said, and the voice was lower now, subdued.

"I don't know. It's for you to say."

"Would you wear them, if I gave them to you?" she asked.

"No," I said, "no, I don't think so."

She put them on the bed. She came next to a lightweight suit. It was not familiar to me. She took it out, and placed it with the dressing gown. Suddenly she began lifting the things from the trunk very swiftly.

"I think," she said, "that if you don't want them, Philip, the people on the estate, who loved him, might like to have them. You will know best what to give, and to whom."

I THINK she did not see what she was doing. She took them from the trunk in a sort of frenzy, while I stood by, and watched her.

"The trunk?" she said. "A trunk is always useful. You could do with the trunk?" She looked up at me, and her voice faltered. Suddenly she was in my arms, her head against my chest. "Oh, Philip," she said, "forgive me. I should have let you and Seecombe do it. I was a fool to come upstairs."

It was queer. Like holding a child. I touched her hair, and put my cheek against her head.

"It's all right," I said, "don't cry. Go back to the library. I can finish it alone."

"No," she said. "It's just as bad for you as it is for me. You loved him so."

"I don't mind," I said. "Let me do it, Rachel, go downstairs."

She stood a little way apart, and wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. "No," she said, "I'm better now. And I have unpacked the clothes. But if you will give them to the people on the estate, I shall be grateful."

The boxes of books were nearer to the fire. I brought a chair, and placed it for her close to the warmth; and knelt beside the other trunks and opened them, one by one.

I hoped she had not noticed—I had barely noticed it myself—that for the first time I had not called her "cousin." But "Rachel." I don't know how it happened. I think it must have been because standing there, with my arms about her, she had been so much smaller than myself.

The books did not have the personal touch about them that the clothes had. There were old favorites with which he always traveled, and these she gave to me, to keep beside my bed. There were his cuff links, too, his studs, his watch, his pen—all these she pressed upon me. I was glad of them.

She came upon a volume of drawings of the layout of gardens. "This will be very useful to us," she said, and rising from her chair, took it to the window to see it better.

I opened another book at random. A piece of paper fell from between the leaves. It had Ambrose's handwriting upon it. It seemed like the middle scrap of a letter, torn from its context, and forgotten:

> It's a disease, of course, I have often heard of it, like kleptomania or some other malady, and has no doubt been handed down to her from her spendthrift father, Alexander Coryn. How long she has been a victim of it I cannot say, perhaps always; certainly it explains much of what has disturbed me hitherto in all this business. This much I do know, dear boy: that I cannot any longer—nay, I dare not—let her have command over my purse, or I shall be ruined. It is imperative that you warn Kendall, if by any chance ——

The sentence broke off. The scrap of paper was not dated. The handwriting was normal. Just then she came back from the window. I crumpled the piece of paper in my hand.

"What have you there?" she said.

"Nothing," I said. I threw the piece of paper on the fire. She saw the handwriting on the paper curl in the flame.

"That was Ambrose's writing," she said. "What was it? Was it a letter?"

"It was just some note he had made," I said, "on an old scrap of paper."

I felt my face burn in the light of the fire. Then I reached for another volume from the trunk. She did the same. We continued sorting books, side by side, together; but the silence had come between us.

(To be Continued)



..Holidays of Happiness

. . . when the shining Christmas gift is precious Wallace Sterling. Endearing, because it is Wallace, the only sterling silver in the world exquisitely sculptured in front, in profile and in back—the only sterling to have "Third Dimension Beauty." Enduring because it's a gift that will star all the Christmases to come—growing more beautiful with each passing year.

Reflected in the ornament are Stradivari Sterling candlesticks, $20 pair. See the many other Wallace gifts for gracious Christmas-giving.



Famed designer, William S. Warren, created these exquisite Wallace patterns in "Third Dimension Beauty." He gave each design the full-formed quality of true sculpture. Each piece is lovely not only in front, but in profile and in back as well. Be sure to see these Wallace patterns—the only sterling silver designs with "Third Dimension Beauty." Six piece place settings from $32.50 to $43.50 including tax.

Please turn to page 164 to see other Wallace Sterling Silver patterns.

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How lucky that babies love yellow!



The littlest member of the family hasn't reached the stage of being entirely clear about colors yet, you know. Except for yellow! Babies see yellow early. And they not only see it in all its golden prettiness, but are quick to learn that yellow vegetables have the sweetest, most delightful taste.

That's a blessing! For diet specialists invariably recommend at least one green or one yellow vegetable a day for everyone, from babies right through to great-grandparents. So, for *both* health and happiness, introduce your baby early to Gerber's golden squash.

Gerber's Strained Squash has a creamy-smooth, purée-like texture. It feels good on baby's tongue . . . it's easy for baby to digest. Gerber's Junior Squash is firmer in texture with small bits designed especially for teething toddlers.

Naturally, both Strained and Junior Squash have the superb qualities that Gerber's are famous for in all of their more than 50 varieties: The wonderful true-flavor and true-color that babies love. The processing that helps retain natural goodness. The special care that's given by experts who make baby foods and nothing else. No wonder babies thrive on Gerber's, from starting cereals through strained and junior foods.

Babies are our business... our only business!





Gerber's
BABY FOODS

CEREALS • STRAINED and JUNIOR FOODS • MEATS

Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY

Mrs Dan Gerber

(MOTHER OF 5)

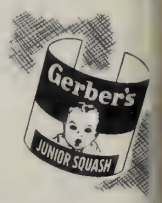


Mrs. Dan Gerber

Bad Weather T. If you're caug short of dryi space in an em gency, tip bab play pen over on side and use it as extra drying rack

* * *

Sweet Stuff for a Toddler's Dessert. Combine 1 cup Gerber's delicious Junior Squash with ¼ cup orange juice, 3 tbs. sugar, 1 slightly beaten egg, a dash of salt. Pour into two greas custard cups. Place in pan of hot wa and bake in moderate oven (35(for about 35 minutes or until a kr inserted in custard comes out cle



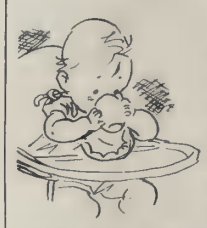
* * *

Did You Know . . . that every contai of Gerber's baby food is entitled carry this seal? It's your assurance t Gerber's are Accepted by the Cour on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

* * *

For a Quick Frost. Take one contai of any of Gerber's true-flavor, tr color strained fruits. Mix it with enou confectioner's sugar to make a th spread. There you have a quick, ta frosting for cake.

* * *



Old Tricks . . . they're always go as new for ea generation. If y doctor suggests yolk and it's not well received by smallest one, m it well with cereal and milk or formu Usually slips down without even bei noticed. Toddlers not too enthusias about eggs as such often respo happily to egg nog.

* * *

Test for Temperature. Little ones l food at a just-so temperature. Not h not cold. Maybe a shade warmer th room temperature is the best way describe that in-between, most-welco degree of warmth.

* * *

FREE! Tempting "Recipes for Toddler compiled by Gerber's own nutritionists. Write me, Mrs. Dan Gerber, Dept. 812-1, Fremont, Michigan. In Canada, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.



ED MC CORMICK



Even for "simple tummy-ache" the cause is not always obvious. There may be unsuspected physical or emotional disturbances.

Not Always "Something He Ate"

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

A NOTION I encounter frequently is that when a child vomits it is because of something "indigestible" he has eaten. Parents are inclined to think hey shouldn't bother the doctor about a mple tummy-ache. If a child has repeated igestive upsets, they are often attributed a "delicate stomach"—and nothing is one about it.

It is true that in a few cases, an allergy a certain food or foods may be respon- ble—it really is "something he ate."

Nevertheless, the situation calls for investigation. An alert mother may remember that each episode of vomiting was preceded by a meal featuring some particular dish. By eliminating the offending food, she can usually prevent recurrence of the disturbance. In less obvious cases, the doctor should be called upon. He will test the child's responses to a number of foods until the offending one, or "allergen," is identified. The child should not be made to go on suffering sickness that can be done away with.

It has been my experience, however, that a comparatively small number of digestive upsets in children are due to allergy. As I have told mothers time after time, vomiting in most children is caused by a specific infection, or by a disorder of the nervous system, or by excessive anxiety or some other nervous disturbance. If a child is given to upchucking, by all means find out the reason for it!

Sometimes the cause of repeated stomach difficulty proves to be some defect in the digestive mechanism. Occasionally these appear in infancy. In rare instances tiny babies who vomit constantly are found to have a condition called "pyloric stenosis"—a closure or contraction of the pyloric valve, which is the opening from the stomach into the small intestine. Other defects which may cause severe and repeated digestive disorders in babies are intussusception, a condition in which the intestine is folded back into itself, and obstructions or adhesions of the stomach or intestinal tract. These conditions can be discovered only by the most complete and

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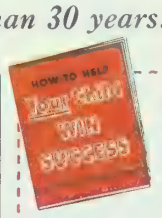
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careful examination, including X-ray study of the digestive system. For that reason it is important to call the doctor when a baby or small child vomits more than once or twice. If one of these defects is found, expert care or difficult surgery may be needed in order to correct the condition.

Another reason why it is wise to call the doctor when the child vomits is that this is frequently an early sign of infection. Scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough and chicken pox, for example, are all likely to be introduced with spells of vomiting. Vomiting also occurs frequently during the onset of pneumonia, influenza and poliomyelitis.

It should be borne in mind, further, that vomiting is an early symptom of acute appendicitis. The food that is vomited is ejected forcefully, and retching continues after all the food in the stomach has been lost. Since appendicitis is a dangerous disease even when it is recognized promptly, it is wise to keep in touch with the doctor. If vomiting is followed by abdominal pain, he will wish to have a blood test made to check the possibility of appendicitis.

However, I have found that in many cases a tendency to vomit is caused by nervous anxiety rather than by any digestive defect or infection. Often the cause is a feeling of insecurity. The child has found that an illness makes him the focus of family interest, which satisfies this deep-seated inner need. A subconscious craving for love and attention may then emerge in the form of dramatic, violent episodes of vomiting. These children are sometimes called "habit vomiters."

I remember one such case in particular that was a puzzle for many months. Judith was a healthy, normal little girl, the third child in a family and several years younger than her brother and sister. As is usual in such cases, loving attention was focused on her, the older children joining their parents in lavishing praise and favor on little Judy, who was a pretty, happy baby.

When she was five or six years old, Judy began to have occasional severe spells of vomiting. Careful examination and study revealed no abnormal condition that could be responsible, no allergy, no apparent infection. In talking to her mother about this problem, I became aware that each episode seemed to come at a particularly inconvenient time for the family. When the parents were planning a supper party for a group of their friends, for example, or when one of the older children was going to be in a recital or play at school, Judy was almost sure to turn up "sick at her stomach," with the result that mother often had to change her plans and stay home to take care of her.

Judy wasn't consciously making herself sick, or malingering. Her response to the situation was wholly subconscious. What she needed was to understand that these special occasions did not mean that she was any the less loved and wanted by her preoccupied parents and brother and sister. In time, we helped Judy get over her "delicate stomach" by letting her help with the arrangements and greet the guests when mother and daddy had a party, and by including her whenever possible on occasions involving the older children.

In other cases, however, feelings of anxiety and insecurity may be deep-rooted and harder to deal with; as when a child is truly unloved or unwanted, for example, or when there is ill feeling between the children in a family, or conflict between the mother and father. A so-called dyspeptic found that he could eat any food after he had been happily married for a year or so. It was the constant quarreling between his father and mother that had made certain dishes "poison" to him throughout his childhood and youth. Where bitterness in the home atmosphere is responsible for a child's vomiting episodes, the family doctor may need the aid of a psychiatrist—for the parents, not the child—before the condition can be cleared up.

POLITICAL BABES IN THE WOODS AGAINST THE SHARP BOYS

(Continued from Page 51)

"We can hold the party and still help you get elected," the members had said. But the business of politics is not a part-time, now-we-do-now-we-don't proposition.

There are as many reasons given for the defeat of the reform movement as there are interested persons in East St. Louis. But Bob Barracks, managing editor of the crusading East St. Louis Journal, who supported Bernice and her fellow board members, said simply, "Bernice and her fellow candidates were political babes in the woods up against the sharp boys."

The kind of campaign put on by the "sharp boys," the politicos who backed the winning ticket, left a bad taste in the mouths of many East St. Louisans. Anyone who knows East St. Louis politics knows that East St. Louisans play politics no-holds-barred and the dark-brown taste in the political mouth doesn't come easily. To an outsider, the vicious whispering campaign, the cynical pamphleteering, and the money paid to precinct committeemen, would contrast oddly with the high ideals usually connected with the no-pay school-board positions.

To Bernice's surprise, she found out too late—after the election—that for nearly three years one of her political enemies had been waging a constant whispering campaign against her, slowly but surely building up to a "beat Goedde" campaign to defeat the reform movement.

The whispering campaign painted Bernice with two brushes: one, Miss Goedde, the bossy, arrogant dictator who runs things her way; and the other, "that Protestant Miss Goedde," the anti-Catholic, Ku Klux Klanner.

The first was designed to play up the feeling many men have against women in any activity outside the home. The second was shaped to appeal to the large Catholic population in the city. To the credit of all East St. Louisans, the play for religious intolerance seemed to have little effect.

Unfortunately, Bernice herself aided the first charge in the minds of many critics. Oftentimes she would ride roughshod over opposition in matters where she felt she was right. With too little display of tact she would turn down well-intentioned advice. "Bernice would do better if she would stop competing with men as a man and use some of her feminine charm," one of her best friends said ruefully.

The second charge could have been refuted with the reminder that several members of the school board backed by Bernice were Catholic. The emphasis must be on the "could," for as Bernice said, "Whispering campaigns are hard to combat. I didn't know about the religious attacks until several days prior to the election, when my phone would ring all hours of the day or night bringing abuse from emotional people who had just heard the whisper."

The pamphlet campaign was cold, cynical politicking based on the touchy race-relations difficulty in East St. Louis. One pamphlet was found in the "white" areas of the city accusing Bernice of being pro-Negro because under her administration segregation was ended in the schools. Another pamphlet found in the Negro areas accused her with equal vehemence of being anti-Negro. Both sets of pamphlets were distributed the day before the election.

The scene at most of the polling places in the city April thirteenth is indicative of the money spent by Bernice's opposition. An official poll watcher for the board of election commissioners described the picture he saw repeated all over the city:

"All day long the precinctmen and their workers drove voters to the polls. I saw no one working for Miss Goedde's ticket."



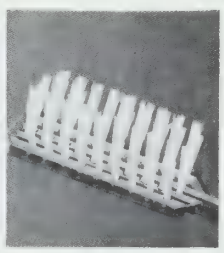
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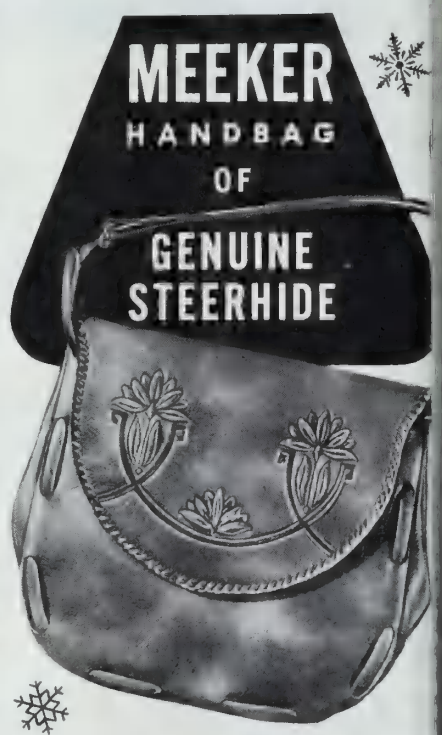
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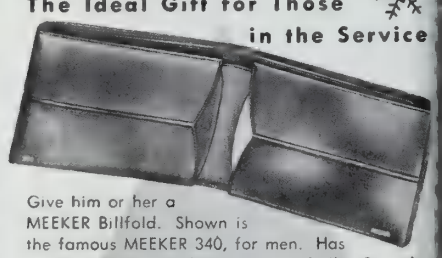


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Charles Hook, a board member running for re-election with Bernice, smelled defeat about noon when he saw the busy precinct committeemen. "If I'd known you fellows were going to be paid to work like this, I'd have saved my effort," he told one of the precinct bosses.

There have been many estimates of the money spent, but a conservative guess runs about $3000, with as much as $100 to $300 going to key precinct committeemen.

Bernice had ample opportunity to look into the money-hungry palms of precinct-men before the election, when she and her fellow candidates sat in the little, crowded office of a weekly newspaper in one district of the city. "We'll support you for $500 a precinct," one politician said. Bernice and her candidates refused.

There is no breath of scandal without halitosis.

But this kind of opposition is not new to Bernice. She faced the same thing in 1948, but then she fought. What about 1951?

"We could never get a campaign going this time. We could get too few people to help with the leg work. I and my five fellow candidates never did get together, all at one meeting, to do any planning. And I don't really know why," she admits.

Perhaps the lethargy among Goedde supporters was due to the effectiveness of the whispering campaign, for there was little enthusiastic support for her or her ticket; maybe it was the difficulty in arousing people's defense of a good administration, compared with the drama of "throwing the rascals out."

The lack of enthusiasm even reached the members of her own ticket, for one fellow candidate said, "Maybe someone else should have filed for the presidency. I'm afraid Bernice will drag the whole slate down with her."

Bernice is sure that her chairmanship of the 1951 Red Cross fund drive in the city took too much of her time away from politics. But Bernice doesn't like the word "politics." Even now, after the defeat, she is firm in her stand that "I will not play politics." She defines politics as "hiring of unqualified people to pay political debts" and the payment to professional politicians to deliver safe votes.

When Bernice thinks of politics in these terms, her reaction is the only one a good citizen can take, but what about politics in the sense of mobilizing votes? She didn't play politics in the "bad" sense, but she also failed to play politics in the "good" sense. She made no move to organize a "people's machine" with citizen groups getting out the vote simply because they want to see good schools continue.

The "I'd have voted if I thought you would lose" which Bernice is tired of hearing everywhere she goes could have been avoided by the technique of playing "get out the vote" politics.

Bernice says she finds it significant that East St. Louis politicians boast they can get out 10,000 votes and that the newly elected school-board president received 10,022. But it is of more significance that Bernice received 16,303 votes in 1948 and only 4988 votes in 1951. A reform movement can win only with a huge vote. The controlled politician votes lie in wait for the reform movement that fails to attract the voters and then rise up to clobber the movement.

Praise for Bernice came from an unexpected source. A former close associate of the City Hall machine, now retired from politics, said, "I was sure Miss Goedde would win, for she had a good administration, but I think she will be a better leader in the community for the lessons she has learned at this election."

Barracks was more blunt: "The pattern here will be repeated next year unless those who want good schools learn politics."

OUR OWN YOUNG MARRIEDS

(Continued from Page 57)

MEAT BALLS IN TOMATO SAUCE

Season 2 pounds ground beef with 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add ⅓ cup dry bread crumbs, 3 tablespoons water and 1 slightly beaten egg. Mix well and shape into small balls—about 60 of them. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in hot skillet, add meatballs and brown well on all sides. Add ¾ cup chopped onion and 2 cloves garlic, chopped, and brown in pan drippings. Add 1 No. 2 can tomato purée, ½ cup water (or you could use three 8-ounce cans tomato sauce in place of water and purée), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of Tabasco, ¼ cup chopped parsley and ¾ cup chopped celery. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Season to taste. Serves 10.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

Remove outer leaves from 2 medium heads cauliflower; wash and separate into flowerets. Cook in boiled salted water until just tender. Arrange in a shallow pan. Make a cream sauce by blending ¾ cup butter or margarine with ¾ cup flour; gradually add 2 quarts milk, heat and stir until thickened. Season sauce with 2 teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard. Pour hot sauce over cauliflower; sprinkle with ½ cup buttered crumbs and ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 15 minutes or until thoroughly heated through. Run under the broiler a few minutes for a final browning. Serves 10.

CRAB-ASPIC LOAF

Soak over two 6½-ounce cans crab meat, removing any shell. Combine crab meat with 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 pint cream or top milk, ½ teaspoons salt, pepper and ¾ teaspoon paprika. Soften 1½ envelopes unflavored gelatin in ⅓ cup cold water. Dissolve over hot water and add to crab mixture with ½ cup sliced scallions and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Chill until it thickens. Pour into a 1-quart loaf-shaped pan and chill until set. Turn out. Garnish with tomato wedges. Serves 10.

NOODLE, HAM AND SOUR CREAM CASSEROLE

Cut into bite size or chop coarsely ¾ pound ready-to-eat ham. Cook one 8-ounce package egg noodles until tender. Mix 1 tablespoon grated onion with 1 pint sour cream. Grease a 2-quart casserole dish lightly, and as soon as noodles are drained and rinsed, but *not* dry and sticky, make a layer in the bottom of the casserole, then a layer of chopped ham, followed by ⅓ pint sour cream; repeat until there are 3 layers. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Having three is important, as it spreads the ham and sour cream more evenly through the noodles. Top with buttered bread crumbs and heat through thoroughly. If you place it high in the oven, the top will brown nicely in the time it takes it to heat through; another important point is that it mustn't stay in the oven (350° F.—20–30 minutes) long enough to dry out. Serves 6 hungry people or 4 starving.

RASPBERRY ICE-CREAM PIE

Make a graham-cracker crust by rolling 16 graham crackers until fine. Work in ¼ cup sugar and ¼ cup soft butter or margarine. Press crumb mixture against bottom and sides of a lightly greased 8" pie plate. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 8–10 minutes. Cool. Fill the cooled shell with 1 quart soft vanilla ice cream. Place in freezing section of your refrigerator until ready to serve. This can be done the day before or the morning of the party. Serve with frozen raspberries which have just been thawed. Serves 6.

(Continued on Page 103)



RISK *denying* my baby

a strong back
a fine full chest
straight legs
sound teeth? *Not if I can help it!*

SOME mothers don't seem to know that well-shaped heads, fine full chest, strong backs and straight legs are not a matter of chance. Your baby and *every* baby, needs special help to build them.

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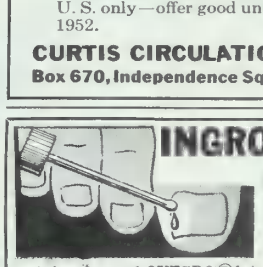


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MOST DELICIOUS ECONOMICAL FOODS
PUBLIC SERVICE COUNCIL
SEAL OF ASSURANCE

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(Continued from Page 101)

BARBECUED CHICKEN

Have two 3-pound chickens cut into quarters. Place chicken skin side down in a shallow open pan (17" x 11" x 2½"). Add 1 large onion, sliced, 1 clove garlic and 1 quart water. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 1 hour, turning occasionally. Meanwhile, prepare the barbecue sauce. Combine 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon black pepper, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1½ cups tomato juice, ⅓ cup cider vinegar in a saucepan. Boil 10 minutes. Pour the sauce over the chicken. Baste the chicken every 15 minutes with the sauce. Bake until chicken is tender and sauce is reduced to a rich gravy. It takes about 1½–2 hours more. If your chicken is very tender before the sauce is reduced, you can pour off some of the sauce and boil it down to speed the thickening process. Serves 8.

STUFFED PICKLED MUSHROOMS

Remove stems from ½ pound small mushrooms. Wipe caps with a damp cloth. If the small raw ones are not available, use a 4-ounce can button mushrooms. Bring to a boil 1 cup red wine vinegar, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon pickling spices, 3 thin slices lemon, 1 small onion, sliced, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cut clove garlic and ½ teaspoon sugar; remove from heat at once. Pour over the mushrooms. Place a small saucer over mushrooms to hold them down in vinegar mixture. Let stand until cold. They may stand overnight, but this is not necessary. An hour before party time, drain and stuff the caps with filling, made by blending one 3-ounce package cream cheese with ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon prepared horse-radish, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Sprinkle tops with paprika.

CHOCOLATE-MINT ROLL

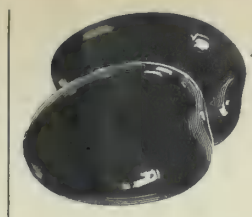
Whip 1½ cups heavy cream until just stiff; sweeten with ¼ cup sugar. Tint whipped cream a pleasing green with green food coloring and flavor with ⅛ teaspoon mint extract. Spread thin chocolate wafers with cream and stack together—use a full 10-ounce can of wafers. Frost the outside of the roll with the remaining mint cream. Garnish with shaved semisweet chocolate. Chill several hours. To serve, slice on the diagonal. Serves 8.

MINESTRONE

Soak 1 cup dried navy beans overnight in 1 quart water. If you forget to put the beans to soak the night before, you can bring the beans and water to a boil and soak 1 hour. Cut ¼ pound salt pork into small pieces and fry them slowly in a deep heavy kettle. Discard the pork pieces. Into the fat put 1 clove garlic, minced, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3 medium onions, sliced thin, and the white part of 3 leeks, sliced; cook 10 minutes more. Add the beans and the water in which they were soaked. Then add 1½ quarts water, 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1½ cups sliced celery, 6 carrots sliced in rounds, 1 green pepper, chopped, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon basil and ⅛ teaspoon black pepper. Simmer 2 hours. Add 1½ cups shredded cabbage, 1 cup peas, 1 cup Lima beans, and simmer 15 minutes. Then the final addition is ½ cup cooked macaroni. Serve hot with grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 8. This soup is best when made the day before the party.

APPLE CRISP

Beat 2 eggs well and gradually add 1 cup sugar, beating until light and fluffy. Sift together ⅔ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and 2½ teaspoons baking powder. Add the dry ingredients to egg mixture. Mix well. Fold in 1 cup chopped apple which has been peeled and cored, 1 cup chopped walnuts and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Pour into greased glass baking dish, 12" x 7⅜" x 1½". Sprinkle top with ½ cup shredded coconut. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 minutes. Cut into squares and serve with fluff of whipped cream. Serves 8.



RIPE OLIVES

FROM CALIFORNIA

Elegant in Casseroles



CORONADO CASSEROLE

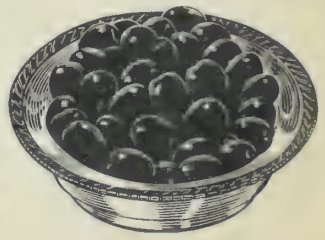
- ⅔ cup ripe olives
- 2 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 can condensed mushroom soup
- ¼ cup chopped pimiento
- 1 tbsp. finely chopped parsley
- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- ⅔ cup crushed potato chips
- Pepper

Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Melt butter and blend in flour. Add milk and cook and stir until thickened. Stir in soup, olives, pimiento, parsley, sliced eggs, half of potato chips and pepper to taste. Pour into greased casserole. Top with remaining potato chips. Bake in moderately slow oven (325 degrees F.) 20 minutes. Serves 6.

ELEGANT! To make more dishes *more delicious* with ripe olives, write for your free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-12, 16 Beale St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

(CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE)

Elegance is easy—when you have ripe olives. Their black-satin beauty adds elegance to table and to appetizer tray. It's an elegance you can enjoy every day, just by setting out the olive bowl. And when you use ripe olives in your cooking, their subtle flavor turns a "simple something" into *something special* quickly and easily. So be sure to remember, Ripe Olives from California—for ***Elegance***





By Munro Leaf

THIS simple-minded creature waiting behind the door is a Boo-Booby. It thinks it is great fun to jump out at people who don't know it is there and shout BOO to scare them. Someday it is going to get hurt badly by being stuck in the eye or cut or scratched by something the other person is carrying. Or maybe the person it jumps out at is going to be badly frightened or hurt. Either way, it's a stupid thing to do, as this Boo-Booby will find out when this pot of hot coffee lands on its head. We can do without Boo-Boobies very easily.

T-N-T POPCORN for cozy evenings



Brighten your holiday meals!

Whole Sunshine Pimientos are a "must" on the pantry shelf. See how their vivid red color lends a festive air even to potatoes and scrambled eggs; see how their mild, spicy flavor adds zest to holiday salads, meats, casseroles. Be generous in your use of Sunshine Pimientos for Merry Christmas cooking!



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Griffin, Georgia



taste tickling! thrifty

CURRY OF VEAL

Cook small onion, chopped, and 2 tbls. minced green pepper in 3 tbls. fat for 10 minutes. Stir in 3 tbls. flour and 2 to 3 tsps. curry powder. Add 2 8-oz. cups Herb-Ox Bouillon . . . cook, stir constantly till thickened. Add diced cooked veal and cook 5 minutes.

FREE! ***Send for "The Herb-Ox Money-Saver" booklet*** . . . exciting recipes, 28 economical *menu plans!* Favorite dishes take on taste-tingling zing with flavorful Herb-Ox! Bouillon or Chicken cubes are ideal for soup stocks, gravy, low-cost main dishes. Write The Pure Food Co., Inc., Mamaroneck, N. Y. Dept. LHJ-12.

Herb-Ox
BOUILLON CUBES

The Make-Believe Twins



Ahoy, there, people! You'd better take warning that Peter's a Pirate chief this morning with a really ferocious pirate Crew. And Penny, of course, is a Pirate too.



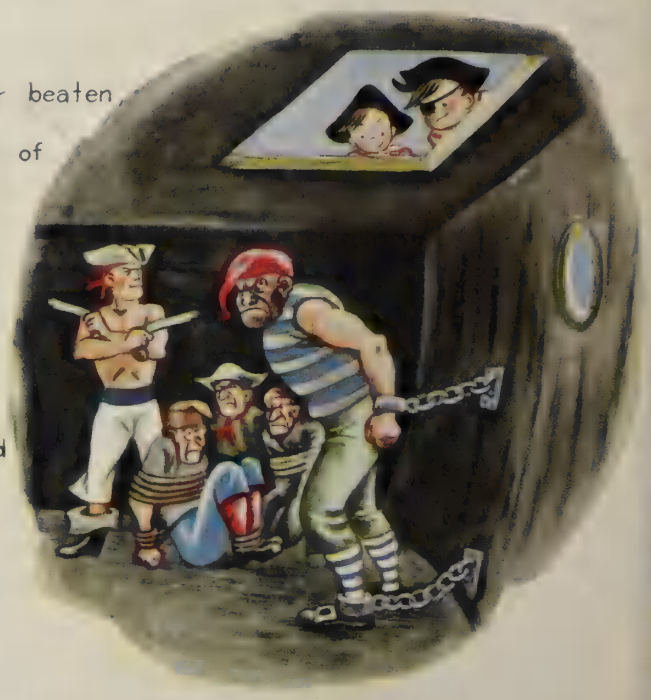
Tied to the bedpost (that's their mast), a skull-and-crossbones is fluttering fast. And, shiver my timbers! But there's a fight whenever an enemy heaves in sight.

With a patch on his Eye and his sword in hand, Peter is leading his cutthroat band against Black Roger, that bold sea rover, who'll walk the Plank when the Battle's over.



(Roger, you see, is a Wicked sort while Penny and Pete, I'm glad to report, are really good pirates Everyone knows they only attack their country's foes.)

With Roger beaten, they soon are rid of Long John Silver and Captain Kidd, till the twins have so many bags of Gold and such crowds of captives here in the hold that, pulling their skull-and-crossbones down, they Anchor at last in the nearest town





And their Fam'ly's so glad they are safe and hearty that they make hot cocoa and have a party.

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY
DRAWN By ROBERTA MacDONALD


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Coca-Cola
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Says
Mrs. Mildred Fiester
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Spaghetti has new, spicy zest when seasoned with Mexene All-Purpose Seasoning, says Mrs. Fiester, who . . . as do thousands of other good cooks, uses Mexene to add life and flavor to everyday foods. Mexene, a piquant blend of rare peppers and spices, is also perfect for making home-made chili and is acclaimed by connoisseurs for seasoning meats, poultry, seafoods, beans, soups, and vegetables. A can or bottle costs less than 20c.

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TO EACH AND ALL—MERRY CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 65)

And now to dinner. The first item on the agenda is soup. I don't care what else you do, soup is good, soup is proper, soup is liked and soup is soup. Only it isn't just that. It has to be the right soup—light and hot—to precede a Christmas dinner, and here's one. I don't claim there aren't others, but here's one of the best. So let's begin.

TOMATO CONSOMMÉ

Add 4 cups tomato juice to 2 cans condensed consommé. Season with 4 whole cloves, 8 peppercorns, ½ bay leaf, ½ teaspoon salt, a little basil, 1 small onion, chopped, a few celery tops and parsley sprigs. Simmer 30 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth. Reheat and serve with a slice of orange in each bowl of soup.

• • •

The roasted bird. The size of your turkey is a matter personal and private to you. Depends on the size of your family, and isn't, as some have intimated, decided by the size of your platter. Anyway, select a bird of limited summers, with a tender and yielding breastbone, plump and aristocratic-looking, one that has shown ambition to shine in his destined role on your table.

Stuff both breast and inside of the turkey with a good stuffing (never call it "dressing"). I like my oysters in a scallop or a stew. To put them in a stuffing is like using pearls on your garters. But you can't go wrong with sausage, and my choice would be a sausage stuffing.

SAUSAGE STUFFING FOR TURKEY

Pull bread crumbs from 1½ loaves unsliced stale bread. Spread out on tray and let stand overnight. Add 1 pound bulk pork sausage and mix well with the fingers so the sausage is evenly distributed through the bread. Crush enough crisp rye wafers to make 1 cup and add to the bread and sausage. Toss in ¾ cup chopped onion, 2 teaspoons salt and 2 teaspoons sage. You won't need butter. The sausage fat will do the larding in the baking. This amount will stuff a 16–18-pound bird. For a roast chicken or small turkey, halve the quantities. I like to make up a whole lot of stuffing and pack what doesn't go in the turkey in a glass baking dish. When breakfast time rolls round, slice your stuffing and fry it in butter or salt-pork fat. It's dandy.

• • •

Ready for the roaster. The turkey, having been sewed up and trussed up, is rubbed well, all over, with melted butter or margarine, dredged with flour and put in a roaster. The oven should be at 475° F., and the bird allowed to brown, turning it so it will brown all around, as you need to. Then cover and reduce the heat to 350° F. and finish roasting. Baste with melted butter or margarine and hot water, half and half, from time to time as the roasting goes on. It takes about 3 hours for a 10–12-pound turkey, an extra hour for 16 pounds, but try it with a fork and be sure it is very tender. Underdone turkey is one of life's major disappointments. And no one should be disappointed.

If you don't want to watch and baste, you may wrap your stuffed turkey lengthwise in an 18" sheet of aluminum foil before putting in the roaster. There won't be as much gravy-making material in the pan, but other advantages make up for this disadvantage. For a 12-pound turkey, roast for 2 hours and 15 minutes at 400° F. Remove the foil, lower the heat and continue roasting for 1 hour at 350° F. Turn the turkey twice during the last hour for even browning.

• • •

Sweet and low. That's onions. Do not pay any mind to my English. It's as it is, no better. But I am a lover of onions. Many people are enamored of carrots. Why, I do not know. A carrot is, I admit, a so-called blessing. I'm an onion fan, myself, but this is a very good way of having both carrots and onions for your dinner. It's a pretty dish, too, and tastes as good as it looks.

CREAMED ONIONS WITH CARROTS

Peel and cook 3 pounds white onions in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well. Melt 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, blend in 6 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Stir until smooth. Gradually add 2 cups light cream and 1 cup milk. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently, until thick and smooth. Add 1½ cups coarsely grated raw carrots and cook slowly 3 minutes. Mix with the cooked onions. Add 1 tablespoon butter and heat all together thoroughly. Taste for seasoning. It may need a little more salt and pepper.

• • •

Cranberry jelly helps. To keep the appetite more or less expectant under the assault of turkey and trimmings, cranberry sauce or jelly is a must. Cranberries are a turkey's natural friend and relative. No matter what other relishes you serve, Christmas dinner wouldn't be the same without cranberries. You can, of course, buy cranberry jelly or make it this way:

CRANBERRY JELLY

Add 2 cups cold water to 1 pound (4 cups) fresh cranberries. Bring to a boil and cook until all the skins pop open. Strain through a fine sieve to remove skins and seeds, but press pulp through with the juice. Add 2 cups sugar to the strained cranberry pulp and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Bring the mixture to a boil and cook rapidly for about 5–8 minutes, stirring occasionally, until a spoonful sets on a cold plate. This needs watching. Skim and pour into a mold. Chill until firm. Makes about 1 quart.

• • •

Celery in a salad. I'm sure neither Napoleon nor George Washington had anything to do with the salad we nominate for our Christmas dinner. The victor was no doubt some good cook who achieved a personal triumph with this dish. At least I first ate it in the home of a famous woman who had, among other qualities, a talent for producing fine food. And since celery, raw or cooked, goes with either turkey or chicken, include it in your meal in some fashion if you prefer a simpler salad than this.

CELERY VICTOR

Remove the outer stalks from 8 bunches celery. Cook the celery hearts in consommé or

(Continued on Page 108)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Keeping Warm

By Herbert Merrill

What if the laughing creek is bound
In ice and night is bitter black?
The mole is snug beneath the ground,
The mouse is warm in his haystack.

What if the pond is turned to stone
And fields are crusted white and chill?
Beneath the snow the seeds are sown,
Patient as time and living still.

And what if winter stalks the house
And whistles down the fireplace?
We sit here snug as mole and mouse,
With springtime smiling on your face.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Make folks happy with GIFTS YOU BAKE!

WESSON'S YOUR LIQUID SHORTENING FOR TREATS THEY LOVE

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And for mailing away, make Wesson's famous Fruitcake. This yummy-plummy Fruitcake made with delicate Wesson Oil will keep rich and moist to the last slice.



WESSON DE LUXE FRUITCAKE

Luscious loaves or festive cupcakes*—so easy to mail

Mix together . . **1 cup WESSON OIL**
1½ cups brown sugar (packed in cup)
4 whole eggs
Beat vigorously with spoon or electric mixer for 2 minutes.
Sift together . . **2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour**
****1 tsp. double-action baking powder**
****2 tsp. salt**
2 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. cloves
Stir into Wesson Oil mixture alternately with
1 cup fruit juice (pineapple or orange for light cake)
Mix . . . . . **1 cup more *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour**
into . . . . . **1 cup shaved citron**
1 cup chopped candied pineapple
1½ cups whole candied cherries
1 cup raisins
1 cup chopped figs
3 cups coarsely chopped nuts
Pour batter over fruit, mixing thoroughly.
Line with brown paper 2 loaf pans,* 8½ x 4½ x 2½-in. Pour the batter into the pans. Place a pan of water on the lower oven rack. Bake cakes 2½ *to* 3 *hours* in slow oven (275°). After baking, let cakes stand 15 minutes before removing from pans. Cool thoroughly on racks without removing paper. Cover and store to ripen. If cakes are to be kept for a long time, remove paper and wrap in fruit-juice-soaked cloths. Store in a cool dry place. When ready to use, glaze and decorate.

GLAZE: Combine 2 *tbsp. brown sugar*, 1 *tbsp. corn syrup*, 2 *tbsp. water* and bring to boil; boil 2 minutes. Brush over cake. Decorate with candied cherries as shown.

NOTES: To measure raisins, cut-up candied peel, candied cherries, etc., ½ lb. equals 1½ cups; ¾ lb. equals ¾ cups.
*Or divide batter: bake half in loaf as above and bake remainder in 12 paper baking cups placed in muffin tins . . . bake at 275° for 1 hr. and 15 min.
**If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour omit baking powder and salt.



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BETTY CROCKER'S CHERRY CORDIAL CHIFFON CAKE

Delicate and richly moist—another triumph for Softasilk Cake Flour and Wesson Oil

Preheat oven (see pan sizes and corresponding temperatures below). Sift an ample amount of flour onto a square of paper. Chop nuts *very* fine; slice and chop well drained maraschino cherries *very* fine (see quantities below).

STEP 1—Measure (level measurements throughout) and sift together into mixing bowl
2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly, don't pack)
1½ cups sugar
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
Make well and add in order
½ cup WESSON OIL
5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium)
¼ cup maraschino cherry juice
½ cup cold water
1 tsp. vanilla
Beat until *smooth* with spoon, or beat with electric mixer on medium speed for 1 minute.

STEP 2—Measure into *large* mixing bowl . . . **1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)**
½ tsp. cream of tartar
Beat until whites form *very stiff* peaks by hand, or with electric mixer on high speed for 3 to 5 minutes. DO NOT UNDERBEAT. Egg whites are stiff enough when rubber scraper drawn through them leaves a clean path.

STEP 3—Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over beaten egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended. DO NOT STIR.

Mix together . . . ***½ cup very thinly sliced, finely chopped, well drained maraschino cherries**
½ cup very finely chopped nuts
Sprinkle over top of batter gently folding in with a few strokes. Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately.

BAKE: Tube pan, 10 x 4-in.—325° (slow moderate oven)—65 to 70 minutes. Oblong pan, 13 x 9½ x 2-in.—350° (moderate oven)—45 to 50 minutes . . . or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of oblong pan on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Frost with White Mountain Icing.

***CAUTION:** (1) Cherries must be very well drained and very finely chopped or they will sink to the bottom. (2) If you live at altitude over 2500 feet look on the folder inside the Softasilk package for Chiffon Cake recipe adjustments.

WHITE MOUNTAIN ICING . . . Stir until well blended in a small saucepan ½ *cup sugar*, ¼ *cup white corn syrup*, 2 *tbsp. water*. Boil rapidly to 242° (mixture spins a 6 to 8-in. thread or a few drops form a firm ball when dropped into cold water). When mixture begins to boil, start beating ¼ *cup egg whites* (2 *small*). Beat until stiff enough to hold a peak. Pour hot syrup slowly in a thin steady stream into beaten egg whites, beating constantly with electric or rotary beater until mixture stands in *very stiff* peaks. Blend in 1 *tsp. vanilla*.

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THE Verplex COMPANY

at Essex, Connecticut



(Continued from Page 106)

bouillon only until tender. Chill the hearts in the broth, then drain well. Split them in half lengthwise. Marinate the split hearts in French dressing overnight. Now all you have to do is arrange 2 halves on a bed of crisp water cress and garnish with black olives stuffed with blue cheese (3 tablespoons sieved blue cheese blended with ½ package cream cheese). (Some stores sell hearts of celery separately packaged.)

• • •

Christmas pudding. Plum pudding is as important a part of the holiday dinner as the lights on the Christmas tree. It should be full of "plums," richly spiced, and one that you can't resist *after* you've eaten the drumstick and two helpings of stuffing. We all have memories of puddings past and we can dream of those to be. So here's one more to add to the list that's already long:

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Mix together 2 cups seedless raisins, ½ cup finely chopped citron, the grated rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon, 1 large apple, peeled, cored and chopped, ½ cup sliced glacéed cherries, ¼ cup chopped pitted dates, ½ cup orange juice and 1 cup orange marmalade. Let it stand overnight. Beat 3 eggs until very light. Add ½ cup sugar and 1 cup molasses gradually. Then add 1½ cups packaged fine dry bread crumbs, 1 cup finely chopped beef suet, 1 cup chopped walnuts and the fruits you soaked overnight. Sift 1 cup flour with 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon allspice and ½ teaspoon cloves. Stir into the pudding mixture and pour into greased and floured pudding molds. If you use 1 big mold, steam 4–5 hours, depending on size. We like to use two 1-quart molds and steam 3 hours. In this way you can have one pudding for the dinner and one extra for second helpings or other entertaining during the holidays. Puddings may be steamed days ahead, cooled, left in the molds and steamed to reheat Christmas Day. This type of pudding must be really hot to be at its best. Serve with hard or foamy sauce. Garnish with glacéed fruits if you like.

Hard sauce is so called because it's soft. Things are often called by contradictory names, and hard sauce is an example. Make it and prove the point. It's eaten with plum pudding and other things. It ought to be flavored highly. Admired extravagantly. Eaten freely.

HARD SAUCE

Cream 1 cup butter or margarine with 1 cup superfine sugar until fluffy. Add ¼ teaspoon vanilla and the grated rind of 1 orange—about 4 teaspoons. Mix well and chill. Serve with a sprinkle of shredded orange peel over the top.

The old order changeth—yes, but we ought to be able to preserve beauty and dignity, and the sense of service and manners, things that have come very slowly, and can be made to vanish very fast if we aren't set on preserving them somehow.

—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

• • •

As a Christmas present to you, I wish I could have taken you all with me when I went up to my home town in Vermont. It was a little late, so the leaves had begun to turn and against the virgin forests of pine and hemlock, a picture spread its canvas before eyes bred to stone and brick, and the rooftops that are the ultimate lesson in monotony. You scarcely drive two miles that you don't glimpse a silver ribbon of river down below. A piece that maybe God left over when He cut the pattern of lace and brocade to dress the ineffable beauty of Vermont. And in her hair He nestled a diamond locket set with the star called Venus. This picture, if I could paint it, would be my Christmas card to you. The memory of those lofty mountains and peaceful valleys, where faith and truth and beauty abide, is in my mind as I wish you again the old, old wish—Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas to each and all. With loving thoughts all through the days that are gone and those (D.V.) that are to come.

WHEN A WOMAN MAKES UP HER MIND

(Continued from Page 50)

long before the collapse comes depends most of all upon how long it takes the American woman to make up her mind to knock over the monstrous edifice. This is even more true now than in 1890 because the American woman today has the vote, a wider awareness of her world and, most importantly, freedom from the shibboleths which ordained that she should show no interest in public affairs.

As a newspaper editor, I have spent much time for the past 20 years in what is called, sometimes derisively, crusading. I know from experience that crusades can be successful only when the women get stirred up, and that the aid of twenty women who believe in the objective is more useful than resolutions of support passed by all the men's civic clubs in town.

Scores of examples, some with national meaning, come readily to mind. The virtual eradication of lynching in the South has not been brought about by the passage of more laws, but principally because the women of the South organized antilynching groups within and outside the churches and shamed the Southern male conscience. Women voters were the most telling factor in the defeat of the Hague machine in New Jersey. In the spring of 1951, women joined with men in Lake Charles, Louisiana, to secure, by personal investigation, evidence of widespread organized gambling for presentation to a grand jury. In our own little city, I like to boast that my newspaper has never lost a campaign for community betterment. We have contributed to the defeats of politicians whose alliance with the back-country underworld differed from the union of Tammany and Costello only in the size of the take. We have helped win reforms in school systems and city planning, successfully sought adequate educational, medical and recreational facilities for all groups in our population, and in general have tried to build a community of good will and political decency. In every campaign, the women have been responsible for the success achieved.

It may be that this is just small-town stuff, but I do not think it should be so dismissed. Every community is the nation in microcosm. If the women of Greenville, Mississippi, can rouse 80 per cent of our voters to support new school and swimming-pool and hospital bond issues, and turn out to defeat an underworld-backed candidate for sheriff, their metropolitan sisters can do the same. If the women of Lake Charles, Louisiana, have the courage to gather proof of wide-open gambling, so can the women of Miami and San Francisco and Chicago and wherever else the rackets flourish.

But across America, not enough women are convinced of their political importance or of the relation between passive citizenship and the present danger to free and honest government. It seems to me that too many American women welcome, or at least accept, the admonition in the antiquated book of etiquette. Too many American women prefer canasta to political housecleaning, both as a personal activity and as a conversational topic. Their choice makes it easier for the enemies of law and democracy, and harder for their own sons and daughters in a world where the lights of free, lawful society shine feebly.

For those lights are not endangered by force alone. They can flicker out, also, in the darkness of neglect. THE END



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BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

MOTHER LOVED TO COOK

(Continued from Page 63)

been wrecked by underdone fried chicken than by any other single article of food, unless it was overdone corn on the cob. Chicken must be rolled in salted flour, browned quickly in deep butter, steamed slowly for one hour (fifty-five minutes wouldn't do it), hot water having been added, then cooked down low with the lid off until brown. This would produce chicken which could easily be cut with a fork, and with a flavor which people talked about in the naves of churches and on the eves of national crises.

Not only did mother make a rite of frying chicken; she could roast or bake it to a sort of unearthly perfection. Mother's roast chicken (trickling fat at its seams and drenched in its own juices), lifted from the roaster and heaved gently onto the platter, was something to make you tremble with awe.

Nor was fowl mother's only meaty triumph. If you had the good fortune or shrewd judgment to stumble into our kitchen on certain snowy winter evenings along about five o'clock, you would sniff the aroma of mother's spareribs broiling merrily, and you would never be the same again; for even if you never learned the secret of broiling them as mother broiled them, you would never be able to live down the memory of that moment. Corn bread and French fries and plenty of snappy applesauce cooked down with lemon made the meal you would have eaten with us that evening, mother having slipped in another plate at the table.

Pork chops, too, became something more than dabs of meat when mother cooked them. These, having first been rolled in salted flour, were cooked in a deep skillet so that the fat could occasionally bubble across them even before they were turned. They were fried quickly to a rich brown, turned and browned on the other side, steamed gently for twenty minutes, and then lifted deftly to the platter. With pork chops you had the same snappy applesauce you used with spareribs, but the potatoes were mashed, whipped to a creamy lightness, instead of French-fried (sometimes creamed hominy was substituted), and there were either home-canned peas or home-canned tiny green beans. Usually the creamed hominy—and mother's vegetables were *creamed*, not white-sauced—was reserved for sausage meals, but occasionally we persuaded mother to serve it with pork chops also. Sometimes for variation we had, instead of applesauce, rhubarb, home-canned by mother, with little cubes of pineapple floating around in it. Rhubarb, mother insisted, always needed a dash of pineapple. Fresh pineapple, of course, cooked down and added to the rhubarb when it was canned.

ROASTS too—pork, beef or lamb—were mother's pride and delight. She preferred beef, insisting that it not only produced more red blood cells, but kept down tonsillitis much more successfully than pork or lamb. With roasts you had hot biscuits or homemade rolls or homemade bread. Mother, maintaining that she knew her limitations, did not bake her own bread, but believing firmly in the superiority of home-baked over store-baked bread, bought ours each week from a dear little old lady who lived at the end of our street. Gravy, cream or pan, went with the roast; and potatoes, onions, turnips and carrots, which had been stashed in the roaster around the meat and allowed to grow tender and brown and juicily delicious, were piled onto the platter around it. With what torture I lived through the asking of the blessing and looked up nervously to see whether that specially browned potato would go onto my sister's plate or mine!

Although mother didn't go in for baking bread in the ordinary sense, of what an imposing list of quick breads, hot cakes and muffins she was mistress! Her nut bread, baked in small loaves, was cut into thin slices, buttered well to the edges, and made into dainty sandwiches. These, eaten in unladylike stacks, with a cup of creamy hot chocolate, were our favorite after-school lunch. Wheat muffins, corn muffins, bran muffins, all a golden brown, were flipped joyously from muffin pans and eaten hot, drenched in butter, with meals, or cold with a slice of butter anchored securely inside and blackberry jam or grape marmalade oozing out the sides, for snacks. With these you drank a tall glass of milk.

MOTHER'S corn muffins were good, but her corn griddlecakes were something bordering upon the miraculous and an experience not often vouchsafed to mortal man. I have never eaten any like them anywhere at any time. I have no idea, other than the type of corn meal, what went into them. I only know that when they were lifted from the griddle, fragrant, thin, brown, with lacy edges, spread with soft home-churned butter and freshly made plum conserve, they were like nothing I have ever experienced in this world or hope to experience in the world to come. When I eat the travesty on corn bread that is frequently poked at me today by certain undiscerning waitresses, I wonder how they can face me with equanimity.

The only clue I have to mother's corncakes is the kind of corn meal she used. The meal, of course, must be white, mother insisted, never yellow, which well-meaning but misguided Northerners used; and must unfailingly be water-ground. None of that dreadful steel-cut stuff, abhorrent to the palate of a connoisseur of corn bread.

Mother was likewise modestly famous for her steamed brown bread. On days when it was being made we rushed home after school, scorning butterscotch sundaes in the drugstore as something we could have any day, whereas mother's brown bread was infrequent and of short duration. Brown bread today is frequently spread with cream cheese and served as sandwiches with tea. Mother's brown bread could stand on its own merits. You put butter, and nothing but butter, on it; and you ate it because it was good, and not merely because it would keep your stomach from gnawing.

The mention of brown bread brings me, of course, to baked beans. Boston baked beans. I grew up, an unsuspecting little Midwesterner, on heavenly Boston baked beans, large navy beans cooked down to mealy tenderness in ham fat and baked in brown sugar and molasses under strips of bacon.

Years later, when I first visited Boston and was served those small pellets which Bostonians know as baked beans, I thought there must have been some mistake. I went from restaurant to coffee shop up and down the streets of Boston, my dismay mounting as nothing resembling Midwestern Boston baked beans made their appearance. I have since learned that *Boston* Boston baked beans are not even a reasonable facsimile of *Midwestern* Boston baked beans, and my heart aches for cheated Bostonians.

The memory of mother's food is endless: her sugar cookies, her cherry cobbler, her steamed dumplings, her quince jelly, her green salads, her homemade ice cream. Ice cream. I can well imagine what mother's horror would be today at the stuff people make in electric refrigerators and call ice cream. *No* child, mother said, should be denied the joy of settling down in a corner on Sunday afternoon with the ice-cream dasher.

Poets, prophets and just plain people, mother affirmed, need food, delicious food, and plenty of it. When the Lord said, "When I was hungry, you gave me food," He meant, said mother, *good* food. THE END

To feel sorry for oneself is one of the most disintegrating things the individual can do to himself.

—WINIFRED RHOADES.

"Seems like everybody's asking for La Cross!"

Yes, La Cross Manicure Sets are topping a lot of Christmas lists this year! The lifetime gift cases are more luxurious than ever . . . and inside are America's *finest* manicure instruments and hand beauty aids. At pocket-pleasing prices.



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MARINER. Man-styled genuine leather case, suedette-lined. Contains nail file, nail clip, nail scissors and tweezers. $5.75 plus 55¢ Fed. Tax.

CELEBRITY. Petal-soft, suede-lined cowhide traveling case contains nail nippers, tweezers, nail file, cuticle scissors and cuticle pusher. $10.50 plus 95¢ Fed. Tax.

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HAROLD FOWLER

Color-scheming the old furnishings with budget-priced fabrics brings them into close harmony with the new gray rug.

This is the living room that was treated to a new rug.

A rug on a budget

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

THERE'S no doubt that a beautiful rug gives an air of luxury as well as comfort to any room. But sometimes we long to do over a living room, and can't stretch the budget to include both a new rug and new furniture. Here is what one woman did:

She decided to splurge on a new rug and economize closely elsewhere. She used her old furniture, freshly slip-covered, a few family antiques and a homemade magazine table; sheer curtains—dyed muslin at 30 cents a yard—instead of expensive draperies; and budget-priced materials for the slip covers. With these economies she managed to save the price of a new rug.

Brush up on floor-covering styles and developments before you buy your rug. Look for the name of a reliable manufacturer and then ask questions about the weaves and textures with which you may not be familiar. Expect to pay around $145 for a 9′ x 12′ size wool or blend rug and choose a color you really like, even though you may have nothing to go with it right then.

To save time and money with your budget decorating, check over these helpful pointers:

Your color scheme . . . Go to bargain shops and sales tables for fabrics, but before you start *(Continued on Page 114)*

excitement! strategy! humor!

...all in a game of cards!

It's a battle of wits—*you're* the general! One moment you're making a heroic stand against overwhelming Kings and Aces . . . the next, you're launching a surprise attack. But it's all a game, with a laugh at every turn.

For sociable, "live" entertainment when family or friends get together, you can't beat the fun in a pack of cards!

Have the "card book" handy to look up rules . . . and learn new games! For your new OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES (256 pages, 165 games) just mail 15¢ to Dept. C-7, United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. (In Canada: The International Playing Card Co., Windsor, Ont.)

Compliment your guests with playing cards of really top quality. You'll notice the unmistakable luxury "feel" of CONGRESS cards. Their exclusive Cel-u-tone finish gives them a "snap" and "slip". . . a gleam and glide no other cards possess!

Only **Congress Cards** have CEL-U-TONE finish

NEW! 5 gift-tricks that make a house "Tick"



"We commuters must be clock watchers!"

← It's jewel-like, this tiny gold and ivory-colored cube—the new Seth Thomas† *Prim*. Take it traveling, too—in a white cover-case for her, brown for him. 30-hour jeweled movement. Pleasant alarm. 2" tall. $13.95.*



"Just 5 minutes to make up!"

Feminine as a nosegay is the lovely → little Seth Thomas *Pert*. Fine enamelled case (in ivory or black) is hand-decorated with dainty garlands. Tuneful alarm, luminous dial. 30-hour jeweled movement. 2¼" tall. $14.95.*



"Two faces—one for him, one for me!"

← Put the exquisite, new Seth Thomas *Doublet* between your twin beds. It tells you the time on *both* sides . . . a masterpiece of clockmaking ingenuity! Brass case with ivory or brown trim. 8-day, 7-jewel movement. Bell alarm. 3¾" tall. $37.50.*

"I'll meet you in half an hour!"

Clever little *Classmate* plays *two* roles. → *Out* of case, on easel stand, it's a desk or boudoir clock. *In* leather case, it's a sturdy traveler. Case in 4 colors. Choice of luminous dials. 30-hour jeweled movement. Alarm. 2" tall. $14.95.*

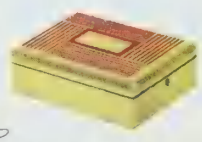




"Practiced 40 minutes yet, dear?"

← Elegantly sophisticated . . . the sleek new *Travapac*. Take it from room to room, city to city. Folds into smart box-compact. Choice of colors. 8-day 7-jewel alarm movement, 3¼" tall. $29.95.*

Travapac closed.



For free folder illustrating other Seth Thomas Clocks, write Dept. L-C, Thomaston, Conn.

SETH THOMAS LITTLE CLOCKS

†Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. *Tax extra; prices subject to change

(Continued from Page 112)

out, decide on your colors. In planning the sample room photographed, we chose this year's fashion colors, charcoal gray and watermelon pink. Keeping in mind the gray rug and lighter gray walls, we made numerous tryouts for the prettiest pink to go with them. Then, taking along our samples of these colors, we went shopping for slip-covering materials and fabric for curtains. On this first trip, get samples only; don't buy unless you are sure.

The next step... After the furniture is arranged, decide where to use the new colors by laying the samples right onto the sofa and chairs. Change them about until you have a pleasing balance of design and plain colors; usually some of each on opposite sides of the room.

We always make a simple work sheet when decorating a do-over room, writing down things as we decide them and referring to it as we go along. This helps keep the new picture in mind and leads to the next step.

Slip-cover and curtain details . . . These are homemade and the pink covers are a surprise—made of washable-cotton dress piqué, costing about $1.25 a yard. The piqué doesn't wrinkle, seams beautifully and has an exquisite texture. The chintz covers on armchair and sofa are fitted snugly and tacked at strategic points to give a trim upholstered look. The variety and colorings of chintz and other cotton prints are unlimited. They are priced from 79 cents to $1.75 a yard, and you can easily find a combination of your scheme colors, in a design you like. Our sheer pink curtains are the very cheapest grade of industrial muslin, dyed pink. This muslin is on sale in the domestics department of dry-goods stores almost everywhere.

In quarreling, the truth is always lost. —SYRUS.

Penny savers . . . Scout dress-fabric counters for suitable cotton materials marked down. Denim, piqué, Indian head and cotton corduroy all make beautiful slip covers. Cheesecloth, theatrical gauze, voile and thin muslin make charmingly sheer curtains if dyed to match your color scheme and styled with plenty of fullness.

Use regular oil paint to do over your lamp shades; make colored paper jackets for the shabby books, and take down any pictures that don't go with your new colors. If you do all these things, you will have a prettier room and a better-matched scheme than if you had bought everything new.

THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME

(Continued from Page 39)

Doug looked at the lumpy figure, the sagging skirt, the home-knit jumper, the big rough hands and tear-swollen face. He'd seen them all before. It was these back-country girls who kept on hoping long after the letters stopped. A betrothal was as binding as a marriage in their world, and they were used to waiting, and to male whims. Her hair hung lank and, remembering the flying locks of the girls at home, he was suddenly sick for a glimpse of those carefree girls.

Doug stood up courteously. "*Fräulein*, I regret ——" he said.

It was as bad as he expected. Worse, because she opened up the nice old chest—"The wedding chest of my mother. Of the mother of my grandmother"—and showed him the country linen saved, heaven knew how, through the war; the homemade thread lace and bits of embroidery. "*Mein Haus*," she sobbed over it, "*für mein Haus*."

Ex-Wac Jones was bawling, too, by the time it was all over, so he sent them both in a taxi to her apartment until he could arrange to send the girl home. He walked out to the curb with them and gave the porter a hand with the chest.

"Stay all day. Stay forever," he roared, slamming the taxi door.

He stamped back, saying "Next" over his shoulder as he went through the outer office. This would set them all off, even the new girls up for their first quizzing. He braced himself behind his desk and, at the polite knock, rapped out a "*Herein*" that would have done credit to a Storm Trooper. He shuffled papers a minute to make it more impressive, looked up—and his jaw dropped.

For there stood exactly the kind of girl he'd been dreaming of: shining blond hair; clear gray eyes with brains behind them; a good black dress, worn, of course, but close-fitted, elegant; a flat black velvet bow set just right instead of a hat.

"Good morning, *Herr Konsul*," she said in English. "How kind you were to that poor *Mädchen*."

Doug got his mouth closed again, but for a moment no words would come out of it.

"I am really sorry for you at this work," she said. "Perhaps you are not yet ready for me? I give you my papers and wait again outside."

"Not at all, *Fräulein*," Doug said, fixing his eye on the American flag opposite and speaking with tremendous dignity. "Just be seated."

She did so easily, and waited without fidgeting. Doug's brain began to click again weakly, and to give it time to warm up to full revs, he glanced down the forms she handed him. They proved as different as the girl herself. NAME: Elna Ehrnstrom. BORN: Switzerland, Zurich. FATHER: archaeologist, retired. MOTHER: deceased. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME: (oh-oh, here it came) Von Meltzke. One of the old royal houses and big guns under the Hohenzollerns. They'd thrown in their lot with Hitler and ridden high—got back their own estates, plus a lot of other people's, in the south down near ——

His eye skimmed on. FORMER RESIDENCES: Wow! She'd lived all over Europe and plenty of Asia and North Africa till the war. Couldn't have been in her teens even. Well, archaeology could account for that. Or it could be a blind for something else with that family hookup. But except for the carefully enumerated addresses, and the present address, that was her whole story. No Nazi affiliations. No anti-Nazi. No youth group. No *Gymnasium*. No university. No record of "*Werk*," government or otherwise. Barest papers he'd ever handled for anybody in the Hitler Jugend age span. Something phony, obviously.

He tried not to see her slender silhouette across the desk, her profile delicate and vulnerable, without the fixed mask he'd learned to recognize. Just another smart angle, he warned himself, and it was his job to track down angles, because the girls the Occupation troops harried the immigration offices and the steamship lines about, kept the cables hot and the air mails flying, were ten to one girls he couldn't pass.

Doug felt like a housemother every time he faced an angry Yank and said, "Look, sergeant, you don't want to marry this girl because ——" Some of the purplest words in the Occupation vocabulary had been hurled at him in the course of these interviews, and Doug couldn't blame the men.

But Doug knew too much about these young born-and-bred totalitarians to let them slip through his fingers. There were troubles enough at home without them, because if they were lying about their Nazi affiliations it was dollars to doughnuts they were still in them, up to the neck. The *Deutscher Bloc*, or the "Society for Those Harmed by the Occupation Forces," or any other front whooping it up for Teutonic resurgence. All the same old guff. Doug knew where to listen. He still had a finger in Intelligence and it was his business to get around. He'd seen plenty of good-looking girls in the process, too—the Hitler health *Kult* had seen to that—but none with this pure, fine-drawn beauty, this innate ——

Oh, get on with it, Herr Konsul, Doug told imself, looking up from her papers to her ace. An error, because the correct questions e meant to ask oozed back into jelly. She as speaking in a singularly clear, beautiful oice with just enough accent to charm.

"As you see, we are recently from our ome in Oberammergau. For me all was arranged by the authorities of that area, complete and correct as you see. I go by the eptember-fourth sailing if you can arange—even postpone to the next September eparture if necessary in order that ——"

Doug flipped back the pages. Who was the icky guy? John Alling Fraser, Lake Forest, linois. OCCUPATION: student. INTENTIONS ILED: When? At the date, Doug's eyes ulged: 1945. Over two years ago. She must e just crazy about Student Fraser—not. Or as she up to something after all?

"Postpone your sailing again, Fräulein hrnstrom, when all formalities are conuded? When you have waited already so uch longer than the official permission me? What has—ah—detained you so long Germany?"

She caught his tone, and you could see her it on dignity like a cloak. "It was my other," she said. "She was dying, we knew, hen John received his orders home so soon ter we met. At that time, of course, regulaons forbade our marriage before he went. nd he knew I must stay as long as—as my other needed me."

He believed her. That sudden quiver like a ild's across her chin. The case was closed yway. *Fini.* So what had she come here r? Fraser's bond was posted, Army and oreign Service satisfied. Ticket paid for at remerhaven. It wasn't his responsibility, d if this girl wasn't on the level, he didn't ant to know it.

"These are all in order," he said. "You ve only to present them to ——"

"I know," she said. Dark lashes swept up, expected, exciting with her pale blond ir, and showed a pair of eyes that would op a klieg light. Gray, deep and strong with ack rays out from the pupil through the s. They were like—like —— "I understand all for myself," she was saying. "But rrive so early this morning to ask that my her go also by my sailing."

Here comes the joker, tapped Doug's brain. e returned her gaze coldly—he hoped. Your father himself must ——"

"Oh, *Herr Konsul,* but see this!" She ackled a fresh cablegram at him. "See this hich offers to my father the post of travelg lecturer under the combined universities —— Read. Read," she was urging. "'Assured State Department clearance in time college openings September. Et cetera, et cetera, follows air mail ——'"

It sounded all right, but ——

"It means we can, can we not, my father and I, go together by my sailing next month? I will sleep in the deck chair. I will ——"

"Next month? But, *Fräulein,* even if your father's papers come through from Washington in time, even if he's cleared that fast by Counter-Intelligence ——"

"Yes. Yes. That is understood. He must be quickly found a civilian above reproach and the papers must come quickly as promised. But it is you, I am told, who has discretion to decide certain sailings in order of importance. I come to ask this precedence of you so that we may leave together if his papers can be completed in time."

"*Fräulein,* the sailings are ——"

"I know how long-planned they are, but I have waited, have I not, long enough for two? And my father goes to an important post, to an education only he can give in many of your universities. The letters will come through Herr Professor Halvorson at the Oriental Institute at Chicago" (she pronounced it Chick-ago) "where my father's work is well known. Professor Halvorson is our old friend. Indeed, it is through his letters I have met my affianced, by his sending John to learn of our welfare."

Well, some guys have all the luck, Doug thought, watching the slim forward tilt of her body as she told her story. If he'd been Student Fraser, he'd have —— She was looking at him inquiringly, so he'd missed something while he explored this pleasant possibility. He cleared his throat and took official cover.

"H'm. Hurum. If your father is a resident here he himself should come ——"

Elna bent more ardently forward in her eagerness to explain. Herr Professor Ehrnstrom had been ill with an influenza, very near a pneumonia. "It was the long sorrow of my mother's dying and knowing, without so-saying, now we too must part, perhaps forever. But he will be well now. If we may voyage together, the sea air, the good food, to be happy. *Herr Konsul,* I come to your office this morning to beg you arrange us to go to America together. I beg you, please. *Bitte. Bitte schön.*"

Bitte schön. She makes it sound like bells. Doug thought wildly, clutching at the last remnants of his consular sense. He must have missed his aim, though, because he heard himself saying, "If the *Herr Professor* is well enough, an interview at home would save time."



"They were all out of squash, so instead I got corn, turkey legs, sweet potatoes, celery, stuffed olives, potato chips . . ."

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(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc. 1951)

"Yes. Yes. He is from the bed but not yet from the house. If you would come, it is a great favor. We are in lodgings, but I can give you real coffee from our food packages. Could you—is it possible you could come this afternoon? At five, perhaps?"

Doug burbled something that indicated he could make it, escorting her to the outer door, and if she hadn't stopped there with a smiling "*Auf Wiedersehen*" he'd have floated on after her, down the hall, out the building, and into the great blue yonder. Walking back through the afterglow of that smile, he regarded the growing line of civilians benched in the reception room and couldn't stick it.

"Come back tomorrow," he said, and without a word they gathered up their papers and filed out. One good thing about Germans, they did what they were told. If you were an official, you didn't even have to explain, but Doug always did anyway. "Sorry. Emergency investigation," he said. And got on the telephone.

He'd done it all right. He told Counter-Intelligence to put full speed on the case, which they did, having a good many past reasons to respect his requests, and by mid-afternoon he'd got the word back from Document Center in Berlin on Herr Professor Karl Erich Ehrnstrom. And the word was bad. Also it was odd.

Which of course was why, instead of sending word the deal was off, pending investigation, he showed up at the boardinghouse on the stroke of five. And why, when Elna met him, looking like a—like a yellow rose in the overstuffed pension parlor, he found himself wafting up the stairs after her into the Ehrnstrom sitting room and bowing solicitously over a frail knee-blanketed figure with a halo of white hair (astounding how Hitler got hold of these vague, dreamy types) in response to Elna's "This is the kind *Herr Konsul*, father."

THE kind *Herr Konsul* tried for a business opening, but the *Herr Professor* beat him to it. In near-Oxford English.

"Let me speak, Herr Campbell, before my so-persuasive daughter takes command, because I knew when I found my papers gone out with her this morning what she would be about: asking that I go with her to America at once. Obviously it is impossible."

"Well, let's see what we can do," Doug heard his voice saying heartily. He must be crazy. "Even if your clearance doesn't come through in time for the fourth, the next sailing is only ——"

It was a mistake about the professor's vagueness. "Not one more boat my daughter waits," he said, striking the chair arm. "She goes now, after long delays, to her marriage and if it is to be that I may follow her, I will then find her already established in America, a happy *junge Frau*, to greet me." He looked fondly over his glasses at Elna. "That is what I most desire."

Doug didn't care much for it. "Nice if you could go together, though," he said, trying not to register the thought that it would be even nicer if they should be delayed together. His voice was still booming on of its own volition. "So let's get going at this end. Just in case," it said.

The beams of joy, gratitude and conspiracy which Elna had been raying to him over her father's shoulder now approached his immediate vicinity with a coffee cup and he reeled under the impact. *Get a grip on yourself, Doug old kid*, he warned his swooning faculties.

"Your wife, Herr Ehrnstrom, was ——" he began, and in the little hush that followed he felt sorrow brush the room. The professor picked up the words gently, but when he spoke it was in ready-made phrases as if he had answered the question many times before.

"YES, my wife was Katerina von Meltzke, a great family of the old days, but like many others it became much divided under the Hohenzollerns between militarists and liberals. Needless to say, she was of the latter persuasion. The pro-Prussian members, *natürlich*, regained both power and possessions under the Nazis since they loved both fighting and intrigue, but for my wife's father the ruin was complete. His sons, even his Germany, were dead, and the great inflation of the twenties took the last of his fortune before he, too, died in Switzerland. It was there I found my wife alone, young and penniless. We were content that my work kept us much abroad. We returned to Germany as seldom as possible and we kept no contact with the Von Meltzkes, from whom we were entirely estranged. This is easily proved." The scholarly glasses glinted parentally—almost grandparentally—at Elna again. He must have been years older than the penniless young *Prinzessin*. "We are accustomed, are we not, for many years to explain *Mamachen's* great relatives?"

Doug asked heavily, "You have not been connected with any one university for many years, Herr Ehrnstrom?"

"No. My work was more archaeological digging and research than teaching, although I was often called for a series of lectures to universities and academies that specialize in these ancient cultures: Oxford, Basle, and the antiquarian academies in Athens, Constantinople, Cairo and Paris. Though never yet in America unless it is to be that I go now."

His smile had Elna's clear candor, so rare in this angry opinionated land, and Doug turned away from it, only to encounter the gaze of an extraordinarily good-looking young lieutenant in a silver frame on the desk—Student Fraser, of course—which he liked even less.

"And during the war you did no teaching in Germany? Nothing all those years?"

The narrow, wise face closed. "That is correct. I am in retirement completely at Oberammergau."

"I don't see how you managed that. How you avoided certain obligations. The universities under the Nazis ——"

"I had never held a chair in Germany. I am primarily an archaeologist, teaching only

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as explained, when called for lectures concerning my small specialty."

Doug had to whip himself to go on against the mild old voice, but the lieutenant's possessive smile from the desk helped. "And that is, precisely?"

"Sumerian and Babylonian cuneiform inscriptions," the *Herr Doktor* supplied dryly. "So you see it did not much enter the Nazi regime."

"Except for your monograph, Dawn of Teutonic Superiority," Doug said, springing it. "Document Center in Berlin has a copy of the little job you did for the Ministry of Propaganda, something about the Babylonians and Assyrians being conquered by Aryans and becoming the true ancestors of the Germans." Doug's voice took on authority with anger. "It is ——"

The furtive look Doug had been dreading, the inward fanatic look he had seen disfigure other fine, thin, scholarly faces, did not appear. Instead came a crack of laughter, surprisingly hearty from that frail frame.

"It is completely ridiculous, eh?" The professor said. "*Ach, das* Goebbels, he would swallow anything!"

"How you have found that one thin pamphlet when so few were made!" cried Elna gaily. "I hope you Americans search out everything so well as this. Was it not cleverly done, my father's monograph? I told you he was a great scholar."

"Well, I ——" floundered Doug.

"More clever than the Ministry of Propaganda, at least," said the professor. "A small boast, perhaps, considering they were already far gone with their madness. But since you have discovered my nonsense book, I should tell you also it is partly through this that I was called seriously to lecture in America. Through this foolish hoax upon the *Ahrenerbe*, the Nazi Institute for Researches into Aryan Origins. Do you know of it?"

A good wife is God's sweetest smile from heaven. —JOSH BILLINGS.

Doug nodded soberly.

"Such nonsense I made those mutilated stones in Arabia to say! Because they tell of a tribe called Aryas which once ran over the Babylonians! 'Aryas' is the word the *Ahrenerbe* seize and eat. So to please them I trace the Aryas tribal wars with Assyrians, Persians, Syrians, to become always the conquerors, leading thus to the Huns and our Teutonic war destiny. In my house in the mountains making this hotchpotch, I have my one big laughter of the war. 'Perhaps I make it too much,' I say to my wife, 'even for these madmen.' But no, they look wise at where I ink in to complete those broken marks and pictographs, like a detective guessing the missing piece of burnt paper, and say together '*Ach, ja.* It is our destiny.' To think, *Herr Konsul*"—the quiet voice grated—"these men had once been great scholars."

Doug could feel truth in the room, and relief swept over him. "So this was your only work for the party?"

"Actually, yes. True, they asked for more. Goebbels had a mad hope—you know that runes and cunes fascinated both him and Wulf, Hitler's astrologer—that some Norse runes, which are well known to scholars but have never been deciphered, might yield resemblance to Japanese ideograms and thus show the Japanese to be lost Aryans after all. I see you have heard of this foolishness also, Herr Campbell."

"I've read a lot of the junk," Doug agreed.

"But I did not do it. A second hoax could destroy our safe seclusion. Excuses were easy and the war near its end. I am guilty only of this one foolishness."

"So then," Elna broke in, her body alertly forward, her gray eyes deep as they had been that morning across the desk in his office, "when the war is over and we may write again, papa sent his pamphlet in a letter to our friend Professor Halvorson in America, who would most enjoy the joke."



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BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

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"Do you know Charles Halvorson?" queried Doctor Ehrnstrom. "A great archaeologist, I think your greatest. We have often dug together. But, jokes or no, see what comes of it. My friend Halvor laughs and gives it to the few others who would understand the broken inscriptions and laugh also. And from this I am asked to come to them for serious work. From this comes the cable my Elna brought you this morning. It is amusing, eh?"

It was plenty amusing. And if it was good enough for Charles Halvorson and the State Department, it was good enough for Consul Campbell. A good guffaw at Nazi gullibility in such rarefied circles would blow a healthy breeze through international scholarship. Doug drew a deep breath of that breeze himself. He wished the Counter-Intelligence boys joy of the immediate translation of the professor's masterpiece he'd ordered, and his grin at the thought of them struggling with runes and cuneiforms matched the doctor's.

Elna was collecting coffee cups, a suggestion that the call was ending, and Doug snatched for another topic of conversation. It was his plain duty to have all the answers on the Ehrnstroms ready if Washington wanted a snap decision.

"So Professor Halvorson reached you at Oberammergau. You lived there the entire war?"

"It was natural he should guess us to be there. We had always a small lodge at Ober for our returns to Germany, and Halvor had often his holidays with us there. Indeed, this is how my daughter's affianced, John Fraser, has come. Did she not tell you about it?"

He supposed he had to hear the saga sometime. "Yes?" he said with what enthusiasm he could rally, but the professor needed no urging.

"When Halvor heard a young acquaintance of his family was with the first Occupation troops into Ober, he sent a letter to present to us by hand if he can find us, and so send back direct news. John brings the letter. He finds my lovely Elna. And thus"—the professor indicated the photograph which stared handsomely back—"a very pretty romance. *Nicht?*"

Nicht, Doug decided. But it had served its purpose. Elna had settled again with some knitting. With care, he thought craftily, he ought to be able to keep the conversation going until it was time to suggest they drive out somewhere for dinner. He figured Elna would accept in order to further her cause, and the professor was in no shape for night air.

And so it turned out. After some more laughter at the Aryas myth, a little serious talk of newer and more menacing propaganda, and another brew of coffee, Doug felt enough groundwork had been laid to suggest dinner in the country and Elna, after a moment of surprise, stood up with the poised, graceful lightness that had bowled him over when she stepped into his office that morning.

"But it would be delicious to breathe country air again," she said gaily. "I have not been driving in a car—except only taxis—since how long, papa? You truly wish to do this, *Herr Konsul?*" He made it clear he did and she said, "Then I leave you a moment only," and ran out of the room, to reappear with her hair even more shining, the black velvet bow back in place, and over her shoulders a little black cape that was just right with the slim black dress. "Be very good, *Papachen*, and eat all from your tray when it arrives," she said, kissing his cheek and tucking the rug neatly back around his knees. She sparkled with excitement and pleasure.

It was a long drive to the inn, the farthest one Doug could think of. They had to dine and, as *mein* host wished the occupation regime to come often under his carved ceiling, they dined well. And they had to talk.

At first they discussed things at hand: details of Herr Ehrnstrom's transportation, food difficulties, Occupation problems. Then Elna brought up some reminiscences of John Alling Fraser, but Doug cut them as short as possible too.

"Now tell me of Chick-a-go," Elna next suggested.

"Terrible," said Doug.

There was a slight pause. "And Lake For-rest?" she asked.

"Suburb," Doug answered. His conscience roused itself and jabbed him with the memory of that fine blue lake front and the hospitality he had enjoyed there. "Not bad," he conceded grudgingly.

"Ah, well," said Elna. "And what is it, this fraternity house at your universities? John writes not much of his studies. His family is, you understand, of your business tradition, not scholarship. But what is this frat-club? Is it for beer or debate?"

"Beer," said Doug. *See?* he told his conscience. *Fraser's just the first good-looking kid to cross her path.* His conscience nodded and went back to sleep. "Your own family is quite a story; tell me some more about it," he said, partly to change the subject and partly to start up again the lovely cadence of her voice.

"It is as papa told you. One year we dig in Crete, another in Persia, or in Arabia. Often in Egypt. Once from some stones only he could decipher we find a complete great city in the desert. You have read of it, perhaps, not knowing it was papa who found it. Other times it is lecturing to students and to teachers, one never knew where next until the letter came to invite us. It was a fine life, Germans, French, English, Norwegians, Americans, all working together. Mamma went always also, with me a small papoose on her back, to be the gay one of the place, to bring there her pretty dresses and her music and her silver coffeepots. What do you call it that she brought?"

Any party which takes credit for the rain must not be surprised if its opponents blame it for the drought. —DWIGHT W. MORROW.

"Style? Graciousness?" suggested Doug, watching the candlelight play across Elna's neck and throat.

"Yes, both of those and yet more. She was everywhere loved and always remembered. Only when we must sometimes return home to Germany would they be sick in heart, papa seeing all so wrong from his history and mamma always so hating wars and war *Kult* from seeing her home, her family, all lost together. Imagine, *Herr Konsul*, she had four brothers all die the same year. Small wonder her mother soon followed. 'All to do again,' *Mamachen* would say when we would come back again. 'I pray not to see the end of this.' But she did see it. We all did see it. Though from high and far in the mountains, *Gott sei Dank.*"

"That was at Ober?"

"Yes. Papa's small villa was there to receive us, and there we lived like mice, not to be noticed."

Like mice, not to be noticed. Doug began to see it all. A sleeping beauty, and John Fraser hadn't given her enough of a kiss to wake her up. Not really, Doug decided. She was so untouched. He tried not to think of the kiss he would like to administer.

"*Ach*"—Elna moved under his gaze and gave an apologetic little laugh—"so now you know much of me and I know nothing of you, *Herr Konsul*. Were you ——"

"Can't we drop the *Herr Konsul*, since this is an unofficial dinner? The name's Doug Campbell, you know."

"Herr Campbell. Yes, that is nicer." It wasn't what Doug meant, but he let it go for the present. "What of you and the war, first? That is where you have this odd scar, surely." She gestured gently toward his temple.

"That's a French Resistance decoration." He smiled. "I was with the *maquis* a long time, with OSS and afterward. They were a great bunch and we had some great times. I'll tell you about it sometime. Not tonight. Next time," he said, making it explicit, and hoped the suggestion sank in.

"And before that? In America?"

"Well, I was sort of like you. I knocked all over the world as a kid. My mother died

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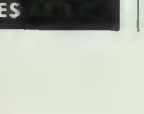


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when I was little and my father was an oil engineer. I'd meet him for vacations wherever he was. I liked that. In Texas, Venezuela, Iraq ——"

"Iraq?" Elna sparkled. "But naturally we have been much there also, though perhaps on cross-purposes as you call it. I remember each time we go back to Mesopotamia there are more oil searches there and always we grumble because your oil digs may damage our digs for relics. Especially one year near Nippur, where papa suspects fine Sumerian remains."

"Nippur? My father and I went to some excavations there. One of the company geologists was an archaeology hound and took us down to see them."

"When? When?" cried Elna. "I do not think others ever excavated at Nippur. We were there thirty-five and part of thirty-six."

"Thirty-six, I think," echoed Doug. They looked at each other, amazed by this tie. "Yes, it was the winter of thirty-six I was there. I flew over for the Christmas holidays and stayed until ——"

"No. No," Elna said. "Do not recall exactly and I will not ask, because thus we may pretend it was the same time and we saw each other there."

"Well," said Doug, though he was pretty sure he couldn't have missed Elna any time after she got out of the cradle, "it's a funny idea. I'll buy it. How old were you? Nine? Ten, maybe?"

"Maybe."

"Blond pigtails, I bet you," Doug described enthusiastically, "and a peely sunburned nose from the desert. Mine always did."

"Right. Right," she was laughing, "and *Mamachen* putting on always the sun cream."

WHAT was it she had? Sweetness, spontaneity, strength that glowed through and lit her beauty from within as the candle and firelight lit it from without. She turned toward him and the combination nearly put his eye out. This was the girl you dreamed of all your life, and once in a million lifetimes you found her.

Dinner was over and the fire burned down to embers, but they sat on quietly smiling at each other across the table, the new-found common interests and experiences glowing and growing between them.

"How much this has made me remember," Elna said at last. "I am so thankful to you for it and for this great feast. But now we must go because what I have not remembered is papa alone and waiting. He will be so interested that you were once at Nippur, and perhaps even remember that visit."

They left, but Doug took the proverbial longest way home and made the most of shell holes and road repairs as he did so.

"It's still a mystery to me," he said, wanting to know more, to know all about her, "how you managed to keep out of all the Hitler *Jugends* and clubs and things. Your father was old and your mother ill. But you? I know how the Nazis had everybody ticketed and I don't see how you side-stepped, a girl from one of the old great families on one side, and your father an internationally known scholar on the other."

"Yes"—Elna's voice came low and unhappy from the darkness beside him—"it took much scheming at first. But we were far away. We had name, yes, but not wealth and we lived obscurely. Mamma's illness was already appearing and we made it seem she must be always in her wheeling chair so that I might not be spared for this and that outing or club or rally. Also it was natural in our circumstances I should be taught at home by papa. We made other excuses that I must practice with my languages with both mamma and papa, saying it could be of much value to the party later. Later mamma was indeed helpless, but I had learned nursing a little and when it was possible I left her to nurse our neighbors. It was a great need in remote places. And at last even our local *Gauleiter* accepted I am most needed in Ober, and stopped summoning me." Her voice trailed off and she gave a little laugh. "You make me talk, talk, talk of myself which I never did before. Let me be silent and then I am

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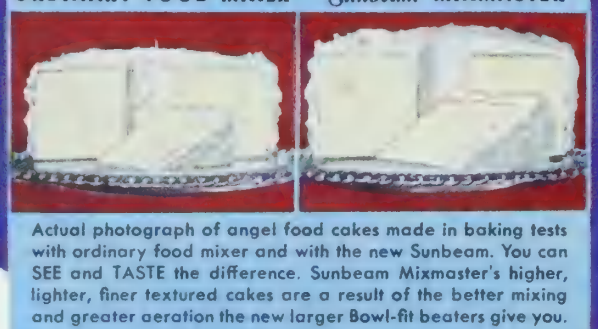
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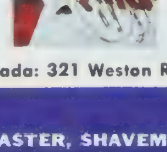
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sure, even with these roads, you may go faster."

"Government officials are requested to set an example about speeding," Doug said primly. "And please don't stop talking. It's like fresh air to hear a genuine anti-Nazi story after months of listening to *SS Standarten Führers* claim they were in the party only from necessity, and watching leaders of the old Racial Problems bureaus buy off the de-Nazification courts and pop up as heads of schools again. It's enough to make a man sick. . . . Elna, you're crying!" Doug jerked both the car and his tongue to a stop. Her head was bent so low only the velvet bow was visible, her shoulders shaking uncontrollably. He caught her hand. "Elna, forgive me. I don't know what hit me. I get so mad at the whole mess over here—it boils around inside me—and I forgot you're a German, too, and there's a good Germany left still in spite of the same old gang trying to make trouble the same old way. Elna, forget it. I'd no business to ——"

"It is all right," she murmured. "You say only what the world knows of us. And I am German, of this people that have thrown away their arts and skills for hates. And so we are hated. And for this I will be hated as a German when I go in America. Is it not so? Yes, it is so," she sobbed.

"No, it is not so," said Doug. He had turned the car into the overgrown driveway of a bombed-out country house and the scent of flowers drifted around them in the summer night.

"So now I spoil our party with my troubles." Elna wiped her eyes and drew her hand away, touching his sleeve lightly as she did so, begging a return to lightness. "But I will now be good again. It is so long that I do not speak to anyone except what is cheerful that I —— Oh, oh," she sobbed against another flood of tears, "oh, please excuse me for this. I cannot, I cannot stop."

"Cry it out, Elna," said Doug, and with the homely phrase he pulled her into his arms, willing her to feel his tenderness around her. He put his lips against her shining hair as he had longed to do all evening, as he had longed to do since the first moment he had seen it, and let her sob on helplessly against him—the bursting of a dam that, once broached, must drain itself dry. "Everything will be all right, Elna. Don't worry. Everything will be all right, I promise you." He held her gently, but he was kissing her eyes now and could taste her tears. "Elna," he said to her. "Elna." His lips reached hers at last and the earth, the starlit heavens stood still. A moment only, and she pulled away, drew a long shuddering sigh, and hid her face in her hands.

"*Ach*," she whispered, "this is not excusable. I cannot think what came to me."

"I can," said Doug. "You're tired from years of strain. And you're scared. You aren't sure you want to marry John Fraser after two years. You're wondering what he's like now—if you ever knew."

He could almost feel Elna's cloak of poise slide over her again. "That is quite wrong. In one thing only you are right. I am tired," she said in a small, distant voice and moved to the smallest, most distant edge of the seat. "Let us go home at once, please."

Doug reached to draw her back, but she squeezed farther and smaller away.

"Please, no. I am much ashamed," and that was her response to his every word and gesture the rest of the way home. "Please, please no," until as the car stopped before the pension she had the door open before Doug could turn off the motor.

He lunged desperately after her, however, and, catching her arm, slid under the wheel and out of the car with her. He loosed his grip on her arm, but circled her wrist with a handcuffing thumb and middle finger and walked with her thus up the path. She affected not to notice her pinioned wrist.

"I thank you so much for this *gasthaus* dinner," she said, once more the elegant *Fräulein* of the morning. "Good night, *Herr Konsul*."

"Don't you *Herr Konsul* me," Doug said crudely and, pulling her to him, he kissed her on the lips. Hard, this time. "I love you Elna. You saw it happen when you walked i this morning. And tonight ——"

"Tonight we will forget," she said, he voice breaking slightly, "if you wish to pleas me."

"No," said Doug. "No. We must —— But she had managed to ring the bell. Bol were drawn inside the door and while he wa still stammering "Tomorrow we must —— it opened and she was gone.

Doug was back on the doorstep at eleve next morning, carrying what he counted o to assure him a warm welcome: the profes sor's provisional papers assembled by mile and hours of long-distance telephoning an chopped-up red tape. Provisional, of course on Charles Halvorson in Chicago being abl to give the State Department a quick enough shove, and Doug had also cable about that.

This was the opening gun in the whirlwind courtship campaign he'd spent the nigh planning between dreams of Elna gay acros the candlelight, and Elna sobbing helpless i his arms, of a small Elna in braids, and a ta Elna slender and composed across the consu lar desk. He'd even had a sensible little pre dawn chat with Student Fraser. *Sorry, chum* he'd thought-waved to Lake Forest. *Yo should have come after her yourself sometim in two years if you wanted to hang on to he Yes, I know how civilian travel was till th summer. Even if you got over you'd have bee months getting back. But you ought to ha risked it. Still, you're young and there'll another girl along for you before you know Your next house party, probably. But for m there's only Elna.*

Only Elna. Only Elna. The words echoe around him as he stood there telling himse brightly that everything was going to be right, just as he'd promised Elna last nigh The professor mightn't welcome the chang at first, especially now that his appoin ment in the States meant he'd hardly separated from Elna at all. Still, he was wise old boy; he'd want her happiness first all, and Doug could dwell on the speed of a travel and the fact that his own base wa really in Washington. His transfer was du any time now, and meantime a lot cou happen.

A lot did. Not any of it, however, accor ing to his midnight campaign plan. First all, Elna was out at eleven. Would the *He Konsul* see the *Herr Doktor?* No, the *He Konsul* would return later. At one she w still out, and also at three and so, since could see the maid getting jittery at so muc official attention, he allowed himself to led upstairs and presented the hard-wo papers to the professor with what enth siasm he could muster, trying not to noti Elna's yellow knitting bag by her chair Student Fraser's possessive smirk from t desk.

Doctor Ehrnstrom was ensconced behir the same lap robe and scholarly tome. H greeted Doug courteously and signed on t dotted lines, but yesterday's warmth was absent from the room as Elna's person, a his thanks for such—ahem—extremely exp ditious arrangements carried an unmistak ble note of disapproval. He wished, moreov to take this opportunity of the *Herr Konsu* kind visit to make himself completely explic about Fräulein Ehrnstrom's future arrang ments. If, in spite of Herr Campbell's—aga ahem—so-optimistic calculations, the pr fessor's own credentials did not appear time from Washington, her original sail date was to stand. This was final. H affianced husband (Doug tried not to win under the glance the professor shot him wi the phrase) would greet Elna on her arriv with his mother as was correct, and the we ding, completely private as was also corre in the case of mourning, would immediat follow their arrival at Lake For-rest. T measured accents outlining this calendar events left no doubt of their meaning: Ke off the Grass. What had he guessed, or El confessed, of last evening?

"But suppose Elna herself wishes —" He caught the frosty gleam of the professo pince-nez and decided that, until he a

Elna had reached an understanding, it would be wiser not to antagonize the old gentleman any further. "Very well. I will notify Fräulein Elna" (he'd be darned if he'd back down as far as Fräulein Ehrnstrom) "when your credentials are received and she can then ——"

"That is no longer necessary," corrected the professor. "I am stronger each day and will be able to visit your office myself in the usual way. Until then, *Herr Konsul*, my compliments."

All right. All right. Keep up the old German game of Herr This and Herr That until they could get down to facts. Doug bowed, practically a heel clicker.

"My compliments, *Herr Professor*. I will keep you informed."

So it's war, he thought, walking slowly back to his car. Well, it was love too. After years of laughing it off, he'd not only fallen flat on his face but had done it, in the phrase he'd thought was just a joke, at first sight. And it wasn't only on his side, he'd swear to that. Something had flashed between them last night, not the impulse of two lonely people in a lonely moment but something true, deep and strong. Shared laughter, shared tastes as well as shared emotion. Something almost tangible even before he got her in his arms on the way home. Something that had waked him that morning to a wild conviction that she, too, was waking with the sunrise, and waking not to the memory of Student Fraser's two-year-old kisses but his own good-night one. As he was remembering her hidden response to it. It was crazy. It was like something out of a scenario, but it was fact and he was going to fight hell and high water, not to mention that good-looking kid in the silver frame, till he got her.

He turned the key in the ignition, roared his motor ostentatiously, and rolled away from the pension. Once out of sight of its windows, however, he backed the car into a shrub-sheltered driveway at the entrance to the little dead-end street on which the boardinghouse stood, and prepared to wait. He felt pretty sure Elna had been brought up to be home before dark if she was unattended.

He was right. Just before dusk she turned from the boulevard into the obscure side street, slender and composed that if you hadn't held her sobbing in your arms last night you'd have thought her mistress of any situation. Which she was, except this wacky one of being obligated to marry a youngster two worlds and two years away. Of course it was crazy to see how it had happened. Young Winchinvar Fraser at twenty had never seen anything like Elna. And Elna at eighteen had never seen anyone at all. Doug had plenty of time to figure this out before Elna came around the corner.

He stepped out in front of her, cutting off her retreat, and at the sudden sight of him her gray eyes rayed once—he felt the flash through his whole body—and then he saw the little cloak of dignity slide over her skin.

"Good evening, *Herr Konsul*," she said. "You have been calling with my father?"

"Yes, once. And three calls for you. Elna, we know that we must talk. Will you come ——"

He saw her poise for flight and circled her wrist strongly again with his thumb and middle finger, as when she had tried to escape last night. He imagined he could feel the fine blue veins on the skin of its inner side—really blue blood there, he thought—as she tried to twist it free.

"I must talk to you, Elna. About last night, and other things. Coffee or cocktails, which shall it be? I promise to bring you back ——"

"*Nein, danke.* Not one or other, please. I am too busy today, *Herr Konsul.*"

"Nothing so important as our business, Elna. And stop calling me *Herr Konsul.* If you don't want to go anyplace, we'll just drive. I have the car here."

She shot a droll glance toward it, lurking in the leafy tunnel. "So I notice," she said. "But *nein, Herr Kon*—Herr Campbell. I am already late home."

A couple passed, glancing curiously at them. He couldn't stand there much longer handcuffing her wrist and he couldn't carry her off bodily—which was what he really wanted.

"Then I will call at the pension again this evening."

"*Nein, Herr* . . . Campbell. This evening I go out."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Doug. "But I'll be there to take you in case you do."

She stamped. "It must be fine to be a victor," she said and tried again to pull her wrist free. This time he let it go.

"Maybe I deserve that," he said.

He had thought she would run when he released her, but at his words she stopped and looked earnestly at him.

"No. No. I do not mean to hurt you with this kind of Occupation words. And if you wish to be friends, with all last night's foolishness forgotten, I will go a small drive with you in the beautiful twilight. Understanding it is for one hour only, and friends' talk only," she ended firmly.

It wasn't quite what Doug had had in mind, but he was glad of any terms. "I promise," he said and was glad he had, because it was, as she foretold, a beautiful twilight hour.

They drove awhile and then stopped at a little park Doug liked which had miraculously escaped the bombings. Doug collected little city parks. They were one of the things he especially liked in European cities, unexpected plots of grass and trees and flowers, always so characteristic of the nation you found them in, centering around a statue or fountain or tablet, with benches where you could sit to admire.

This one was very German, an exact square surrounded by thick square-cut trees and facing a horrendous statue of a spike-helmeted German cavalry officer at full charge.

"It's peaceful here," Doug said as he led her to the leaf-shadowed bench, "in spite of the militant gent. Probably your grandfather," he teased.

"No, but I think it is a great-onkel," she said, covering her face in mock terror and looking through her fingers. And someway he wasn't sure it wasn't true.

Darkness came soon and gently to the little square island as they talked, and the talk was, as he had promised, the talk of friends.

"This is the next time for your war story you did not tell me last night," she suggested, smiling. And he found himself describing those months with the Resistance French, the wild crazy fun they'd had, the wild crazy fighting.

"I remember one night ——" he said each time she prompted him, and the tales kept spilling out, the grim side forgotten and the gay side uppermost.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Soldier's Return

By Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman

He came too suddenly upon quiet days
After the shattering impact of the dark
Alive with flame, where Death had sought to mark
Him and his comrades in a thousand ways,
And now that safety comes, and battles cease,
It is as though his blood recorded still
Uneasy questionings of this bright peace,
With hidden danger on a distant hill.

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"So you liked this kind of fighting?" she said, wiping laughter from her eyes after one near-comic-opera incident.

"Who likes any kind of fighting?" he answered, sobering. "But it was better than most. You were on your own and once in a while you knew you'd done something that was important."

Elna had sobered with him. "But that describes a good way of life," she said, adding after a moment's reflection, "your way of life, I think."

"Maybe. After I get rid of you fräuleins." Doug grinned, and they went on to talk about other good ways of life and what they thought about them. And from philosophy they went on to education, because Doug was concerned about the trend in Germany and the easy way the old Nazi teachers were slipping back into key education posts. "I keep trying to figure out ways for children—at home too—to be taught in little groups, like country schools in the old days. And have more tutors and less big lecture courses in the universities. You don't get mass-produced mistakes that way. Personalized teaching such as your father gave you, Elna."

"Yes," assented Elna slowly, "I was taught much, but it was too personal, too classic, it was not—what is your word?—the balance. I know much of history and reading, for instance, but nothing of modern arts. What I see in photographs I do not understand at all. Do you like them?"

"I know some I think you'd like," he said and they were deep in talk again until suddenly when a match flared in the dusk as Doug lit a cigarette, she jumped like Cinderella at the stroke of twelve.

"But it is late. We fly."

They didn't fly exactly, though, but drove home in contented silence and Doug did not break over until they were back.

"I have been completely correct this time?" he asked at the doorstep. "No complaints?"

"No complaints," she smiled. "All most correct."

"Then, it being a correct courtship, I may call this evening? We haven't much time, Elna. And I'm going to make you marry me, you know."

Gaiety fell away and she faced him desperately. "Oh, please say no more of this. Oh, please do not." There was a rush of tears in her eyes and her voice and Doug had to hang on hard to the memory of last night to force the issue again. If there was a chance, a hundredth chance he was right, if she felt a hundredth of what he did, he had to keep on.

"I must," he said. "We both must. You know there is something between us. Something too big to deny."

"No," she said, but a half-strangled sob escaped with the denial.

"Yes," he answered. "I'll be back tonight." He tried to catch her to him, but she had got a key from her purse and slipped through the door without a backward glance.

At eight-thirty Doug was ringing the doorbell again. *My day on a pension porch,* he told himself grimly.

"Fräulein Ehrnstrom?" he inquired, not noticing the maid's fright this time because he was more scared than she was. To his relief, however, she responded, "The *Fräulein* awaits you," and he started toward the stairs to the Ehrnstroms' sitting room, only to be intercepted by a firm "This way, *bitte,*" and be conducted to the overstuffed parlor.

The boarders were all there, sipping their after-dinner ersatz-coffee fluid, and Elna presented Doug carefully to each. There was a discussion of the unseasonable weather, of the *Herr Doktor's* illness and recovery. He had, it seemed, been well enough to descend for dinner this evening for the first time, but was now retired after such exertion. He would be desolated to forgo the *Herr Konsul's* call. Was it not fine news he might re join Fräulein Elna so soon after her mar riage? It gave one faith in good miracles again. A large soprano rendered a couple o difficult arias—unsuccessfully from ever angle except volume, although there wa enough of the latter to make the room quive like a bridge subjected to the fatal violi note. More music followed, some worse some better, while Elna sat on avoidin Doug's eye. It was a long sit, but eventuall the boarders began to drift off, and Frau Landlady, after another interval of sup pressed yawns, added her good night, closin the piano and switching off lamps with wha Doug felt were unnecessarily loud snaps.

Elna rose. "I am so sorry you must go Herr Campbell," she said and he found him self in the hall.

"*Gute Nacht, Fräulein,*" he said in Ger man for the benefit of the last broad back disappearing up the stairs. "Permit me t thank you for this so-delightful evening."

Elna's eyes danced a little, but they stil did not meet his and her lips were presse tight together. She opened the big front doo and waited for him to leave. After a correc interval Doug closed it from the inside wit an authoritative bang, and at the sound ar other light switch clicked off from above Like all her profession, Frau Landlady wa an electricity saver, and only a small nigh light now glowed from the landing. Dou couldn't have planne it better himself. H took Elna by the shou ders and shook he gently.

"You witch. Yo wretch and witch," h whispered, and at las they were close again muffling their laughte It lasted only a mo ment, however, an then Elna was at th big knob again, open ing the door silentl and motioning hi through.

Women do about all the reading and playgoing that is done in America; at least they are responsible for most of the playgoing, since men mostly "go along" under their influence. They keep up most of our music, they maintain most of our painting and sculpture, they are the mainstay of our churches, our educational, cultural and social institutions, they are the arbiters of taste and style for both sexes and in all particulars. —HENRY A. BEERS.

"We make jokes," she whispered, "but am quite serious too. Go now, please."

"Not without you," said Doug. "Com outside a minute, Elna."

She shook her head and tried to pull awa Doug nodded with equal vehemence an drew her to the threshold.

"If you don't," he warned, raising h voice slightly, "I'll make a scuffle. I swear will."

He had already made one. There was a inquiring sound from above and Elna, glan ing nervously up toward it, slipped the latc and followed him out. The street was com pletely dark and so was the small hooded porch, fragrant with the white clemati climbing over it. Doug gathered her in hun grily, found her lips and kissed them. Sh resisted a minute and then with a sigh r laxed in his arms.

"That's it, my darling," he murmure against her cheek. "That's what's happene to us."

"No," she pleaded, but without movin "it is wrong."

"It is not wrong," he told her. "Don cry, sweet. It's because it's right that it ha pened so fast. Don't fight it. Don't try t fight it. You're going to marry me, Elna. No body but me. Oh, my darling, I love you. love you so."

She looked up at that, her face white the darkness, looking straight into his ey for one long moment, and in that momen he knew she loved him, as suddenly an completely as it had come to him, and come and pin wheels whirled around him.

"Elna, Elna," he exulted, catching h close again.

It was a short-lived joy. Heavy footste sounded along the pavement and turned t the walk to the pension.

"Let me go. Oh, please let there be n talking of this in the house. Please let m go." Elna struggled frantically.

She was still trembling as they moved to casual good-night position at the door an

GOOD EATING



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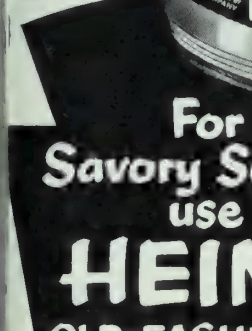
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he held both her hands to steady her until the footsteps came alongside.

"Until tomorrow, then," Doug said, pressing her cold fingers hard as he swung the door open for her.

"*Guten Abend, Fräulein,*" boomed the intruder heartily, bowing Elna politely ahead and looking inquisitively at Doug.

"*Guten* ——" Elna answered faintly and the dark aperture swallowed both figures, leaving Doug to curse all boardinghouses and this one in particular as he strode off.

His office next morning was boiling, as it was the final date to complete civilian formalities for the final August sailing from Bremerhaven. Elna's would be the one after—only she wasn't going—and her father's tentatively set for the one after that. *A valuable delaying tactic,* Doug thought cheerfully. *Give the old gentleman time to get used to things.* Messages and messengers came and went with stuff from the Army, stuff from Military Government, stuff from German officialdom. So much paper, in fact, that even ex-Wac Jones' bright eyes didn't notice that the first note of the morning had gone by special messenger to Fräulein Ehrnstrom. The pension wasn't on the telephone so he couldn't have talked to her even if she'd have come to the phone, which something told him she wouldn't.

He longed for her, if only to hear her voice. The clear fine oval of her face turned up to him on the hooded porch last night, her slender back as it melted into the dark shadows of the hall, haunted him. He'd been years falling in love, but this was a record nose dive. He'd driven around by the boardinghouse on the way to the office that morning, mooning up at the windows like a lovesick high-school Joe, but he had a little sense, just a modicum, left. After four calls yesterday, one before breakfast today would set the place buzzing like bees. Like hornets, rather, when it came to the professor. Until Doug could have a straightforward talk with him this afternoon—and it would probably take more than one persuasive talk—he'd better go slow. He went slow by sending (a) for the parental eye an official summons for Fräulein Elna Ehrnstrom for twelve-thirty that morning at the consulate and (b) a note for Elna herself in a box of yellow roses. He had to content himself with the florist's variety, not the fragrant garden kind she always reminded him of, but the color was right anyway. "I love you," the note said. "If you aren't here on the dot I'll come after you. With the MP's. DOUG."

SHE came. The clock moved to 12, 12:15, 12:20, 12:30, and the last time Doug looked out, she was there. Sitting poised and elegant in her slender black just as she'd looked the first day, and at the sight comets and pin wheels burst around him again. He knew she could feel him at the doorway, too, because she was gazing so fixedly out the window, and he went back to his desk grinning. Well, at least one girl would have sat against that wailing wall who had turned the tables and left a Yank, a Yank lieutenant at that, waiting at the church. Probably the first and last in the zone to turn down honorable matrimony and a passport to the States.

"I'll knock off for lunch now, Jonesy," he said. "I'll be at Hermann's Hof Brau if an international crisis comes up."

"Considering the crowd, you'd better make it snappy with the blue-plate special, then," Jonesy answered, very New Yorkese. "I'll close both doors and call it a conference."

"Good idea," Doug said, hoping she'd leave them shut till he got out of sight with Elna.

"Fräulein Ehrnstrom," he said, approaching her ceremoniously and speaking in German, "I am sorry to summon you again, but there are a few more details in connection with your father's papers. If you will walk with me now I will explain as we go."

She hesitated, and eyes began to turn toward her questioningly as she neither answered nor moved while Doug stood waiting politely in front of her. It was clear he meant to go on waiting and she rose reluctantly.

"It is just a matter of a short delay," he said in his best official manner. And at these

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all-too-familiar words indifference settled back over the room. He and Elna walked out.

"It was joking," she said accusingly as they turned to the wide staircase, "when you say I must come here."

"Not joking at all. I'd have died if you hadn't," Doug said and looked it. Then, because it swept over him she was really there, he laughed and said so. "You're here," he exulted.

"Because I must. Your letter which summons me so officially came to papa's eyes."

"Dear, dear," clucked Doug, "but you could have pretended to come and gone shopping."

She started forward so suddenly that he had to do some tall striding to catch up with her, which he did, with the now-familiar handcuff grip on her wrist, gentle but unbreakable, keeping it so till he had maneuvered her into his car at the curb.

"Come on, beautiful," he coaxed, eying her set profile. "How about a big smile and a quick lunch? I can't be gone but an hour or so today."

"What I must say will take much less than that," she replied, eyes straight ahead. "And so I will say it now while you, please, take me home."

"Sounds grim. I guess it will go down better with lunch. But can't you just wipe off that Early Christian Martyr expression? Look happy, my darling. We are happy because we've got everything to be happy about. We've found each other, that's wonderful. What's a million times more wonderful, we love each other. The rest is only official stuff to unwind. Nothing else matters."

"There is much else that matters, and I come with you only to explain it. To stop these meetings and pretendings, like a child's game. Our business is concluded——"

"Not," Doug interpolated, "not by a darn sight."

She ignored this. "I come with you only that we may have an understanding together, clear and for all future. You know what it is."

"No idea unless it's to set the wedding date. And the place I've picked for lunch was built for the purpose. A regular Romeo and Juliet balcony."

"You make facetious again." She smiled, but he could feel her put on the dreaded little cloak of worldliness that fitted her so well. "I am foolish, I see, to make great drama of some moonlightness. I forget you also make Yank fun under your ——"

"Under my gray hair?" Doug interrupted shortly, touching the streak that ran back from his temple. Something in the air scared him.

"No, no"—her voice warmed—"I mean only that you, too, are young and perhaps lonely under your more responsible work. So I, too, will make young and facetious so we may be friends and enjoy this lunch together in farewell. I have not been this place before. It is charming."

For they had reached the gray old building with its promised balcony overhanging the river, a bit of medieval beauty that had escaped the bombing.

A waiter bowed, "*Herr Konsul,*" with genuine pleasure and led them to a far table, seating Elna so that she was silhouetted against blooming flower boxes along the old carved balustrade. How she fitted the mellow setting, fitted any setting, Doug thought, with her slender elegance. Already other eyes had found her, openly admiring her fine-boned beauty, her smooth gold hair.

"Elna"—emotion burst through him—"you are so beautiful, so wonderful. Look at me, Elna."

She did not turn her gaze from the river flowing below them, but a flush rose slowly from her neck, to her cheeks, to her forehead and he could have sworn her heart was pounding in unison with his own, and that the magic current was flowing again between them.

"Now we are back with what spoils good companionness," she said, very low. "You know I am affianced, and will remain so. It is a mistake that I did not go home at once. I hoped we might part with smiling. But now, please to excuse me, let me leave."

She tried to rise, pushing back the table that hemmed her against the balustrade, while Doug, cursing himself, held it firmly in place. Why couldn't he go slower, not rush her so? But he had the feeling he must push her, pin her in every corner, take advantage of every chink in her armor lest she rush headlong in the opposite direction, running to heartbreak for them both, mistaking it for the path of duty. *Take it easy. Very easy,* he advised himself.

"Sorry," he said, taking the advice but keeping the table firmly against her, "but you forget this is a business lunch too. About a passport. If you'll sit down again, we'll settle that."

"I do not think so," she said. "Those affairs will settle themselves in your office. Now I will go, please."

"Please sit down again, Elna, I'll be good," he pleaded, hurling his whole will power across to her. She sank back weakly and her voice was faint.

"I have your promise, *Herr Konsul?*" she asked.

"The name is Campbell, remember? Doug to my friends, and we're friends again now, aren't we? Try it."

"Herr Doug," she obeyed.

"That's better. Now, forget the *Herr.* Just Doug."

"Doug," she repeated, and her voice chimed, the way it could, so that it took all his resolution not to snatch her hand lying so temptingly near on the table. Something warned her, though, because she moved it to her lap with the other. "Doug Campbell. That is a very Yank name," she said, managing a little smile.

"It is a completely un-Yank name," Doug contradicted. "Because the works is Douglas Douglas Campbell. A touch redundant, perhaps, but you get used to it. You will anyway, because it's going to be on your calling cards."

It was the waiter arriving with the menu who forestalled her flight this time, a motion Doug pretended not to notice.

"I feel like celebrating," he said. "I hope you do."

She did not answer but continued to look at him, soberly waiting.

(Continued on Page 127)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If Winter Comes, Can Spring be Far Behind?

By James Menzies Black

Oh, happily, happily, I'd embark
To a spa in Fla. or a park in Ark.,
To a beach in Cal. or a coast in Tex.,
Or possibly even a tour of Mex.

It isn't so far to Miss. or La.,
And twinkles the sun in Southern Ga.
Where the flowers bloom and the climes invite
The seasons seasoned with Fahrenheit.

Hoorah for all! Each is a state
In deference here I abbreviate.
No niggard I, and I'm not a stinter;
It seems to fit their contracted winter.

They welcome spring with an early shout
And carefully, carefully spell it out.
Oh, yes, I envy their distant glow
And wait, impatient, in Northern O.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Cowboy Jim isn't riding today!

IF YOUR "COWBOY" HAS TROUBLE KEEPING UP WITH THE OTHERS
PERHAPS ALL HE NEEDS IS A SIMPLE HELP LIKE THIS

If your young "buckaroo" slows up before his pals, it may be due to faulty nutrition.

Many children who are thought to be "well-fed" may in fact be "subclinically undernourished"—not really sick but not quite well. They may get lots of food but not always enough of the *right kind*. Such children obviously need special care in the selection of the foods they eat.

A mother should remember that a child needs, proportionately, 2 to 3 times as much of certain food elements as an adult. These food elements include protein, calcium, iron, vitamins B_1, C, niacin and riboflavin. These may be called the "spark plugs" of robust health. A child needs lots of them. A lack of one or more *can* cause a slump. And—please note this—they are the very ones in which meals are most apt to be deficient.

In *theory*—one can provide an adequate family diet by serving a wide variety of carefully selected foods and thereby obtain all the essential elements. And this every mother should strive to do.

In *practice*, however—this often is hard to do, because of the many problems of food buying, seasonal shortages, storing and cooking, and the wide differences in individual tastes and requirements within the family. And so, today—busy, intelligent mothers employ a sound and simple method in approaching this problem. They use a *supplementary food* like Ovaltine.

Ovaltine is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes that may occur in otherwise "good" meals. Ovaltine, mixed with milk, contains practically all the vitamins and minerals necessary to bring such meals up to the full requirements of a growing child. It also provides an extra supplement of high quality proteins.

So why don't you join the host of other mothers in this health promoting program through better nutrition. Give 2 to 3 glasses of Ovaltine daily in addition to regular meals. Then you can be sure *you* have taken a logical step toward insuring proper nutrition for your child.

NOTE: *Ovaltine has a remarkable appeal to children as a hot drink at breakfast. So start the day right with a bracing hot drink every morning.*

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HIGH-ENERGY FOOD—needed for keen vitality.

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VITAMIN B_1—required for good appetite, digestion and healthy nerves.

VITAMIN C—necessary for healthy gums and all connective tissue throughout the body.

VITAMIN D, CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS—all needed for straight, strong bones, good teeth.

VITAMIN A—necessary for normal growth—and to avoid night blindness.

NIACIN—for normal functioning of nervous system and digestive tract.

VITAMIN G (Riboflavin)—essential to normal growth—and health of eyes and skin.

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(Continued from Page 124)

He said, "Elna, I understand and respect all you have been trying to say. Now listen to my side without interrupting and in the broad light of day. I love you. I loved you the minute you walked into my office, and I think it was as sudden and complete for you as for me. And this I swear to you, Elna. I have never asked a girl to marry me before. I ask you now with all my heart's devotion. Will you be my wife, Elna?"

A LIGHT ran across her face and she was very still a moment. "I thank you," she breathed, "for this great compliment, and I believe your words." She drew another breath. "It is, as you know, impossible."

"It is not impossible," said Doug. "And only one thing on earth could make it so: that you don't love me. Say that. Say you don't love me, that last night and the night before were moon-madness, and I'll bow out. But I think, I dare to think that it was your affair with young John Fraser that was an emotion of the moment, war emotion at that, and it's our love that's the deep thing, the mature thing, the thing that will last. Give me a chance, Elna, just a chance to show what my love, what our love could really be. You owe us both that. Already we have something that you and he never had, haven't we? Haven't we, Elna?"

She tried to shake her head, but he held her eyes and slowly her lashes, those lashes so dark against her blondness, dropped and covered them. The waiter, scenting crisis, busied himself elsewhere.

The girl drew another deep breath. "I cannot marry you," she said painfully.

"Because of John?"

"Because of Jo-hn," she replied. Her accent softened the name to two syllables, Jo-hann, and a jealous rage swept Doug.

"I'm not giving up," he said harshly. "And you haven't answered the real question either. Put it this way. If you had never seen John Fraser, would you marry me? Or, at least, let me try to make you? That's the only way to decide this."

"*Nein,*" she said, and already he had discovered it was bad news when she lapsed into German. "No. So I have answered your question once and for all times. I go to marry, as I have long promised, a true and good young man who has long waited."

"The world is full of good young men," he said angrily.

"That," said Elna, gazing over his shoulder at the ruined bridges and gaping towers of the city, "is unfortunately not true. Let us not argue more. I am decided."

There was no doubt of it. She was suddenly in command of herself and the situation.

She pushed back the table gently and stood up. "So now let us not meet again for further distress. Let us part now, brief friends. We thank you, my father and I, for your kind interest and wish you all good fortune."

"Elna, you can't! You—I—we ——" Anguish made him incoherent as he stumbled to his feet beside her.

The waiter appeared apologetically. "Pardon to disturb, *Herr Konsul,*" he said. "It is a military police come with this hand note." He caught Doug's glare and shrank. "Pardon," he repeated.

Doug took the envelope, maneuvering himself between Elna and the other diners to cut off her retreat. He'd got his second wind.

"Don't you move an inch without me," he said firmly. "We're going to talk some more about duty and honor and stuff and then we're going to your father and tell him ——" The waiter hovered anxiously again with the envelope. "Excuse me a minute while I look at this. Oh-oh," he said, for Jonesy's neat typing read:

"I bet you're with that blonde. Nice, except you forgot a general. He's blowing up. Better hurry."

Elna took advantage of the diversion to get away and only the close-set tables kept it from becoming an out-and-out chase. He caught up with her under the appreciative eye of the military messenger waiting at the curb.

"Take you back, sir?" the noncom offered, adding hopefully, "Drop the lady, too, if she don't mind a Jeep."

"Just present my compliments to the general," Doug said coldly, deciding that the peacetime Army, like Jonesy, had got out of hand. "I've got a car here." He piloted a silent and pinioned Elna to it.

She remained quiet, except to murmur an occasional low "*Nein*" to everything Doug suggested during the short detour to the pension, so he gave up. Temporarily.

"I'll be back at four," he said as they turned into the familiar little street. "Sooner, I hope."

"*Nein,*" she said for the last time and was out of the car, but not before her composure cracked a little, a wide enough crack anyway for tears to come through.

There seemed only one reason for tears, and he took hope again. "At four. *Ja?*" he called after her flying figure. Useless to pursue it again, but he could try to cheer it. "*Ja,*" he shouted, "and a couple of *jawohls.*"

He held a smile on the off chance she'd look back, but she didn't and it died a fast death as she disappeared once more through the hated door. He was swearing to himself that this was the end of tears and flights. What had flamed between them, unasked and unexpected, was too good for hole-and-corner meetings. She deserved the soft music and white orchids he'd have liked to give her. In imagination, driving through those bombed-out blocks, he took her to a few courtship spots he would have chosen: a Broadway first night, a game at the Yale Bowl, a cruise on Nantucket Sound. Too bad it couldn't have been like that, seeing the way she'd fizzed like a Fourth of July sparkler just to be invited to a country inn for supper. But he was going to have to do it the hard way: a fight with everything stacked against him, from a disapproving father to a rich-and-handsome rival and the wedding date set. Definitely the hard way. Trust him.

One thing I've got, though, Doug vowed, yanking on the brake in front of the consulate and eying the starred car there with distaste. *I love her a way that kid doesn't dream of, or he'd have got here somehow in spite of regulations by this time. The first thing is to win over the professor, make him realize she isn't sure. Which she isn't. I've got that far anyhow.*

There was a general waiting, although not the volcanic one from Military Government that Doug expected—that had been one of Jonesy's little jokes—but a special quiet one he'd done some tricky intelligence work for during the war who had just dropped in to talk over old times and also to get Doug's slant on the new times which neither of them liked. On both subjects the general took his time and Doug, perforce, took it with him. After that there were some details to wind up in the office and, what with one thing and another, it was after five when he again presented his card at the pension.

"Herr Professor Ehrnstrom?" he inquired in his best Continental manner, and was shown immediately to the little upstairs sitting room. It was *Kaffeeklatsch* time again, but there was no fragrance of coffee, either ersatz or food-package, and the professor was no longer a frail old scholar under a lap robe, but very much the worldly European father.

"My daughter is gone from the city, *Herr Konsul,*" he said icily as Doug's gaze went searching past him around the room. "She left her apologies and farewell, but you can understand there is great change in our arrangements now that it appears I am so soon to follow her and both of us, perhaps, remain forever in America. I would have called at the consulate tomorrow, but since you are here you can perhaps give me the necessary information as to restrictions of weight and value in my daughter's luggage. Certain valuable objects and jewels she was leaving here concealed for me in case of need may now go with her, as I wished from the first, as her rightful dowry from her mother."

Carefully Doug answered the professor's consular questions while his mind was shouting an extremely unconsular one of its own: *Whose brush-off is this, yours or hers? Whose, I say?* and as soon as the official business was concluded he asked it aloud, coming directly to the point:

"*Herr Doktor,* I see you have discerned what I came here this afternoon to tell you: that I have fallen in love with Elna and I dare to think ——"

THE thin old face darkened with anger. "And I think, *Herr Konsul,* that you have taken advantage of your office. It was as an official that you met my daughter, a bride going to her husband of the American Army, and it was a matter of duty—I say nothing of honor—that you speed her on her way."

"On the contrary, her official business with me was the possibility of postponing her passage. She has not seen this John Fraser for two years and ——"

"Through no fault of his," interrupted the professor. "*Ach,* never will I forgive myself this selfishness. When John left, my daughter was to follow as soon as official regulations permitted. You remember the impossibility at that time, both of permission to marry a German and of securing passage to America. By the time that was arranged we

(Continued on Page 129)



"I think he's getting serious. Last night he wanted to know how much I'm earning here."



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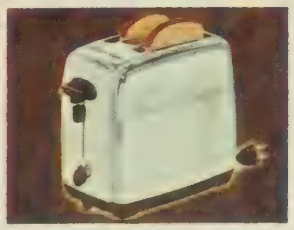
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(Continued from Page 127)

knew her mother to be dying. It seemed she should wait that brief time longer, and John most honorably agreed. But it was wrong. The time was not brief and the more her mother's illness was protracted the more impossible it seemed that Elna should leave. Do you think this moment's emotion, an emotion born of delays and waiting, should destroy her well-deserved happiness? I do not permit it, Herr Campbell." The older man was deeply moved.

Doug said carefully, falling into the professor's elaborately rounded German periods, "I share your feeling, sir, that this is untimely. I wish more than you possibly can that I had met Elna before John Fraser did, and could have been less . . . precipitate. I, too, might have shrugged off a love-at-first-sight story, except it happened to me. I loved your daughter the first moment I saw her, two days ago. It would have been the same two years ago. I'm over thirty, not one of these Occupation youngsters, and I come to you as a man of the world with word of myself, my family and my prospects, and in the belief that you wish to be sure of Elna's heart before she goes half across the world to marry a boy she knew only a few romantic weeks. A boy who may now be quite different from her memory of him."

"You plead well," the professor said without any change of expression, "but uselessly. Though an elderly antiquarian, I see what is before me in the modern world. Your methods with my daughter have been, I imagine, tempestuous." *He sounds like Shakespeare,* Doug thought irritably. "My daughter is swayed by long-pent emotion and sudden shyness of meeting John. But her course is clear and long decided. It is my purpose to protect her from further—ahem—mistaken confusion."

> **When there is mud at the bottom of the well, stirring it will not make the water clear.** —CHINESE PROVERB.

Doug took another breath and again drew hard on his diplomatic patience and phraseology. "I desire your respect, *Herr Doktor,* and your affection as well if I can persuade Elna to marry me. Which I tell you frankly I shall use every means in my power to do."

"You will have some difficulty," said the professor dryly, "since she visits elsewhere until her sailing."

Fool, fool that he'd been to let her out of sight. He glanced around the room again and saw signs of that hasty packing and departure—while he was gassing with a general and stamping passports.

"I gather you do not plan to tell me where she has gone," he said with what control he could muster, "that this word is final."

The *Herr Doktor* did not waste any more words, but bent in a dismissing German bow and waited for Doug to leave. Which Doug did.

After the first shock was over, however, and as he was zooming back to the consulate to set the telephones dancing, he decided it might be a good sign instead of bad that she'd run away. A girl like Elna knew easier ways to brush off an unwanted suitor. It meant she didn't trust herself to see him again and her father had done the rest, wrapping it up in Old World duty and honor. By parental and Old World standards, of course, she was making an excellent match. Money and position—and something told Doug the Frasers had plenty of both—and the security of the United States. He could even hear the modulated old voice advising, "End this madness at once, my Elna. End it for the peace of all."

THERE was another straw or two of comfort. First, she couldn't get far in occupied territory without leaving a trail a mile wide; and second, she would surely go to Oberammergau before she left, as that was the likely place for the valuables the professor had mentioned. And it was a logical guess she'd go there first, attend to her business, and get away before Doug could catch up with her.

He had luck. She'd got a civilian pass for Ober that afternoon, and a trunk call to a friend of Doug's who was instructing in the Army Intelligence School there found that officer tired of theoretical sleuthing and glad to track down an actual girl instead, offering also to keep an unofficial watch at the railroad station and report her arrival immediately. Doug, who had definitely strained ethics in his statement of the case, grinned wryly as he hung up. So much for his noble decision that the rest of the affair should be open and aboveboard. Instead the chase was still on and Elna still dodging.

Little silly, he thought fondly, *to go jolting off alone in a third-class carriage when we could have had a swell ride together up the mountains. I wonder if she skis.* He could hardly wait to ask her—that and a lot of other things. In fact, if he weren't so jammed up with Saturday's big sailing he'd start this minute on the off chance she'd gone directly there, catch her by surprise and hammer home his advantage. One sign of weakening, one moment of hesitation—one kiss, to be exact—and he'd have her on a plane to Lake Forest with him. They'd face it out with Student Fraser, and if it was Fraser influence that had wangled the professor's job, Doug would find him another if he had to endow a chair. He'd call Washington and ——

BUT Washington called him first. In fact, Jonesy was taking the call as he came in and it wasn't routine but person-to-person, the other person being the big boss himself, as chipper and full of good news as a maternity nurse announcing it's a boy.

"Hey, Douggie," he said, having been an old family friend and dandled Doug upon his knee to that name, "got your transfer set up at last. Just the kind of deal you wanted and just the spot we need you. A couple of weeks' briefing back here and off you go." He went into the details, concluding briskly, "I've got hold of Tom Baker—he knows the Occupation game—and he'll be there Saturday morning to take over for you. That gives you a day to show him the ropes and you can get away Sunday. Just what the doctor ordered, eh, Douggie? Eh? You there, Doug? Hang that operator."

Doug had stopped spinning through space and come back to earth. "Fine," he said in a hollow voice, "that's great. But it's pretty sudden for me. I'm right in the middle of ——"

"Don't worry about anything there. Baker's a good man. He'll take hold easy. I'll see you Monday morning, then."

"But there's an important—this is something I can't leave until ——" Doug stalled.

There was a pregnant pause and the voice from Washington was discreetly lowered. "On to something big, eh? I had a hunch you might turn up something there. Are you fixed at that end so you can talk? Maybe I better call you back on the hush-wire."

Doug counted ten. "Nothing like that, sir. It's personal. I ——"

"Personal!" exploded the telephone. "That means some woman. I thought you had more sense. Well, this transfer is personal too. What you've been yelping for for months, and plenty others ready to jump at it if you don't. You be here Monday. Or else."

"Yes, sir," said Doug, and the chief calmed down enough to go into some details.

What he'd been yelping for was right. An assignment exactly up his alley, and even better than he'd dared hope. And how Elna would grace it. That, not the rich young Gold Coast set, was the life she was cut out for, and it was something he could give her, along with his whole heart and soul. Only first he had to find her. Two weeks to break down her defenses and her father's opposition had looked tough enough—but four days! And his girl, who wasn't even his girl yet, miles away even if he found her before Saturday. He was still staring at the calendar when the phone rang again. Good news this time. An MP at the station reported seeing her board the afternoon train to the mountains. Blonde, black dress. He'd noticed her particularly. *I'll bet he did, probably*

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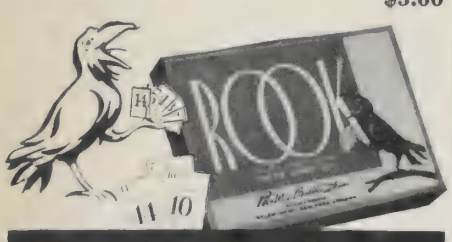
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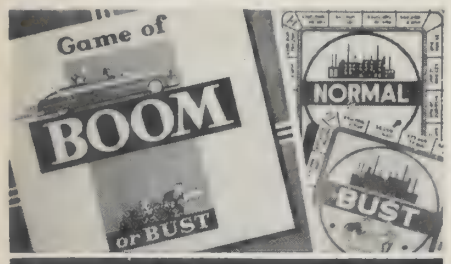
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whistled at her, Doug thought, jealously, buzzing for Jonesy, who came in so fast he knew she smelled romance.

"Look, Jonesy," he said, and outlined the high spots for her. Most of which she seemed to know already. "So do you think you can hold the fort here until, say, tomorrow afternoon?" he asked, making it as matter-of-fact as possible. "I'm sorry to unload a big day on you and I'll phone in first thing in the morning. If you get stuck, call Military Government and they'll send Cramer over. Think you can manage?"

Jonesy, quivering with conspiratorial enthusiasm, indicated she would like nothing better and Doug rocketed out of the city and by nightfall he was high in the mountains where a big lover's moon floodlit his way so successfully that he arrived at the little Alpine fastness in tearing spirits and Einstein time. His confederate was waiting at headquarters with directions to the Ehrnstroms' châlet and the names of some acquaintances and former servants where the girl might be found if she wasn't staying in the house. He was also full of more personal offers.

"Want me to come with you?" urged the Intelligence captain, frankly bug-eyed. "What's up? She's the smoothest article in the zone. I never believed in Mata Hari before. Oh, boy."

Doug restrained an impulse to boot his friend and forced a smile. "It's strictly a one-man job and every minute counts," he said, hoping he looked cold and ruthless. "I'm after vital information, but not exactly what you think. Thanks for everything. I'll tell you the story later." He only hoped there was a good day coming when he could do just that by his own fireside with Elna beside him to join the laugh.

Again luck was with him, for there was a light in the châlet when he wound his way up to it, a little gabled and turreted Hänsel-and-Gretel house just right for Elna in this storybook village, and he knew she was there because his heart did the flip-flap that always meant she was near. From sheer relief he blew his horn in a raucous Yank way and then, seeing the light go out uncertainly, regretted the impulse and ran up the steep steps to the eagle's-nest entrance and tapped on the little oval window beside the door, calling her name to reassure her.

"Elna. Elna. It's Doug."

There was silence, but he could feel her standing not far away hesitating and thinking . . . what? His heart did another back flip and he banged again, harder this time on the deep-carved door.

"Elna, I've got to see you. I know you're there, and you know what I'll do if you don't come. Elna, please open the door."

She opened it. "Doug," she said, "you haf come," and she melted into his arms. For once there was no waiter, no landlady, no Jonesy, no *Papachen.* Just the two of them and the August moon over the mountains. It lasted quite a long time.

"Say you love me," Doug whispered finally against her neck. "Say it. We've got a lot else to talk about, but just say that first."

She put her hands against his chest and pushed him back a little, looking up from shadowed eyes. "Yes," she said, and again there was that sound of bells, "I will say it for the first time and the last time. I love you. . . . No, wait. Wait, Doug. And then we will go into this old *Haus* and sit down to speak sensibly."

What she said there was a bolt from the blue. Doug had imagined her, in that delirious surrender, following his plan, hurtling back tonight with him over the luminous mountains, breaking the news to her father, a telephone call to John Fraser (Doug had practiced variations of that transoceanic conversation on the drive up) and be ready to marry him when he got back from his briefing in the States, three weeks at the longest, and then they'd take off together for the new job. He'd have wangled all the official changes by that time. Then a wedding, maybe at the tiny church below them which Doug had admired on previous visits, and after that life, love, joy to the full. He poured these hopes out to her, but except for a flash of happiness at the news of his advancement, Elna was back, solemn and immovable in a chair, fending him off.

"So Sunday you go to America. That is best, to stop at once this foolish temptation. To start for you a new life so much to your liking, so much deserved. To start for me also a new life which I will do *alles* I can to make fine and good."

"You can't, Elna, you can't," Doug cried, but her proud chin, her intelligent eyes told him she could. She could, and she would, make Student Fraser happy with only half a heart, because he would never miss the other half. Only the beautiful shell of Elna would be enough for him. Doug could see the shell getting smoother, cooler, more polished with years until the fires beneath died from sheer lack of recognition and breathing. "You can't," he cried again in anguish, trying to express all this to her. "This—this boy ——"

"Do not speak of John in that way," Elna interrupted with terrifying distinctness. "He was young, yes, but he played a man's part in the war and most honorably since by this waiting. In honor I will go to keep my long promise. I hope not to disappoint him."

Doug groaned, "Elna."

"So, please do not stay more. It is too wrong, too wretched. And if you stay all night, all the remaining days and nights, and ruin your prospects, I still will not change. I will not. Do not think I have not thought carefully since this—this came to us. I have thought deeply, and it is my heart, not my father as you believe"—she looked at him where he knelt, for in his pleading he had come beside her—"that tells me what is right."

"It is not right."

"What is right each must know for himself, Doug. And without right cannot be happiness. For me. And, I believe, for you."

"Don't ring the Wagnerian tragedy into this," he countered angrily, because he was frightened. "I've picked up the pieces of too many love affairs to believe ——"

Elna shrank. "It was not like these others you speak of," she said. "It was correctly met and correctly agreed also by our parents."

"Not so correctly you can't step out of it if you've outgrown each other. He was so young, Elna," Doug burst out. "You don't realize how young a rich kid can be in the States. And he's gone back to college, practically starting it over again, and at home college is the youngest kind of life there is. Look at the snapshots he's sent lately. I saw some of them and he looks like the kid brother of the lieutenant you knew." The gray eyes flickered, so he saw she'd noticed that herself. He drove the advantage home. "It'll hurt, of course, when you tell him about us, but he'll get over it. I promise you in three months, six at most, he'll marry any one of a dozen nice girls on the North Shore. But for me there's only you, Elna. He'll get over it, but I've been waiting all my life for you," he pleaded, saying aloud to her at long last the words he had so often said to himself.

She gave them the moment's silence they merited with her hand to her eyes, so he hoped surrender would come with her tears, but when she spoke it was steadily and in her gentle voice he heard the knell of his hopes.

"No, *lieber Freund,* it is the other way about. It is John who has waited for me and it is you who will, as you say, get over it."

"How about you, then?" cried Doug desperately. "Will you get over it? Get over it and marry somebody else—practically tomorrow? You can't do it, Elna."

"Yes, I can do it. And you, too, must go to new work as in a war. For indeed my promise to John was of the war and I will not be the German to fail it."

"Elna, this is mad self-sacrifice. Until you said you loved me I was only hoping, but now I know, I swear I will make you happy, make you love as you were meant to love, be alive as you were meant to be alive. We can ——"

Her lips jerked with effort, but her voice as she interrupted carried the same steady conviction. "Please, no more. I have as I told you thought deep of this and my answer is from deep. Our meeting was so late, so short. Think of it, as the old songs say, as a short sweet dream. As I will do. So go now. I ask it. I wish you—I wish you always happy."

Her face was so earnest and beautiful in the lamplight Doug lost himself in gazing, letting each fine-modeled feature sink through his sight down into his heart to keep there forever. Thus her farewell, her sudden move to the door caught him unaware. But she had swung it open, the cold mountain air rushed in to part them and somehow—he never knew how she maneuvered it—he was outside. He heard the latch click and self-lock before he registered its finality, and at the sound he was beating and calling through the heavy panels.

The light, he registered also, had gone from behind the leaded panes of the oval window as if when she closed the door she had dropped a final curtain on their brief interlude, and at the thought he pounded harder until a casement in a little halfway-up tower opened above him.

"Please, Doug, do not bang and call like a child. I will not open again, you must believe so. Nor do not any more wait for me at corners to make more talking, for I will not do that either. And one other thing I remember to say. You must not when you go in America run to John, for if you do so, if you break my vows to him do not think I will then marry you. I will not. This I mean. Please to go now, Doug." Her voice drifted down through the moonlight and her face shimmered in the frame of the open casement. "Let there be an end with dignity," she said quietly and the window smoothly closed.

For a long while he waited, numb and unbelieving, for some further word or sign, his forehead pressed against the ornate door carving until finally, shaking with cold and emotion, he crawled back to his car and rolled slowly back toward the town. As its lights came in sight, realization struck him afresh and with an angry "She can't" he swung the car around again and roared back up the winding road, once more blowing his horn as he approached the villa to tell her he was back, but the tiny-paned windows remained dark and blank, mocking the moonlight that flooded the peaked and pointed roof. He climbed the steep path again to the overhanging portico and gave a few last despairing knocks, echoing the thud of his own heart, but there was no answer. Actu-

(Continued on Page 132)

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?

Edited by John M. Henry

The trouble with touring is that you should have stopped at that good tourist camp fifty miles back.
—U. S. SENATOR KENNETH S. WHERRY, OF NEBRASKA.

Most of us are in a good position to study the price ceilings, from our position flat on our back.
—U. S. SENATOR HOMER E. CAPEHART, OF INDIANA.

Our nephew has been so unfortunate in his love affairs recently that he has a half-dozen half-finished Argyle socks around the place.
—Overheard in Philadelphia bus station.

There are now, for the first time, more women than men in the United States. Rationing, however, is expected to continue for a while.
—CHARLES M. DWELLEY: The Concrete Herald, Concrete, Washington.

You are halfway home from the annual family reunion, complete with all children, before you get your voice down to normal level.
—MILDRED P. KEESHAN: "This and That" Tribune News, Manhattan, Kansas.



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(Continued from Page 130)

ally he had expected none. If she had wavered toward his knock, alone there in the dark house, there was no sign.

Doug made one last effort with Doctor Ehrnstrom, whom he found directing the packing of his books and artifacts, a pretty sure indication that Elna would not be back to do it for him.

"Ah," he said, unbending a little at Doug's preamble. "Please to sit here."

He waved off the student helper and retreated to his chair and knee robe. His eyes glowed as Doug told his story.

"Yes, Elna is a child of race. I was sure that by reflection she would see clear and right and I will most surely not, as you urge, try to change her decision. On the contrary, I continue to believe Elna's feeling for you is a reaction from the long delay of her marriage, if, indeed, it is more than kindness to your own—ahem—urgency." *He's got the professorial sarcastic "ahem" down pat,* Doug thought. "So I will not pretend I am not glad she has sent you from her and glad that your departure makes impossible more such disturbing meetings. I wish you, *Herr Konsul,* a good future and will intrude no more on your so-crowded time," and Doug found himself once more outside an Ehrnstrom door. At least it was the last time. He was through.

He went through the motions of winding up his affairs, wondering why people called it heartsick when with him the misery was so much deeper-seated. There seemed to be a load of buckshot in his lower abdomen and he had to take frequent deep breaths to keep it there.

You've lost her, his brain would jeer and the weight would lurch up against his diaphragm and nearly throw him.

All through the inevitable farewell parties, all the while he was greeting Tom Baker at the airport and briefing him on the local setup (luckily Jonesy took to weeping so there were no cracks about his blonde) the buckshot continued to hit him like a mid-ocean wave, and when, in the middle of a final unwanted jamboree, the belief swept over him with sudden clairvoyant certainty that somewhere Elna was suffering similar torment, his misery was complete.

"You act as if you'd been passed over instead of getting a big boost," Tom Baker said. "If you weren't the old woman hater in person, I'd say it was a girl. What's her number?"

Doug tried for a gay-dog smirk. "You'll do all right on your own," he said.

And at last he was gone, but not without one last try at the pension the day he left. No, the *Herr Professor* and the *Fräulein* were both gone, the apartment already occupied by others. No, they left no address-forward except the ship. So Doug ordered another flock of yellow roses to be delivered there, knowing they'd probably go out the porthole as outward symbols of temptation, and Pretty Boy's photograph take their place.

EVEN the last hours, while he emptied his personal file and filled his battered old service bags, Elna's face flashed in and out of his mind like a neon sign, and as he climbed aboard the Army bomber and took off, as he saw Germany slipping away beneath him and knew he was leaving her there, he groaned and must have groaned aloud, because an Air Force major turned and stared with disapproval.

In Washington he plunged at once into preparation for the new job, trying to get it between him and the remembered words "Go now to your new duty," those gentle Old World words that matched her Old World beauty. It worked pretty well daytimes because the assignment was even more absorbing than he'd expected, but at night he could not escape.

"*Yes, I can marry him,*" she would say through the dark hours. "*I keep my words.*" Or, breaking his heart again each time, "*I love you, I will say it once and for all time and then never again.*"

He was haunted, too, by the feeling that if he'd stayed he might somehow have won out. He'd found her and he'd let her get away. He wrote her by air mail and by diplomatic pouch, and at last he threw discretion to the winds and telephoned transatlantic instructions to Baker and Jonesy that if Elna or her father put a foot in the consulate they were to be kept there—by force if necessary—until he'd made one more appeal. After that he left a trail of telephone numbers behind him every time he stirred. "I'll be at the Pentagon till noon. You can reach me there at extension so-and-so. Then for lunch I'll be at ——" he'd say, trying to ignore the switchboard operator's raised eyebrows. "Who does he think he is?" he overheard her ask. "If he doesn't look out, he'll drop the State Department." Nothing came of it, though. The two Ehrnstroms had gone underground till they sailed, disappeared beyond tracing except by civilian or military police, for which there was no excuse and for which Elna—not to mention the *Herr Doktor*—would not find forgiveness.

He stood it awhile longer, till the Labor Day holiday loomed up. Time enough at least to go to Chicago and get a line on young Fraser. He'd go to Halvorson first. Doug had made it his business to find out that he'd taught at summer school and was still in town. Up to now every time he'd looked at a Western air-line schedule Elna's grave voice had intervened: "*For if you run to John, do not think I will then marry you. I will not. This I mean.*" But going to Chicago wasn't tackling John Alling Fraser in person. It was just nosing out his reputation, what kind of guy he really was. Two elderly archaeologists could be wrong about a plausible suitor. Or, as he'd so often tried to tell Elna, John Fraser could have changed a lot in two postwar years. Yes, he'd go to Doctor Halvorson first, make an appointment on some pretext about the professor's papers—which was easy, since Halvorson was his sponsor—and be guided by what he learned there. Doug went to the chief about it before he could change his mind again.

"How about my stretching the three-day holiday to a week?" he said. "I'm well ahead on the job and I feel seedy."

"You look it," the older man said bluntly. He had too much on his mind to remember Doug's brief telephonic rebellion, but he kept an affectionate eye on all his hopefuls. "Run along, and have some fun. Washington's tough in summer. Where you going?"

"I thought I'd stop in Chicago first," Doug said. "By the way, d'you know anybody in Lake Forest?"

"Practically everybody. Why?" the big boss said cheerfully. He could answer this about almost any place, any time, and he had them all ticketed, as he went on to prove. "Say, your old OSS side-kick, Speed Merriweather, is living there now. You know that?"

"Speed!" echoed Doug, startled out of his own problems. "I thought he was in South America on your ——"

"Nope. No more. A Lake Forest girl caught him on his last leave and she's going to settle him down there in her father's business—she thinks." He winked elaborately at Doug, as one old bachelor to another. "You try to stir him up again if you go out. We need him."

Doug needed him too. Half of Speed was a crazy daredevil, but the other half was pure socialite. He'd know everybody on the North Shore by now, Doug calculated, and set the long-suffering switchboard operator to work. She tracked down a welcoming roar that nearly blew Doug off the receiver.

"Hey! Say! You!" yelled Speed. "Come on out and meet the bride. . . . Sure she wants you. She's heard enough about you, you old ——" There was an interpolation at the other end of the wire and it brought Speed back with something even better than Doug had hoped for. "Millie says be sure to bring your glad rags. There's a Labor Day dance at the club. Everybody'll be there. Can you make it?"

DOUG could and did, arriving in time for the lovebirds to show him over the love nest before dark—a domesticated Speed showing off his garden was a sight that would have rocked Doug if he hadn't been in such a hurry to get his pal on to other subjects—but at last they settled down, Speed starting up the "do-you-remembers" and Mrs. Speed countering at every pause with an item of local news calculated to guide the conversation back into peacetime channels. She was a nice girl playing a losing game, and Doug had his own reasons for helping her. So after there had been enough interchange of correct names—"Do you know Tom Smith in Washington? Dick Smith in London? Harry Smith in the Diplomatic?"—Doug slipped in the one he'd come for. If it worked, Elna couldn't say it was anything but fate. Just another proof that "it's a small world."

"Happen to know a young John Fraser here, Millie?" he asked, squinting through the trees to Lake Michigan, beginning to turn purple in the twilight.

"Johnny? Who doesn't? It's the big excitement, his German girl coming at last. You think it will work?"

The words were pleasant enough, but there was a condescension in the tone that irritated him. It was what he'd come to hear, though, so he assumed an air of interested inquiry and Millie, glad of any subject lively enough to keep Speed off his war memories until it was time to dress for the inevitable dinner party, whipped into it.

"His mother's still boasting about that title. Is it really a princess? Did you ever see her in Germany? Is she pretty? She'd better be. It's going to kill the whole Junior League Provisional when Johnny steps to the altar. He's a beautiful eyeful. You might see him tonight."

Doug did, and at sight of the young Apollo in the white dinner coat, even handsomer in the flesh than in the silver frame, the features perfect, unscarred, young—ye gods, how young—he felt the dark lines etch deeper around his eyes and the streak of gray widen above his temple. The wildcat of jealousy went into action in his stomach, too, so that he hardly heard Millie's chatter.

"That's Susie Gwynn with him. They won the big tennis doubles last week. Tough luck for her his bonnie lies over the ocean."

His duty dance with his hostess done, Doug wandered miserably off. If there'd been anything on young Fraser, even the smallest juicy morsel, Speed's wife would have known all, heard all and told all. No, Johnny was a popular hero, his romance a local saga, and his forthcoming marriage an accepted fact. Elna would play her part—how beautifully. *Good-by, my love,* Doug thought. And couldn't bear it.

He wasn't surprised when he found young Fraser beside him. He'd had a hunch he'd have to go through this at firsthand, a final turn of the torture wheel, and Doug walked up to it.

"My name's Campbell," he said. "Just back from the American Zone. I handled Professor Ehrnstrom's papers there, so I recognized your name. I understand everything went through all right and he's coming over with his daughter. What do you hear from them?"

(Continued on Page 135)

Next Month

LONG ago, it had been Lee and Jerry who were in love, and Sally who had wrecked their happiness. Now it was Jerry's daughter who threatened the love of young Marty and Eric.

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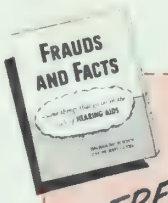
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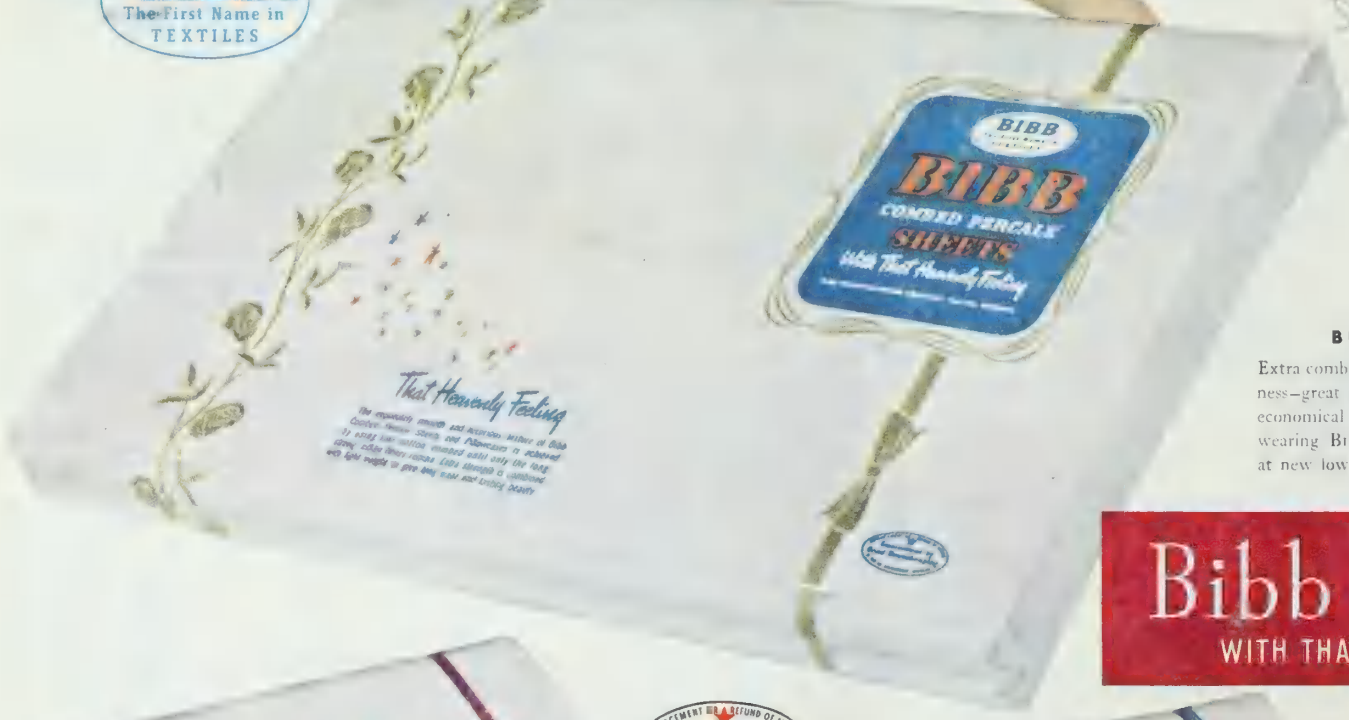
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(Continued from Page 132)

The bright face changed slightly, like the smallest shift of a kaleidoscope when it is jarred—surprise, of course—and there was a split-second pause while the youth swallowed as Doug had seen fliers do in the war when they got an unexpected assignment. It didn't mean they didn't want it, though. It could just as easily mean they cared too much. Then young Fraser held out his hand and the smile that went with it was the one Doug had dubbed pure Hollywood every time it beamed at him from Elna's desk, but he'd been wrong. With the athlete's tan and build it was all right and the eyes that met his were clear and straightforward.

"Why, of course," John said. "You're the consul Elna wrote about. How"—there was another split-second pause—"how is she?"

"She's all right," Doug answered with the mental postscript, *And there, my friend, you have a magnificent understatement.*

"Here, let's get a drink and sit down someplace," John Fraser suggested. "I want to hear all about ——"

They moved out into the night, which suited Doug—he couldn't face that youthful perfection much longer—and found chairs on a secluded terrace.

After a word or two about Doug's work and the inevitable interchange of questions about their outfits in the war, which in both cases elicited answers that considerably warmed the atmosphere, John brought the subject back to Elna.

"She said you did a lot to get the doctor through in time. Yes, they're coming together. Land the tenth unless something happens. Again." He gave an apologetic laugh. "I mean there've been so many delays, it's been so long, I can't quite take it in that she's practically on her way."

Doug didn't say anything, but there was something in the air that set his heart soaring. He couldn't see, but he thought John was swallowing again and the next words came with a rush.

"You know, now I've run into you I'd like to ask you something frankly. You're the first person I've seen since I got home that knew Elna and lately—now I'm sure she's really coming—I've begun to wonder. Do you think she'll fit in here? Be happy, I mean? I can't ask anybody else, of course, but you've been working with these German marriages and I thought maybe you could tell me how it . . . generally seems to work out." Doug was still silent and John Fraser ended with an embarrassed, "Skip it, sir. I know I ought to have kept my mouth shut, but I've been . . . worrying all of a sudden."

Doug forgave the elderly "sir" for the sake of the honest young doubt that came through the dark with it and sent his hopes skyrocketing higher. He said carefully, "Last-minute qualms, eh? Well, I guess they're natural, even in ordinary circumstances. And these aren't usual."

"No, they aren't," the other picked up eagerly. "Of course I'm engaged to Elna and we're going to be married and all. She's a wonderful girl and her letters have been—well, wonderful." Doug could imagine it. "I couldn't let Elna down even if I wanted to, but all of a sudden—gosh, it's a relief to spill some of this—all of a sudden she's sort of unreal to me."

There was a rush and rustle behind them and Susie Gwynn's cheerful freckled face peered out the doorway. She wore a crisp, wide-skirted formal, but you could tell that tennis shorts were more her style.

"Mm-hmm, just what I thought. Out with the boys," she said, spotting Johnny. "Where's my punch? That's what you came after, remember?"

John Fraser made the necessary introductions, and at the mention of Germany and Doug's post there the girl gave a little breathy sound, like air escaping a tiny balloon, and the gaiety oozed out of her with it so that she actually sagged a minute. Only a minute, though. She put the smile back on not very successfully and said, "Oh. Excuse it, please. Nice to meet you, Mr. Campbell. See you later, Johnny," and disappeared.

John's eyes followed her and then, feeling Doug's gaze across the path of light from the doorway she'd left open, he turned to face it, saying frankly:

"Don't get this wrong. I don't know what you've heard, but I've known Susie all my life and we're just . . . tennis partners. She sure swings a pretty racket though. That's part of what I mean about Elna, she's no good at games and I don't think she ever saw a squash court. She's so . . . beautiful. I used to tell her in Ober she was too pretty to be true. She sure had me going. Brains too. She's a high-brow, really. Too smart for me all around, and I just wonder if she's going to like this life. She sounds so—her letters sound so . . . different. Of course she is different." Doug thought of Susie's undifferent face and was pretty sure John was seeing it too. "I even got to thinking if it mightn't be a good idea to wait a little while after she gets here instead of getting married right away the way we planned. Sort of get acquainted again in case she's feeling qualms, as you call it, herself and won't say so. You saw her over there—I've been so busy getting this off my chest I haven't even asked about that—but what's your guess?"

Doug still held his tongue. By now it was a literal physical effort, but he wanted the blundering young voice to go all the way, and it did.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the White World

By William Stafford

In the white morning before day
The nuns from St. Mary's cross the Quad
And leave on the new snow steps toward God
With now and then a touch of a breviary.

Going to work by the same way, I
Stop at the fence and look over the snow:
That world of white where the gentle go
Touching earth with such tracery.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I wouldn't hurt Elna for the world," it said. Yes, he was really a good kid or Elna, even at eighteen, wouldn't have fallen for him. "I almost went over to talk to Prof Halvorson at the Institute this week, after I found out everything was really set. He's the one that's bringing the old man—Doctor Ehrnstrom, I mean—over and he's a sort of adopted uncle of Elna's, but I was afraid he'd think ——"

It was the final release from Elna's grave warning and Doug plunged. "That's funny," he said. "I've got an appointment with Professor Halvorson myself tomorrow. Same thing. Advice about what's right for Elna."

It took a minute to register. "Advice about ——" echoed Fraser, and then he got it, and stood up angrily. "Why, you —— Where do you come in on this?"

"Where you go out, I hope," Doug said, trying to make his voice very matter-of-fact. "Keep your shirt on and sit down again while I tell you something. Elna kept her word to you. She told me if I came to tell you the way we feel she'd —— But it was you did the talking." Fraser made an angry sound, but Doug rode over it. "Which you should have. You were bound to change between twenty and twenty-two. Not falling in love, necessarily, the way Elna and I did—and don't think she didn't fight it. She'd have gone through with it just the way you were going to. She still will if you want her to and I'll never let her know we've seen each other. But I think you ought to know she"—Doug's voice shook suddenly—"that she—God knows why—loves me."

There was a silence and then John Fraser gave a deep sigh. "It's the last thing on earth I expected," he said. "Elna's so honest. . . . I can't quite take it in."

"It's true," Doug said. "And if you want to ask any more about ——"

"I want to ask this much right now," John said, and again their eyes met across the bar of light. "How am I sure you're not just working your own side of the street to get her? You may be crazy about Elna. Something tells me you are, but maybe you're pushing it. All's fair in love and so forth." Student Fraser mightn't be a high-brow, Doug decided, but he was a square shooter, as his next words showed. "I've got to be sure it's on her side too. Elna's the kind that would say it was all right to call it off even if ——" John came suddenly to the point. "How can I be sure Elna wants out too?"

It was a fair question and Doug answered it from a memory that was never far from him, telling what was retellable of the farewell at Oberammergau and ending with a husky, "So you see ——"

John Fraser saw. "Ober was a cute place," he said, and ineloquent as the words were, the way he said them put a nice end to the nice story of a nice pair of kids.

Doug took off at dawn next morning, with Speed protesting all the way to the airport. "I thought you were here a few days on the old business," he mourned. "I thought maybe I could help you with it."

"Finished, thanks," Doug caroled, leaping heartlessly aboard the plane.

In New York he wangled himself onto a bomber again. Elna's sailing date blazed ahead of him in letters of fire all the way, but he made it and was standing beside the gangplank of her ship at Bremerhaven when she appeared there, slender and lovely with the little black shoulder cape swinging exactly as he'd been dreaming of her. At sight of him she stood absolutely still.

"No. No," she said, but it had taken her last strength and she stumbled into his arms like a spent runner. "Doug," she sobbed over and over, "Doug, Doug," as if to comfort herself with a word long denied.

A cough brought them back to the dock and the present. "Elna," the *Herr Doktor* was saying, blowing his nose and wiping his glasses, "you should tell me it is like this with you. We—we make new plans at once."

"There's only one change, but it's major," Doug said, tipping her face down against his shoulder to shut out the anguish and resolve he saw crowding back into her eyes. "You two go on this boat, everything as per schedule, but I'm the fellow that meets and marries you on the other side. I saw John Fraser. . . . Don't look at me like that, my darling. I was so noble you'd never believe it; I give you my word everything's all right."

Elna tried to pull away, her chin lifted very *prinzessin*, but he held her wrist prisoned in the remembered circle of thumb and finger—it was their old game again—while he tried to extract something from his breast pocket with his other hand.

"Doug, if you have ——"

"I haven't," Doug said. "And here's a letter to you if I can get it from under your left ear here, from a very good guy named Fraser to prove it. I was afraid," he ended with mock reproach, "you wouldn't take my word for it."

She did not smile. "No. I do not," she said. "Even this letter." She glanced at John Fraser's superscription and that little quiver ran across her chin at John's handwriting. "You have told him and he will be generous. So he writes this with perhaps untrue excuses."

"No, Elna," Doug said. "I think it's the tennis girl."

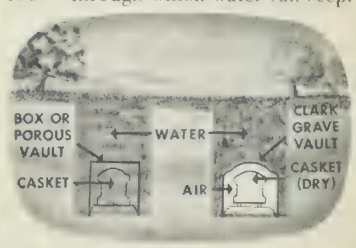
"*Ach.* So," breathed Elna. The dark lashes fell with infinite relief and then flew wide again. "You do not tell me this, Doug, because I so much wish to believe?"

"Come. Come," said Doug, drawing her close for the sheer joy of having her in his arms again, and this time he knew it was for keeps. "Don't you know when you're a jilted *Fräulein?* And when that happens Foreign Service takes over. The bond, the responsibility and the girl. Only this time it takes over in person." THE END

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YOU LOVE THIS GIRL?

(Continued from Page 55)

threw the remaining handful of darts aside and, getting up, threw a powder-blue polo coat over her shoulders, snapped off the lights and went down the hall stairs to the street.

She headed down Second Avenue to Eddie's, a little hamburger joint with a white front outside and good coffee inside. On a stool, she ordered the latter. Eddie looked at her long face. He wore a bow tie and a gentle grin. A good man.

"Do you need a good dishwasher, Eddie?" she asked.

"Don't be patronizing, now," he said. "You're too nice for that."

She sighed. "I'm not, Eddie. It's just I'm sick unto death, like they say, of making a living out of my face. It's a nice face. I like it. But I was born with it. Should I be paid just for that?"

He checked the condition of a hamburger being fried alive. "It's nice pay," he said. "But I know what you mean. Why don't you become an actress or something?"

"I don't know if ——" she started to say, but Joe Heston's voice, which had the habit of getting away from him occasionally, interrupted.

"Just another model; in other words—nothing," he said to Abe Renault as they sat at the other end of the counter and after Abe had said hey, how about that dame there, hey?

Joe Heston meant the remark for Abe but it got away, like an outfielder playing a weak single into a home run by letting the ball go through his legs. She turned on her stool, the powder-blue coat flapping gently around her shoulders. It was one thing for *her* to libel her profession. But for this seedy-looking bravo ——

"And what do *you* do that's so superior?" she called down to him icily. "Advise Oppenheimer on the right formula for the atom bomb?"

He looked at her and liked what he saw. But you don't abandon your random remarks like orphaned children, even in the face of Dietrich or Garbo.

"In a very mild way I use my brains," he said.

She snorted and you almost could see the steam from her nostrils. Ships at sea reefed their sails; small animals ran for cover. It sounds silly these days to say an angry girl is beautiful, but it still is true.

"I suppose you think all you have to do to be a model is sit in front of a camera and look pretty," she said, supposing correctly but with no intention of admitting it. "I suppose ——"

"Anne Engelking, Joe Heston," Eddie said, wiping the top of a catchup bottle with his damp cloth. "Four rounds at catchweights. Come out fighting."

Joe Heston moved over to the stool next to hers, but she was in full cry.

"I suppose you think a model couldn't make a good living doing something else?" she demanded.

He smiled and said he supposed so and it was like putting another log on the fire.

"I got to go," Abe Renault said. "See you later, Joe."

He left, but you couldn't prove it by them. They sat there face to face, he feeding the lines and she picking them up and answering indignantly. In five minutes they no longer were arguing; they were discussing. In ten, and one cup of coffee later, they had reached the stage of do you *really* think they'd drop an atom bomb on New York? You do? Well, if —— In fifteen, she knew he was Joe Heston, who wrote The Side Streets for the Afternoon Register, and he had learned about all there was to know of Saginaw.

She knew who he was. She was, matter of fact, a mild admirer of his. She almost never looked at the papers, preferring a couple of pages of Saroyan or Scott Fitzgerald when she had reading time, but it was her own layman's idea that Joe Heston's column was possibly the only literate one in New York.

There is a certain formula, old but true, for the chains of events that follow meetings such as the one in Eddie's, and Emily Anne and Joe followed it. They saw each other just about every day in the week. They kissed each other after the second date—which consisted of a late afternoon spent holding an intelligent conversation with Jimmy the chimpanzee at the Central Park Zoo—and they cut away their assorted acquaintances like so much deadwood.

What was it Cole Porter wrote? *We'd have been aware that our love affair was too hot—not to cool down.* He lied in his teeth. When you feel what it is Emily Anne and Joe felt, it never will do at all to be satisfied with the kisses of anyone else for so long as you live. Things may happen to your life; a truck may come around a corner on the wrong side of the street and ten minutes later you are alone again in life. Or you might get into a fight and split up and marry someone else, like a fool. But if you feel as they did, no matter what happens after, the gate is closed and the key turned and never for so long as you live will you love anyone else. Not really.

This is a newspaperman and a model, two persons out of eight million in the city of New York, and those are strong words. But it is so. Abélard and Héloïse had no monopoly on the stuff.

There was only one block. Joe's reticence.

"Maybe he's got problems," Eddie suggested one evening before Joe came over from the Register building to pick her up. "Maybe he's got a wife."

"No," Emily Anne said. "He almost had two. He doesn't have any."

"That's a fine thing," Eddie said sorrowfully. "Almost two wives. I like Joe like he was my bookmaker, but he'd have to talk fast and completely to explain almost two wives."

She shook her head and smiled. "Eddie, Eddie," she said reprovingly. "You're not the kind to sit in judgment. I wouldn't love you if you were."

"But almost two wives!"

"He was in the Navy during the war; three days after they had put the Army ashore on one of those South Sea islands, he got a Dear John letter from the girl he was engaged to. She was a girl he had gone to school with, back in Pennsylvania, only the way I put it together, she wasn't quite the right size for the pedestal that men put their girls on. When he was gone from the States eight months, she got mixed up with a saxophone player and the idyl was over."

"I'll bet he won't let anybody say anything about her."

"He won't talk about her," she said. "All I know is that her name was Joan and she must have been crazy not to love him."

"You're prejudiced," Eddie said, putting some toast and coffee in front of her.

"The second time was the bad one, really," Emily Anne said. "It was two years later and he never had seen anybody like her and probably never will. Her name was Millicent Chrystal ——"

"The society dame?"

"Well, yes, but not really. She never wanted any part of *that* rat race. She was that rarity, a society girl who was human. Only more than human, from what I can figure. She was the kind of girl who'd push a baby out of an automobile's path and get killed instead. Not with any sense of being a martyr, you know, but with a kind of resigned air, like 'This is a fine way to die, damn it, but it has to be done.' You know what I mean, Eddie?"

"She sounds like a saint," he said. "I'm a firm believer that there's saints."

"So am I," she said, "and maybe you're right. Only there was one thing wrong. He found out after a year or so that he didn't love her. He respected her and thought she was wonderful—but he didn't love her."

"Don't kid yourself. If he told you what kind of girl she was, the way you just explained to me, he was in love with her. You

lon't have all those stars in your eyes just ›ecause you respect someone."

"No, Eddie," she said, shaking her head. 'You're wrong. He didn't love her. I know. 'm a woman. Believe me, I know."

Eddie went back and looked after the new ›atch of coffee, and wiped off the counter a ittle and opened and closed the cash regis- er, wasting time while he thought, and then ıe came back to where she was sitting as he ›oked at her.

"Well," he said, "what are you wondering ›bout, then? You know what it is. He oesn't want to mess up another girl's life. Ie's been in two tough ones now and he's fraid of a mess. Mostly for the girl who ıight be involved, but partly for himself. Ie's afraid of hurting or getting hurt."

"I guess you're right," she said. "It's a ıame, but I guess you're right." She put the ıoney down for her coffee and started for ıe door; she was going to cross Second Ave- ue and walk slowly toward the Register, to ıeet Joe on the way over. "Well," she said at ıe door, "they also serve who stand and ait."

He grinned at her. "He's in love with ›u, anyway," he said. "You've got more ready than nine tenths of the women in ıis town."

Eddie was right, naturally. Joe Heston, an telligent man with talent, short brown ıir, blue eyes and a faint scar on his cheek ›m falling from a bicycle at age four, had ent a year in the company of Millicent ırystal and made the awful discovery that wasn't in love with her. He was an honest an; not a plaster saint, but an honest man. d that kind doesn't ›ld on to something at isn't right. Somehow had let Millicent ırystal know, and be- use she loved him, e broke their engage- nt.

Emily Anne and Joe did e sophomoric things. ey walked across the ashington Bridge in the moonlight, they le the ferries, they lay on the grass in Cen- l Park reading pages of the early Ernest mingway before he decided to reform the rld. They prowled the city from top to bot- n and they had ham and eggs at six o'clock he morning when the dawn was up over st 54th Street. It was a long, long time ore Joe told her he loved her, and when did, he let it go at that.

I love you," he told her at a champagne ty for some author or other in El rocco, and that was as far as he went.

Not *I love you; will you marry me?* But he ınt it and she took it gratefully and she, let it go at that. Except for the nights n she lay on the green plaid sofa in the e Second Avenue apartment, after it had n transformed into a bed, and she thought im, lying in his own place off Washington are, and wondered what would happen . . . or ever.

EY concentrated on getting her out of modeling business, and the way they did as by getting a big publishing house to set up in a little bookstore in the Village. It almost everything she wanted out of

You don't know what it means to make a g out of something besides your face," told Kenneth Farrell, the publishing- e president who was a friend of Joe's, n they were signing the legal papers nec- y to open the shop.

Don't be silly," Farrell said. "We're tical people. We're counting on all the gers' buying books from you because re such a pretty girl."

Drop dead," she said amiably.

ne world *has* moved since mother's day, 't it?

was a little basement store in Waverley e. You went down three steps and you in it. The publishing people rented it ıer, painted it, installed a remarkable tment of best sellers, from Hemingway unt Sarah's Salt Lake Cookbook, and he rest to her. Emily Anne began by putting the Hemingways on a top shelf where nobody could reach them, and concentrating on stacking the near, available shelves with good young authors. She bought a French poodle named Micawber, who lay meditatively all day long on a rag rug next to the fireplace, and she served coffee every afternoon from five to six-thirty.

"I don't mean to be cute or precious," she told Eddie one night when she had gone uptown to meet Joe, "but I want the place to be almost like somebody's home. I want the customers to feel they're borrowing books from a friend."

"Only they pay for them," Eddie said.

"Only they pay for them," she agreed.

It worked. The Village has four thousand phonies per square foot these days, and if you irritate easily they can make your life miserable. Few have talent; the ones that have usually leave after the sale of their first book, painting or sonata. But some have a charm of sorts, and to someone like Emily Anne, with an overdeveloped sense of humor, most of them were marvelously entertaining. She treated them gravely when they came moodily or excitedly tripping down the steps into The Bookstore? (that was the place's name, question mark and all) and enjoyed them immensely. She listened to the tales of genius in creative torture, clucked sympathetically at the complicated and often hilarious stories of amour, neatly fended the passes by the Village wolves—the corduroy-trousered, fiercely bearded ones—and sold books. All this may seem an aimless existence to some of you more concerned with shaping the fate of the world, but remember that Emily Anne Engelking was stepping from an even more fanciful, ether-charged realm, where life consisted of wetting her lips endlessly and saying "prunes" seductively while a cameraman clicked his shutter.

Every cloud has its silver lining, but it is sometimes a little difficult to get it to the mint.

—DON MARQUIS.

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It was fine. It was good. The only flaw to life was that she wasn't married to Joe Heston and there was no sign she ever would be.

Even that, most of the time, was only a small flaw. At least he loved her; she knew that and was sure of it. It was only on gloomy days, when the summer rains dripped down The Bookstore?'s windows like dew on butter, that Emily Anne let it get her down. Those were the days when she felt dark and frustrated and mean, and she took it out on Micawber somewhat maliciously, by reading book reviews to him from the Saturday Review while he winced morosely.

It must have been about the first week in August that the small, dark girl with the pillbox hat and the white piqué suit came down the stairs and into the shop. She made a pretense at browsing for about a minute and then she turned and faced Emily Anne, with a copy of Krafft-Ebing in one hand, somewhat ludicrously.

"How's Joe?" she asked.

"If you mean my Joe," Emily Anne said pleasantly, "he's fine."

The small, dark girl smiled. "He used to be my Joe," she said. "I'm Millicent Chrystal."

Emily Anne said something like oh, and then something like won't you sit down and push Micawber out of the way, he's getting too fat, anyway. They sat for a second, smiling at each other, not quite laughing about the whole thing, liking each other right away.

"I don't know quite why I'm here," Millicent said, "except it's for more than one reason. I was curious about the girl Joe loves. But I suppose I could have contained my curiosity. We have a couple of mutual friends, you see, and they kind of coyly keep me posted on Joe and his life. I've known for months now that you two are in love."

"Well," Emily Anne said a little lamely. "Well, yes."

"One thing has been puzzling me," Millicent said. "Joe isn't a casual man. If he fell in love, he wouldn't hang around for month after month without doing something about it."



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"Isn't that what he did when he was in love before?" Emily Anne asked. There wasn't any malice in her tone, just curiosity.

Millicent looked at her. "I don't think he's ever been in love before."

Emily Anne started to say something, but Millicent just grinned and held up her hand a little to stop her.

"You're a lucky girl," she said. "We who are about to die salute you." She looked exasperated. "Why *doesn't* he marry you?" she asked. "You look clean, intelligent and over twenty-one, and from my snap judgment you're a nice girl. My mother would say, 'Has he got rocks in his head?'"

"He's afraid," Emily Anne said. It was strange how she could talk so directly and frankly to the girl Joe almost married, but she could. "He's afraid he'd mix up my life, although he hasn't said so. Also, I think he's a little afraid of mixing up his own."

"And you wouldn't use your feminine wiles to prod him into it," Millicent said. "I can see that."

A painter of undetermined sex—you could tell he was a painter because he wore a stained smock—came ethereally into The Bookstore? and Millicent sat around fondling Micawber's head while Emily Anne sold him a seven-dollar volume of Van Gogh prints. She rang up the sale, smiled the ethereal one out of the place and then came back to the fireplace.

"He's got to know for sure," she said seriously. "I don't want to push him into anything. I want him to want to marry me, and then I want him to come to me and say it."

"But Joe isn't a fickle guy," Millicent said. "If he fell in love with someone—really in love—he'd stay that way."

Emily Anne smiled sadly at her. "You know it and I know it," she said, "but he doesn't. He's afraid of himself. He's made two big mist——" The words were halfway out of her mouth and she couldn't get them back.

The small, dark girl patted her on the shoulder. "Don't," she said. "I know what you mean. It *was* a mistake. If ordinary people are permitted tragedies in their lives, that's mine." She took Emily Anne by the shoulders and turned her around. "Look," she said. "I guess I still love Joe. I couldn't fool you about that. You just have to listen to my voice. But what I want for him more than anything is to be happy. And if he loves you as I'm sure he does, the thing that will make him happiest will be to marry you. Agreed?"

"Oh, *so* agreed," Emily Anne said. "But you're being noble now and I never know how to behave with noble people. I mean, you're being really noble, not phony noble and ——"

Millicent stopped up her mouth with her hand. "Noble, schmoble," she said. "I want him to be happy as much for myself as for himself or for you. He's happy, I sleep better nights." She looked around The Bookstore? uncertainly, then went to the front door, pulled down the shade that said CLOSED on the front, came back to the chair by the fireplace, pulled off her shoes. "How about making us some fresh coffee?" she asked with a grin. "I always solve problems better over coffee."

THEY must have sat there an hour. But who solves problems like that? There are no subtle, complicated approaches. There are only direct lines of action, two or three from which to choose. You finally settle ruefully on one, and so with Millicent and Emily Anne. Emily Anne threw the blue polo coat around her shoulders and followed Millicent out to the little MG roadster at the curb. She looked back at The Bookstore? a little uncertainly.

"I've been leading an academic, cloistered life," she said. "I am more inclined to spend a few months thinking this sort of thing out. I don't want to make a mistake. I ——"

"Time's awastin'," Millicent said. "My great-grandfather, old Commodore Chrystal, made his money by deciding simply which group of people to rob legitimately and then going ahead and robbing them." She looked at Emily Anne. "You can't shilly-shally, darling," she said gently.

"I know," Emily Anne said, climbing into the oversize kiddy car. She sighed. "Damn the torpedoes." She waved bravely forward and they headed uptown.

Occasionally Joe Heston tried to write a masterpiece in his column—they never came out as well as the ones that just fell swiftly and unconsciously into place—and he was engaged on such a project in his corner of the Register city room, with most of the other desks deserted and the floor an abandoned wasteland of scrap paper, when they walked in. Emily Anne never had been in the Register city room, Millicent had been maybe once. To see them come in together, advancing on him like a phoenix arising from the ashes, was, to put it mildly, upsetting.

"Oh, *no*," he said. He looked at the two women, the one he almost had married, the one he loved. "Hey," he said weakly.

"Hey yourself," Millicent said to him briskly. "Where can we go to talk?"

He looked around, as if expecting to see a board of directors' conference room materialize.

"We could go down to Eddie's," Emily Anne said tentatively. For an independent, mind-of-her-own girl, she was strangely tentative, as if she were in a dream, or at the very least, in the wrong place at the wrong time.

They went to Eddie's, Joe between them, looking from one to the other, wondering if the world had gone mad.

When they entered, Eddie took one swift look, then turned tail and fled down the corridor behind the counter, through the swinging doors into the galley, where he turned and peered through the door porthole.

"You love this girl?" Millicent demanded when they were seated at one of the window booths, in full view of New York.

Joe jumped as if he had been shot through the eyes. "That's a fine question," he said indignantly. "What kind of question do you call that? That's a fine question, I must say."

"I find it hard to believe that you write a literate column, sometimes," Millicent said, shaking her head. "All right, I guess we can take it for granted that you love Emily Anne. And of course she loves you. Now—you don't want to be married, don't you?"

"Marriage is not the normal state of existence for man," Joe said feebly. "Woman is monogamous; man is polygamous."

"Horsefeathers," Millicent said. "You're the kind of man who, if he's in love, wants to be married. The only reason you and I didn't get married was because you didn't love me." She softened for a moment, looking at Joe. "Don't worry about it, baby. I'm all used to it by now. And it's a true fact, as old Commodore Chrystal would say it. We got to face it."

"Did you bring the thumbscrews with you?" he asked weakly, resignedly.

She became all business again. "Suppose she went away right now, this very minute," Millicent said, "and you never saw her again for the rest of your natural days. What then?"

Emily Anne felt she should say something. "Don't think this is completely Millicent's idea. I don't want you blaming her for all this. It's both our ideas."

"It's too demoniacal to be the product of one brain," he said. "Eddie. Oh, Eddie." He cast around wildly, but Eddie was still, sensibly, back in the galley.

"Don't evade the issue," Millicent said. "Suppose this girl *did* go away and you never saw her again. What would you do then? Answer me!"

FOR a moment he just sat there, completely confused. Then he stood up and exploded. "I'll answer you!" he exploded. "I think this is the most barbaric thing I ever heard of. In all my born days, I never came across so monstrous a scheme. Believe me, you both belong in an insane asylum." He glared down at them. "You—you model! You socialite! What did I ever—ever, ever, ever—do to deserve a visitation from the harpies of the half-world, like this?" And so saying, he slid out from behind the window-booth table and stomped out of Eddie's.

They could see him go through the door and down the street. It was just coming on dusk; the trucks and cabs were rattling hurriedly along Second Avenue, going home or to a quick dinner in a beanery. They watched him disappear down the street in the warm of the August evening. Then they looked at each other.

"You know what they say about all men being small boys at heart?" Millicent said. "It's a lot of bunk. Only not this one. This is the original, real, one-to-a-customer small boy." She smiled at Emily Anne. "And you, honey, are the customer," she said. "Go on, go after him."

"I couldn't," Emily Anne said, doing a little lip biting. "I never ran after a man in my life."

"Liar," Millicent said. "There isn't a woman living who can make that statement."

Emily Anne looked across at her, bridling a moment because she had been called a liar, but it was only reaction. She shook her head and laughed.

(Continued on Page 140)



"We can't leave before twelve o'clock; our baby sitter has her boyfriend there."



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***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

(Continued from Page 138)

"You're so right," she said. "The only difference is the degree of speed, or the tactics you use in running after him."

"Then the question," Millicent said, "is whether Joe Heston is worth this much running after—getting up and leaving another woman, whom you just met tonight and who can give you at best only small talk and some dressmakers' tips, to follow him."

Emily Anne slid out from behind the window-booth table. "You talk silly," she said, "but I see what you mean. Good-by." She started for the door, and halfway there she turned back. "You're quite a girl," she said.

Millicent sighed a mock sigh. "The wrong people always tell me that," she said. She waved Emily Anne on her way and the blond head bobbed through the door and headed in the general direction that the moody dark head had gone a few minutes before.

The East River is a swift-running, turbulent, oily, miserable river, into which bodies embalmed in concrete have been dropped, ships have sunk and murderers have hurled revolvers, the barrels still hot enough to hiss as they struck the water. Drunken drivers have roared across its stringpieces and into its silty depths to watery graves (that is the licensed expression, is it not?); poets have written of it and slum kids have dived into it. Ethereal beauty is not its strong point, but it is New York's own river and Joe Heston accepted it as such. That automatically made it his river. He went to it now, confused and aching in the head, and he stalked angrily out onto a rotting old pier somewhere in the vicinity of the East Fifties. Welfare Island lay bare and uninviting across the water and cars picked their slow way across the Queensboro Bridge. Long Island City, a mysterious area full of warehouses and apartments, sat squatly in the distance.

He lighted a cigarette and sat on the damp crumbling edge of the pier. For a few minutes he did nothing but suck moodily at the cigarette and fall under the ancient spell of the water and the city lights. He couldn't even concentrate on the problem at hand, finding himself slipping into a kind of comatose state that almost made him forget where he was. All he knew was that he was unhappy. The sudden arrival of Emily Anne Engelking made him remember why.

"Joe," she said softly.

He turned.

"Joe, I don't want you to marry me if you don't want to," she said.

The cool, damp river breeze scattered the blond hair softly around the cheeks, which were peaches and cream partly through the kind hand of Nature and partly through the more practical hand of Max Factor.

"It's just that in the first place we can't really drift through life the way it seems to have been lately, because at heart I'm not a genuine Bohemian, even if I do love the Village, and I don't think you are either. And in the second place, I think that if I could exorcise your private ghosts, you'd like being married to me."

He snorted. Sometimes women have to put up with quite a bit. Quite a bit.

"I don't know that I'm the marrying kind," he said defensively. "Sure I'm in love with you. What's that got to do with wanting to marry you? I might be miserable, being tied down to a woman, having to come home every night for dinner. I almost made the fatal mistake twice. Maybe God was just saving me, giving me a hint I shouldn't get married."

"What book did you read that out of?" she demanded with a little snort of her own.

"Go on," he said, standing up and practically yelling, "be flip. You think it's not a big problem, hey? Well, it is." He started peeling off his shirt, ripping his tie in the process. "A woman can be a millstone around a man's neck, you know that, don't you? I want to be free."

She shook her head wearily. A woman proposing to a man shouldn't be subject to corn, she thought doggedly, especially when the man she loves is supposed to be a literate guy who would run a mile from a cliché.

"I want free life and I want fresh air, and I sigh for the canter after the cattle," she keened. "The crack of the whip like shots in a battle, the green beneath ——"

He took no notice of the sarcasm. "You know what I want to be able to do? I want to be able to get up from my desk in the Register office any afternoon and say, 'I think I'll go to California.' Or, 'I think I'll go to Bangkok.' Do you think I could do that if I was married to a woman who just bought two dollars' worth of sirloin steak and would have a fit if she got it into the broiler only to discover I wasn't coming home for three months? Do you think I could do that, hey?"

He thrust his face close to hers belligerently and she resisted, with a bit of effort, kissing it. Then he shucked off the shirt, kicked off his loafer shoes and poised on the stringpiece of the pier.

"How many wives," he demanded loudly, "would understand it if their husbands decided they didn't want to come home that night but wanted to go for a swim in the East River?"

There is only small doubt that he intended to jump into the river anyway to drive home his point, but his entrance into the melancholy waters was a bit premature. He was going to do a swan dive, or a rough facsimile, but in turning around to get ready to do it majestically, one foot slipped and the next thing you knew one of his ears was entering the East River, to be followed in short order by the rest of him. Two tramps cooking

If everyone tells you you are drunk, go to bed—even if you are perfectly sober. —SERBIAN PROVERB.

mickies in a fire under the pier looked out at him meditatively and wondered why he hadn't removed his pants.

"I want to be able to ——" he began yelling up to her while doing a ridiculous dog paddle, but he glugged on a mouthful of river water. When he finally got all clear, he just paddled around doggedly and glared up at the pier.

Emily Anne Engelking, who liked a swim as well as the next man, eyed the next man resignedly and dubiously. Then with a sigh she kicked off her shoes, peeled off her blue polo coat, stood there for a moment in blouse and slacks, and dived in after him.

"What do you call"—glug—"that?" Joe demanded, overcoming without a great deal of trouble the first urge to rescue her, when he saw she could swim better than he. "A gesture? That's a gesture, I suppose?"

She pushed a floating piece of driftwood out of her way and then turned over on her back and swam lazily around in circles, staring nonchalantly up at the August moon.

"Sometimes," she said, shaking her head, "you sound like a cracked phonograph record. Just exactly why do you think *I* want to get married, anyway? To settle down? To forget there's a world going on outside the kitchen, and to wrap my troubles up in an apple pie? To whine at you on Saturday nights, 'Harry, we never go nowhere no more'?"

"My name's Joe," he said, sullenly and logily. The river was cold, even if it was midsummer. Maybe wives wouldn't understand it if their husbands wanted to jump into it instead of coming home, but a quick study of this particular situation seemed to disclose the prospective wife as being much happier than the prospective husband about it all.

She looked up at the stars and talked to them. "I'm in love with you," she said, and her voice was small and serious, "and you're in love with me. At least you say you are, and we *do* have that naïve pact not to lie to each other. These days, the natural course of events like that leads to marriage. The minute you get tired of me, I want you to get up and go to Bangkok, and the minute you fall out of love with me, I just want yo to get up and go. I know you're afraid o messing up some girl's life because you'v had your fingers burned twice, but I als know that it's *my* life." She stole a look a him, floundering around, trying to tell him self that all bodies have buoyancy, all bod ies should float. "Let me worry abou whether it's a mistake, Joe."

Here was a man with his defenses all down His ears were full of river water and he ha that empty feeling that comes from havin your arguments shot away. She was right, o course. Perfectly, completely right. Whe his teeth began to chatter a little, he finall looked at her with that violent glare tha American men reserve for special occasion such as when they are letting their wome know they love them.

"Will you marry me?" he said, shakin as if he had the ague. And then, not waitin for an answer, "And for Pete's sake, help m out of this nogoodnik of a river?"

Managing a kiss in the East River is a achievement, but Emily Anne Engelkin was a good swimmer and she achieved i Then they paddled slowly toward shor from which vantage point the two bake of mickies looked out at them curiously.

"Ah, I was in love myself, once," one o them said to the other, but all the other or did was stir up the fire and try to shove th bigger of the two potatoes around so it sat i the flames nearest him.

A small colored boy who should have bee in bed hours before came into Eddie's joi with the morning papers, one pink-backe and the other green, and Millicent Chrysta in the New York fashion, bought one of eac She spread them out on the table of th window booth and noted with relish and i terest that a girl who had made her debut a the St. Regis with a $10,000 party the sam year that she, Millicent, had hitchhike across the country to Denver with anoth girl to avoid her own debut, had just ma ried a St. Louis meat packer who wasn't the Social Register. Life was back on a even keel again. First things first. The w news was tucked away temporarily on Page Eddie, who had emerged from the galle looked at her across the counter.

"I can't figure you dames out," he sa gravely.

She smiled sweetly at him. "We're a charm and fascinating mystery," she e plained.

He grunted. "So she goes and gets hi and he marries her and where does th leave you?" he asked plaintively.

She grinned a little grin. "Did you ev see those movies where the girl bites her l and smiles bravely and tells her man 'All want is for you to be happy, then, hon'?

"Yeah," Eddie said, holding the appare *non sequitur* grimly by the tail.

"It just so happens, hon, that they' true," she said. "Corny but true. Joe Hest marries Emily Anne Engelking and Millice Chrystal is happy because Joe is happy."

"I don't get it, quite," Eddie said.

"Occasionally I don't, either," she sai getting up and heading for the door. "B it's the way it is, Eddie. I'm almost as happ as if he were marrying me."

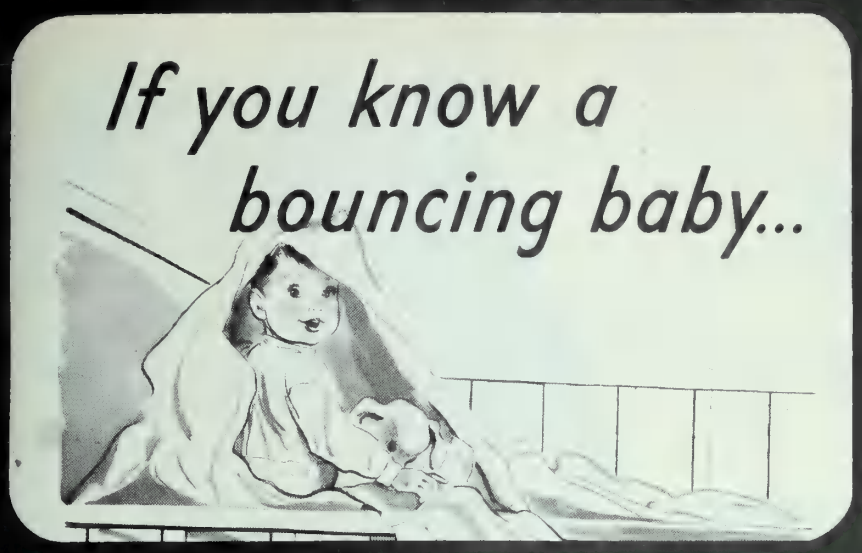
"I don't believe it," Eddie said, like a su picious child.

She smiled. "Almost, I said, Eddie. On almost." She opened the door. "Besides she said reflectively, "I met a guy the oth day who's going to Peru to do an engineeri job in two months, and he's begun to fill n days and nights. It's a funny thing the w those items happen, isn't it? I mean, it som times goes to show that your life isn't over twenty-five, doesn't it?"

Eddie looked at her and got that disgust look on his face. "I don't know what I' worrying about you for," he said. "Or a other dame. Fickle, that's what dames a They're all fickle."

"And I love you, too," Millicent Chryst said. She opened the door and vanished in the Second Avenue night. The noise of t trucks along the avenue was gentler th usual.

THE E





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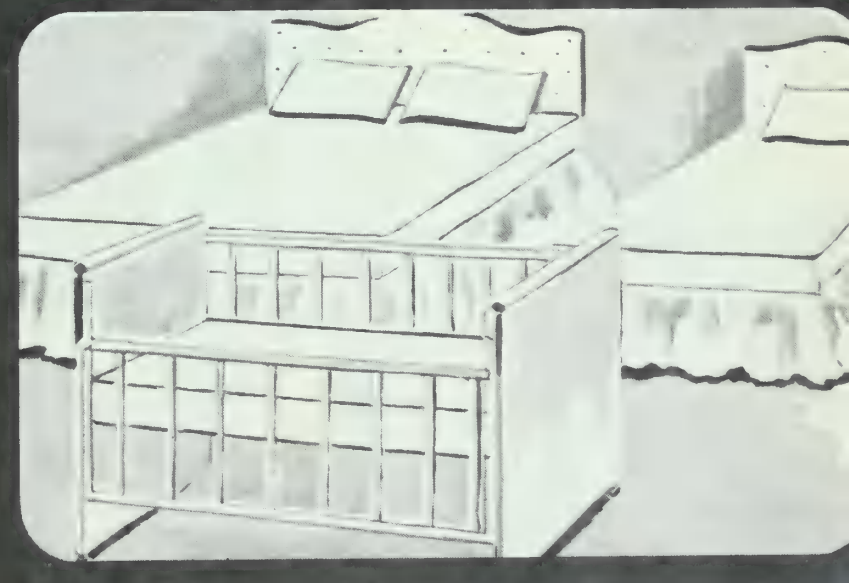




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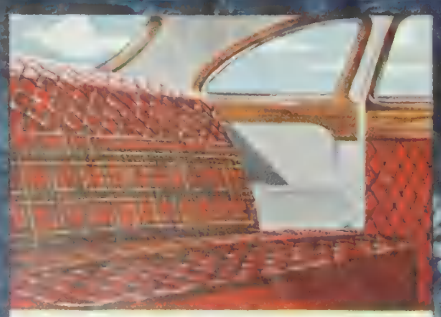
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HOW AMERICA LIVES

LESSON IN LOVE

The McDonalds' strongest allies in conquest of daughter's cerebral palsy: faith and determination.

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD



At home in Teaneck, New Jersey, daily exercise to retr
undamaged muscles is vital part of twelve-year-old Dian
spirited fight. Big moment last June: sixth-graders' pro

THE first time I got to know Diane McDonald was on a hot afternoon last summer when she and some other kids in Teaneck, New Jersey, were out in their bathing suits on a neighbor's lawn squirting water on one another with a hose. Diane is twelve, but looks a year or two younger; she has curly auburn hair and a creamy skin that freckles easily, and a smile that lights up her face like sunshine.

When you see Diane's smile you understand why she has made such an outstanding success of her life thus far, despite the fact that her right leg and left arm have been partly paralyzed since birth by the little-known and often misunderstood affliction which is called cerebral palsy.

On this particular afternoon Diane was laughing and jumping around in pure joy while one of the older boys doused her with water. When she saw her mother and me coming down the street, she broke away and ran toward us. Or rather, I should say she skipped toward us, for Diane does not run in the usual sense. She takes quick, short steps with her knees and ankles close together and her arms spread out for balance, like someone trying to hop across a narrow board suspended high in the air. This kind of locomotion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR JORGENSEN



DEAR EDITORS: For the first two years after I discovered my daughter was partly paralyzed from a birth injury, I lived with a broken heart. It seemed as though everything had frozen inside me: that I could never be really happy again. I realize now that this was because of my own personal disappointment—I had wanted so much to have a little girl, and to teach her to dance as I did.

But after those first two years I found that Diane was giving me something that few mothers can have—a depth of love and a closeness that can exist only under special circumstances. Her courage and her quick intelligence have completely erased my former bitterness. I am prouder of Diane now than most parents can ever be, because she has conquered so much. Whatever I have contributed, she has given me back a hundredfold.

My work for other children with cerebral palsy has also been of the greatest importance in my life. I have seen busy businessmen and society women and union carpenters and nurses and others, all giving up their own good time and money to help the helpless children of their neighborhoods. It is an inspiration I would never have had without Diane. It has taught me the most important lesson of all—that to live for one's own happiness is the definition of selfishness. True happiness, I believe, comes from living for others.

—RHEA COLEMAN MCDONALD

Often painful to Diane is special exercise for stretching, training unused muscles of "Leftie," the family's name for her left arm. Her right leg is also affected.







At free horse show for cerebral-palsied children, Diane's big thrill was pony-cart ride. Conscious always of her faulty balance, she leaves cart carefully, but can't avoid a fall. Friends respect McDonald rule, let her pick herself up, and, embarrassed and distressed, she moves away from crowd of normal children.





Intense fear of heights makes ladder climbing the most difficult and disliked of Diane's exercises.

Diane has the often unpredictable, complex problems of the child who is "different."

is uncertain at best, and when Diane was only a few steps away from the other kids the inevitable thing happened—she tumbled headfirst on the sun-baked ground.

It was a good hard spill that knocked the wind out of her and smeared her right elbow with blood and dirt. For just an instant as Diane looked up her face was white and strained. But when she saw that her playmates were ignoring her, the confident smile came back, and she scrambled to her feet.

"That was a beauty, wasn't it?" she laughed, when she reached us. "I thought I was all through with that business for *this* afternoon."

When her mother touched the bleeding elbow Diane winced and twisted her arm around to survey the damage.

"Oh, no, not that!" she exclaimed. "And I just put on a new Band-aid. I'll have to get Mrs. Leers to give me another one." And off she skipped to the back door to get herself patched up.

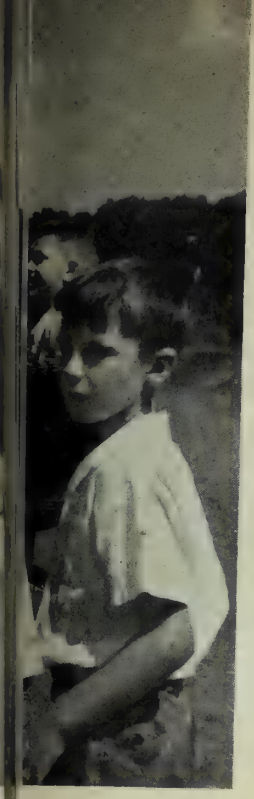
From the day when she took her first step alone Diane's knees and elbows have never been free from scars and bandages. But to those who know her, these things are the badges of high courage and a great achievement. They mean that in spite of her painful lack of muscular control, Diane has never stopped trying to walk, climb stairs, and even run and play in a close-to-normal manner. There have been days in the past when she fell thirty or forty times; now it may be only three or four times, and on some red-letter days she does not fall at all.

At the new clinic, Diane works at perfecting her balance while walking, under the watchful eyes of her mother and Mrs. Donald Clough, therapist. Rhea is tireless publicity chairman of the Cerebral Palsy League she helped organize.



Today Rhea makes all her daughter's clothes, but at Diane's age she was a "child wonder" toe dancer on her way up. The theater brought stage manager Ed McDonald, dancer Rhea together, began new marriage career for Rhea.







Diane's great love at the moment is horses, with Girl Scout activities a close second. After seeing Smoky, the Wonder Horse, perform during show, she longs to pet him, struggles against her fear of falling.



Typically, Diane's high courage wins out. Letting her daughter resolve her own conflicts is never easy for Rhea. "But I force myself not to help. That would take away her hard-won independence."

Last June, when she was graduated from the James Russell Lowell grade school in Teaneck, Diane attended the "junior prom" which was held by her class, and four of the boys invited her to dance. There was only one fall that evening, and it really wasn't Diane's fault. One of the boys was a bit awkward in leading her back to her table, and tripped her accidentally.

Perhaps the biggest reason why Diane now handles herself so well, and is still improving, is that she has an exceptional mother. Mrs. George McDonald loves her daughter with a special tenderness, as the mothers of handicapped children often do. But she has steeled herself to express her love in ways that are helpful and realistic, instead of purely protective. She realized very early that falling was going to be a major part of Diane's education, and that it would do no good to get



Diane practices reluctantly, but her parents hope cornet lessons will help develop better sense of timing.

Ed, more inclined to aid Diane than to let her work out difficulties the hard way, carries her piggyback through brush at the New Hampshire vacation spot.



Irregular hours demanded by his job as technical director of New York City's Roxy Theater limit Ed's time with Diane. During baseball season they make a point of viewing games via television in playroom which Ed pine-paneled.





George, Jr., 21, sheds Army uniform during furlough, offers proof of his mother's excellent cooking to Ed Poupart, buddy from Wisconsin. Rhea hopes George will continue chemical-engineer studies after service discharge, but predraft work with father stimulated interest in the theater.

Diane looks to the future with enthusiasm of any alert, intelligent adolescent, plans to be pediatrician. Past adjustment and steady optimism promise rewards, and useful life, helping others as she has been helped.



Here is unwavering courage and hope—and no room for bitterness.

excited about it, or show her sympathy every time it happened. In fact, children like Diane are grateful when their mishaps are *not* noticed. So the McDonald family has made it a rule that whenever Diane falls down she has to pick herself up, no matter how bruised and bloody she may be. Her best friends and neighbors also observe this rule.

For her parents and her big brother, George, Jr., this seemingly Spartan attitude has meant many heartbreaking moments. Rhea (her mother) will never forget, for instance, the first time Diane went out to play in the snow. She was six years old then, and had been watching through the window as the other children dashed around and threw snowballs at one another.

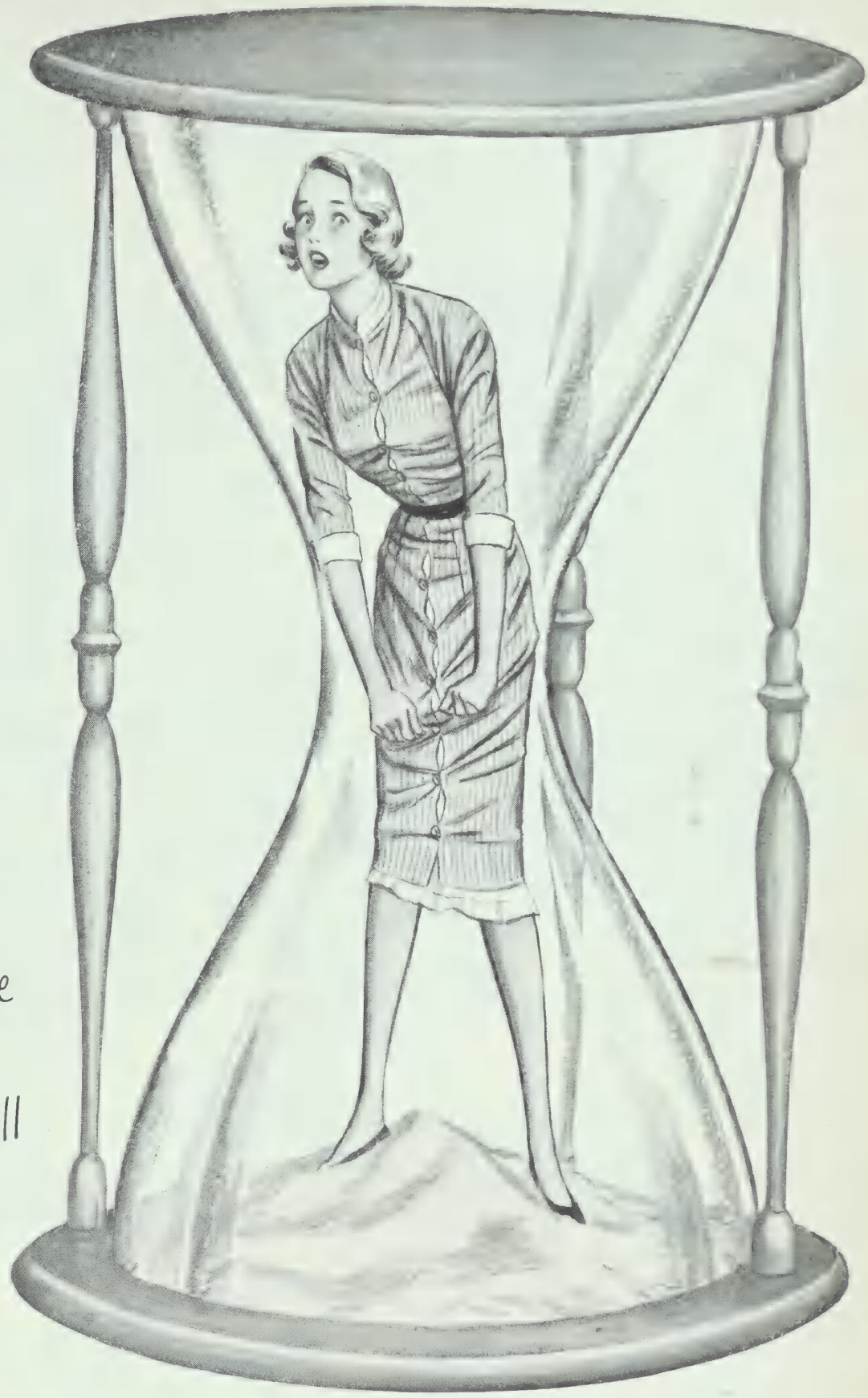
"She begged so hard that I let her go, even though I knew she couldn't keep her little feet under her," Rhea remembers. "I dressed her and closed the side door behind her, and went into the living room where I could see her through a window. She had only fifteen feet to go to reach the front yard. But in those fifteen feet she fell fifteen times. I stood there with tears running down my cheeks and my arms just aching to go out and lift her up. But I knew I could not do that; I could not rob her of a new achievement.

"When I looked again she was out front, crawling and rolling most of the time, but laughing and throwing handfuls of snow in the air. From that day on she has never been afraid of the snow."

For the same reasons, the McDonalds have never put a handrail on their staircase, scene of some of Diane's worst spills.

"Our doctor told me I was cruel when he came to treat Diane for her third concussion on those stairs," says Rhea. "I know such things are hard for other parents to understand. Even now Diane never starts upstairs that my heart doesn't follow her—stopping breathless wherever I am—wondering if I will hear her foot on the next step, or the thud of a fall.

(Continued on Page 154)



When it's too little... it's too late!

The time to avoid shrinkage is BEFORE you buy.

So in these times, above all others, insist on seeing "Sanforized" on the label.

★ Make even your favorite salesgirl show you "Sanforized" on the label!

Your cottons can't shrink out of fit if they are trade-marked "Sanforized".

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

For Christmas — give her an Angel Face



"You choose the *loveliest* gifts!" Flattering Angel Face make-up—in its stunning new ivory-and-golden Mirror Case!

Pond's velvety foundation and powder in one — in an adorable, new Mirror Case

Heavenly gift—a glamorous new complexion! One gift you *know* will be a sensational success—Angel Face in its enchanting new Mirror Case! This soft-tinted, natural make-up does marvelous things for *every* complexion! Foundation and powder *in-one*, Angel Face smooths on with a *puff*, stays on *much* longer than powder! And can't spill!

The prettiest case that ever tucked into a handbag! The nicest gift one girl can give another—an Angel Face Mirror Case! Open the smooth ivory-and-golden lid, and there's mirror, puff—and velvety Angel Face. *Complete* complexion glamour! "I'm so delighted with my Pond's Angel Face that I've given several for gifts," says Mrs. John A. Roosevelt. "*Everyone*—from young girls to older women—simply adored it!"



Pond's new Angel Face Mirror Case with a choice of 6 lovely, *true-complexion* shades is just $1*



Also in the familiar, sweet blue-and-gold box 89¢-59¢*

*PLUS TAX

Mrs. McDonald's Year-Round Wardrobe, $99.63

Mrs. George McDonald, of Teaneck, New Jersey, plans a small, efficient wardrobe on the basis of two suits and one dressy dress, usually in rayon, to wear in any season with or without a coat. "I like a lot of black," she tells us, "because I can do so much with it." She wears a small velvet hat fall, winter and spring, often uses a red accent in a scarf or flower. A black velvet coat goes over everything. These clothes are suitable for her daily life as well as her lecture trips. By ANNE LINCOLN



Five feet two in height, Mrs. McDonald carefully keeps her clothes simple. Black rayon faille suit, $17.95; velvet hat, $2.95; rhinestone pin, $1.98.

LEOMBRUNO • BODI



She travels in a rayon-sharkskin suit, $21.95, with plastic bag, $2.95, pillbox, $3.95, gloves, $1.95.

An interlined black velvet coat, $35.00, goes over suits or dresses, day or night.





She wears her rayon-taffeta dress, $10.95, for speeches or dinner in New York.

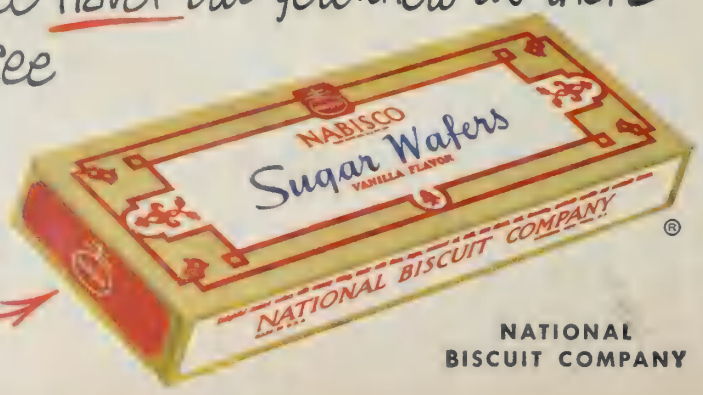
HOW AMERICA LIVES

"Wow! NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS!"



Delicate wafers and creamy fondant filling make NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS enchanted eating! Another original from NABISCO, Cookie Headquarters for generations! Your happiest times have probably been spent eating NABISCO cookies—the world's best! So always look for the red NABISCO seal!

You can't see flavor but you know it's there when you see the red NABISCO seal



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

DI PIETRO



The whole McDonald family has a hand in planning the meals. Mrs. McDonald and Diane discuss favorites with Betty Gray of the JOURNAL.

all-in-1 dinners

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

RHEA McDONALD cooks to please her man—whenever he's at home. He likes double-thick steaks (an order less frequently filled of late), veal cutlets cooked until they practically fall apart, and fried or fricasseed chicken.

"I used to be very generous with my table. Now it's getting beyond our purse to eat as we used to," admitted Mrs. McDonald ruefully. "*I can stretch a chicken farther than you can imagine.*"

Though Mr. McDonald has only mild enthusiasm for most casserole dishes, he eats this combination of chicken and rice heartily. "I usually keep the cooked chicken breasts for à la king," Rhea explained. "The bones go to the soup pot, the rest of the meat in the casserole."

PALO ALTO CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Cook a 4-pound chicken in 3 cups water with an onion, celery leaves and 1 teaspoon salt until tender. Cool. Save the stock. Remove chicken meat from the bones. Take the skin and bones, add seasonings and water and cook up for more stock. It's good to have around. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour. Add 1¼ cups chicken stock, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon onion salt, a generous pinch of dry mustard, 1¼ teaspoons salt, and a sprinkling of pepper. Mix 2 cups cooked rice (use the precooked rice—it's quick and easy) with 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento, ½ cup toasted slivered blanched almonds and ⅓ cup sliced canned or cooked mushrooms. Cut chicken into bite-size pieces, saving the breasts for sandwiches, a salad, chicken curry or à la king another day, as Mrs. McDonald does. Mix with rice, seasonings and sauce. Pour into a casserole. Sprinkle with buttered cracker or bread crumbs. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 35 minutes. Serves 4. When you're having company, double the recipe and use the whole chicken.

• • •

Diane's choice. When Diane has her chance to choose the dinner special, the budget really gets a break, for Diane is hungriest when the dish for dinner is contrived with ground meat or frankfurters—and anything in the stew family suits her fine. Have you ever eaten *Sauerbraten*, the German pot roast with its spicy flavored gravy? The same seasonings do as much for a beef stew as they do for a pot roast. Turn up the piano stool, Diane, and get your practicing done; we're going to put on the stew.

BEEF STEW MARINADE

This stew isn't a quick and easy. It's easy enough, but you have to have a hankering for it a day in advance to have it taste its best. Have 2 pounds stewing beef cut into about 1½" cubes. They won't be in perfect cubes, but you can tell the butcher you want it for stew and he will usually hit it about right. Let it marinate overnight in the following spice: Heat ½ cup vinegar and ½ cup water. Add 1 clove garlic, cut into slivers, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sliced onions, 1 bay leaf, 12 whole black peppers or about ¼ teaspoon ground pepper, and 1 teaspoon sugar. Pour over the beef. Cover and let stand in the refrigerator overnight. So much for this, the most important part.

To make the stew, drain the meat very well. Brown it on all sides in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil in your favorite stewing pot. When brown and glazy, add ½ cup of the strained marinade that you drained off the beef and 2½

HOW AMERICA LIVES

cups water. Cover tightly and simmer until meat is near to tenderness. Then add 1½ cups peeled small white onions and 4 carrots scraped and cut into bite-size chunks. Finish simmering until vegetables are tender. Thicken the juices with a little flour and water blended smooth. Serve in a deep dish with fluffs of snowy mashed potatoes on top. This will serve only 4, if you like a stew with plenty of meat in it.

• • •

Leave it up to George. If the meal planning were left up to young George, he'd probably have broiled chopped steak every night in the week. But he votes for his mother's version of veal paprika, too, and an honest one-piece meal of dried Lima beans, cooked with the shank end of a ham or a smoked pork butt, wins hands down.

LIMA-BEAN POT

Pick over 1 pound large dried Lima beans. Add 6 cups water. Bring to boil. Boil 2 minutes. Let stand 1 hour. This does just as much for tenderizing the beans as an overnight soak. Now put the beans on to cook with one of those good boneless smoked-pork butts, weighing about 2 pounds or more. Add 2 more cups water, 2 onions, chopped, ⅓ cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard and 1½ teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer 2½ hours. The beans will be deliciously flavored by then and both the beans and the pork will be fork-easy tender. Slice the meat and serve over the beans. As Rhea would do, sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the top, for color! Serves 4–6, depending on the heartiness of appetites.

• • •

Family pot. If you're planning a baked ham for any of your holiday affairs, hang onto the ham bone, for as the year rounds the corner, the grocery bill will have had about all you can afford to give it. That's the time for a big tureen of ham-bone soup that's a really special meal with a salad and a dark pumpernickel bread.

Split-pea soup gets the ham bone almost too often. This one has split peas in it, too, but it's an even tastier brew—a potpourri of many vegetables. Annie, one of the helpers in our JOURNAL kitchen, and Scotch herself, makes this whenever *we* have a ham bone.

All the McDonalds are soup fans. "My husband is keen about thick soup. Sometimes I just mash it with the potato masher," Mrs. McDonald told us. But Annie's Scotch soup is thick enough for Mr. McDonald without being mashed, as it has barley and all sorts of vegetables in it.

ANNIE'S SCOTCH SOUP

Put the ham bone in the soup kettle with 3 quarts water, ¼ cup *each* whole dried Scotch peas, lentils, navy beans, split peas, and 2 tablespoons medium barley. If you're a soup maker for sure, you keep such provender on your cupboard shelves. Double up on split peas, though, if Scotch peas can't be had. Simmer, untended, 1½ hours. Chop 3 large onions and cook until golden in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add to the soup with ¼ cup chopped celery, ¾ cup chopped celery leaves, 1 carrot, cut medium fine, 4 carrots, grated, 2 green onions, if available, chopped, top and all, and ¾ cup diced white turnip. Simmer slowly another hour to hour and a half. Remove the ham bone. Skim off the fat that comes to the top. Season to taste with salt and pepper and sprinkle 2 teaspoons chopped parsley over the top just before serving.

• • •

"I'm a food detective." Mr. McDonald has dinner in town frequently and is always hunting out new restaurants. When he comes home and raves about a dish but can't describe it, this is Rhea's cue to wangle an invitation to the same restaurant for a taste and a little detective work.

For instance, their now favorite way to make chicken fricassee was one of her finds. The sauce was pale yellow, faint of curry. She figured out that it probably had an egg yolk beaten into the gravy too. With a little experimenting, she hit it just right. Another dish Rhea had good luck in duplicating was a sea-food au gratin she had eaten many times in a sea-food restaurant. The secret was Worcestershire sauce.

"We're a great family for soups—particularly the thick, fill-'em-up kind."





'Tis the month before Christmas
And most everywhere,
Mothers are rushing
With no time to spare.

With presents to buy
And housework to do,
Are three meals a day
A problem for you?

Well here's a suggestion
To help save your day—
Relax and "Eat Hearty"
This quick, easy way.



Eat HEARTY- with
Franco-American Spaghetti!

Here's a hearty dish that helps you serve delicious and nourishing meals on busy pre-Christmas days—Franco-American Spaghetti! It tastes so good, your family will all *eat hearty*, too! Franco-American is spaghetti the way you like it—tender-cooked in a savory sauce of plump, juicy tomatoes and well-aged Cheddar cheese. You'll also like the way it saves you kitchen time when there are so many other things to be done. And it's thrifty, only *pennies* a portion! Have Franco-American Spaghetti often—now, and all through the holidays.

JUST HEAT...
AND
EAT HEARTY!



WORKS on dirt THREE WAYS!

Do you know why FELS-NAPTHA banishes "tattle-tale gray"? It's because FELS-NAPTHA, *and only* FELS-NAPTHA, combines *two* great cleaning agents . . . good golden *soap,* with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha.* These really dig out the dirt. Then, *third,* FELS-NAPTHA adds a *"sunshine" ingredient* that restores whiteness to your white goods and gives renewed brilliance to colors.

Simple, isn't it—yet, housewives who've tried all kinds of washing products are satisfied that nothing can possibly wash cleaner or quicker. They're satisfied, too, that ounce for ounce, wash for wash, FELS-NAPTHA *usually costs less* than any other high-quality washing product.

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FELS-NAPTHA comes in two convenient forms. The bar is handy for high-spotting specially dirty places. The chips make quick-acting suds in tub or machine. You'll find FELS-NAPTHA has dozens of uses around the house.





You'll be proud of your man's shirts, laundered with FELS-NAPTHA



Trust FELS-NAPTHA to get the dirt out of children's towels



Just a gentle FELS-NAPTHA sudsing makes nylons look like new



Washing precious wools with FELS-NAPTHA helps preserve them

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

LESSON IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 146)

"But I have forced myself not to help her, for that would have taken away her hard-won independence. Over the years she has improved so much that now she can climb almost any stairs without help. I know that if she is in some strange house or building she will not fall because of reaching for a rail that isn't there."

Sometimes, of course, Diane has been so badly hurt that the self-help rule could not apply. She has had five concussions, and on one terrible day, when she fell from a bicycle, her skull was fractured. When she was small her dread of falling was so intense that unless her parents supported her, her whole body would stiffen with fear, and topple over backward. That landed her on the unprotected back of her head.

To minimize this danger, her mother began giving Diane falling lessons almost as soon as she could walk. She would spread pillows on the floor, and show Diane how to drop headfirst with her arms covering her face. Using a broomstick, she prodded gently at the back of Diane's knees to get her used to the feeling of collapsing in a forward direction. They called this "crumbling up," and made a cheerful game of it.

Another lesson Rhea instilled at the same time was, "We never cry when we fall." Diane learned this so thoroughly that she still treats her every tumble as a kind of joke. From the psychological (and even medical) standpoint, this is of great importance. If Diane had learned to feel sorry for herself—or if she felt that other people were nervous about her, and continually fussing over her—she could never have made the progress she has.

I have said that Diane's paralysis is due to cerebral palsy, and I want to explain this more fully. Cerebral palsy is caused by destruction of certain cells in the brain, often (as in Diane's case) by an injury at birth. Sometimes the lost cells are those which should control the arm and leg muscles, or those of the face and throat, or even some of the senses. In severe cases all the organs of motion and speech may be affected.

Because brain cells cannot be repaired or replaced, there is no complete "cure" for cerebral palsy. However, by various kinds of therapy, other brain cells can be trained to do the jobs of the missing ones, and the injured person can gain some control of his muscles. This control is always a matter of deliberate effort. In moments of excitement or fear it is apt to vanish suddenly.

A distinguished physician, Dr. Earl R. Carlson, who is himself afflicted by cerebral palsy, has described with grim humor in his book, Born That Way, the effects this may have on the simplest acts of living. Once, while reading aloud in a college classroom, Doctor Carlson's arm gave a sudden jerk and hurled his book across the room. Another time, when he was handed a cup of tea while visiting friends, he tossed cup, saucer, tea and all over his shoulder!

Such spasmodic movements, and the blurred speech which is characteristic of many cerebral-palsied persons, are the results of their supreme efforts to handle themselves and communicate with the outside world. About 70 per cent of all cerebral palsy victims who live beyond infancy have normal or superior intelligence, and the children, especially, are as sensitive and affectionate as normal youngsters. Yet to outward appearances their erratic behavior might stamp them as complete morons or worse.

In the whole range of human ills it is difficult to imagine a more tragic plight.

Diane's case, as it happens, is one of the lighter ones. She has no facial distortions, and she has always been able to talk in a natural way. The first real sign came when she was five months old, and reached out to grab her bottle. Her right hand closed around it properly, but when she tried to use the left her whole arm would thrash around aimlessly, or become helplessly rigid. At the age when most babies begin to sit up, Diane's back muscles would not support her, and she had to be tied to her high chair with a soft towel or diaper.

In other ways Diane was a bright and enterprising baby. The first time she saw a spoon she tried to take it in her "good" hand and feed herself. She ate heartily, laughed and made all the usual baby sounds, and was eager to play and crawl around. But it was apparent very early that she would have much trouble in standing erect or walking. She lacked control of her right leg, which buckled under her, or got in the way of the other one, and tripped her.

All her limbs looked healthy, and her nervous reactions certainly were. When the local pediatrician stuck pins in her paralyzed left arm, she howled with pain and righteous indignation. He finally threw up his hands and admitted he could not diagnose her condition. (This was back in 1940, when the facts about cerebral palsy were known to only a few pioneering specialists. Today most doctors are aware that "C.P." can be successfully treated in a majority of cases.)

For Rhea McDonald and her husband the thought that their baby daughter might be crippled for life was at first an agony almost too great to bear. Both parents had been virtually raised in the theater, where physical grace and skill were an essential part of their lives. Rhea had gone on the stage as a "child wonder" toe dancer at the age of eight in Newburgh, New York. From then until she married at nineteen she danced her way across Canada and the United States and back, usually in vaudeville specialty acts. During the winters she went to school in Brooklyn. From May to October she "hit the road."

Rhea's mother had been a talented dancer, too, but she had never been allowed to perform in public. She expressed a lifetime of frustrated ambition by rigorously coaching Rhea for many hours each day, and by watching even more rigorously over her personal life. During her high-school years Rhea was allowed few contacts with boys. Her mother did not want her to fall in love until she reached the top of her profession. She dreamed of making her the *première danseuse* of a famous European ballet.

At sixteen Rhea quit school and joined a road show run by a popular song writer named Anatole Friedland. Her job was to provide toe-dance interpretations while Mr. Friedland played some of his songs on the piano. Her bosom friend on this trip was another young dancer named Dorothy McNulty, who is now better known as Penny Singleton, of the "Blondie" shows. Dorothy's violet eyes and naturally dark tresses were in perfect contrast to Rhea's rosy cheeks and wavy auburn hair; the two girls made a striking and appealing couple.

The trip was the first Rhea ever made without her mother. By a not too strange coincidence it was also the one on which she met her husband. Diane's father, George Edward McDonald, comes from a family whose associations with the theater go back to the last century. His father, P. J. McDonald, built the stage settings for the great all-time hit, Ben Hur, and founded a firm of theatrical constructors which is still a leading one on Broadway. As a boy George toiled in the family workshop, helping build sets for Ziegfeld's Follies and other famous shows. But he was too restless a spirit to be pinned down to business, and became a free-lance "set man" on his own. He ran things backstage for George White and Noel Coward and many other producers, and is now technical director of the Roxy Theater show in the heart of midtown New York.

When George first went to work for his father, the foreman told him, "I've got three other Georges working here and they all earn a dollar an hour. I can't have them dropping their tools every time I want *you*. So I'll use your middle name and call you Eddie." This nickname stuck and became well known in the theatrical business. When Rhea reported

r her first rehearsal with the Friedland ow, "Eddie" McDonald was already ere, as stage carpenter and general prop- ty boss. He seemed quite a man of the orld to her. slender, red-haired and Irish- oking, with a grin and a bit of blarney r all the girls. (Actually he was twelve ars older than she was.)

Rhea's mother had allowed her to make is trip alone only if she had an official aperon. This job was given to the middle- ed wardrobe mistress, Marie. Dorothy as also under Marie's sharp-eyed supervi- on. But Eddie was an old and trusted end of Marie. Before long he and Marie d the girls were enjoying breakfast to- ther daily, and often supper as well.

At New Haven, their first stop, a couple young Yale men were waiting at the stage or for Rhea and Dorothy, but Marie ned them down flat. The Yale boys went Mr. Friedland and got his permission to e the girls out the afternoons. ey had a car and nt several days owing Rhea and rothy the nearby hts. It was all ite harmless and, a limited way. . But its principal ult was to spur die to new heights gallantry. By the ne the show ched Oklahoma l Texas he had suaded Marie t it was quite all t for him to take ea out in a rented in order to give "driving les- s." She did learn drive, but there more to it than t. When they rned to New k, after forty ks of traveling ether, they were h convinced they e in love.

ddie wanted to married right y, but all their nts joined in osition. Rhea's her, of course, ught Eddie was h too old, while olks argued that a was too young. a while, when they were working at dif- nt hours in the same theater near Times are, they slipped love notes for each other he desk of a friendly stage manager.

wo years later Rhea's mother died, and a passed her eighteenth birthday. Eddie eged her with phone calls, flowers dates letters. One day he arrived at her home taxicab and insisted she come with him nce. He had to leave that night with a show for Philadelphia and Washington. xplained, and the trip could be their eymoon. Rhea got in the cab—"with what I had on"—and they were mar- in New York's City Hall. That was on ember 15, 1928, and it marked the end hea's dancing career.

IR first baby, a boy named George, ar- l in 1930. The delivery was long and rult, and George was a sickly baby he was three months old. After that icked up rapidly, and is now a 6′ 3″ er in the U. S. Army. He attended Ford- Prep and Penn (for two years) and then to work alongside his father at the , where he learned to operate the giant rical switchboard in a matter of hours. on after he was born, Rhea's New York or advised her against having another unless by Caesarean section. "You aren't built to have children," he told This was hard to take, for Rhea found joy in her first baby. She yearned to have another one, especially as George grew older and, in boyish fashion, more independent. When he was nine she decided she could wait no longer.

By this time the McDonalds had moved to Teaneck, a residential suburb just across the Hudson River from New York. The doctor there listened to Rhea's story and nodded his head when she told him she wanted a Caesarean. But when the time came he ordered a normal birth, which was even more difficult than the first. Diane was delivered by forceps. It was doubtless then that she received the hidden trouble-causing injury.

AT first her condition was not noticed, for muscular actions during the early months are erratic, and Diane simply waved her arms and legs like other babies. But something about the way she clenched her tiny left fist, and jerked her right leg, worried her mother. She asked the doctor about it, but he told her she was "imagining things."

The first real clue came from Rhea's father, Joseph Coleman, a remarkable man who spent many years as head nurse in the men's psychiatric ward of New York's Bellevue Hospital. The orphaned son of a Hudson River barge captain who was drowned in an accident, Mr. Coleman worked his way through two years of medical school before he quit to get married. But he continued his study of medicine through books, and his experiences at Bellevue—where a major part of his job was writing down the words of murderers who claimed to be insane—had taught him more about abnormal behavior than many doctors know. After observing Diane for some time he told Rhea, "The trouble is in her head. She is trying to use her arm and leg in the right way, but the message isn't getting through."

Which, in ordinary language, is an excellent description of cerebral palsy!

With her father's help Rhea obtained an appointment with one of the leading child specialists in New York. This elderly doctor spent more than an hour examining Diane, and told her mother, "It is very clear to me that she has been injured at birth. It is a situation as old as civilization itself, but we are just beginning to understand it, and do something about it. I would like you to see Doctor Carlson at the Neurological Institute."

Rhea's first impression of Doctor Carlson was rather frightening. A huge man with twitching shoulders and thick speech, he peered at Diane with eyes like black dots behind enormously thick glasses. (I have mentioned earlier that Doctor Carlson has cerebral palsy himself.) Almost his first words seemed unnecessarily harsh.

"You must not feel so badly," he told Rhea. "You are one of the more fortunate parents!"

"I looked at him, and the tears came to my eyes," Rhea recalls. "I thought, 'How can he be so cruel?' But I understood when he took me down to his clinic to see his special cases.

"There was one nine-year-old girl, with big blue eyes and the face of an angel, who was just a limp bundle of flesh in her mother's arms. Yet they all had the capacity to

The Problem of Cerebral Palsy

NEARLY 10,000 children with cerebral palsy are born in the United States each year, according to a leading authority. Of these, about 1400 are doomed to die in infancy; 30 per cent of those who live will be mentally defective because of their brain injury. The remaining 70 per cent will have normal or better intelligence, with physical handicaps ranging from mild to severe.

It is known that there are at least 300,000 cerebral-palsied persons under 35 in this country, and at best 75 doctors qualified to treat them. Equally disturbing is the fact that satisfactory clinical facilities are available to only about 2500.

If you would like further information on this subject write to the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc., 11 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois. Through the sale of Easter Seals and other methods the National Society pays for the treatment of the cerebral palsied—and other handicapped persons—in many parts of the country.



"A year ago, I started out to buy the most beautiful and the very best range I could find," says Mrs. Calvin J. Smith of Los Angeles. "I found it in my new automatic Gas range! It's a miracle-worker . . . I set a clock, and it turns itself on, cooks a complete, delicious dinner while I'm away for the afternoon, and turns itself off! And how I love the fact that my range is as easy to clean as a china dish . . . and that my pans and wallpaper stay so clean!"



"I'm director of the Washington (D.C.) School of Cooking," says Miss Emma T. Watts. "We naturally use Gas ranges in our classes because that's what most of our pupils have in their own homes. We feel, too, that foods cooked properly by Gas are unsurpassed in looks, flavor, and nutrition. Meats broiled by live flame, cakes baked in the exact, even heat of a Gas oven, vegetables cooked the waterless way . . . these are the good things good cooks get with Gas!"

"this is why I'd rather cook with Gas"

NEW FREEDOM GAS KITCHEN (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



CALORIC *"CP" Gas range—just one of many all-automatic Gas ranges now at your Gas company or appliance store. . . and just one of the many reasons why today 27,000,000 women cook with Gas.*

millions of smart women know Gas has got it for automatic cooking!

and Gas has got it for AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATION, WATER-HEATING, HOUSE-HEATING, AIR-CONDITIONING, CLOTHES-DRYING, INCINERATION

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

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TEXCEL
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Wonderful for gift wrapping ...decorating and hanging Christmas ornaments.

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think and feel, and definite hope of improvement. That was why Doctor Carlson was willing to take them.

"As I closed the door of that little room I said a silent prayer to be allowed to give my life to helping cerebral-palsied children. It was the beginning of a brand-new life for me; it brought me out of the shadows I was in."

Following Doctor Carlson's directions, Rhea began giving Diane several hours of exercise every day, placing her on her back on the kitchen table and moving her legs in an imitation of walking. Once a week she drove and carried her to the institute in New York for more intensive therapy. When Diane was two her back was strong enough to hold her in a sitting position. When she was three she could toddle along when half lifted by a harness. Eddie, her father, built her a special tricycle for her second birthday: it had high supports around the seat and straps on the pedals to keep her feet from flying off. Diane's eagerness to ride this was a big help, for the pedaling helped to educate her muscles in the reciprocal motions which palsied children lack.

Doctor Carlson had told Rhea, "If she can take one step, she can learn to walk." At four she took her first unaided step. At five she was allowed outdoors alone, but stayed close to the front yard. Sudden noises have magnified effects on persons with palsy, and every time Diane heard an auto horn she would fall down with fright. The first time she went out in the rain the drops falling on her umbrella sounded "like bombs" to her, and she fell.

Despite these hazards, Rhea was determined that she should be on her own as much as possible. She taught her how to answer sympathetic strangers—"I *am* learning to walk. My leg was hurt when I was born!"

Once a woman on the next block asked her, "What is this cerebral palsy? I never heard of it."

"I'll show you," said Diane, tottering back and forth on the sidewalk. "It's what I've got!"

In addition to the tedious physical workouts, Rhea spent much time every day reading, singing and telling Diane stories about the flowers and animals they saw through the windows. "I wanted to be sure she had her share of mental stimulation," she says. They made a game of buttoning clothes, which is not an easy thing to learn with one hand. Putting on shoes and stockings was even harder. When she was five Diane still took two hours to dress herself in the morning. Rhea would hear her, from her own bedroom, fumbling for socks in her dresser as early as six A.M. She had to start then to be ready for breakfast at eight.

Later on, Rhea instituted "dancing lessons" for Diane and other small girls in the neighborhood. They were mostly stretching exercises to phonograph music on the living-room floor, but Rhea explained that many dancers often start that way (which they do). This led to staging plays in the game room of the McDonald home. Diane's lively imagination showed itself when she made corsages for all the young actresses, kept them in the refrigerator, and presented them after the final "curtain."

The bathroom, of course, presented special dangers, especially when Diane was smaller. But for several years her mother has not helped her there. The important rule is that Diane never starts running her bath water until she is safely seated in the tub, and does not climb out until the water is drained. This reduces the risk of slipping.

Before Diane entered school at the age of seven her mother took her to the Neurological Institute for psychological and encephalographic tests. These showed that she had no unhealed injuries in her brain, and a higher-than-average I.Q. The institute specialists recommended that Diane enter first grade directly, as she was mentally beyond the kindergarten period. The Teaneck school authorities refused to permit this, however, so Diane has always been somewhat ahead of most of her class in studies.

At first her greatest trial in school was the alarm bell which rang loudly before and after each period. If she was in the corridor when the bell rang, she would stiffen up and fall. To overcome this, Rhea not only drove her to school each day but walked with her to her seat in the classroom. Gradually Diane became used to the bell. But she still had occasional falls on the stairs. When this happened one of her girl friends stood by and escorted her to the nurse's office. Last June, at the picnic of her graduating class, Diane publicly presented the principal with a box of Band-aids. "I used so many of these I thought I should leave a supply for somebody else," she told him, and her classmates laughed at the joke.

The second and third grades were hardest for Diane, for then she encountered the strange cruelty which half-grown children often show toward a handicapped contemporary. Some of her classmates called her "teacher's pet" and "P.C." (for privileged character) because she was excused early for treatments. They smeared mud on her coat and filled the pockets with stones. One small boy on her own block would stand in Diane's way when she was walking on the street, spread out his arms, and force her over in the grass where she was likely to fall.

Rhea met this nasty situation with patience and tact. She went to the parents of the boy who was torturing Diane and asked their co-operation. "Please don't punish or scold him," she said. "Just tell him Diane was hurt when she was a baby, and she will get along much better if he is nice to her." Today this boy and his family are among Diane's best friends.

Since the fourth grade Diane has had little trouble in what the psychologists call "social adjustment." Physical sports are beyond her, but she took part in the annual school plays at Christmastime, and joined the school band as a cornet player. She takes piano lessons, forcing her wavering left hand to come down hard on the bass notes. She is an active Girl Scout, dabbles in painting and ceramics and made her mother a little green pottery turtle as a Christmas present. Best of all, she has acquired the knack of making and keeping friends.

Last September, after much thought, the McDonalds withdrew her from public school and entered her in the Dwight School for girls in nearby Englewood. "Diane is at the age when boys are becoming important," Rhea explains. "Unfortunately, boys of that same age aren't always too considerate. Later on, when Diane is a little older, she should know how to cope with boys better."

This move, Rhea admits, is a deviation from her usual policy of letting Diane take the hard knocks as they come. She frank calls it an experiment. It is too early to s how it is working out.

Because of her father's irregular workin hours, the job of raising and handling Dia has fallen almost entirely to Rhea. Edd McDonald, at fifty-three, is still slim a breezy in manner. He had a serious stoma operation some years back, and has swo off alcohol and tobacco completely. "Now he says, "my only vices are golf and chewi gum." In the warmer months he spen most of his spare hours on the links; in t winter he toils restlessly around the M Donald home at 499 Wyndham Road.

Sometimes he takes Diane fishing at one the North Jersey lakes, or over to New Yo to see a baseball game. About every t weeks he provides tickets for Rhea and Dia to see the show at the Roxy, and afterwa all three of them go around the corner their favorite Chinese restaurant. Rhea is excellent cook and clever "food detective When Eddie runs into a dish he likes at so restaurant, he has her figure out how make it. She has never failed him yet.

At home, the family life is pretty well vided. Rhea and Diane get up together 7:30 and leave for school at 8:10. After dri ing Diane to the door, Rhea does her marke ing on the way home. About three days week she has speaking engagements in co nection with her work for the Bergen Coun Cerebral Palsy League. She has a once- week maid who does most of the laund and heavy house cleaning. She always pic up Diane in the car after school, and s does all her own cooking.

Eddie, who often has to work all nig erecting a new stage set, usually gets around 9 and leaves for the theater betwe 10 and 11. He tries to be home by 6:30, b about one night out of three he can't ma it, so Rhea and Diane have dinner by the selves.

When young George comes home on leav things get livelier, for he and Diane are gre pals. During the time she was growing up h big brother was a strong resource to her; they were caught in the rain on their way church he would pick her up in his arms a carry her across the street. Since he was i ducted into the Army he has been buying h a bond every month from his pay, and Army insurance is made out in her name.

Eddie's pay check at the Roxy is $150 week. Out of this he gives Rhea $95 cash ea week for household and all other family e penses, including gasoline, the maid's $8, a interest on their $3000 mortgage. Rh spends about $40 a week on food and uti ties. Diane's medical expenses have be quite small, because Rhea has done most the work. Her weekly visits to the institu used to cost $3, plus $1 for bridge tolls, wh special examinations were $25. Now Rh spends less than $50 a year for routi checkups, and for occasional doctors' ca when Diane is banged up in a fall.

Eddie's family are Roman Catholics, a both children were baptized in that faith a matter of course. Rhea has never rais any question about this, though she hers has developed an intense and highly in vidual religious faith which is outside a church or creed.

When Diane was confirmed last ye one of the nuns in charge suggested th perhaps she should sit in a chair near t altar while the other children marched do the long church aisle.

"If you think that is best I will not o ject, but I would rather she walked with t others," Rhea told her.

"But what if she falls? Wouldn't she terribly embarrassed?" the nun insiste "At least we should have one of the oth girls hold her arm."

"Sister," asked Rhea gently, "is that the faith you have in God? I will be there church that day praying that *He* will ho my little girl's arm. Won't you join me in n prayer?"

"Aye, that I will," said the sister hastil and Diane walked safely down the aisle in h

(Continued on Page 158)

Next Month

"I wonder what some women do with their time?"

JONATHAN and Betty Quimby, of Mistwold Farm, New Hampshire, with three children under seven, and many visitors, live a down-to-earth life in everything but spirit on a cash income of $25 weekly. Betty was going to be a missionary in Africa—until Jonathan changed her mind.

Now, among other duties, she helps in their dairy, superintends a Sunday school, serves on the school board, chairmans the PTA Program Committee, teaches, calls for square dances—and is, above all, a mother to her own children . . . and others!

OPEN HOUSE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By G. M. White

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the January JOURNAL



Star Gift for Christmas

PYREX Covered Casserole-and-Table Set

1½-quart covered casserole, 7-ounce individual dishes—for baking, for serving. Red or yellow.

Gift-boxed set, $2.95

SPARKLING PYREX WARE FOR CHRISTMAS

a joy to give! a joy to get!

Check this page against your Christmas list!

These PYREX dishes are pure joy—for Christmas gifts, for daily use in *anybody's* kitchen! For they're the one-and-only PYREX Ware—the original, top-quality glass cookingware.

This page shows you just a sample of the gift ideas you'll find at the PYREX Ware counter of your favorite store: individual pieces that even your children can afford to give.

Lovely matching pieces! Make up a set as complete as you wish for a handsome present!

See all the new PYREX Ware designs in sparkling-clear glass. See the new PYREX Color Ware dishes, too. You'll love their looks—*and* their prices!

Gifts under $1



PYREX "Flavor-Saver" Pie Plate

The high fluted edges have a Christmas sparkle—and they keep the juices in your pie! 10-inch size, 69¢.

9-inch size, 59¢



PYREX Color Ware Ramekins

Pick these delightful dishes in red or sunny yellow. To bake in; for soup or pudding. 12-ounce size, 39¢ each.

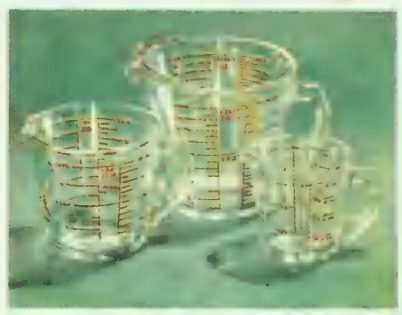
7-ounce size, each 29¢



PYREX Knob-Cover Casserole

A new edition of everybody's favorite. You'll use it every day! 1½-quart size, 89¢. 2-quart size, $1.00.

1-quart size, 79¢



PYREX Measures

Easy to read, easy to pour from. Heat-resistant, of course! 1-cup size, 29¢. 1-quart size, 79¢.

1-pint size, 59¢

Gifts under $2



PYREX Color Ware Casserole

It's PYREX Ware! So smart in color! Red or yellow. 2½-quart size, $2.25.

1½-quart size, $1.95



PYREX Clear Bowl Set

3 sparkling bowls, easy to hold, a joy to mix in. (Use them for baking, too!)

Nest of 3 bowls, $1.39



PYREX Flameware Teapot

Boil water in it. Brew tea in it. And bring it to the table—you'll love its looks!

6-cup size, $1.95



PYREX Oven Roaster

Big enough for a 5-lb. chicken! (Use as 2 separate baking dishes, too.)

3-quart size, $1.39

Gifts under $3



PYREX Flameware Percolator

Watch your coffee perk to the strength you like best! Easy to wash clean. 4-cup size, $2.45. 9-cup size, $3.45.

6-cup size, $2.95



PYREX Color Ware Bowl Set

The bowls everybody wants! So good-looking, so wonderfully useful. You can bake in them, too.

Set of four, $2.95



PYREX Oven-and-Refrigerator Set

Four gaily colored dishes with clear glass covers to see through. For baking, serving, and storing.

8-piece set, $2.95



PYREX Flameware Saucepan

See what's cooking, and see it cook just right! Wide, flat bottom. Lock-on cover. 1-quart size, $1.95. 2-quart size, $2.45.

1½-quart size, $2.25

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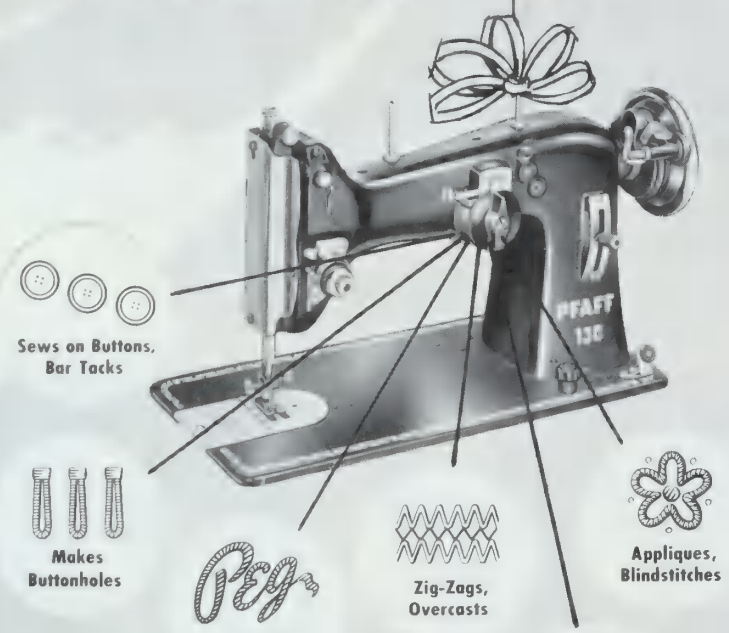
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A Christmas Gift Without Attachments!



The Dial-A-Stitch

PFAFF

Sewing Machine

SEWS 11 DIFFERENT WAYS WITHOUT ANY ATTACHMENTS

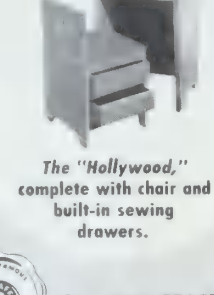
Only a precision-built PFAFF can best fill the needs of every woman who wants to sew—beginner and expert alike. A PFAFF alone puts sewing magic at your fingertips! Just choose your stitch—set the famous PFAFF Dial-A-Stitch—and sew! In every way . . . it is the most modern sewing machine that money can buy. Ask for a PFAFF for Christmas . . . and you'll sew happily ever after!

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(Continued from Page 156)

white organdy confirmation dress without any help from mortal hands.

One day in 1948 Rhea was listening to the radio when the words "cerebral palsy" caught her attention. The announcer was asking all interested parents to get in touch with Mrs. Henry F. Baer, of River Edge, New Jersey. Before he finished talking Rhea was on the phone calling Mrs. Baer. Soon afterward she and seven other parents met in the Baer home and organized the Bergen County Cerebral Palsy League. Eloise Baer, who had helped start a similar group in Springfield, Massachusetts, was the leading spirit. (Her own daughter has been an honor student and high-school editor, and is now attending college, despite handicaps worse than Diane's.)

Rhea, whose eagerness impressed everybody, was appointed publicity chairman of the league, and has filled that position with zeal ever since. Her main job has been to educate the public as to the real nature of cerebral palsy, and what can be done about it. In particular she has tried to reach parents of afflicted children who were not receiving proper treatment. Even now, sadly enough, too many parents believe such children must be hidden away, or put in an institution.

The Bergen Evening Record and other papers helped Rhea by printing news and feature stories. During the past three years she has spoken and shown films on cerebral palsy to groups of doctors, nurses, teachers, and to innumerable luncheon and women's clubs. She has never had a moment's stage fright as a public speaker. "I went on the stage too young to know what those words meant!" she says.

At a Rotary Club luncheon in Ridgewood one of Rhea's listeners stood up and asked her a number of questions. She couldn't answer them all then and there, but she collected the facts and met with him later. She learned that he was Albert J. Faber, a prominent businessman who was active in fraternal groups and charities. Mr. Faber took a warmhearted interest in the little clinic for cerebral-palsied children which had been started by the Visiting Nurses, Inc., of Bergen County. This clinic was open only on Saturday afternoons, and the mothers had to carry their helpless children, some of them seven and eight years old, up three flights.

"We've got to stop that," said Mr. Faber, "or we'll have two patients for every one."

His first idea, to install an Escalator, proved impractical. "All right," he said. "We'll build our own building. My business is making cement blocks, and I'll give all we need for the framework. I know where we can get a roof and a floor. The new Valley Hospital in Ridgewood ought to give us the land. I'm on the board of trustees there."

The new Bergen County Cerebral Palsy Clinic is, in Rhea's eyes, nothing less than a miracle. Its blueprints were drawn, without charge, by an architect who consulted palsy specialists as far away as Australia. Most of the materials were given free by local business firms. The A.F.L. building-trades unions organized volunteer crews who worked evenings and week ends for nothing. Fathers and mothers labored alongside them, hauling water and mixing cement.

The result is a light, modern, airy building which cost less than $40,000 in cash, but is worth more than $100,000. Its rooms, with rubber-tiled floors and pastel-tinted walls, are fitted with the latest devices for teaching children to walk and talk, and with games which help them control their hands. Its sparkling-clean kitchen serves snacks and orange juice and milk twice a day. One of the parents takes the whole bill for the milk and orange juice.

Children from everywhere are welcome at this clinic, and the charge is purely nominal—$1 for a half hour of treatment. Most of the staff are unpaid volunteers, including the experienced medical director, Dr. George Deaver, of New York. The professional therapists receive their salaries from the New Jersey chapter of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, partly through the sale of Easter Seals.

The opening of this clinic, on March 11, 1951, was *almost* the happiest day of Rhea's life. The happiest? Well, that goes back a few years.

"It was Diane's fourth birthday," says Rhea, "the day she took her first step without my help. That was the happiest day."

THE CAREFUL HEARTS

(Continued from Page 58)

"How about Fat Flo? How about Earl Who Struck Erl and Got Him a Girl?"

They turned simultaneously, laughing and their looks met and slid away from each other in a careful, pleasant way. Cooney had known other songs, too; an unforgettable melancholy little man he was, slumped at his piano in The Tavern and singing of love in a warm whisper, while hands sought hands and hearts spoke to hearts. All except the hands and hearts of Serena Benton and John Dawson, who were far, far too wise to fall again into the lonely abyss of love. A girl who had been frankly jilted, and a man whose wife hadn't loved him enough to let him live where he could keep that little plot of grass. . . .

They had met uneventfully enough. She came back from lunch that burning May day and saw him, sprawled deep in the chair outside her door, cheek propped on his fist, frowning over a manual. His hair and eyebrows were bleached maple color, he had a brown-leather sheen to his skin, as if he had lived in the sun and the wind a great deal.

"Are you waiting to see me?" Serena asked.

He glanced up, unhurriedly, first at her, then at the name on the door with the words beneath it: Personnel Director. "That you?" he said, rising.

"Yes. For the last three months."

He smiled. "Nice going." He flicked at the book. "No, I'm not waiting to see anybody. I just wanted thirty minutes in a cool place to figure out a problem in mathematics. This seemed to be it."

Oh, Serena thought, *he's one of those engineers the Army brought in yesterday to work on Project X.* "Well, make yourself at home," she said, and straightway forgot him until that evening at the company clubhouse.

There had been a dinner for some visiting dignitaries from the Coast and now it was over and Serena was crossing the terrace toward the parking lot and her car when she saw him again. He stood against the parapet, smoking idly, his gaze on the twinkling city in the valley a mile below.

"It's quite a sight, isn't it?" she said.

He turned. "Quite," he said, and gestured. "I was trying to pick out a dive down there for myself for the rest of the evening. Do you know of any?"

She grinned. "Dozens."

"Would you care to show me one?" he said. "I'll introduce myself properly."

She considered that. "All right," she said gravely. "My car's over here."

She took him to The Tavern.

There is nothing sumptuous about The Tavern. It is just a low room in the cellar of the best hotel, and the dance floor has a slight buckle. But the *pizza* is superb and Cooney is there every night at the piano.

Serena and John found a small table. They danced, they ate a *pizza*. Then Cooney played and sang and the room was silent. When he finished and the dancing began again, arms reached hungrily for each other as if his music had awakened old and forgotten needs.

Serena, watching, thought, *Once I felt like that, too,* and sensed John Dawson's eyes on her.

"Where were you," he asked impersonally, "when the passion was floating all around us?"

She should have been startled, but she was not even surprised. "Oh, in my den in the rocks," she said. "It's really quite a nice place. The temperature is always the same, and you don't hear a thing or see a thing or ——" *Or feel a thing*, she almost said.

"I'm an old den dweller myself," John said. "Shall we compare notes?"

Serena stared at him. She thought, *Why, he too! That's why he knew about me!* "Yes," she said, "let's," and heard, then, her own voice telling him, while the people and the room and the music blurred away, about that fabulous winter-into-spring of last year.

Although she had been only twenty-five, she'd already made a name for herself at the branch office in her home town for her skill at handling people. Everybody knew that an important post in Personnel was open to her at the main plant any time she cared to make the change; everybody could guess, easily enough, why she was not interested.

Jeremy Harris had come to town just before Christmas to serve an apprenticeship in the law office of Judge Abel, who had gone to school with Jeremy's father. He and Serena met at a holiday party, and before the week was out they were in love.

They made a brilliant pair, Jeremy with his golden head and white smile and quick laughter, Serena dark and cool and lovely. It was good to see them together, with Serena's eyes clinging to Jeremy's face as if she were reading in it some strange and beautiful story which she must commit to memory. The town, which had known all about Serena all her life, said pleasedly, "It's come at last for her." And every night Serena said into her pillow, *Jeremy, oh Jeremy, how glad I am I waited for you to come!*

Fantastically, the day which was to be her most anguished began as the happiest of all, a Saturday morning when Jeremy called to ask her if she would drive out into the country with him that afternoon.

It was April. They drove through the miles of new-plowed fields and greening hillsides. Jeremy was very still, so still that Serena knew he had something on his mind.

He stopped the car where an old wagon road led down to a creek, swirling around a sitting rock. They walked down to the creek. *What a lovely, lovely place for a proposal*, Serena thought. She waited with butterflies fluttering around her heart.

"Serena," said Jeremy, and stopped.

She turned to him. "Yes?"

"I'm going to Cuba next week."

She heard the words, but they did not register.

"There's a vacancy in a firm in Havana. It doesn't mean very much in the way of money, but"—excitement slipped through his carefully tight voice—"but it's a chance at something better than living in the sticks, the way I always have—the way I always will if I don't get away from here."

It registered now. But because she was a woman and in love, she said, "I think it's marvelous, Jeremy."

"It'll be better than staying here, anyway," he said. "I don't know how I've stood this place as long as I have. I couldn't have, if it hadn't been for you, Serena. You're responsible for the only good times I've had here! Don't ever think I'm not grateful to you for them."

She wondered how, with her heart broken, she could find words, but she found them. "They were good times for me, too, Jeremy."

The relief in his face was almost ludicrous. He must have been afraid of tears, reproaches, pleadings. His eyes went over her in their old, brilliant way; he pointed both barrels of his charm at her. "Serena, it's all been beautiful, as beautiful as this place. Let's remember it this way."

She felt sick. "I will remember it," she said, and walked back up the path to the car.

The next week she did the wise thing. She took the proffered job at the main plant, two hundred miles away. There her life went on, outwardly normal; she was Serena Benton, the pretty new girl in Personnel who laughed hard and worked hard and was something of a diplomat. And nobody guessed that the true Serena Benton had crawled into a den one April day and never come out again.

Nobody, until a tall man by the name of John Dawson came along, with quiet speculation in his eyes. He sat now, opposite her in The Tavern, building a house of matches. Her voice stopped.

"Still in love with him?" John said.

"No," Serena said. "Are you—with her?"

He quirked his brows. "Not me! I had a bad attack, but I made a beautifully complete recovery. We both lived in Idaho. I came home from college, got the engineering job I wanted, went courting. I had in mind a place just outside of town with a grass plot. I didn't care so much about the house, but I wanted the grass. I used to think about it a lot when I was over in the Pacific during the war. I kept seeing it, green the way nothing else is green. There's something everlasting about grass; owning a piece of it makes you feel that even if the rest of the world goes to smash, you've still got your little bit of forever to hold on to. She wanted that grass plot, too—until after we were married. Then I found that she had never wanted anything except a swank apartment in a big town and the kind of life that went with it. It's two years since we were divorced and she's remarried, but"—he smiled—"grass still doesn't look like grass to me. It looks like green concrete."

We're kin, Serena thought, *lonely kin.*

That was the beginning. Two days later he called her at the office. "This is John Dawson. Would you like to go out amongst them tonight?"

She found herself smiling at the mouthpiece. "I think it would be lovely," she told him.

"Good. Will you tell me where you live? I'll be there by eight-thirty."

They took her car and went to a late movie and stopped in at The Tavern. Then Serena drove him to his boardinghouse, and before he opened the car door she said, "I

Mary Sings

By Elizabeth Porter Kessler

Sleep, my Babe; oh, be not affrighted,
'T is but the ox stamps foot in the stall.
He is a dumb beast, but Thy bed he provided,
And sweet-smelling hay to soften withal.

Sleep, my Babe; weep not at the bleating
Of yon little lamb that cries by the wall.
His fine coat of wool, when the time comes for fleecing,
Shall cover Thee warmly, my Jesu, so small.

Sleep, my Babe; nor fear the cock's crowing.
He shrilly proclaimeth a new day begun.
Lo, how the lilies in fair fields are growing,
Lifting their heads to the slow-rising sun!

Sleep, my Babe; my own little Jesu.
Peace to the ox that shareth his stall;
Peace to the cock, the lamb and the lily;
Glory to God Who maketh us all!

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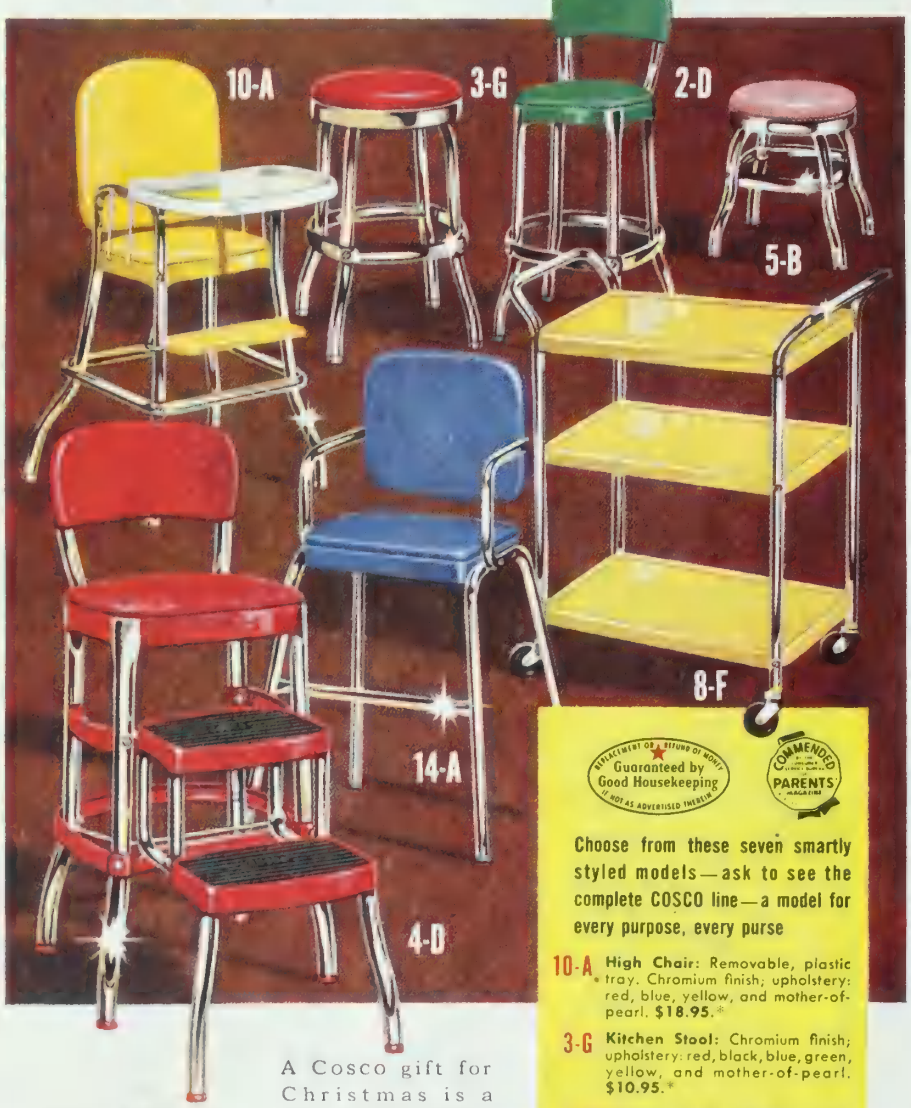
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feel as if I've known you all my life, John. It's a good feeling."

"That's because you don't have to be on emotional guard with me. We've both been through the same wringer." He patted her hand. "Good night."

That was the way of all their dates, each one uncomplicatedly complete in itself. There was no effort in whatever they did; just a contented and haphazard charm. If they decided to go to a movie, they were likely to drive right on by the theater and end up at a square dance in the country. If they decided to go to a neighboring town to dine in state, they might be tempted to take a strange road and stop at some roadside stand for hamburgers and root beer. On hot nights they went swimming in the river, scorning the pool as being for sissies. Sometimes on Saturdays Serena would pack a lunch basket and they would eat high on a mountain, where the cool winds came with darkness to ease the sting of sun.

At least twice a week they went to The Tavern. One night while Cooney sang about yearning, a sudden impatience woke in Serena and she said, "This is really no place for us, you know."

"Why?"

"The people who come here are searching for something that we've already had. Look at them; they're drowning."

John gave the room a careful survey. "So," he said, and turned back to her, his eyes laughing. "We can't have Cooney helping all these innocents go wrong, can we? Excuse me."

He strolled across the room and bent over Cooney, and in a minute the skylarking nonsense of Fat Flo bounced into the air. John returned.

"Better?" he said pleasantly.

"Much."

But it wasn't, somehow. An old serenity was gone from the room. As if the door of her den had blown open, leaving her shivering and vulnerable at last. She glanced at John. He was, characteristically, nodding his head in beat to the music, a little smile on his mouth.

She got up. "I have an early meeting tomorrow," she said.

He rose, too, immediately attentive. "I'm sorry. I wasn't even noticing the time."

Later, in the dulled blackness of her bedroom, she pressed a hand to her eyes to keep back the angry tears. What had possessed her to talk about those lovesick people at The Tavern? Let them love. She and John were immune, weren't they? And why was she crying, for heaven's sake? Was it because, staring at the night outside her window, she knew that never again would her evenings at The Tavern be wholly tranquil? They never were.

HER mother's birthday coincided with John's last week end. Serena told him ruefully about it over lunch on Friday. "I'll have to go," she said. "I've never yet missed one of her birthdays."

"Fine thing to do," John grumbled, "run out on me the last two days I'll be here! Guess I'll have to go home with you."

She stared. "You mean you'd *like* to?"

"What time do we start?" he said.

She laughed, and heads turned at the luminous sound of it. "At six tonight," she told him.

John paid the check and they walked out to the dazzling white heat of midday, close together, hands coupled, as always. Just as they were about to cross the street, furiously blowing horns sounded and a chain of cars came speeding toward them. *A wedding*, Serena thought, and shaded her eyes. In the back seat of the front car sat the bride and groom, young, lost in each other, radiant. Serena and John waved.

"So people do really still get married?" Serena said, more to herself than to John.

"They do if they don't know any better," he said.

Sudden pain frightened Serena. "I suppose that's the answer," she said through numb lips.

"Of course it is! Why should sensible people live in a harness when they can have their freedom, like you and me?"

The pain was white-hot as they walked across the street to her office. There, suddenly, she wanted to hurt him, to shake that hard, imperturbable philosophy of his.

"I'll pick you up at six," she said, looking at him. "That is, if you still think you want to come. I'm not sure you ought to. We have lots of grass there. It might bring back memories."

He was silent a moment, his eyes searching her face. Then he said gravely, "Perhaps you're right. We wouldn't want me hurt again, would we?" He held out his hand. "Good-by, Serena. Wish your mother a happy birthday for me."

You asked for it, my friend, Serena told herself. "On the other hand," she said lightly, "I think you'd like my home town. See you at six." She walked up the steps of the building.

SHE was repentant all afternoon. What had come over her? She had sounded like a shrew. John was her good, her very good friend, and in two days he would be gone forever. *I'll make it up to him over the week end*, she thought.

She studied his face as he came around the car at six o'clock and got into the driver's seat. He looked at her fondly.

"Hello, dear. All set?"

She slid close to him, drawing a long breath. "All set."

Time found swift wings. They reached her home a little before midnight. Surprise was in her parents' eyes when John followed her into the house, but they said nothing then or afterward, blessedly; they just admitted him to their hospitality as a friend of Serena's. And they liked him. Serena, keenly watchful for signs of that, had seen them surely before she had been at home half an hour.

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger. —PROVERBS 15:1.

Saturday morning was gone almost before it began. In the hot sweetness of late afternoon, Serena took John on a walking tour of town, and everywhere they went they met people who knew her, people with warm greetings on their lips and sly inquiry in their eyes.

Serena laughed softly. "They think you're my new beau," she said.

"Oh? Well, let's give them something substantial to go on, then." And John put his arm around her, and kept it there while they strolled back to the house.

But that evening the pain came back to Serena, and she was not to be free of it again. Friends kept dropping in with gifts for her mother and stayed on, filling the house with laughter.

Serena left John towering courteously over two old ladies in the living room and met her mother in the hall.

"Look on the kitchen table and see what John sent me," Mrs. Benton said. Her eyes were bright. "I'm going to bring them in when I cut the cake."

Serena pushed open the swinging doors. On the table was a big green crystal basket, filled with white roses. A card dangled from the handle. It said, "These look like you, John."

Serena's heart burned. Half of her mind said, *Why did he have to do a human thing like this, the day before he leaves? Den dwellers aren't supposed to step out of character.* And the other half said, *Why shouldn't he? After all, they're only flowers.*

But the callous thought could not armor her against the pain. It went back into the living room with her and stayed till the last guest had gone. It climbed the stairs with her; stayed in her heart while she stared at shadows on the ceiling, followed her into sleep. It woke when she woke, it hid beneath her smiles when she said good-by to her parents, and it rode in her all the long way back to the city.

The pain was still with her as the two hundred miles dwindled to ten and to five and to three.



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"How long will you be in Chicago?" she asked.

"Probably no more than a week. Just long enough to get the hang of this new job on the Coast."

"And then—flit again," Serena said.

"Flit again," John agreed.

The rain drummed on the car roof. In the distance was a black hull, climbing the night. "Where do you think you'll finally settle?" Serena asked.

"I don't know." He twisted his head sideways. "Couple of deer running through that field. See 'em?"

"Yes." She laughed. "Remember the time I was picking flowers and that deer jumped out ahead of me?"

John laughed, too, gently. "I never saw anybody so scared."

The black hull took form. The airport. *Oh, no,* Serena thought, *not yet.* And suddenly, in this last, lost, too-late moment she found out what had been happening to her. The pain found a new intensity, exquisitely cruel.

"Well, this trip didn't take long," John said.

"No," Serena said.

Her hands were shaking on the wheel. She should have known, all these days, weeks. The pain had been only the slow resurrection of emotions that she had thought were dead forever. When John left her tonight she would not be able to creep back into her den in the rocks. Never any more. That Serena Benton had vanished. From now on a love song, the sight of a couple walking hand in hand, would be a knife in her heart.

She turned into the drive and stopped in the orange light streaming from the waiting room. John came around and opened her door.

"I'll wait for you at the gate," she said, and turned the corner of the building and stood by the confining fence.

The plane squatted on the cement runway like a huge glimmering bug. An attendant went by with John's luggage on a carrier. Serena's fists were jammed deep in the pockets of her raincoat.

"Good-by, John," she whispered, shivering.

A door opened behind her. John's voice said, "Everybody's on board but me. We take off in two minutes." His eyes were moving slowly over her face. *Don't let him see anything,* she prayed. "Well, good-by," he said.

She searched mindlessly for a scrap of their old jargon. "Good-by," she said. "Have fun always."

The attendant came back with the empty luggage carrier. "You'd better hurry, sir," he said.

"Yes," Serena said, "you'd better," and pushed him.

He was a tall figure on the rain-swept runway. Halfway across, he turned and waved. Serena waved back.

"John, John, I love you," she said, and walked blindly toward her car.

She heard the plane taxi down the strip and thought, *I'll have to do something with my life. Work until I drop and then work some more and never, never again look at any man with maple-sugar hair and a Huckleberry Finn smile.* She bit her lips, fighting tears, while the cold crept through her.

"Serena," John said.

I'm dreaming, she thought, and marveled that she could turn around on knees as rubbery as hers.

"I was climbing into the plane when I decided to take one last look at you," John said. "Then the queerest thing happened. It seemed as though that whole strip of concrete turned into grass, and you were standing in the middle of it. They took off without me."

It had come to him, too, her dazed mind said. He was trying to tell her —— Rain fell on her uplifted face, her mouth. "I love grass," she whispered.

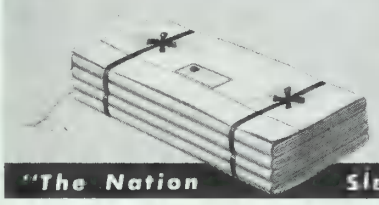
His arms reached out and her hands lifted to touch his face and there was no longer anything impersonal or heedful or guarded about either of them. THE END

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CONTINENTAL SCALE CORPORATION • CHICAGO 36



A feast for the festive—ham-and-chicken gumbo, curried shrimp and scallops, tomato aspic. Top with vanilla-cherry pudding.



By Ruth Mills Teague

AT this time of year we accumulate social obligations with surprising speed, and instead of attempting a series of small dinner parties, why not concentrate on one big open house where all your friends are invited? It's in the gay spirit of holiday hospitality and it's very practical from the standpoint of the work involved—you can prepare a buffet party for twenty almost as easily as a sit-down dinner party for six or eight. In planning the menu, we have provided for "drop-in" and "stay-on" guests, ideas that can be adopted in whole or in part—but every recipe a holiday specialty!

For the people who will drop in for a short time and not stay for dinner, we recommend nibble food, both cold and hot. The cold hors d'oeuvres will be ripe and stuffed olives and halves of English walnuts stuck together with a Roquefort-cheese mixture. Olives are always *(Continued on Page 164)*

You're your own guest at this prepared-the-day-before buffet party.



Like your cookies crisp-crunchy-chewy?

you need DIAMOND WALNUTS

Watch your family and friends reach for cookies studded with *Diamond* Walnuts. They know what's best—and they can't resist the goodness of golden walnut kernels. As proof, here are 3 different recipes—each one a winner, thanks to crisp, sweet *Diamond* Walnuts!

WALNUT SURPRISE SQUARES

Stir together 1 egg, 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed, and 1 tsp. vanilla. Add ½ cup sifted flour mixed with ¼ tsp. each salt and soda. Add 1 cup coarsely chopped *Diamond* Walnuts – keep the pieces fairly big; their crispness contrasts so temptingly with the chewy texture of this cooky. Spread in buttered 8-in. square pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 18 to 20 min. (Cookies should be soft when taken from oven.) Leave in pan; cut in squares as needed.



Shell a pound of *Diamond* Walnuts and measure what you get. With the 2 full cups of kernels they give, you'll have enough for 4 favorite walnut recipes! *Diamond* Walnuts always give you more fresh, usable kernels per pound!

DIAMOND WALNUT CLUSTERS

¼ cup soft butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 ¼ tsps. vanilla
1 ½ sqs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
½ cup sifted flour
¼ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
2 cups coarsely broken *Diamond* Walnuts

Cream butter or margarine and sugar till fluffy. Add egg and vanilla; beat well. Stir in melted chocolate, then flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Now add walnuts—*Diamonds*, definitely, for the rich flavor and crisp crunchiness that *makes* these cookies! Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 10 min., not longer (they should be soft when taken from oven). Cool on rack. Makes 30.



Prize of your kitchen cupboard — *Diamond* vacuum-packed shelled Walnuts! In 8- or 4-oz. cans, they're always fresh and sweet — ready for instant use!

WALNUT-ORANGE CRISPS

Start with any favorite refrigerator cooky recipe. Add a tablespoon of grated orange peel and two tablespoons of orange juice – plus plenty of finely chopped *Diamond* Walnuts. (No refrigerator cooky is really complete without *Diamond* Walnuts.) What a delicious new flavor!



Careful shoppers look for the *Diamond* brand on walnuts, to get full value for their money. Buy *Diamond* Walnuts in bulk or in 1 lb. cellophane bags (red for large size, blue for medium).



See page 97 for the Wallace Sterling Silver patterns in "Third Dimension Beauty."
Wallace Silversmiths at Wallingford, Connecticut since 1835. ©1951

(Continued from Page 162)

popular, and nuts prepared this way are truly a gourmet item. For the hot hors d'oeuvres we'll have tuna-and-chutney canapés and curried shrimp and scallops. The shrimp and scallops will do double duty because they will also be part of the main meal, but they make a delicious hot hors d'oeuvre spread on buttered toast points.

The main hot dish for the stay-ons will be ham-and-chicken gumbo, baked in a casserole. This will be a recipe to keep in your files because it's so extra good and perfect for a buffet party, summer or winter. There must be a big salad, of course, and I think you'll like the one I'm going to suggest: a mold of tomato aspic and cream cheese done in layers and surrounded by lettuce cups filled with marinated peas, carrots and celery. The tomato aspic is highly seasoned and combines wonderfully with the bland cream-cheese mixture. Herb-butter sandwiches will add the final touch to the main course.

There should be a Christmasy dessert, and I've chosen vanilla-cherry icebox pudding. It's easy to make, requires no cooking and, most important, it's very good to eat.

With these recipes you will be safe if about twenty people stay on through dinner. There may be a serious raid on the curried shrimp and scallops in the early part of the evening, but that needn't worry you. If everyone has eaten a lot of that before dinner they'll be more interested in the other dishes during dinner. I suggest that you telephone your invitations so that you will have a definite check on those who are just dropping in for a while and those who are staying on.

A dog in the kitchen desires no company.

—BEN JOHNSON.

HOT TUNA-AND-CHUTNEY CANAPÉS

Make enough piecrust for 3 regular-sized pie shells. Roll to about $\frac{1}{8}$" thickness and cut into $2\frac{1}{2}$" squares. Flake 1 seven-ounce can tuna fish with a fork, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chutney cut into small pieces, 4 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 4 tablespoons finely chopped onion and $\frac{2}{3}$ cup mayonnaise. Put 1 teaspoon of mixture in center of a piecrust square and bring all points of dough to center. Pinch the seams carefully to seal them, then dip your fingers into beaten egg and pinch seams again. Brush top with beaten egg and transfer to cooky sheet. Bake in preheated hot—500° F.—oven until delicately browned—about 10 minutes. But watch it—most ovens have tricks all their own. This recipe will make approximately 75 canapés.

ENGLISH WALNUTS WITH ROQUEFORT CHEESE

I'm not going to specify quantity here. You can go as far as you like with a strong assurance that every last one will be gobbled up. Cream until smooth half-and-half Roquefort cheese and cream cheese. Add a few drops lemon juice and a tiny bit of sweet or sour cream to moisten the mixture just a little. Put in refrigerator to harden. In some stores you can buy perfect halves of English walnuts, but you may have to crack the nuts yourself. If you do this you'll probably have some duds—at least I always do—but the ones that aren't perfect can be saved for the icebox pudding. When cheese has hardened, work it into balls about the size of a small marble. Put a ball on the inner surface of a nut half and press the other half against it until there's a line of white where they join. Keep in a cold place until ready to serve.

CURRIED SHRIMP AND SCALLOPS

You will need $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups raw scallops, fresh or frozen, and 4 cups precooked shrimp. Three 10-ounce boxes of frozen scallops make $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Cut scallops into smallish pieces. Get small shrimp or cut large ones into chunks. Melt some butter or margarine in a skillet, add scallops and 2 or 3 cloves garlic, finely minced, and cook 5 minutes, stirring often. Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter or margarine in a large saucepan and stir in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour. In a measuring cup stir 2 tablespoons curry powder with 2 tablespoons vinegar, fill cup with milk and put this and $4\frac{1}{2}$ more cups of whole milk in saucepan. If you like, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry may be substituted for $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whole milk. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 3 envelopes chicken-bouillon powder or 3 bouillon cubes and 2 teaspoons salt. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce has boiled 1 minute and add shrimp, scallops and liquid that will have cooked out of them, and 5 tablespoons chopped parsley. Now taste and add more of any seasoning you feel is needed. The curry taste should be fairly strong and the garlic taste faint but definitely there. Make the day before and reheat.

HAM-AND-CHICKEN GUMBO

The gumbo can be prepared in a casserole for baking a day in advance and baked the day of the party. It doesn't require watching. The main ingredients are 1 large stewing chicken, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds smoked ham, $\frac{1}{3}$ pound bacon, 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes, 2 No. 2 cans cut okra, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped onion and 2 cups uncooked rice. Two days in advance, put chicken in kettle with 4 cups water and 2 teaspoons salt. Bring to a boil, lower heat and cook until tender—about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours—or pressure cook at 15 pounds for 22 minutes. Take chicken from bones, cut breast into thin slices and cut the rest into bite-size chunks. Put bones back in broth and cook half an hour or so to make broth richer. Strain, cool and store in cold place. The same day, wash 2 cups long-grained rice through 6 waters, strain in colander and let stand overnight to dry. If rice is wet, the grains stick together and it's difficult to distribute them evenly over the layers.

Now we're ready to fill the casserole. Strain okra; put tomatoes in a bowl, chop into small pieces and add 2 large cloves garlic, finely minced; cut ham into bite-size pieces; cut bacon into slivers and chop onion to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Use a 4-quart casserole. This will be a four-layer proposition, so you'll use approximately one fourth of each ingredient for each layer, but save some okra and tomato for the top to make it look pretty. The sequence will be rice, bacon, tomato, chicken, okra, onion and ham. Sprinkle each tomato layer with freshly ground black pepper, but don't use any salt. The ham, bacon and chicken broth will provide enough salt. When finished, the casserole should be filled to about $\frac{3}{4}$" from top. Remove congealed fat from chicken broth and pour 3 cups broth into casserole and cover.

The gumbo will require about 2 hours' baking in a hot—425° F.—oven. When cooking time is almost up, remove cover, taste to see if rice is tender and add a little more broth if needed. The consistency shouldn't be at all runny, but it should be moist. Keep hot on a heating device or in a barely turned on oven.

TOMATO RIBBON ASPIC

Use a transparent loaf-shape mold with capacity of 7 cups.

Tomato Aspic. In a kettle put 4 cups tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, grated rind of 1 lemon, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 2 cloves garlic cut into chunks, 1 teaspoon dried red pepper (pepperoni), 6 whole cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons and 1 teaspoon sugar, and 1 bay leaf. Boil, uncovered, 5 minutes and strain. Add 4 envelopes unflavored gelatin that has been softened 5 minutes in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold tomato juice and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Set in cold water.

Cream-Cheese Filling. Cream 12 ounces cream cheese until soft, add 1 cup sour cream and blend thoroughly. Soften $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons unflavored gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water for 5 minutes, place container in pan of boiling water and dissolve. Add gelatin to cream-cheese mixture and blend. Bring a pan of water to boiling point, turn heat as low as possible and set bowl of cheese over—not in—it, to keep mixture soft.

Rub mold with salad oil, and when tomato aspic has thickened slightly but is still

runny, put 1¾ cups aspic in mold. Set in freezing compartment of refrigerator to hasten hardening. When aspic is firm enough not to run but still tacky to the touch, put in half the cream-cheese mixture and smooth to an even layer. Return mold to freezing compartment and when cheese layer is fairly firm, add another 1¾ cups tomato aspic. When this layer is firm, add the remainder of the cheese, and when *it* is firm, add the rest of the aspic, and that's it. When last layer is in, put mold in refrigerator, but not in freezing compartment. (For peace of mind when unmolding time comes, I like to line the sides and bottom of mold with a strip of cellophane long enough to extend over the sides. The ends can be loosened by holding a cloth wrung out of hot water against them. You can tell when they are loose enough for unmolding by grasping two ends of the cellophane and lifting a little.)

Cook, in separate kettles, peas and thin rounds of carrot. Drain, mix together and add French dressing. Chop some celery very fine, cover with ice cubes and store in refrigerator. All this is day-before business.

To serve, unmold aspic in center of platter and mix drained celery with peas and carrots. Arrange cup-shaped lettuce leaves around aspic, fill them with marinated vegetables and serve a bowl of mayonnaise with the salad. Don't slice the aspic too thin. Cut it in slices about ¾" thick and then cut each slice in half.

HERB-BUTTER SANDWICHES

Herb butter can be used in many ways. It is delicious on broiled meats or fish—spread on after, not during, broiling; it gives a marvelous flavor to vegetables; and it makes super sandwiches. The proportions are ¼ pound *sweet* butter to 1 teaspoon dried herbs or 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh herbs. The herbs can be any one or a combination of two of the *fine* herbs, which are sweet basil, chervil, sweet marjoram, garden thyme, rosemary and tarragon. I've chosen sweet basil and marjoram for this herb butter, but if you have special pets, suit yourself.

Take 1 tablespoon sweet butter from ¼ pound and let it get quite warm but not boiling. Add ½ teaspoon dried sweet basil and ½ teaspoon dried marjoram, stir well and let stand while you cream the remainder of the ¼ pound butter with a few drops lemon juice. Add herbs and melted butter, blend and store in refrigerator in an air-tight jar. Just before spreading sandwiches, add a little salt and 2 tablespoons finely chopped chives. The herb butter should be prepared at least a day in advance of use.

VANILLA-CHERRY ICEBOX PUDDING

Cream ½ pound butter or margarine with 1¾ cups confectioners' sugar. Add 7 well-beaten egg yolks and 4 teaspoons vanilla and beat with rotary beater until blended. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup water, add ½ cup milk, or if you prefer, ½ cup port. Set container in boiling water until gelatin is dissolved and add to butter, egg yolks and sugar. Fold in 7 egg whites, beaten until stiff, and 1 cup heavy cream, beaten until stiff, and add 1 cup nut meats and 1 cup maraschino cherries, both coarsely chopped.

Grease sides of a 10" cake pan with a removable rim and line sides with unsplit ladyfingers. If they don't want to stand up straight, spread a little softened butter or margarine on the ladyfingers and press them against the pan. If the ladyfingers are average size, you'll need about 22, and be sure they are as close together as possible. Spoon in half the pudding mixture and make a flat layer of ladyfinger halves on top of this. Add the remaining pudding.

You can decorate it now or after it is set, and you can be as fancy as you like. I think the simple decoration I have used—just the rim of cherries, with green pistachios, sprinkled all over the top—is quite effective, but all sorts of pretty nonsense could be done with whipped cream and a pastry tube and it would be still more festive.

When you are ready to unmold the pudding—this can be at any convenient time, so long as it is kept cold—run a spatula down the side behind each ladyfinger, release spring and remove ring. Transfer pudding, still on bottom of pan, to the serving platter.

Service. Except for sticking the gumbo in the oven, spreading the herb-butter sandwiches and making the toast points, all the work involved in preparing this meal will be done in advance. I don't say the work is little—this is quite a production if you include everything—but if spread over several days it can be a lot of fun, *if* you like to cook. If you don't feel the need to combine two parties in one, which this menu literally does, confine it to a "before" dinner or just dinner and reduce the menu accordingly.

Preparing the food won't be a problem, but serving it may be, unless a careful plan of action is worked out and followed through. Before any guests arrive your buffet can be set up with plates, silver, napkins, and so on, and the food can be arranged on serving dishes ready to be brought in. For an open house, people aren't apt to arrive en masse as for a dinner party, so I'd wait until a few are there before bringing in the hors d'oeuvres. The tuna-chutney canapés, curried sea food and toast points and the relishes can be placed on one table in the living room or on various tables, and a stack of small plates should be available. This will have to be a serve-yourself affair because you'll be too busy greeting guests to do much passing. The canapés and sea food should definitely rest on some kind of heating device, but in this day of gadgets that shouldn't be difficult to accomplish. When the dinner hour arrives—and with this food the time can be elastic—it will take only a few minutes to arrange serving dishes on the buffet. People can drift happily from living room to dining room, or wherever the buffet is set up—and I hope you'll be the happiest drifter of all. Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Week Before Christmas

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

God bless all little boys who stand
outside
Gay Yuletide windows, with a
stubborn pride
Calculating how far present cash
May go; then suddenly resolved
and rash,
Darting within to watch with
restless eyes
The wrapping of the Annual
Surprise.

God bless all little boys who toss
and turn
The few nights left to Christmas,
and who burn
With agonizing doubt . . . *Would
that be better*
Chains them to alternation like a
fetter.

God bless all little boys who do not
know
That all in vain is indecisive woe.
Their gifts are richer to a
mother's heart
Than all the gold man's dreams can
set apart.
God bless them all together, in the
Name
Of heaven's Gift, and Him
through Whom it came.



Quick Pickled Peaches

1 No. 2½ can cling peach halves
¾ cup brown sugar (packed)
½ cup vinegar
2 (3-inch) sticks cinnamon
1 teaspoon whole cloves
1 teaspoon whole allspice

Drain peaches; to syrup from peaches add sugar, vinegar, spices. Boil 5 min. Add peaches, simmer 5 min. Allow fruit to stand in pickling syrup overnight. Serve chilled.

Holiday show-offs! Spicy and easy with

Canned Cling Peaches from California



Christmas Package Peach Salad

Quick Pickled Peaches (recipe above)
1¼ cups water
1½ tablespoons plain gelatin
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Few grains salt
Salad greens
Pimiento strips

Drain peaches, reserving syrup. Heat together 1 cup syrup with 1 cup water. Soften gelatin in remaining cold water and dissolve in hot liquid. Blend in lemon juice and salt. Cool. Arrange 6 drained pickled peach halves in 8-inch square pan and pour gelatin over them. Chill until firm. Cut into rectangles, and place on salad greens. Arrange pimiento strips across corners of salad for ribbons on package. Serves 6.

Biggest, sweetest, most gorgeous peaches you can set on your table! Canned Clings from California! And how quick and easy to serve! Simply spoon these sun-gold beauties right from the can. They're ready-on-the-instant as a gay breakfast fruit, a lunchtime treat, a luscious dinner dessert. For these are the finest—the pride—of the peaches grown in California's lovely valley orchards. Sun-ripe! Bursting with summer-fresh, juicy, ripe peach goodness! Everybody loves cling peaches! Keep plenty handy. Both kinds, halves and slices, are thrifty buys now!



Cling Peach Advisory Board

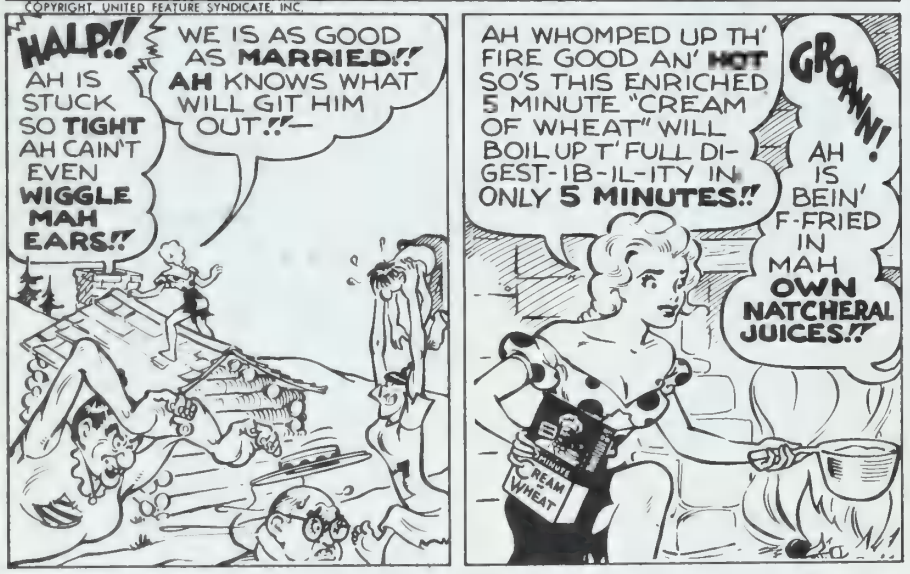


LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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I WAS A PRINCESS

(Continued from Page 47)

work! What a life of leisure that must be."

It was some such feeling, doubtless, that made one of my recent American acquaintances say to me, "But how good it must feel to you—to know that you are at last leading a really useful life."

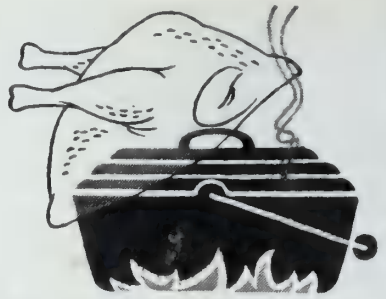
It is difficult to think of words positive enough to explain how wrong such a viewpoint is in my case! I was born, to the sound of the twenty-one-gun royal salute, to the daughter of a long line of kings and emperors; therefore it is true that I started life in one sense from above—from the top, you would say. But the twenty-one-gun salute meant also that I was born into an occupation already established for me. "Duty" was the key word of my childhood and youth. I was trained to do my duty to my country in all things, to be respectful and loving to my parents, loyal to family and friends. "Princes are born in public and die in public"—and between those two occasions they *live* in public. It is only now, when I have lived in other countries, that I can look at all objectively at my training; that I can see how anyone might think it odd that I would feel I must attend a scheduled state banquet on one special evening when, as a young girl, I thought my heart was broken, or that I would drive across the city of Ploesti during a bombing raid to keep an appointment at an important school function where I had promised to preside. These things were duties, but housekeeping was not included in those duties. It would have been egotism on my part to take the time that belonged to the country in order to learn to do things which were already being done efficiently and well by others. Royalty has always gotten into difficulties when it insisted on leaving its prescribed duties for something it chose to do for its own pleasure!

It is true that I had some leisure time—not much, but a little—which I could spend as I liked. My older sisters had toyed with cooking. I smile when I think of the paraphernalia brought up to their rooms upon silver trays carried by liveried footmen: the spirit lamp, the dishes, spoons and utensils; the collection of ingredients properly washed and prepared. But it was only a game, and one that did not happen to interest me. I spent my own leisure in other occupations: learning something about painting and sculpturing, and beginning those activities which led later to my serious training in nursing. Even after my marriage, when I found it difficult to cope with the cook and servants of a strange country, my duty seemed to lie with my children and with my infirmary, which served the neighboring villages. I solved my housekeeping problem then by bringing in Romanian servants to help me—and that is why, in spite of a disciplined and busy life, I could stand in my shining Massachusetts kitchen, utterly ignorant of cooking. Fate had brought me into a new situation. "Duty" had completely changed its face. Lunch for six hungry children had to be served.

PERHAPS because as a child I always had a governess near me to remind me of my duty if I forgot it, I have the habit of talking to myself—of encouraging or reproving myself in what I am doing.

"Well, Ileana, my girl," I said to myself, "what now? Let's see what you can do! There was a time when you might not have believed you could face bombardment—but you learned! When you first studied nursing it would have seemed incredible that one day you would desperately but quite calmly operate on patients in need—but you did. And the patients lived too! Come! Surely you are not stumped by a kitchen stove!"

A kind friend had left me ingredients. I had an old cookbook, and I made a stew and it was good. The family approved. Thus I embarked upon my career as a cook. Old memories of appetizing dishes served from my mother's kitchen came to my mind. By dint of thought and other recipes, these slowly took shape. At first I was over-



A cooking secret every woman should know

A TOUCH OF AC'CENT in tonight's meal—and you'll discover a flavor secret that can make your cooking the envy of everyone! For Ac'cent, like nothing you've ever known, almost unbelievably *intensifies* food flavors, brings out more naturally good flavors already in meats, poultry, vegetables, gravies, salads—even restores, remarkably, that just-cooked taste to leftovers! Yet this wholesome vegetable substance adds no flavor of its own.

FRIED CHICKEN is tastier, more chickeny than ever when seasoned with Ac'cent. Test it by frying a portion *with* Ac'cent and another *without*, in separate pans. Season as usual. Then taste the amazing difference this "third shaker" makes! If your grocer doesn't yet have Ac'cent in the handy shaker package, send us his name and address. Amino Products, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill. *Also in Canada.*

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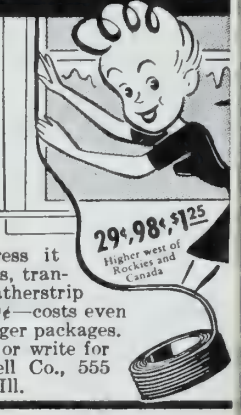
...makes good cooking taste better!



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Cordlike and pliable, Mortite is the perfect weatherstripping. Goes on in a jiffy without tools or tacks. Keeps out wind, dust, dirt. Anyone can press it around windows, doors, transoms, baseboards. Weatherstrip a whole window for 29¢—costs even less if you use the larger packages. Get Mortite at stores or write for circular. J. W. Mortell Co., 555 Burch St., Kankakee, Ill.

ACID INDIGESTION



Get **quick blessed relief** with safe Bicarbonate of Soda. Soda is the mildest of the soluble antacids, not a patent medicine . . . not habit forming. Ask **your doctor!** Just ½ teaspoonful in half glass of water quickly eases pain and discomfort of gassy stomach, indigestion or heartburn. Remember, Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P.

helmed by all I had to do. Fatigue took ossession of my body and my mind. A hun-ed times I ran up and down stairs. I made ie wrong gestures, I burned my hands and ms.

This sounds as if no one had wished to lp me, but many did. The kindness that as shown me, the presents I received to art with, were heartening indeed. But I felt had to stand on my own and learn the hard ay, for the hard way is the only way. I ow from bitter experience where it leads , to lean on others. It is only when one has arned to stand on one's own feet, when one s found a solid foundation, that it is wise good to accept help. So I declined much the kind assistance offered me, deter-ined to make a home for my children by yself with my own efforts. I learned the ays of the white stove, and then I dared to ckle the automatic laundry machine and e electric mangle.

Yes, I have spent a lot on this kitchen. It ay perhaps surprise you to find such com-ete equipment in a house for which I had first had no other furniture outside the chen except seven beds and seven chairs. nd—which seems to amuse some of my w friends—a large Oriental rug which was wedding gift to my other from her uncle, ar Alexander III.) it in making my new e I meant to have e best tools from the rt, and to wait pa-ntly until I could other things less ential. Did not your neer ancestors do e same when they gan their new life a new world? Tools re the important ngs for them too. leed, in many ways think they would re easily understand problems than you For they left a civ-ation dear and famil-to them in order to l something still re precious—the edom which men vn through the ages e discovered must ays be pursued, ained and then defended. Those men and nen who stood on the shore at Plymouth, ching the Mayflower disappear over the izon on her return trip to Old England, ld understand how one may love the sent while still cherishing the past. They o with unaccustomed hands used strange s to conquer a new land would under-nd my white and shining kitchen! I feel y close to the spirits of these ancestors of rs, who also learned to live again, as I e upon this cheerful, practical room. Soon all gather up and wash the dishes of my al meal and go to that other room to ch I have invited you.

here, too, I feel close in spirit to your estors—those who brought across an un-wn ocean a cherished bit of china, a piece ilver, a family miniature—for there I e gathered a few precious belongings m my other life. Come and look at it with for the bedroom with its white walls is castle, and it is also the whole story of life.

ER my bed hangs a beautiful Spanish ifix my mother left me in her will. It had ained in Sonnberg, my home in Austria. Russian soldier during the occupation w it out the window; a peasant child nd and hid it for me, and finally it came k to me.

ere I have also the icon my mother given at the time of my youngest her's death. She carried it always with and since her death it has never left -although only through the unexpected pathy of one of my communist guards I finally permitted to take it with me n I left Romania.

In this room I draw the curtains, which are yellow with large blue-brown designs. How strange to look out between them on twilight in an American town! They come from the very first house I ever arranged—a hunting lodge in faraway Moldavia which was left me twenty-four years ago by my father. How it shocked the old caretaker to have the heavy plush draperies replaced with such bright ones! The little rug on my floor is an old Chinese one—a soft, perfect blue—which used to lie on the floor of my mother's room in the castle at Bran. From the wall, looking down on her rug, is a water color of tulips painted by my mother, who loved flowers; and there is also a wonderful print of the sea. This is both old and new. I once had the same picture, and found a print of it here in the house of one whom today I call friend, and who gave it to me; and thus it is a tie with what was and what is.

GUARDIAN of my days and nights stands a carved statue of St. Benedict, bent in reverent and dignified prayer. Once he stood in a blue-tiled room in the castle at Sinaia beside a marble fountain gushing mountain waters. The windows behind him looked out upon the Carpathians. As a little girl, after bidding my parents good night I always paid a visit to St. Benedict, whose perfect, impassive face fascinated me. Did he know that the child who with awe-filled love kissed him good night would one day wrap him in window draperies and desperately win permission from the Russian invaders to take him across an ocean, to a strange continent? So he came here with me, and is as a living presence in my room.

On the mantelpiece are a few beautiful jades—hidden from the Russians in a chimney in Austria for four years. Beside them is a round, flat, gilded box. This holds my greatest treasure—a handful of Romanian soil brought over the Romanian frontier past Romanian guards who had betrayed their country, and who turned away and could not face me when I showed them what the little box contained.

Around me tonight there is peace, content: so much to look back on, so much to be grateful for, so much to look forward to. I am not, then, lonely, even though I am alone in this house I have invited you to visit. Besides, tomorrow the children come back from school. There will be happy cries, rushing and stamping up and down stairs, radio and phonograph going, questions and demands, arms entwined around my neck, laughter—and probably a little scolding. It will be home and a happy family life. And there are friends old and new within reach. I can call them if I choose, or they may call me.

But tonight I'd rather be still and pause a moment, before I look forward to the future or backward to the past. Like Brother Lawrence, "I have need to busy my heart with quietude."

There is one thing I cannot show you, one very important thing which I was allowed to bring with me from my old life, and which made the foundation of my new one. You can see it in a photograph of my mother there on the table [a photograph of Princess Ileana wearing this tiara appears on Page 44—ED.], but no picture can give you any idea of the living glow and the rainbow fires in the sapphire-and-diamond tiara she is wearing.

"A tiara!" you say. "Now *that* is what one expects of a princess!"

Yes, I can agree with you. This was truly a royal diadem. Nicholas I of Russia had it

BEST MAN

Ever since the tribe of Benjamin started the fashion, men have literally taken their brides. When it was impossible to gain the consent of a parent to the marriage of a likely girl, a young warrior might stage a raid. He and a friend would kidnap the girl, who of course had previously informed her lover as to the most likely time and place for the deed. When the father and outraged family followed, it was the best man who stood in the breach while the young bridegroom-to-be made his escape. Many things such as shoes, stones, clubs and a variety of worthless but handy missiles were hurled. Now and then both girl and family consented to the marriage. To appease the vanity of women, fake battles were staged. The tin can on the car and the throwing of old shoes are the modern civilized version of this popular pastime of a bygone age.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

Cranberry Sauce

as much a part of Christmas as the candles on the tree!



1951 Version: Old Fashioned Cranberry Sauce—Jellied or Whole made ready to serve by

Ocean Spray

Of course you'll serve Ocean Spray with turkey or chicken. But try these other favorite cranberry dishes, too!

Prize Christmas Salad

Looks like Christmas . . . tastes like Christmas . . . outstandingly good.

Dissolve
1 package raspberry gelatin in
1 cup hot water

Add
½ cup cold water
Chill until partially thickened.

Fold in
1 small orange, cut in chunks
½ cup pineapple chunks
1 can Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce (Jellied or Whole)
¼ cup chopped walnuts
Chill until firm. Makes 1 quart. 8 to 10 servings.
Idea: Mold in star shapes — or in cone-shaped drinking cups to make "salad trees."

Christmas Sundae

Men love it! You can't imagine how good it is until you try it.

Spoon **Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce** (just as it comes from the can) over **vanilla ice cream**. Sprinkle generously over the top: **brown sugar** and **cinnamon** mixed in this proportion . . .

½ cup brown sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon . . . or

Heat the cranberry sauce before serving. Even better. Bring the brown sugar and cranberry sauce to the table in bowls so sauce will not cool before serving.

Two ways to serve an angel-pink

Cranberry Christmas Dessert

Basic Recipe:

Mix
1 Can Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce (Jellied or Whole)
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
½ pt. heavy cream (whipped)
½ teaspoon almond extract
Freeze in refrigerator at coldest setting. Serves 6.

How to Serve:

1. Freeze and serve in parfait or sherbet glasses. Pass Christmas cookies with it.
2. Put dessert in refrigerator tray. Over top sprinkle crumb mixture made with:
¾ cup gingersnap crumbs
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons butter, softened, not melted
Freeze. Slice and serve. Serves 6-8

Nice thing about this dessert is you can make it the day before. Keep it stored in freezer tray.

made for his wife when he became emperor in 1825. Through his granddaughter, my mother's mother, it descended eventually to me. My mother wore it at her coronation in 1922. She chose it, also, to wear on state occasions during the visit she made to this country. And so the tiara and I both entered the United States twice, and together. My mother had given it to me when I was married in 1931. I lent it to her to wear at the Jubilee of King George V of England, and she left it in her bank in London because of unsettled conditions at home. After her death I had no small trouble in claiming it, but I got it away from England just before World War II actually began. I kept it in Austria until 1943, when I smuggled it into Romania, and from there I saved it from the communists when I left in 1948. It went to Switzerland with me, and then to Argentina, where I pawned it to put money into an unfortunate business that failed. Its adventures as a single piece of jewelry were then almost over, for it became evident that I must try to sell it in order to pay our debts.

Because by this time I was suffering severely from arthritis, I received permission in May, 1950, to come to the United States for medical treatment. As I gathered all my forces, physical and financial, to make this trip, I felt desperately that I was nearing the end of my endurance. I pawned everything I had of value in order to leave my family in Buenos Aires the money to live on, and in order to redeem the tiara. I could not afford to insure something whose "breakup" value had once been appraised at $80,000, so I decided to wrap it in my nightgown and keep it with me in a small bag. Thus with $300, a ticket to Boston and a hidden tiara, I prepared to enter the United States for the second time.

It was a thirty-hour trip by air—over the Andes and finally over the Caribbean—and I had plenty of time to think. Bursitis in my left arm made me barely able to move it, and my back and feet were one continual ache from arthritis.

Six months earlier my two older children had received scholarships in preparatory schools—one in Pennsylvania and one in Massachusetts—and their letters had been showing a growing confidence and contentment. For most of their lives they had been the victims of war and its accompanying anxieties, first in their father's homeland and then in mine, and the younger children could not remember any other conditions. My husband and I had sought security and a new life for them in Switzerland and then in Argentina, but we had not found it. Could it be that somehow, in the friendly country I had visited as a girl, I might find a new home for them? What princess who is also a mother would not give up a diadem to gain a home for her children!

Anxious, weary, in pain but strangely hopeful, I finally arrived in Miami, where the long flight was interrupted. I lined up for customs inspection. When it was my turn and I answered that I had something to declare, I asked if I could unpack my bag in private. The officer was good-humored, but a little impatient with my hesitation. When I insisted, he made it clear that he thought I was being a nuisance.

"What have you got there, anyway—a corpse?" he asked.

However, when he finally led me to an office it was obvious that he did not know quite what to do when a tiara turned up in the luggage he inspected. He touched the central sapphire a little gingerly. Since it weighed 125 carats, it was nearly the size of a man's pocket watch. Was it real? he wanted to know. When I assured him that it was, he looked still more harassed, but finally he decided that he would send it to Boston "in bond." Together we wrapped it in a newspaper and put it into a box, which he duly sealed and ticketed. It was with a qualm, I confess, that I watched it put into the luggage compartment of the plane for Boston before I myself embarked. If it should somehow be lost, I was losing everything I had, and it was now out of my hands!

Arriving in Boston, I was told that since it was Sunday, all offices were closed, and I would have to wait to claim my "package." I knew no one in Boston except the friend who, with her husband's help, had arranged for me to come to this country. Since she could not be sure of the time of my arrival, I was to let her know when I got to the airport. I found a telephone and stood looking at it stupidly, giddy from my thirty hours' flight and full of pain. I had no idea how to use a dial telephone, but I was in the United States, where people are kind. A friendly gentleman found the number for me and called my friend. While I waited for her to come and fetch me I tried to forget my anxiety by looking back across the years since I had seen her—twenty-five, to be exact.

I had been fifteen years old then, learning my way in social work, and an enthusiastic member of the Romanian Girl Reserves. Helen Jackson—dark-haired, with a gay, round face and twinkling eyes—had come to Bucarest to help start the industrial section of the Y.W.C.A. there. Her songs and fun put us all at ease, and I loved the opportunities to be with her group of girls. Helen, her job completed, left Bucarest to carry on elsewhere; I grew up; the years passed with their joys and griefs. She was now Mrs. John Beale, with hair turned gray, but kindness still unchanged.

Helen and Jack Beale opened the doors of their home to me until I found a home of my own. They drove me to Newton along the Charles River, and I found it beautiful—so green and sunny, so clean and free. Then and there I fell in love with New England.

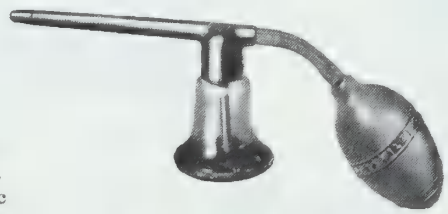
In the joy of seeing my two older children again—so changed and grown in the months they had been away—in the need of rest and immediate medical care at the Lahey Clinic (once I had found a temporary haven, I seemed for a time almost to collapse from the long anxiety I had suffered), the diadem was temporarily pushed to the back of my mind. When I did think of it, I felt confident of its safety in this friendly country.

Ten days of rest and hospital treatment made me able to find my way to the customhouse and inquire for my "parcel." It took some time for the officials to trace it, and I felt some stabs of alarm until it was finally located in a safe in another building.

Does Your Throat Feel Ticklish?



WE'VE all suffered from one of these persistent little tickles that keep us coughing. Your doctor, of course, knows of a number of solutions which will soothe and alleviate this condition. When he prescribes one he'll probably advise you to apply it with an atomizer. That's because he knows of the scientific research which has demonstrated the superiority of atomization over gargling. Atomization reaches *more* of the affected area—thus often helps bring quicker relief. Your druggist carries DeVilbiss Atomizers—both to use at home, or leak-proof pocket atomizers for use at business or while traveling. The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo 1, Ohio, and Windsor, Ontario.



DeVILBISS

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FORGOTTEN CHILDREN

In the wake of war, 13,000,000 abandoned, starving, wounded children trailed across Europe. Begging for enough food to stay alive, 3,000,000 haunted Italy; 250,000 roamed through France; in Greece, one child of every eight was left alone; in Korea, the numbers still grow.

War's end has brought them little. It has found them some rest in orphanages of the world, in children's villages; but often, not enough food. Many still suffer from serious nutritional deficiencies contracted during the wartime.

Remember the World's Forgotten Children for Christmas. A $10 gift to CARE will send a package of food to an orphanage or children's village in one of twenty countries in Europe or Asia. CARE packages of clothing material and food can be sent for $4; a holiday dinner of a whole canned turkey and all the trimmings for a dozen people, for $18.75. To their impoverished schools, you can send a $10 package of children's books.

Send your gift to CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y., or to any local CARE office.

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Evenflo at the Hospital

Mrs. Wojno is happy that she had her baby at the Peoples Hospital in Akron, Ohio. Little Tommy and she got off to the best mother-son relations over the Evenflo Nursers which that hospital uses exclusively. Their few minutes together were always pleasant since Tommy easily got all the food he wanted without gagging or gas pains.

Mrs. Wojno plans to use Evenflo at home, too. She figures if a hospital handling so many babies a week uses Evenflo, it must certainly be just right for one baby.

Get Evenflo for your baby at Baby Shops, drug and dept. stores.

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MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Everyone was very matter-of-fact about the whole thing, both then and the next day, when we all met by appointment in an office of the customhouse. Everyone was very matter-of-fact until the parcel was opened, and the officials saw what had been lying about the office for ten days—for even I, who was so familiar with it, felt always a thrill of delight at the radiance of blue-and-white fire when the tiara was suddenly brought into the light.

The faces of the men revealed their shocked amazement. They gasped. Then one smiled, relieved.

"But of course you have this insured!" he said.

"No," I told him calmly. "Why should I? It has escaped the Nazis and the communists. Naturally I did not expect to lose it here!"

They were evidently uncertain whether to laugh or to scold me; but from that moment we were friends! One of the men asked me to autograph a visitors' register he kept—"with all your titles and things!" he explained; and I was tempted to draw him a little sketch of the tiara as a souvenir. The age of the jewel was found to make it free of customs, so eventually I walked off with it under my arm—still in its somewhat battered cardboard box—and I mailed the package to a jeweler in New York. Finally, it was sold for a sum much below its value. It was both beautiful and splendid, but my children were in need. As it stood, it neither fed nor clothed nor warmed us. I could not even wear it'

So I was grateful on the day when it was gone, even though I felt a traitor to the past and all the proud heads that had worn it. I wondered if my ancestors were turning in their graves—and then I remembered that hardly any of them have graves any more. Does this sound strange to you? It is because the communist and the revolutionist fear the dead and destroy their bodies. Those graves of heroes which have been shrines for the people, those tombs of rulers which bear testimony to the proud history of a nation—all of them are violated. The remains of bodies are dug up and burned, their ashes are scattered and the ground is leveled. So it may well be with the graves of my parents, although when I was exiled in 1948 theirs had not yet been touched.

Even then, however, there had begun a violation of which this destruction of graves is but a symbol.

Before I left Romania I talked about this with Emil Bodnaras, then communist Secretary of the Cabinet. I asked him why the communists were circulating slanders which they knew to be false.

"But surely you can see why this must be," he told me calmly. "You and your class must go. The past must go. As we destroy the very ashes of the dead so that nothing remains, so we must destroy every vestige of love and respect for their memory in the hearts and minds of the people. What your mother did for the people—what you have done for them—must first be tarnished and then blotted out."

Well, the graves have been destroyed. It remains to be seen if the past can be wiped out so simply and completely. Perhaps it will be like my tiara, lost to me in one form, but still helping and protecting me in another. It had been a gift from my mother, and what it enabled me to do I consider also her gifts: to pay my debts of two years' standing; to make a first payment on a home in New England; to go back to Buenos Aires and bring the four other children to the United States; to put them in school; to take a respite in which I could regain my health and find a way of earning my livelihood.

"*Il faut faire face à la vie car la vie aime les braves*"—It is necessary to turn around and confront life, for life loves the brave: so my mother once wrote in a book she dedicated to a friend. Many years later, in a time of great trouble for me, I found and opened that book—and the message was as if my mother had spoken to me in that hour.

(To be Continued)



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GIRLS! *Write Little Lady, Dept. L, 785 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a free miniature bottle of Little Lady Toilet Water.*

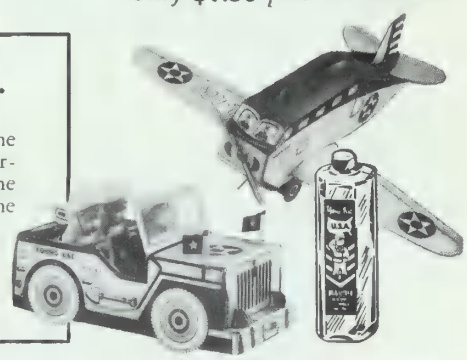
Little Lady

The Xmas Book pictured on the left is just one of the many fabulous gifts in the famous Little Lady Line and contains Toilet Water in a candle shaped bottle with a red flame-like tip . . . and nestled alongside the candle bottle are two cakes of Little Lady soap. Surprise! The cover of the book is a beautiful Christmas card ready for gift signature.

Only **$1.50** *plus 20c Fed. tax.*

Young Lad U.S.A.

Pictured on the right are just two of the many exciting packages in this star-spangled group of toiletries. The airplane contains a large bottle of Shampoo in the bomb-bay and the Jeep is ready to go into "action" with three hand-painted castile soap figures of Young Lad in uniform. *Each* **$1.00** (*no fed. tax*).



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FREE! Write for Fashion Academy Award Folder. Dept. LD-1, S.W. FARBER, INC., NEW YORK 54

URDA HAS A SILVER DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 43)

"He has already made a red Santa Claus in school," ma said. "With sandpaper for a sack. If there is one thing pa needs, it is a match scratcher."

I nodded, and almost let it slip about the picture with the pasted-on Star of the East, that ma was to get. And I had already seen twice, because Lars was only five and couldn't wait, the pasted-together sled of red paper, for hard candies, that would be mine.

"I'll wash up the dishes first, ma," I said, standing on one foot and praying hard inside. And the prayer came true.

"You'd better get the shopping done," ma said, "before the best things are bought out. I'll do the dishes this morning."

I stood on the front porch afterward, in button-on leggings, and tam-o'-shanter over my ears, and mitts on a string, and the coat ma had made from her last-five-years' coat. Around me, down that way and up that way, Iron Valley looked like the big bowl of lingonberried whipped cream that ma always set out to spread her big, thin, sweet Swedish pancakes with. I took a deep breath. It was cold and sharp, like a drink of water after peppermint candy, inside. I thought which way to go? Behind the house was the caves way. The caves were broken red fallings-in of the earth, in summer. But now, with the snow, they mounded over like a birthday cake before the candles.

The streetcar ran past the house—up to Jessieville, that way, down to Hurley, that. In the summer the tracks were just a warning and a racket. Sometimes you pressed pins into crossed scissors, by laying them on the rail and letting the wheels run over. Pa licked you when he caught you at that. But now, today, this morning just a frozen breath away from Christmas, the tracks were no flat ribbons laid on flat earth. Last night the plow had come and chewed its way through the drifts, and its breath had stood like crushed stars around it. And now you could walk between mountains, all the way down to Montreal River.

I CHECKED again, to make sure the dollar lay safe in the little coin purse on the top of the white-bearded last-Christmas muff that hung by a ribbon down on my middle. And then I stepped off the porch and over my leggings in the drifts, and turned leftward onto the packed glass-hard road that was the tracks.

One of the big streetcars came bumping. I stepped quickly into the first recess that had been cut into the drifted mountain specially to stand and wait in. I waved at Motorman Ohlin, who waved back from up front. And I waved at Conductor Liljegren, who waved back from behind.

I was so busy thinking, as I walked, of the mountains of licorice buttons at four for a penny that you could buy with a whole silver dollar, I forgot to turn at Lutheran Church corner. I was across Norfolk, and I was across Suffolk, and I was still walking and thinking, when I realized. Just as I was about to turn and go back then, I saw the new sign over the new store. *Schuster's Bazaar.*

I had heard enough about that *bazaar!* Pa, ma, all the people. When the store had moved in, last summer, all the way from Chicago or somewhere, everybody said it would not last. Everybody said no one would buy. Yet you'd go somewhere and there would be a new hammer, or a new set of dishes, or a new doll buggy. And ma would ask, or pa would ask, "From where?" And after a while you'd find out, Schuster's Bazaar. And quickly, right away, "I saved eighteen cents!" Or twenty-eight, or something.

I STOOD there in the middle of the glassy track, between the two high snow mountains, and made myself think about the ladies Bergman and their little store. And I touched my mitten to where my dollar was, in the muff. And I thought, *Eighteen cents!* I climbed through the drifts, and walked quickly into the dark beyond the Bazaar sign that screeled and waggled.

It was so full of people, pushing at me from behind and stopping me in front, at first I couldn't see anything. And then I realized there really were lights burning, bulbs dangling on twisted cords that hung from way up high in a gray-painted steel ceiling. And the walls were gray-painted too. I looked for the evergreen, the red berries, the colored-paper chrysanthemums that were always at the Bergmans', Christmas. There wasn't anything but just things laid tight on tables. I tried to smell Christmas with my nose. All I could smell was the shut-in smell of the store, and the sweat of the people pushing.

I walked and looked without touching, tried to make myself remember about the eighteen cents more my dollar could maybe buy. And the thought came, suddenly like a slap, maybe it wasn't Christmas at all? Maybe it was just any day, last summer? You couldn't tell, here at Schuster's Bazaar!

I turned and pushed blindly at the wool knees behind me, until they gave. And then I ran and ran.

I didn't miss Suffolk Street, this time. I ran the two blocks up to Vaughn. And I ran up the footstep walk in the snow, all the way up Vaughn, to the Bergmans'.

Outside the green-painted storm front, I just stood and breathed myself full. I looked at the window where the oldest old lady, Mrs. Bergman herself, sat. It was full of geraniums and myrtle, with here and there a crepe-paper flower stuck in to keep the real flowers from being lonesome. I looked at

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Other Views, Sizes and Price of Vogue Pattern on Pages 60 and 61.

Vogue Design No. 7544. Coat-dress. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 60¢.



7544

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)

he other window, where the other Bergman ady, that everybody in Iron Valley called Anna Greta, kept her candies that were haped like little fishes.

The glass jars stood there, scrubbed so hey had little rainbows in them. And each was filled with fish candies that were brighter han the last—spun white; spun white with elts of clear scarlet; brown sugar; brown ugar belted with clear brown; clear brown ishes that tasted of anise; round little white atties that melted peppermint over your ongue; round little pink pellets that melted wintergreen over your tongue. And laced in nd out among the jars, green and rich so ou could all but smell them right through he windowpane, were the Christmas-tree ranches. I took a deep breath again. And hen I opened the two doors and went inside.

Old Lady Bergman sat at her place just nside the door, sewing a blue satin dress for he big doll with the china hands and feet rom Butler Brothers in Chicago, and the leeping-eye head with the long real curls. I ent at the knees to her and wiped my feet ood so the snow wouldn't trail dark on the lean-scrubbed rag rug.

Old Anna Greta was waiting on Charlie who had the saloon, and Pastor Gustafson who had the Methodist Church. She looked up at me and her brown eyes danced in her head like a bird's.

"Good Christmas, Urda!" Anna Greta said, across all the pretty dolls tied into their boxes.

"Good Christmas, Anna Greta . . . Charlie, Pastor Gustafson!" I said. And I bent at the knees again, the way ma said you must do when you are young, to those older and wiser than you.

"Snuff for your papa?" she said. "Oh, and tell him we have those new stereopticons of Stockholm he asked for."

I drew myself straight. "I am here shopping for Christmas," I said. "All by myself. With a whole silver dollar!"

Charlie reached and pulled the tassel on my tam-o'-shanter. "You tell your pa," he said, "that I said to keep your money under your hat, when you come to spend it. They are not all as honest as Anna Greta, here. When they learn you have two prices to pay, the merchants, they will ask you two prices. Eh, Gustafson?"

Pastor Gustafson only smiled under his brown mustache, and the smile slid and hid in his fine brown beard. "You ask a pastor about business, Charlie?"

Someone else, of all the people waiting, had taken Anna Greta, now. She called at me over her shoulder.

"You go and look, Urda," she said. "And then you find what you want, you come and tell me."

I STOOD there over the sawbuck counter with all the open doll boxes, the steel-strip doll beds with flowery mattresses and canopies, the coiled-wire doll buggies, the sewing baskets with a million spools of thread, each another color. I stopped in front of the brown wood tool chest with the real hammer and saw and nails, and I thought of Lars. I slid farther along the rough wood to where the fine boxes were, each with a lumpy plaster hairbrush and comb and mirror, clasped against draped yellow and red and purple satin. I thought of ma's plain wood brush that she kept hidden. I stopped in front of the pipes—straight pipes and writhing pipes and pipes with cords and tassels, each on its half shell of red velvet. You just snapped the velvet-lined lid tight, and—there was Christmas for pa! And over here, inked silver, with heart and key, waiting to have its tissued paper for your wrist. And over there, a real iron cookstove like ma's own, with four lids that lifted, and a real chimney for the smoke!

"Well, Urda?" Anna Greta called from the other end of the counter. "Do you see anything yet?"

I was just opening my mouth to say, "Not yet!" And my mouth just hung there. For there it was. My hand reached for it, and there it stayed. I couldn't touch the thing. I could only stand and stare at it. And as I stood there, the Christmas smells of Anna Greta's store crowded around me: raw wood from the packing boxes, the green growth all around, the smell of the fire that crisped and crackled and talked to itself in the tall black stove on its four skinny legs, the bakings and the cookings in the kitchen beyond. Over my head, on string after string, dangled the Christmas-tree candies that Anna Greta had made out of bright tissue, crimped at the ends, gold paper strippings, lithographed Christ pictures, squares or fingers of candy. Aware I was of all of them. But all I saw was . . . the thing.

IT stood among its fellows, the small chest of drawers. Around it, studded as thickly with small shells, were handkerchief boxes and ring boxes and pincushions and picture frames. There was a flash of red velvet here, scarlet satin there. There was even a companion small bookcase with two real windowpane doors. But all I saw was the chest of drawers. It was of green-plaid paper. Each drawer had two brass draw rings. A small square mirror finished the top. And up the sides and down the sides and around the corners, shells, shells, shells. I knew I had never seen anything so beautiful in all my life.

"Ah, I see you have found what you want, Urda?" Anna Greta said.

The tool chest for Lars, the lumpy dresser set for ma, the elaborate pipe in its split case for pa—even the iron stove for myself—they vanished as if they had never been.

"How much?" It was all the breath I had.

Anna Greta leaned and picked up the chest from under my pointing finger. My heart stopped with fear as her hand took it—took it lightly, as if it were just anything. She stood the chest on its head.

"Well, Urda, it seems to say ——" she said.

I saw the $1.75 too! I turned my back and pretended that the bellyband that held one of the dolls needed tying.

"But this is a mistake!" Anna Greta scolded. "That careless girl—I told her that this chest is to be exactly one dollar! And here she goes and marks it one-seventy-five! *Tcha!*"

"You mean, a dollar!" I almost upset the chest out of her hand, I turned back so quickly.

"And, oh, my but it will make a good Christmas present!" Anna Greta said.

I marched up the street with it, later, done into tissue paper and wrapping paper and finally into a great square *Narrköping's* snuffbox. And the snow was a summer's cloud under my feet. And the ice-spittled wind was April breathing over rained-on lilacs.

At our gate I ran into someone I hadn't seen running down the street. I slid my precious box out of the way and glared at the Shelley boy across the top of it.

"Hey, Swede kid!" he shouted. "Gonna eat up all that *Norrkopping snuss* before Christmas, hey?"

"Howard Shelley!" I yelled back at him. "With the buckskin belly!" And then I ran.

In the front hall Lars came flying at me. "Look at the big Anna Greta box! What I got for Christmas in it? Huh, Urda? Show me!"

Before I could get my wind, ma came. "Hush, Lars! You'll wake your pa. And it's not time to wake pa for work for another

Bill Nye, the celebrated humorist, happened to be sitting with a friend when the train in which they were riding was stopped by bandits. While one robber held a gun on the engineer, his partners entered the coaches and began stripping the passengers of watches, jewelry and wallets.

Nye twisted nervously in his seat as the brigands came nearer and nearer. Finally he reached in his pocket, withdrew a twenty-dollar bill and handed it to his friend.

"Here, Luther," he said. "Here's that twenty I owe you."

—WEBB B. GARRISON.



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YOU CAN USE THEM LIKE A CLOTH!



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Just press the magic Reddi-wip spout and out swirls a mound of delicious cream, fresh-whipped *automatically* to your order. No waste, no fuss—no bowls or beaters to wash. And no last-minute failures!

Reddi-wip is economical, too. Dozens of delicious servings in every handy, throw-away container. Let Reddi-wip save you time and money in the busy days ahead. Order Reddi-wip from your grocer or milkman today!



Christmas Mince Pie

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COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

Fruit Cake a la Reddi-wip

Your family will love Reddi-wip on fruit cake and all traditional Christmas desserts. And you'll love the time and work Reddi-wip saves. Try it on cakes, pies, puddings—to give that festive Yuletide touch!

Kris Kringle Gelatin

Use a package each of strawberry and lime gelatin desserts. Fill mold half full of strawberry gelatin. Chill until set. Prepare lime gelatin. Let cool. Pour on top of strawberry gelatin. Chill. Garnish with maraschino cherries and serve with a generous mound of Reddi-wip. Easy to make—delicious to eat.

Ask your Grocer or Milkman for Reddi-wip

hour. My, Urda!" She looked at my great armful of box. "Oh, my, so many things you must have bought! I hope you remembered to get something for yourself too?"

And suddenly I stood there and looked at ma. At Lars. And the breathless treasure I carried was only a cardboard carton for snuff. And, little as the tissue-paper-wrapped jewel it held was, it dragged at my arms with the weight of all sin.

"Hurry up, go hide it away, Urda," ma said. "Better lock it in your closet. Lars doesn't always remember that Christmas is something to wait for. There is coffee. Fresh. And the cardamon braid is fresh out of the oven."

I went slowly up the stairs, and locked my room, and stood on a chair to push the box from Bergmans' far into a corner of a closet shelf.

Ma said had I had too many Anna Greta peppermint fish? When had she ever known me, she said, to eat only one slice of white Christmas coffee braid?

You could hide a box. That I learned, those next days, you could hide a box far out of sight on a closet shelf. But to hide it from remembering in your mind —— You went back to it and back to it, like your tongue into the hole where your tooth ached.

And the littlest thing, those last days before Christmas! Pa, stopping where I was helping ma with the dishes, rubbing my braids over my head. "The young lady of the house, who buys her own presents for Christmas. What do you think of her, Anna?" pa would say. And what ma said back, I couldn't even hear. It was as if my head were tied up in that *Narrköping's* box, locked there upstairs, with the little, little, little thing inside it that was all my dollar, my great big silver dollar, had bought for all four of us!

Mostly, though, it was Lars. What you buy me, Urda? What you buy me, Urda? While I was seeing that he scrubbed his ears in the morning. While I was seeing that his feet were clean before he stuck them into his sleepers at night, the way ma said. What you got for me, Urda?

"I'll tell you what ma got you." He would even get up and stick his head through the door between his room and mine, after ma and pa had said good night. "I'll tell you what ma got that's blue, and silk, and ties. If you tell me? Huh, Urda?"

And I sat there and looked at him across the brass bedstead. And I thought, *All right, tell him! What would you say, Master Lars Larson, if you knew about that cardboard chest of drawers, not so big as pa's hand, hardly, all lumpy with shells sticking out all over?*

That was the night I crept up and took down the snuffbox. Behind locked doors, quietly so ma shouldn't hear and come knocking, I untied and unwrapped. And sat looking. I could feel the goose bumps in the cold, as I looked.

"That thing!" I said. "That little stinkin' thing!"

I COULD see the tool chest. I could see the pipe in its red velvet bed. I could see ma's dresser, with the lumpy white plaster brush and comb and mirror, cradled in yellow shining satin. I looked again at the little, little handful of paper and make-believe, studded with shells.

"I'll bring it back!" I said. And suddenly I felt good all over. Good, as if ma had lifted off a wet raincoat from me. So good, I stood up in my hurry to repack. And then just stood there, looking at the thing—on the floor, now, where my sudden movement had tossed it.

I knelt and, not breathing, picked it up. I was saying little prayers, *Dear God, Dear God!* I sat back on my cold heels, so relieved that the thing still was whole that I felt a little sick. And then I saw. It was not whole. I picked up a whole corner of shells from where they lay on the bedside rug. I could only sit there and look at them, the chest with its bald corner showing through, the clump of shells that said no to my selling Anna Greta back my first lesson in bargaining.

I couldn't sleep very much that night, either. I kept dreaming. The little shelled-up chest seemed to be standing all alone on a big open place. And then it would begin to rain, not soft singing rain but great big packages of rain done up in brown paper and red string. And it would rain and rain and rain. And when I looked, there was no green-plaid paper chest there at all. Only a mountain of brown-wrapped bundles. There were white bits of paper. I could read them, even all that dreaming way. *To Pa. To Ma. To Lars. To—Urda!* That last was the worst. It woke me up.

Ma took Lars down to the stores next day. Lars had that secret look, you-tell-me-I'll-tell-you. I couldn't look back. Ma said to keep an eye on the *dopp* kettle, while she was gone. I said yes, I would. Lars yelled, "Don't eat up all the sausage!" Ma said, turning around in the door, "I almost wish you would, Urda! You haven't eaten as much as the new kitty, hardly! Goodness, if you're laid up with bronchitis or something, for Christmas!"

I WAS stirring the great pot of cooking meats and sausage, lightly with the fork the way ma had showed me. Pa came down, yawning from his sleep. It was almost time for him to go on shift. It would be his last until after Christmas. Pa always took off, though both he and ma said he really couldn't afford to lose the time. But—Christmas, they said.

"Ah," pa said. "Just in time for a stolen bit of dunking!"

I nodded and gave him a slice of ma's white bread. He broke off a little corner, dipped lightly into the bubbling broth, blew and tasted slowly.

"But for goodness' sake, girl, not you? Here!"

I shook my head.

"Already too full?" pa said.

I let him believe it.

"Mamma and Lars back soon? I'm a hungry man!" pa said.

"Everything's ready for supper when they come," I said.

"Christmas!" pa said. "Rice pudding, all milk and cinnamon and sugar. *Lutfisk* in all that cream sauce with the chopped eggs. And—*doppa* in the kettle!"

"Yes, pa," I said. I gave him another slice of bread.

But pa just sat down. He took my hand, not the bread. He sat and looked at me, and his eyes were no taller than mine.

"Things get bigger and bigger, like a balloon blowing up, when you keep them inside you," pa said. "Open your mouth and talk. And out they come. And you'll be surprised, they're really not big at all!"

I stood and tried not to look. I felt as if one breath and all the buttons on my red dress would fly all over the kitchen. I looked back up at pa.

"That silver dollar," I said. "All I went and spent it for was just a cardboard box with shells on it."

Pa looked down at my hand that still had the bread in it. He looked back at me. "It must have been a very pretty box. With shells on it."

I could feel the bubble of my crime shrinking inside me and giving me room for breath. "But it's just a silly old cardboard box with a piece of glass on top of it, pa! Just a silly old paper box with rings on the drawers!"

"Drawers?" pa said. "How many drawers would you say, Urda?"

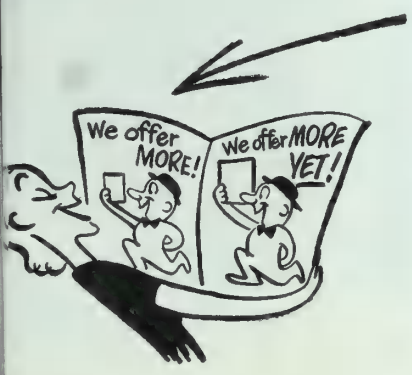
"Four, pa!" I said. I had counted them often enough, first like a miser and then like the chafing sackclothed sinner I was.

"Four," pa said.

"For you, pa," I said. "For ma. And for Lars. And for you, pa. And for the house. We always give the house! Just that silly old box with shells on it, for you and ma and Lars and the house!"

Pa wasn't even listening. "Four drawers." I watched him take out his big gold watch. It hung by a braided chain, goldish like ma's hair because it was ma's hair. A bangle hung on the chain. When you opened it, there was a tiny picture inside, of ma with me when I was a baby. "I've always wanted a place to keep things like this. A nice safe place. A drawer, say. With rings on it."

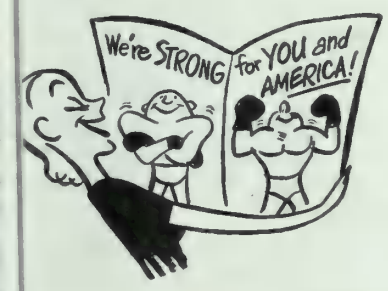
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Ma came then, with Lars lusting in ahead. And I stood and tried not to look at all the packages pa was helping her lock into the hall closet. And then we ate. And somehow I got things down so ma shouldn't notice how hard.

It was Christmas Eve next day. And even I was too busy to think much about anything besides helping ma, and standing still for the last fitting of the dress I should wear to church Christmas Night for piece-speaking, and trying to pin that butterfly piece itself to my mind so it shouldn't fly away and leave me standing there in front of everybody with my mouth open. It was a Swedish piece, and I kept stumbling over one word—*korset*. It meant The Cross. It sounded like what ma had pa help lace herself into, when she dressed up special.

Pa was home all day, Christmas Eve. I heard when he and Lars brought in the Christmas tree. I needn't have heard. I could smell. It took the whole forest I had never seen, but had heard pa talk so much of, into the corner of the parlor with it. It stood there and held up the ceiling with a long green-whiskered finger that after tonight would be wearing a star.

It was bedtime early. The *Jul Gubbe* would have to come and help pa and ma fix the tree, and Lars must be sleeping or he would go again. Ma was bending over the kitchen table, with all the papers and string and cards and things saved from last year.

"Come and choose, so you can wrap," she said. "Lars? Urda?"

I watched Lars grab himself a handful of the gaudiest, go running. Without thinking, I laid my hand on a dark green oatmeal paper ma had pressed the wrinkles out of.

"Only one, Urda?" ma said. "You'll be needing four or five, won't you?"

I reached blindly. And turned and went upstairs. And then I locked the door against peeping Lars. And sat down on the bed, and just sat there.

After a while I had to go and get the *Narrköping's* snuffbox. I took out the thing in the tissue paper and just held it. I heard ma come up and scold Lars and shut his door on him, and go downstairs. As she passed my room she called:

"Everything all right, Urda?"

"Yes, ma," I said.

My hands were cold and my feet were cold and I could feel my teeth talking to themselves. I had a sudden impulse to take the shelled silly box in my lap and throw it at the far wall. I picked it up, even. The tissue paper slid away. My eyes went to the corner with the gaping place where the shells had come off.

There was no naked corner. The shells were fixed again. I leaned and sniffed. Glue, like the glue that had fastened on my doll's hair when it had come off last year.

"Pa," I said. I touched the corner. It was secure. "Pa!" And then I was hearing him again. Just as if he stood there: "Four drawers. *Four* drawers!"

NOT thinking, I pulled at one of the brass rings. The top drawer slid forward. It was deep and secure. It was lined with a sharp pink paper. I thought of pa's bangle for his watch chain. A safe place, pa had said. A *safe place!*

And then I was up, flying around the room. Still in its box I found the little silver pencil I had got from my cousin in Chicago. Lars had begged and begged for it. There was a silk handkerchief with pictures painted all over it. I had saved and saved it for best, but no best had come that was important enough. It would look pretty, pinned to ma's blouse shoulder. I slid off its narrow black velvet ribbon the tiny locket grandma in Sweden had sent me. That would go just right on pa's watch chain. It had a twist of pa's own baby hair in it.

I sat down then at the desk pa had made me, and printed cards. And then I tied. And I didn't know how cold I was, even. I wound and wound the tissue paper, carefully so no single shell should come loose. And then I wrapped around the green oatmeal paper. And then the brown wrapping paper, tied with red string.

THE house was so still when I opened the door and tiptoed downstairs. But even so, even though I had waited to hear everyone come upstairs, I held my breath going down. I felt my way, tiptoe in my knitted slippers, until I found the parlor door. I pushed it open, and then closed it behind me. And then I was kneeling in front of the tree.

Back at the door again, I stopped and stood listening, holding my heart in my throat with both hands. But no, that was nobody coming downstairs. There was only me, awake in all this Christmas house. And that great dark shadow of a tree, wearing its scarlet cranberries and its popcorn snow and its spangles and its star on top.

I stood with my cold hand on the knob and looked around the room. The treasure mountain of brown-wrapped bundles. The rainbows frozen to the windowpanes. The great round mirror, that usually hung below the cuckoo clock, that lay now like a still lake under the tree for the Christmas goat and the Christmas pig to repeat themselves in. The pearl-mothered wash over everything.

I could hear the cuckoo striking. I counted. Twelve.

While it was still not day, we would be up and on our way to *Julotta*, all of us. And tomorrow would be a long wild day, from breakfast and the presents, when we came back from church, to Christmas supper and church tomorrow night. There would be the long-dance around the Christmas tree, ma and pa and Lars and me and whoever else came in. There would be singing around ma at the tramping organ. There would be the going from door to door through the snow, with presents, yelling Good Christmas until you had no wind in your lungs.

I yawned. I must go back to bed. I was sleepy. It felt so good.

Just as I turned to close the door behind me I saw the tall chest ma had brought to Michigan with her, from home in Sweden. Its rubbed walnut top was bare. But even as I idly glanced at it, I could see as if it stood there now what must surely stand there tomorrow. The tissue would be off. And the green paper. And the brown. The big card ma would have hung from the mirror. I shut my eyes and read it as if it showed there now. *To my house. And everybody in it.* And tied to each little drawer ring—*To Lars. To Ma. To Pa!* Treasure of shell-studded green-checkered cardboard, I thought. That I could have doubted for even a minute!

I saw it, still in its brown paper under the tree, as I closed the door. The fattest, reddest, shiningest tree bell dipped and bobbed over it, like a divining rod over a cache of inestimable treasure. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Young Daughter

By Marion Lineaweaver

Rose-round arms
Flung up and over
The spread fan
Of her coal-black hair;
Her lawn gown
Hung up with the cover
Of lavendered linen,
Leaving bare
The soft, wild,
Animal child.

Leaning nearer,
Touching her hand,
Breathing her skin
Like leaves, like sand,
I see that her dusky eyes
Are open, smiling a little—
Not at me—
Looking at something
I never see.

I saw it once,
As a girl of eleven,
Worldly-wise
When the world was heaven.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Here's a trick that keeps custard pie crusts crisp



—another pie-baking hint from MARIE GIFFORD, *Armour's famous home economist*

Bake your favorite custard in a *separate* pie tin—one that's the same size as the baked pie shell. Cool until lukewarm. Run a knife around the custard edge—then slip the baked custard into the crust and serve. This way the undercrust stays as crisp as can be!



Your pie crusts will be deliciously flaky and tender, too—when you use Armour Star Lard. It's America's perfect pie lard—the lard of pie-baking champions! Armour Star Lard comes in the handy self-measuring cartons with Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe printed on them. Try this easy, can't-fail recipe next time you bake. It's exactly the right recipe for this new-type lard that needs no refrigeration. You mix all ingredients at *room temperature!*

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 469, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois. She will help you with any pie-baking problem you may have. Write to Marie Gifford, too, for an interesting free booklet of her favorite baking recipes.



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Christmas is for Children



Old-Time Brer Rabbit Treats

for the young... and young in heart

COOKIES TO DECORATE

1 c. shortening	4½ c. sifted all-purpose flour
1 c. Brer Rabbit Molasses*	4 tsp. ginger
1 egg	1 tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. lemon extract	1 tsp. salt

Slowly melt shortening; cool. Add molasses, egg and lemon extract; beat well. Sift together flour, ginger, baking soda and salt; add to first mixture. Wrap dough in waxed paper; chill. Roll out small amount of dough at a time ⅛" thick on lightly floured board. Cut with fancy shaped cutter. Place on greased baking sheet; bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 12-15 minutes.

Decorate with tinted frosting, red cinnamon drops, silver, red, or green shot, bits of citron or angelica.

RECIPES GALORE yours for the asking! Send your name to Penick & Ford, Dept. H-3, New Orleans 7, La. for a choice collection of *superb* cookie recipes. Happy Holidays, everyone!

APPLES ON A STICK

1 c. Gold Label Brer Rabbit Molasses	
1 c. sugar	¼ c. water
1 tsp. cider vinegar	2 tbsps. butter
⅓ tsp. salt	6-7 medium apples

Combine molasses, sugar, vinegar, salt and water. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, to 270° F. (or when a small quantity dropped into cold water forms a hard but not brittle thread.) Remove from heat and place over hot water. Add butter. Insert wooden skewers in stem end of apples and dip into syrup covering entire surface. Remove from syrup, twirling to give an even coating. Cool on greased baking sheet.





MOLASSES MINT BROWNIES

½ c. butter or margarine	¾ c. sifted all-purpose flour
¼ c. Brer Rabbit Molasses*	¼ tsp. salt
1 c. sugar	½ c. chopped walnut meats
2 eggs	½ tsp. vanilla
16 chocolate peppermint patties, broken	

Melt butter in saucepan over low heat. Remove from heat; cool. Add molasses and sugar; mix well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Sift together flour and salt, add along with nut meats and vanilla; mix well. Line 8" x 8" pan with waxed paper; grease. Pour ½ mixture into pan. Sprinkle with mints; cover with remaining batter. Bake at 350° F. (mod. oven) 40 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out dry. Cool 5 min. Remove from pan; cut into 16 squares.

*Gold Label Brer Rabbit is light, mild.

Green Label, dark, full-flavored.

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Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses

Made by the makers of My-T-Fine Desserts and Vermont Maid Syrup



Cookies to give and to keep—lemon-Brazil-nut refrigerator cookies, prune bonbons and date pin wheels.



Nominated for Christmas nibblin divinity fudge with top hats of cho and molasses-praline creams.

Make your ow

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

IF there's ever a time when you can't have too many cookies, it's Christmas. Crisp or soft, sugared or filled, spiced to suit every taste, here's a new crop of cooky and candy recipes for you to make. Christmas will be merrier, too, if the children have a hand in the doings. Some of these would make delightful gifts.

PRUNE BONBONS—fruit-and-nut centers cloaked with crisp meringue—are a confection you shouldn't miss. They'll disappear first when you pass the cooky plate!

PRUNE BONBONS

Rinse 40 large prunes with cold water. Place in colander over boiling water. Cover and steam 10 minutes. Cool. Remove pits. Put prunes and 12 maraschino cherries and ½ cup walnuts through the food chopper, using the medium blade. Mix well and shape into 24 small round balls. Beat 2 egg whites with ⅛ teaspoon salt until stiff. Beat in ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time. Blend in ½ teaspoon vanilla. Dip the fruit balls in meringue and roll around to coat completely, using two forks. This is easier than it sounds. Lift balls onto greased cooky sheets. Garnish with little topknot pieces of candied cherry for a Christmasy look. Bake in a very slow oven, 275° F., 40 minutes. Carefully remove from cooky sheet. Cool on rack. Makes 2 dozen.

A COOKY dough that will keep a week or so in the refrigerator—months in the freezer, to be baked whenever you have time or as needed—is wonderful to have on hand for the holidays. Here are two refrigerator cookies that are sure to be favorites—one zesty with lemon, the other laced with dates.

DATE PIN WHEELS

Cut ½ pound pitted dates into pieces. Cook in a saucepan with ⅓ cup water, ¼ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice for 5 minutes. Then cool it. Let it get really cold. For the cooky dough, cream together ½ cup butter or margarine, 1½ cups brown sugar and 1 egg, beaten. Add 2 cups flour sifted with ¼ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon baking soda. Chill dough thoroughly. Roll out to ¼" thickness in a rectangle about 9"x20" on floured board. Spread date filling on the dough almost but quite to the edge—if you spread it clo the edge the filling will ooze out when roll it. Roll up like a jelly roll. The will be about 1¼" to 1½" in diam Cut roll in half. Wrap in wax paper chill overnight. This can be frozen, too later use. When ready to bake, slice dough ¼" thick. Bake on greased c sheets in moderate oven, 350° F., abo minutes. *Secret of success:* Thorough ing of the dough makes it easier to r

LEMON-BRAZIL-NUT REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

Cream 1 cup butter or margarine w cups sugar, 1 tablespoon grated lemon and 2 tablespoons lemon juice until fl Add 2 eggs, one at a time. Beat up the ter well in between. Sift 3 cups flour 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teas salt and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg onto a pie wax paper. Then sift again directly int batter. Mix thoroughly. Shape dough 3 rolls about 1½" in diameter. Wr wax paper and chill overnight, at Chill one roll—freeze two for later use into thin slices with sharp knife. Lif slices onto ungreased baking sheets. B with unbeaten egg white. Sprinkle Brazil-nut curls, done in a wink if you one of those handy vegetable peelers use for so many things. Just shave slivers off lengthwise of the nut. Th curl accommodatingly. Bake in moder hot oven, 375° F., 10–12 minutes. before storing in tightly covered cont Makes 12 dozen 1½" cookies.

CHRISTMAS is a time of sharing, and readers share their family cooky re with us. The delicious honey-pecan we tasted at Mrs. Hulce's last summe saved the recipe for Christmas. The sugar rings are a variation of an old recipe, Norwegian loops, that a New J reader says are always on her Chri list. How about yours?

HONEY-PECAN BALLS

Cream 1 cup butter or margarine wi cup honey. Add ½ teaspoon salt, teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 teas vanilla, 3 cups flour and 1 cup chopped pecans. Mix very thoro



For the Christmas tea party—
crisp sugar rings and
honey-pecan balls. Make plenty.



Sweet treats for Christmas giving—
coconut sweetmeats and tutti-frutti squares.
Wrap some in foil for mailing to the boys.

Merry Christmas

Snip off small pieces of dough and form into small balls with the palms of your hands. Place on lightly greased cooky sheets and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., 20 minutes, until a light tan. Roll in confectioners' sugar while still warm. Makes 7 dozen.

CRISP SUGAR RINGS

Cream 1 cup butter or margarine and ½ cup sugar together. Put yolks of 2 hard-cooked eggs through a sieve and add to the creamed mixture. Now blend in 2 raw egg yolks and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Gradually add 3½ cups flour and ⅛ teaspoon salt. The trick is to use as little flour as possible—or just enough to make the dough easy to handle. Knead gently a few minutes. Chill until firm. Take about a quarter of the dough at a time. Roll out to nearly ¼" thickness. Cut out in small rings, 1½", using two small cutters, or cut them in squares. Place on greased cooky sheets. Brush with unbeaten egg white and sprinkle with colored sugar. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., only until very lightly browned—12–15 minutes. Makes 4 dozen or more.

THERE'S always room for some cooky bars or squares in the box you send to the boys in camp. Because of their fruitcakelike nature, tutti-frutti squares don't dry out in shipping as quickly as a brownie, for instance. Most boys like coconut, and the coconut sweetmeats travel well. Both should be wrapped in foil.

COCONUT SWEETMEATS

Sift 1¼ cups cake flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cream ⅓ cup butter or margarine with ¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed. Add the sifted flour and salt a little at a time. Mix well. Press into greased rectangular pan, 13"x9"x2". Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15 minutes, or until delicately browned. While this layer bakes, beat 2 eggs until thick and light. Add ¾ cup brown sugar and beat until thick and foamy. Add 2 tablespoons cake flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups moist shredded coconut and 1 cup coarsely chopped nuts. Spread over baked layer. Garnish top with nuts and halves of candied cherries. Return to moderate oven, 350° F., 20 minutes, or until done. Cool. Cut into bars or squares. Makes 3½ dozen bars or squares.

TUTTI-FRUTTI SQUARES

Beat 2 eggs until light. Add 1 cup superfine fruit sugar and beat until spongy. Add 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, 1 cup pitted dates cut into pieces, ¼ cup diced candied lemon peel, ½ cup diced candied orange peel, ½ cup diced candied pineapple and 1 cup chopped filberts. Last, stir in ¾ cup flour, sifted with 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Spread dough ½" thick in a well-greased shallow pan and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., about 40 minutes. When cool, cut into squares and roll in confectioners' sugar. Makes 2 dozen.

IT'S easy to go to a store and buy candy, but it's a great deal more fun to make it yourself. Better hie to the kitchen and get things going. Call on dad's strong arm when it comes time to beat. Let the children lick the pan as a reward for chopping the nuts. Here is a recipe for twice-cooked divinity, chocolate dipped, and one for rich, smooth, molasses-flavored praline creams.

TOP-HAT DIVINITY

Mix 2½ cups sugar, ½ cup water and ½ cup light corn sirup. Bring to boil slowly—and covered. Steam dissolves the sugar crystals more quickly. Uncover and boil without

STUART



Crisp, crunchy honey-coated filberts, caramel pecans and sugared apricots stuffed with nuts are quick to make—just as quick to disappear.

Another wonderful Tomato Soup Cake

M-m-m Good Fruit Cake

3¼ lbs. of scrumptious cake for only $1.20

Everyone will be surprised and delighted to learn that it is the tomato soup in your cake that gives it a richer texture . . . that keeps it moist so long.

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon powdered cloves
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2½ cups "prepared" mincemeat or 2, 9-ounce packages "condensed". (Add 1 cup water; boil 3 minutes, cool.)
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and spices. Cream shortening and sugar; add cold mincemeat and mix thoroughly. Blend in eggs. Add flour mixture alternately with soup; stir until smooth. Mix in nuts. Pour into a greased 9½" x 3" tube pan; bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 80 minutes, or until done. Cool, cover with your favorite white frosting or serve with hard sauce.



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stirring to 235° F. by candy thermometer or until the sirup spins a long thread from the tip of a spoon. This doesn't mean just a drizzle of sirup—but when sirup is right that thread will really look like a crystal thread and it will fly in the air if there's a draft nearby. Turn off heat immediately. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff but still in soft glossy peaks. Add half the sirup gradually to the egg whites while you beat continuously with a wire whisk in the other hand, unless you have an electric mixer-beater. Let this stand while you cook the rest of the sirup to the stage when a little of the sirup forms a hard ball in cold water—250° F. by the thermometer. Pour the longer-cooked sirup over the whites gradually and, just as before, keep up the beating. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat until it begins to "fudge" and lose its shine. Candied cherries and/or nuts may be added toward the end of the beating. We used ½ cup candied cherries and ½ cup chopped nuts.

Drop from a teaspoon onto wax paper. Cool. Melt one 8-ounce package semisweet chocolate over hot water. Dip each piece of divinity into the chocolate to the halfway mark.

MOLASSES-PRALINE CREAMS

Mix together 2 cups sugar, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup cream and a pinch of salt in a heavy saucepan that has a tight-fitting lid. Cook, covered, over low heat, gradually increasing heat until mixture comes to a full boil. Cook without stirring till it forms a soft ball in cold water, or to a temperature of 235–238° F. if you use a thermometer. Set candy pan in a pan of cold water. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Don't stir it in or your candy will be sugary and not creamy as it should be. When candy is cool enough to touch with your finger, it is ready to beat. Beat until thick and add 2 cups shelled pecans or walnuts. When it begins to lose its shine and the color lightens, it is ready to be poured into a well-greased pan. When set, cut into squares.

Fruit-and-nut confections are just as popular at Christmastime as homemade candy, and here are three—all quick and easy to do. We made the caramel pecans for a bazaar last year and they were sold out within an hour. If you're stuffing dates for a gift box, stuff some apricots, too, for color as well as good eating.

STUFFED APRICOTS

Cook dried apricots in water to cover just long enough to soften slightly—about 10 minutes. Drain and cool. Wrap each apricot half around a pecan half. Roll in sugar. Dry on a rack.

CARAMEL PECANS

Caramelize ¾ cup sugar in a skillet over low heat. When all the sugar has liquefied, turn off heat and stir in one 3½-ounce can pecan halves. Coat pecans quickly with the sirup. Drop in clusters on greased cooky sheets. Store in tightly covered container as soon as they are cool.

HONEY-COATED FILBERTS

Toast 1 cup filberts in a moderate oven, 350° F., 10–15 minutes. Rub as much of the skin off the nuts as you can. It crisps in the toasting. Heat ½ cup sugar in a skillet slowly until it melts and begins to caramelize. Add 1 tablespoon honey. Blend in. Stir in the whole filberts. Drop in clusters on greased cooky sheets. When cool, store in tightly covered container. THE END

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

FALLING in love in middle age is like coming into a movie when the show is half over.

A little touch of jealousy may be a good thing for a woman who has begun to let her figure go.

Old colored woman to bride: "Housework's one thing there's no catchin' up with; you go to bed at night, everythin' done, but while you's sleepin' sheets are wrinklin', dust is settlin', and stomachs are gettin' empty."

Small boy contemplating a visit to his grandmother's: "I'm so glad this morning I'm me."

New bride in air-conditioned, heated apartment: "All George has to do is get up in time to take out the butter so it'll be soft for our toast."

To be convinced that "love is blind," one has only to station oneself at a central meeting place and observe who is met by whom.

Modern man is full of pill power.

A man spends the premarital days telling a woman she ought to tread on velvet, sleep on satin, never know fatigue . . . and the rest of his life expecting her to "cook like mother," serve his meals on time, cope with the furnace, raise his children competently, manage his hours, finances and the in-laws with the ease of an expert!

Young mother's three *d*'s: diet, diapers, don't.

There's one time when our family can safely prophesy the weather: the day we start out to buy a Christmas tree always proves to be the coldest in the year.

In these days of high meat prices man does not live by bread alone—but almost.

Whenever Aunt Mary saw a woman straining her eyes to tell the right and wrong side of linens, she would say, "If you can't decide without squinting, what difference does it make!"

Mother at night: as overworked as the "down" elevator button on the top floor.

"My wife has an old beau," says our school maintenance man, straightening a row of small tables, "who has sent her a birthday present every year for twenty years. But I don't mind! It helps me to remember when her birthday is."

A middle-aged couple, dining out—not saying a word to each other—is one of life's saddest spectacles.

Good fruit has occasionally resulted from a seed sown recklessly by the wind, but surer-quality fruit is obtained by exact planting, tending, pruning.

One woman's children hear only of their failures; a wiser mother emphasizes success: "You've done such a fine piece of work on this—I'm sure you can improve on that."

By the time a woman has all the equipment needed to "save her steps," *her* steps have all grown up.

THIS YEAR *BAKE* YOUR GIFTS —



Say "Happy Holiday" right from the heart—with this pink and white dream-cake! It's rich as butter cake and light as angel food! It's a magic Betty Crocker chiffon cake recipe, brought to life by you and the velvety elegance of Softasilk Cake Flour.

Makes wonderful Angel Food and Double-Quick cakes, too!

Softasilk makes them higher, finer, more delicate than ordinary flour can! Why? Because Softasilk is milled from soft wheat—sifted through shimmering silk—just for fine cake-baking! Bake this Softasilk Cherry Cordial Chiffon Cake for many friends and auld acquaintances! Their hearts will beat fonder for you!



"A gift you bake is a gift from the heart" says Betty Crocker

Betty Crocker
CHERRY CORDIAL CHIFFON CAKE

MAKE ONLY WITH SOFTASILK

Preheat oven (see pan sizes and corresponding temperatures below). SIFT an ample amount of SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR onto a square of paper. Chop nuts *very* fine; slice and chop well drained maraschino cherries *very* fine (see quantities below).

STEP 1 . . . **Measure** (level measurements thruout) and SIFT together into mixing bowl:

- **2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)**
- **1½ cups sugar**
- **3 tsp. baking powder**
- **1 tsp. salt**

Make a well and add in order:

- **½ cup cooking (salad) oil, such as Wesson**
- **5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)**
- **¼ cup maraschino cherry juice**
- **½ cup cold water**
- **1 tsp. vanilla**

Beat until *smooth* with spoon or beat with electric mixer on medium speed for 1 minute.

STEP 2 . . . **Measure** into *large* mixing bowl:

- **1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)**
- **½ tsp. cream of tartar**

Beat until whites form *very stiff* peaks by hand or with electric mixer on high speed for 3 to 5 minutes. DO NOT UNDERBEAT. Egg whites are stiff enough when a rubber scraper drawn through them leaves a clean path.

STEP 3 . . . **Pour** egg yolk mixture gradually over beaten egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended. DO NOT STIR.

Mix together:

- ***½ cup very thinly sliced and finely chopped well drained maraschino cherries**
- **½ cup very finely chopped nuts**

Sprinkle over top of batter gently folding in with a few strokes. Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately.

Bake: Tube pan, 10 x 4-in.—325° (slow moderate oven)—65 to 70 minutes; oblong pan, 13 x 9½ x 2-in.—350° (mod. oven)—45 to 50 minutes . . . or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of oblong pan on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Frost with White Mountain Icing.

***CAUTION:** Cherries must be very well drained and very finely chopped or they will sink to the bottom.

WHITE MOUNTAIN ICING

Stir until well blended in a small saucepan ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup white corn syrup, 2 tbsp. water. Boil rapidly to 242° (mixture spins a 6 to 8-in. thread or a few drops form a firm ball when dropped into cold water). When mixture begins to boil, start beating ¼ cup egg whites (2 small). Beat until stiff enough to hold a peak. Pour hot syrup slowly in a thin steady stream into beaten egg whites, beating constantly with electric or rotary beater until mixture stands in *very stiff* peaks. Blend in 1 tsp. vanilla.

If you live in an altitude over 2500 ft., look on the folder inside the Softasilk package for chiffon cake recipe adjustments.



The Secret of ALL wonderful cakes is

Softasilk

So Good IT'S AMERICA'S CHIFFON CAKE FLOUR





Telephone Folks Will Play Santa for Thousands of Kids

As you read this, telephone operators all over the country are dressing thousands of dolls for distribution to children's homes and hospitals at Christmas.

Down in Texas, other telephone people are packing gay gift boxes for remote farm families. December 24, the pilot who patrols Long Distance cables across the lonely plains will drop them by parachute and wave a friendly "Merry Christmas to All" by waggling the wings of his plane.

Throughout the Bell System, thousands of other telephone men and women are collecting food, candy, toys and dollars for those less fortunate than themselves.

It's a long-time telephone tradition — and a rather natural one. The spirit of service and the spirit of Christmas are pretty close together. And telephone folks try to be good citizens *all* year 'round.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 34)

Open house on Christmas Eve is my favorite time. The children are home, Christmas carols fill the air, the buffet supper is on the trestle table, the ham spicy and well glazed, the salad crisp in the big wooden bowl. And as Ed Shenton says, plenty of comfortable chairs and sofas all filled with dogs while the guests lean against the walls!

Since the advent of my friend the dishwasher, I don't mind how many guests there are. No more do I look forward to late hours standing over the sink after the party is over. By the time the coffee is served, the hum of the dishwasher sounds and the main dishes are washing themselves. And a wonderful by-product is that every inch in the kitchen is not cluttered with dirty dishes, the counters are already neat.

Books are as nice for Christmas as anything can be. A good book is a permanent gift, a friend for all time. A serious, thoughtful book like A King's Story is more than a memoir; it gives the picture of a whole age. And for the bedside table, nothing could be better than Ted Key's Many Happy Returns. No hour could be so dark but that the delightful people who move and live in Ted's cartoons can lighten it. They are the kind to revisit, too; every time you open the book, you enjoy it all over again. One of the most charming of the new novels is Barbara Webster's A Horse of Her Own. This is a gift for very special friends.

The best mirror is an old friend. —SPANISH PROVERB.

Most of us feel the days of extravagant giving are over for a while. But when you give a good book to someone, you are giving a rich present for a small sum.

How wonderful it is that we can still celebrate the birth of Christ as we always have in America. The candles shine openly from every window in our valley, the village tree bears its brave and shining fruit, and every door wears pine and bittersweet and holly and a bright ribbon. We renew our faith as the stars shine in the winter sky.

I remember the story about my friend Lois Holloway's grandmother, who stopped every day in her church on the way home. Her son said, "But mother, what do you find to pray about every day?"

"Oh, I don't pray," she said. "I just sit there and look at God and God looks at me."

We all need to look at God, and at Christmastime I like to go out of the house in the new-fallen snow and find my way to the quiet frosty pond, and feel the nearness of God. The dark beautiful woods, the pure immensity of sky, the faint sound of water flowing under the ice, the incredibly clear air—all these are a testament to the beauty that has been granted us on this old earth.

The Christmas gifts most priceless are the courage we are given to face whatever may lie in the years ahead, the faith in the ultimate good in the world, and the love which passes understanding

Back in the house the candles are dripping colored wax on pine and maple. The popcorn bowls are almost empty, just a few little black toasty bits left. Apples and nuts and raisins scent the air. Steve and Olive start down the road to the little red house by the water-cress brook.

The house guests disappear to do a last-minute wrap, the children have run out of cards and Cicely is making new ones with cardboard and star stickers. The boys are concocting milk punch in the kitchen, for the smell of scorched pans is quite definite. Dorothy is fixing a bedtime snack for all pleasant cats, and the two most loved Irish setters in New England are offering to help her. Five cockers have already gone to bed on my bed—Sister, Jonquil, Melody, Tiki, Linda. Snow and Hildegarde are by the fire, heads pillowed on paws. Blazer and Jerry are working over the dog stockings, since a bone in the mouth is worth two hanging from the mantel.

Jill has moved the turkey again, this time to the oven with the timer set so it will begin roasting at 275° F. long before we are up. The mince pies are on top of the refrigerator, and maybe Daphne doesn't care for mince anyway, we hope.

The tree, in the front living room, shines with silver and blue. When I go in to put out the lights, I know there is one more cocker in the house, for Honey is there, lifting her dark amber eyes and wagging her whisk of golden tail.

How comforting to think that although some people might believe that those who go into that other room are gone indeed, Honey and I know better. Death has no power to deprive us of those we love, indeed it has not. So when I put on one last carol, it is Honey's carol; she was born loving Christmas music. And her favorite, and mine, sounds just as it always has on Christmas Eve:

"God rest you merry, gentlemen!"

RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE

(Continued from Page 14)

the Scriptures, and the frame of reference in which they were originally made?

Can some of the greatest music of Western civilization be divorced from its inspiration: the great passion music of Bach; the Missa Solemnis of Beethoven; the Requiem of Verdi; the Elijah of Mendelssohn? Must one be a Roman Catholic to recognize that the Mass is perhaps the only real immortal work of art that Western civilization has ever produced?

Are some of the greatest pictures of the world nothing more than decorative designs in form and color, to be taken apart from the spiritual atmosphere and faith which inspired them?

And is the function of education merely to train children for a job, and for the "correct social attitudes" (whatever these may be at the time), or is it also to cultivate their minds and their souls, to refine their senses, and to increase their sensibility to the things that are good, noble and worthy to be emulated?

It is all very well to say these things should be "left to church and home." The church cannot function on the peripheries of a civilization. Even communist states are willing it should drag out its existence divorced from the rest of life. The home has changed; in great cities it is reduced, for most families, into a functional apparatus for eating and sleeping in, not commodious enough to be a center of the child's life, which is increasingly spent in school, social activities radiating from the school, and in clubs and playgrounds.

The basis of all education must be training in character. It is character that determines the fate of societies—as the old Greeks knew when they said "Character is Destiny," as the poet Housman knew, when he wrote, in A Shropshire Lad, apropos of Victoria's jubilee, "Get ye the men your fathers got, and *God* will save the Queen!"

A supposedly God-fearing people (ourselves) who take the lead in founding the United Nations, whose Presidents take the oath of office on the Bible, but who were afraid to open the San Francisco Conference with a prayer lest it offend the Russians, deserve the United Nations they have got.

A God-fearing people, sure of its moorings, has nothing whatever to fear from communism. A nation spiritually adrift can be blown on the rocks by any high wind.

THE END

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